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**Number Twenty-Five**

by Rebelguitargirl2015

**Summary**

It wasn't love at first sight. It took a few times for Clarke and Lexa to realize it. They swore it was only going to be a one time thing but it was so much more than that.

OR

Lexa is the star of the basketball team and Clarke is the new art teacher.

**Notes**

This chapter is just to set the stage of this story. Chapters in the future won't really be formatted the way this one is. As always tell me if I should continue it or not. I hope you enjoy!
Thank you to my beta mmeister911!
Chapter 1

The first time Lexa saw Ms. Griffin, she was struggling to put boxes into her car. She had accidentally stumbled upon her after basketball practice. Mostly all her teammates had gone home, but she wanted to stay and shoot a few more shots. She wanted to stay back and work on her three pointers. She was doing pretty good.

She decided to call it a quits and she made her way to the parking lot. Almost all the faculty was gone when she saw her.

Lexa noticed she was struggling with the boxes she was holding. After watching for a few moments, Lexa was going to offer help, but Ms. Griffin had gotten it.

Lexa stopped in her tracks and stayed silent. Instead, she watched the teacher get in her car and drive away.

The second time Lexa saw Ms. Griffin, she was carrying around a box of art supplies. Lexa had just finished her history class and was getting ready to see what Ontari and Anya were doing, when Lexa caught sight of her.

"Yo! Nice game last week, Woods." Bellamy Blake said. He was the quarterback of the football team and he was blocking her view of Ms. Griffin.

Lexa smiled politely, fist bumped him and he left. Lexa slowly walked down the hall to see where the teacher was going, but she was interrupted again when someone else came up to her.

"You have to teach me your three-pointer tips!" Jasper said desperately. Lexa smirked, there wasn't a chance in hell. Jasper knew this and he blew out a breath.

"I'll get you to tell me one day." Jasper muttered and Lexa smirked again. Lexa would never brag and she was always humble about the praise she got throughout the day. She had to admit it looked good to see herself on the wall of fame at her school.

She attended Grounders High School. She tried her fate and she tried out for the basketball team. She didn't think it would have gotten her here, but it did and she was loving every second of it. Almost everyone knew who she was and she had girls literally throwing themselves at her.

Lexa quietly dismissed Jasper and walked further down the hall, trying to see where this blonde teacher was going.

Lexa sighed when she lost sight of her among the various amounts of students. She turned back around to go find Ontari and Anya, her best friends and they were on the basketball team with her. Ontari was center, she was the shooting guard and Anya was power forward. Lexa had scored many winning shots for their team and she was the captain.

"Hey, you." Ontari said as Lexa approached her and Lexa smiled.

"Hey." Ontari was a beautiful girl and Lexa reveled in her presence. She knew the friendship line had been drawn though.
"Hi." Anya greeted and Lexa pulled her in for a hug.

"Do you want to go to the cafeteria or out to eat?" Ontari asked as they walked down the hall and Lexa shrugged.

"Doesn't matter to me. I'll eat anything."

"I know you will." Ontari said smugly.

"You guys are gross." Anya gagged and Lexa giggled.

"Please, you are just like me."

"Besides the penis part." Anya joked quietly and Lexa shoved her playfully.

Being well-known around school had its disadvantages and one of them was the fact that Lexa was intersex. She had all the female characteristics but she was harboring a penis. It was always something she wasn't really proud of. There was no point in trying to hide it, everyone knew and while the ladies didn't mind, sometimes it bothered Lexa that she would never really be able to identify as a real girl. But she knew she was, she just had a penis.

Lexa continued walking down the hall, wondering when she was going to see this mysterious teacher again.

The third time Lexa saw Ms. Griffin, she was hanging out by the sports wall. That was what Lexa liked to call it. It was a wall with all the schools sports teams on it and Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin admired all the different teams. It actually made Lexa nervous that she was looking over some of the work she had done. She had been captain many times in a row and this year was her senior year. She hoped to god she could go to college for basketball. She knew there were taller players than her but she had heart and she liked to win. Lexa walked up to Ms. Griffin before she even knew what she was doing.

"It's amazing," The teacher breathed out and Lexa smiled. She loved to talk about sports. "All these wins because of you."

So this teacher did know who she was, it was a little nerve-wrecking. Once they knew she was Lexa Woods, they always wanted something from her but Lexa watched as the teacher continued to stare at the wall.

"You're everywhere." The teacher said again and Lexa cringed. She knew it was true and she didn't want to sound cocky, but she heard her name a lot throughout the day. Lexa cringed again.

"Sorry." Lexa said sheepishly.

"Don't apologize."

"You're new." Lexa wasn't sure if she was asking or if she was stating it. She knew that this teacher had to be new, she had never seen her before.

"I am. I started last week," Ms. Griffin said before she looked at the clock. "Well, I gotta go." Ms. Griffin said as she looked over to the basketball player.

"Wait! What's your name? What do you teach?" Lexa wasn't sure if that come off desperate or not,
but wanted to know. She watched as this awestruck teacher turned serious and extended her hand.

"Ms. Griffin and I'm an art teacher." She said seriously and Lexa noticed the little mole on her upper lip.

"Lexa Woods. Shooting guard on the basketball team." Lexa introduced just as seriously and Ms. Griffin giggled.

"I know." Lexa wanted to cringe again but she held it together.

"I really do have to go. It was nice meeting you, Lexa Woods." Ms. Griffin smirked as she walked down the hall.

"You too, Ms. Griffin."

The fourth time Lexa saw Ms. Griffin, she was absolutely positive it was an accident. It was early on a Thursday morning, Lexa found herself walking up the track and behind the bleachers. She stopped short when she saw the familiar new teacher standing against the bleachers and she was smoking. Lexa gaped at her.

Ms. Griffin didn't notice her and was smoking that cigarette like it would be her last. Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin took puff after puff and she stepped forward slightly.

Lexa cursed Mother Nature for the season of fall because her foot crunched under a leaf, giving her presence away. Ms. Griffin immediately looked up and her eyes widened.

"Oh.. um... you didn't see anything." Ms. Griffin said awkwardly as she put her cigarette out. Lexa had a whole pack in the back of her pocket and was ready to light one up. Lexa was amazed that Ms. Griffin knew where to come and what time to come so she wouldn't get caught. Smoking this early was good because no other faculty was around and it was peaceful.

"Mind if I smoke?" Lexa asked as she pulled the pack from her back pocket and Ms. Griffin looked around.

"Is that a trick question?" Ms. Griffin asked.

"No," Lexa said seriously. "And you just wasted a perfectly good cigarette. Figured you could use another one."

"I'm not smoking with a student." Ms. Griffin persisted.

"But you were smoking to begin with." Lexa argued.

"I'm going to be late setting everything up. I should go." Ms. Griffin started to walk away.

"Wait!" Lexa called and the teacher turned back around. Lexa couldn't help but notice that Ms. Griffin looked beautiful with the sun rising behind her.

"Are you going to tell anyone?" Lexa asked. She wasn't scared because it would be her word against the teachers. Lexa was very well-known and she wasn't the best student that there was to offer and that was okay because the teachers here weren't the best teachers they had to offer either. Ms. Griffin looked at her long and hard. She was looking so long that Lexa started to fidget under her gaze.
"No," Clarke said softly. "I won't."

The fifth time Lexa saw Ms. Griffin, she was in practice. They were all wearing their team jerseys and she was number twenty-five. They were running their plays over and over again making sure they had them down for the game on Saturday. Ms. Griffin walked in and Lexa noticed how she started up a conversation with her coach, Finn Collins.

Lexa noticed how Ms. Griffin would throw her head back and laugh at what Lexa was sure wasn't a funny joke because her coach wasn't funny at all. Lexa was so wrapped up in the blonde teacher that arrived that she didn't notice the ball coming her way. Lexa got hit in the side of her face and she groaned.

"What the hell?" She cried as she held the side of her face.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I thought you were open. You are always open!" Echo rushed out. She noticed how everyone was looking at her in shock. Lexa shook herself up and told herself to get it together. It was hard to with the blonde teacher here but Lexa needed to focus. Lexa didn't look back at Ms. Griffin once.

(That didn't stop Lexa from hearing her laughter though or Ms. Griffin's eyes boring into the back of her jersey).

The sixth time Lexa saw Ms. Griffin, she was sure it was in purpose.

She was approaching her with slow steps. The way a child does walking up to their mother after they did something wrong. She had her hands behind her back and her jaw was clenched shut, like she knew what she was doing, but she would never admit it. Lexa was leaning against the bleachers. She looked up when she saw her and tried not to smile.

She knew why she was here. Lexa didn't say anything as she wordlessly reached inside her back pocket and pulled out her cigarette pack. She smiled triumphantly when she saw the teacher take it. Ms. Griffin stood right beside her while they smoked their cigarettes together.

They didn't talk, but Lexa was certain that the glances they took towards one another spoke more than they ever would.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the support on the first chapter! This chapter is technically really the first one. The first chapter was just to set the stage and this one dives right into the story.
I hope you enjoy!

Lexa could not believe what was happening. She was panting and dripping in sweat. She growled when she looked at the scoreboard.

*How was this happening?*

They were down ten points and the game was almost over. Lexa put her hands on her hips and walked around in circles. She didn't even want to look over to her mother because she knew she would be disappointed. No one really knew what to say to Lexa right now, she normally didn't perform like this.

Lexa had been doing good for the most part of the game but the other team scored an extra basket plus Lexa missed her shot. She missed her shot and she was kicking herself for it. Lexa wanted to blame every person around her and everything around her, but she couldn't. This was her doing. She was responsible for leading her team down the rabbit hole.

There was no way they could get the game tied or even win. Lexa closed her eyes tight and clenched her jaw at that thought. The game was 35 to 25 and Lexa knew she wasn't going to even the score at all. She was good, but she wasn't that good and it was apparent right now as she looked at her teammates. There wasn't much she could say, they were all doing their part but she missed too many shots to count and she cursed under her breath.

"Go back out there and do your best! We have three minutes on the clock, make me proud!" Coach Collins tried to encourage his team but Lexa knew it was a lost cause but she tried her best. She had made many last second shots. It would be thirty seconds on the clock and she managed to score again and score the winning goal.

Today wasn't that day and it sucked because Ms. Griffin was sitting in the stands. It was hard not to notice the woman. Lexa figured she would be the only person to show up to a game in a tight fitted dress and Lexa found herself looking over to her many times.

Lexa couldn't blame Ms. Griffin for her horrible playing skills today, it wasn't her fault. Lexa had no idea what was going on. Her team didn't manage to score at all in the last three minutes. Lexa growled and kicked over the water gallon and water spilled out of it. Her teammates groaned in frustration and Lexa growled in it. She was breathing hard and didn't bother looking her coach in the eye. She couldn't get it done today and wondered what happened to throw her off.

The buzzer ringed loud in her ear, letting her know the game was over and the opposing team cheered in victory. It was a home-game today and she knew she was completely disappointed in herself. The score remained as it was and Lexa grimaced at the screams coming from the other team.

"We'll win next game." Ontari said quietly and Lexa shook her off. She didn't mean to be rude but
she wanted to be alone and started to gather her stuff. They were on a five game winning streak this season and Lexa looked at the faces in the bleacher and saw how they were shocked, she would be too.

She just lost the game and not by two points, by a lot of points. Lexa didn't know what to say for herself so she didn't say anything. She gathered her stuff up and turned around and left, not before looking at her mother first. She was wearing a frown and Lexa couldn't make out what she was thinking but a part of Lexa didn't even want to know. Anya called out to her but she shook her head and left. She was half way to her car when she heard heels sound behind her. She was a sweating mess and her basketball jersey clung to her skin. Her hair was up in a bun and she threw on a light zip-up hoodie because there was a breeze.

"Hey, wait up!" She heard the teacher say but Lexa kept walking, she wanted to get out of here.

"Oh, so you are just going to walk away like a coward?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa turned on her.

"What do you want?" Lexa grumbled.

"You just left your team hanging back there." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa looked away from her. She was absolutely right and she didn't want to face her teammates. She didn't want to shower here either, she wanted to go home so she could shower there and then face her mother.

"I'd like to leave, if that's okay with you." Lexa said sarcastically.

"Fine. Go ahead." Ms. Griffin huffed and Lexa stalled. She didn't want to be mean to the teacher either but she was so angry. She had so much pent up aggression.

"I'm sorry." Lexa said quietly. Ms. Griffin crossed her arms over her chest.

"One bad game doesn't disprove how great you are. I know this is the first game I've seen but you were a beast out there. Just because you didn't win doesn't mean you aren't good." Ms. Griffin lectured. Lexa was sure if this was her coach she would've rolled her eyes. She had been working with him for far too long but she found herself listening to what the new teacher was saying and nodded.

"I'm not going back in there, if that's what you are trying to tell me. I'm still going home." Lexa said softly as she opened her car door and threw her bag inside. She wasn't the cleanest person and there were chip bags falling out of her car. She quickly picked them up and threw them back in her car before she looked at the teacher. Ms. Griffin's gaze was soft and Lexa felt out of place.

"Well, I won't keep you then." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded.

"Alright, then. Bye." Lexa said awkwardly and Ms. Griffin waved slightly before she left. Lexa wondered why Ms. Griffin of all people would come after her but she brushed it off quickly. She wanted to get out of there as fast as possible. She knew Anya and Ontari would blow her phone up but for right now, she was going to go home and take a nice hot shower.

"What are you doing tonight?" Clarke put her phone on speaker so she could grab a bottle of water out of her fridge.

"Probably nothing." Clarke answered her best friend.
"We could go out." Raven suggested and Clarke grimaced.

"I'm really not in the mood, Rae." Clarke said back and Raven sighed.

"Roan is always busy. You never want to go out! Where are my friends?" Raven said dramatically and Clarke sighed, she wasn't wrong.

"Just not tonight, Rae." Clarke said and Raven hummed.

"How's that new job of yours?" Raven asked instead.

"Good," Clarke breathed as she went into her room. "Better than expected."

"How's your dad?" Raven asked softly and Clarke sighed.

"I wish I could say better but worse." Clarke said quietly.

This was the whole reason why she was here. It wasn't that she didn't want to be back in Maryland, her friends and family were here, but she was living it up in New York because she was a fashion designer.

She quickly quit her job when she found out her dad was sick and moved back home. She applied to be an art teacher and she found an apartment not too far from home. Her dad was stubborn and wanted to ride it out at home and her mother agreed. Clarke trusted her mother obviously, she was chief of SkaiKrue Memorial Hospital. It absolutely broke her heart when Clarke found out that her dad had lung cancer and they had no idea how long he was going to live.

Clarke didn't even think twice about it when she quit her job and booked the first flight she could back home. It had been a long while since she had seen her friends and was happy to be back. That didn't mean that her assistant, Harper McIntyre, didn't stop bugging her. She wasn't going to come back to New York. Not while her dad was sick.

"I'm always here." Raven said and Clarke smirked.

"Yeah, thank you." Clarke ended the call to Raven. She settled down in her bed and it wasn't long before she drifted off to sleep.

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"How could you walk away from your team like that?" Lexa's mother said lowly and Lexa tried not to roll her eyes.

"What did you want me to do? I lost us the game." Lexa said back.

"I didn't raise you to walk out on your team!" Her mother shouted back and Lexa winced.

"Alright. You are right. I know I have to talk to them. I will before class today." Lexa said, hoping that it would get her mother off her back. Her mom worked two jobs and she was hardly ever around, but she liked to show up for her games. It made Lexa happy to know her mother wanted to be there. She tried everything in her power to. She missed a lot of the weekday games. Lexa could understand but she always tried to make the weekend games. She knew she disappointed her mother and kicked herself for it the whole weekend.

There was a party.
There was always a party but there was no way Lexa was showing up. She kept her head down the whole weekend which was unlike her. She was always with her friends or her teammates. She was always up to no good but stayed home for the weekend.

"That's all I ask." Indra said and Lexa nodded. She kissed her mother goodbye on the cheek and headed to school. She got there early like she always did and she decided to take a quick smoke break. She knew it would help her relax more and a part of her wanted to see the blonde teacher. She wasn't all that surprised that she was there and Lexa sat down next to her.

"Good morning." Lexa muttered around the bud of her cigarette. Clarke nodded at her in greeting.

"Fancy seeing you here." Ms. Griffin said back and Lexa smirked.

"Not gonna run away are you?" Ms. Griffin teased and Lexa rolled her eyes.

"I'm so glad you are so mature." Lexa drawled out and Ms. Griffin laughed.

"Hey, that wasn't fair!" Ms. Griffin pouted.

"What's your first name?" Lexa asked and she watched as Clarke's laughter cut off. She meant to ask that question, she wanted to know. She wanted to know her name, it was the least she wanted to know.

"You know mine. Only fair if I know yours." Lexa said as a way of an explanation but Ms. Griffin still didn't tell her.

"No students know my name." Ms. Griffin said quietly.

"I wanna know." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin shrugged.

"Nah, I'm good." Ms. Griffin waved her off and Lexa tried not to look offended. She wasn't used to the word no, but she would always respect a girl's wishes but she did try a little harder.

"Oh, what come on? You act like I won't keep it professional. You're the one smoking with a student." Lexa reasoned and Ms. Griffin huffed out a breath.

"I can't have you telling all of your friends. I want to be respected around here." Ms. Griffin said seriously. Lexa took another puff of her cigarette.

"I'm not going to tell anyone. You are pretty respected around here." Lexa pointed out. It was only the start of her second week but Lexa was already hearing talks about how cool the new art teacher was.

"I'm sorry, Lexa." Ms. Griffin said as she got up.

"I'll see you around." Lexa didn't get a chance to respond before Ms. Griffin walked away. Lexa would never admit it, but she watched her leave.

"So, thanks for leaving us with the aftermath of the game," Ontari grumbled. "What the hell, Lexa? You're our captain and you totally fled."

"I'm sorry!" Lexa squeaked as she pulled her books out of her locker. She was getting weird looks all throughout the day and she wasn't used to it. Everyone knew she completely bombed the game.
She wasn't getting that bad of looks, most people still thought she walked on water. Lexa didn't feel as if she did.

She was dragging her feet through the pits of hell, but they couldn't see that.

"I completely bombed. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have left you guys like that." Lexa said again to Anya, Ontari and Echo.

"We don't blame you. We all could've done better. You completely blew us off the whole weekend though. I'm mad about that." Anya said seriously. Lexa winced, out of the three of them, Lexa was closest to Anya and Lexa realized that she did blow them all off. Her relationship with Ontari was more flirty and she absolutely loved the friendship between her and Echo, she was a funny girl.

"I'm sorry. I need to talk to coach Collins but not right now. I'll be at the party next weekend and hopefully we win." Lexa hated that her confidence was so bruised right now, but it was and she kicked herself, the way a person kicked a flat tire and was left stranded on the side of the road.

She was that flat tire, she was supposed to carry her team home and she failed to do it. She could imagine her team kicking her while she was down, but knew that there was no one kicking her harder than she was.

"We will win and you will party with us. We don't blame you. We do wish you would've stayed so you could hear that." Ontari said seriously and Lexa nodded.

"You are an amazing player." Echo said encouragingly and Lexa seriously loved her friends. A few people still looked at her weird but the people who were looking at her like she was a god, completely outnumbered them.

"Have you guys seen the new art teacher?" Jasper asked with a smirk. Bellamy immediately nodded.

"She is hot. Ten out of ten would bang." Bellamy commented as he shoved fries in his mouth. Lexa tried not to clench her pizza slice in her hand.

"What about you, Lexa?" Jasper asked in conformation and Lexa thought she should lie about it. She didn't feel right talking about Ms. Griffin like this. If it was any other teacher, Lexa totally would have talked about how much she wanted to bang them. But she felt like it was different with Ms. Griffin. She wasn't going to sit there and talk about her like she was a piece of meat.

"She's alright." Lexa shrugged and Jasper gaped at her.

"Have you seen her?" Jasper cried. "She's like the girl of my dreams. Everyone is talking about her, even girls." Lexa wasn't going to get angry because there was nothing to get angry about. She didn't want to hear about how people were finding Ms. Griffin attractive, she couldn't care less, but she found herself bothered. She tried to steer the conversation in a different direction.

Of course, there was going to be another party this weekend at Bellamy's. Lexa knew she was going to have to make an appearance because she didn't go to the last one. She loved basketball and she could admit she liked being popular, but the parties were starting to get annoying. She didn't want to go out and party, she wanted to stay in and relax. She just hoped they win next game, maybe that would boost her spirits.

She zoned in and out of the conversation about the party that Anya and Ontari were so wrapped up
in. She had a free period after this and was excited for it. It was the middle of the day which meant
gym classes were going on so she couldn't go out and smoke, but was happy to take a little break
before her last class of the day.

Lexa found herself wandering down the art hall. It was where all the art classes were, from drawing
101 to photography 102. Lexa hardly ever came down this hall because she was not talented when it
came to art.

Lexa wondered why she was walking down the hall when she saw her.

She was hanging something up. Maybe a poster or a drawing, but she was reaching up and was
trying to stick it to the wall where the tape was but she was failing miserably. Lexa thought she
should turn around, she had no business being here, but stopped when she heard the teacher groan
out in frustration.

"Let me help you." Lexa's words came out before her mind was ready to say them and her body was
moving before her feet could comprehend what was happening, but they knew that she wanted to get
to Ms. Griffin.

"Thank you." Ms. Griffin looked relieved, they were the only ones in the hall and classes were going
on around them.

"Don't you have class?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa shook her head.

"No, I have a free period right now." Lexa informed her. She took the painting that was in her hands
and hung it up. She wasn't really aware of what she was looking at until it was hung up and she
gasped.

"Did you paint that?" Lexa found herself asking. Ms. Griffin hummed and nodded.

"I did."

"I understand drawing but this painting is unreal." It was a picture of the moon and Ms. Griffin
seemed to catch the dark background and every nook of the moon. It was very detailed, Lexa swore
she was looking through a telescope right now.

"Well, thank you." Ms. Griffin said quietly. She started walking back to her classroom and it was
like Lexa was under some sort of spell as she followed her. She had never been in Ms. Griffin's
classroom and Lexa caught her smirk as she looked around in awe.

"This is amazing." Lexa breathed out as she looked around to all the different items and Ms. Griffin
smiled.

"You are the talk of the century." Ms. Griffin smirked again.

"Am I?" Lexa knew she was and she really didn't want to talk about it. People kept asking her what
happened on Saturday and honestly wanted to punch them in their faces.

"Yup. In my class this morning some girls were talking about how dreamy your eyes were," Ms.
Griffin giggled out. "Oh, no wait this is better: how much they want to hook up with you. You
should be flattered really and your girlfriend should watch out."
Lexa's eyes widened a little bit. She was honestly thinking these girls were probably talking about how she bombed the game on Saturday but they were talking about how attractive she was and she felt like a fool. Even when she messed up, the school still had her back. She felt like she didn't deserve it.

"I don't have a girlfriend." Lexa said. She realized that maybe she didn't have to tell this teacher that, but she did. She didn't know why she felt like she had to explain herself.

"Is that right?" Ms. Griffin asked as she sat down on the edge of her desk.

"Yeah. I'm single."

"Even better. You must have girls just throwing themselves at you." Lexa smirked a bit. She really didn't want to be cocky right now, especially in front of the art teacher but a part of her wanted to.

"I do. Doesn't really bother me."

"I bet."

There was a beat of silence. Lexa didn't really know what to say. She didn't know why she was there either, but didn't want to leave. Normally, she would hang out outside but wanted to be inside and wanted to be with the teacher. She was wearing a skirt today and Lexa couldn't help but notice how smooth her legs looked.

She was wearing a white blouse and it was tucked into her skirt. Lexa wouldn't admit it but she looked between the valley where her shirt was unbuttoned and she would admit, it was nice. It was very obvious to many students and faculty that Ms. Griffin was very attractive. Lexa already knew she caught the eye of her coach and it made her hate him a little bit. She knew she needed to talk to him about what happened on Saturday and was dreading it. Her confidence was shot and she looked over to the gorgeous teacher.

"Do you mind if I write something on the easel?" Lexa asked slyly as she already picked up the marker. Ms. Griffin had her blinds open and the sun was shining into the room. It made her blue eyes stand out.

"Go ahead." Ms. Griffin gave permission. Lexa immediately started writing, she was blocking what she was writing so Ms. Griffin couldn't see it. She moved aside when she was finished. She watched as Ms. Griffin read over the words and let out a heartfelt laugh that pulled at Lexa's heart strings.

"I'm not telling." Ms. Griffin giggled out and Lexa huffed.

"I did all this work for you to reject me." Lexa grumbled. Ms. Griffin just laughed some more.

"Why do you want to know so bad?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa thought it over. She didn't know why she wanted to know so bad. She had never really cared to know the first names of teachers but wanted to know Ms. Griffin's. It was pretty clear that no other student knew her first name because she just started and didn't hand out that type of information. Lexa wanted to one up all the guys and girls who thought Ms. Griffin was beautiful and she wanted to find out her name.

"Why not?" Lexa stalled. She didn't want to tell Ms. Griffin the real reason why she wanted to know her name.

"Maybe one day." Ms. Griffin answered vaguely and Lexa groaned. She took a few steps towards the blonde teacher.
"Or you could just tell me now." Lexa was very aware that Ms. Griffin's classroom door was open but Lexa kept walking towards her.

"I could but then I would have to kill you." Ms. Griffin kept a straight face.

"Are you like embarrassed or something?" Lexa asked as she stood right in front of the teacher. Lexa was so close she could see how clear her eyes were.

"I'm not embarrassed."

"You don't trust me."

"I didn't say that."

"Then what?" Lexa asked.

"Maybe one day." Ms. Griffin repeated and Lexa groaned again.

"Fine." Lexa didn't go down without a fight. She was determined to figure out Ms. Griffin's first name.

Lexa took those dreaded steps towards her coach's office. They didn't have practice today but knew she needed to talk to him. She knew it wasn't cool how she walked out on them. There wasn't much she could do because they did lose but she didn't want her coach to hate her, even though he shamelessly flirted with Ms. Griffin in front of her.

Lexa wanted to own up to her mistake. She knew she apologized to her friends who happened to be her teammates, but needed to apologize to her coach because she felt like she owed him it.

He was looking down when she approached him and she held her breath. She didn't know why everyone still valued her as a good player.

Maybe one game didn't determine all her worth but it had been so long since she had lost. Basketball had been her everything all throughout high school and it was like a big slap in the face to lose this game. She knew they had many more to come and knew she was probably being hard on herself, but the least she could do was accept the fact that she messed up.

She was supposed to be a leader and walked out on her team. She walked out on her mom and her coach. Lexa took a huge deep breath before she knocked on her coach's office door.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Lexa and Clarke have a pretty important conversation or I at least think it's important. It shows where Clarke stands emotionally wise and a little bit of Lexa too. That's the main thing I hope you guys take away from this chapter because I'm going to be pulling from the conversation they have a lot. This is probably confusing and I'm just going to let you guys read now. I hope you enjoy!

"Lexa! Come on in." Coach Collins said as Lexa walked inside. She didn't necessarily want to be here but she was going to suck it up.

"I'm sorry about Saturday." Lexa said. She wanted to get straight to the point and she watched as her coach turned serious.

"It was the lowest scoring game we have ever had and what happened out there?" He asked and Lexa shrugged.

"I don't know, sir. But it won't happen again. We will do better. I will do better. This has never happened to me and I'm sorry."

"I could tell you that it's just a game but we both know I'd be wasting my breath. Just bring me that monster that I know is living inside of you and I mean that in the best way possible. I'd very much like to see her this Saturday."

"Of course, coach. You got it."

"Don't beat yourself up. I'm not mad. You are the best player that has ever walked through my door. I will never be mad at that."

Lexa could talk about the dysfunctional relationship she had with her coach but she knew they were both on the same page when it came to the game. They seemed to know how to get it done and sometimes they don't even talk about it. They just do it and it was amazing to watch.

No one else had the relationship that Lexa had with Coach Collins. Lexa would never admit it but she liked the guy because he knew his stuff. She would admit that she didn't like him because he totally drooled over Ms. Griffin whenever she was around, but he was an alright guy.
"Thank you." Lexa said quietly and Coach Collins nodded.

"I'll see you at practice."

Lexa was glad to leave. She was glad that it was over. She could finally move on and there was no way in hell she was losing next game.

It wasn't sunny like it normally was in the morning. Today was chilly and there were storm clouds above as Lexa looked over to Ms. Griffin.

She was approaching her slowly like she normally did because she never wanted to admit what she was doing. But Lexa knew what she was doing and she handed her over a cigarette.

"For someone who is suppose to be the star of the basketball team, you sure do smoke a lot." Ms. Griffin said as she sat down right next to the basketball player.

Ms. Griffin was in casual clothes today. It was Friday and it was usually a tradition within the staff to where casual clothes. Ms. Griffin was in leggings and a blue NYU hoodie. Her hair was down today and it was wavy and she looked beautiful.

"I know. I've been trying to cut back. It's not really working."

"There's other things that you could do to stop smoking." Ms. Griffin commented.

"Cigarettes help me relax." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"I understand you."

It was calm out today. Like everyone just knew it was going to storm later on. The breeze was strong today and Ms. Griffin's hair flowed with it.

"I don't know why I smoke," Ms. Griffin said to break the silence that fell around them. "God knows I shouldn't be." She chuckled darkly and Lexa looked over to her.

"What does that mean?" Lexa asked and Ms. Griffin shook her head.

"Nothing. Never mind." Ms. Griffin huffed and Lexa scooted closer to her.
"You can't say something like that and not elaborate." Lexa said and she was surprised that Ms. Griffin didn't scoot away from her. They weren't touching but all it took was Lexa to move her thigh to the right and they would be.

"My dad has lung cancer," Ms. Griffin said quietly as the wind got stronger around them. "We don't know how long he has and it's just a mess. That's why I'm back here in the first place."

"I'm so sorry," Lexa said and she genuinely meant it. "Where did you live before?"

"New York." Ms. Griffin answered. She took another puff of her cigarette before she put it out and Lexa did the same.

"I was a fashion designer." Ms. Griffin told Lexa and her eyes widened.

"Wow. I can see why you gave it up. That took heart." Lexa said.

"It did. I miss it but I'm not leaving." Those words seemed to strike a chord in Lexa and she really didn't know why. It felt nice knowing that this beautiful teacher was going to be sticking around for sometime.

"I had a girlfriend but we broke up before I came back here."

Lexa kept her face neutral as she listened to Ms. Griffin talk.

Her name was Niylah and she was blonde just like her. Ms. Griffin thought she was in love but Niylah was unsupportive in her decision to move back. Lexa was listening, she was. She liked to hear Ms. Griffin talk. Her voice was calming in a way and it had the husky tone to it that drove Lexa wild.

But Lexa was focusing on the fact that Ms. Griffin said girlfriend, which meant that she was at least, somewhat interested in girls and Lexa's heart sped up.

"That sucks." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin shrugged.

"It is what it is," Ms. Griffin said and she looked back at Lexa. "My friend keeps trying to get me to go out. She thinks that will help me by hooking up with someone."

Again, Lexa kept her face neutral. She couldn't believe she was sitting so close to Ms. Griffin and she was telling her so many things right now.
"Hooking up isn't that bad." Lexa found herself saying and she wasn't sure how this conversation was going to turn out.

"It's just not for me. If I'm going to have sex with someone, I want it to mean something. I don't just sleep around." Ms. Griffin said and then her eyes widened.

"And I'm not saying that it's a bad thing. You can hook up with whoever you want. I'm just saying, I can't do that." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded. Lexa knew school would be starting soon and the morning bell will sound around them, but she wasn't going to move from this spot.

This spot where she was with Ms. Griffin. The wind was getting stronger and Lexa knew it would rain any minute, but she wasn't going to move. Ms. Griffin's eyes were so blue in this moment. She still couldn't believe they were talking about hooking up.

"I mean those girls know that it's nothing serious. I don't know if it's a big deal to me or not. I'd have sex with someone and I'd see them around and that's it. We had our fun and now it's over."

"You teenagers confuse me," Ms. Griffin giggled out. "Maybe I'm just emotional. I like to have that connection and maybe I'm just old-fashion."

"So, would you ever hook up with my coach?" Lexa found herself asking and wanted to take it back immediately, because Ms. Griffin paused. She paused and Lexa really didn't want to know the answer but then again, she did.

"I don't know," Ms. Griffin said softly as the thunder sounded around them and Ms. Griffin jumped. "We should go inside." She added.

"Wait!" Lexa said as she got up. "You tell me all of this, which I loved hearing about but you still won't tell me your name." Lexa stated and Ms. Griffin smirked.

"I have to keep the mystery alive, don't I?" And Lexa squinted her eyes at her.

"I want to know."

"Maybe."

"Now?" Lexa asked.

"Of course not," Ms. Griffin giggled out. "I have a class to teach. See you around, Lexa Woods."
"I can't even say bye because I don't know your first name!" Lexa called out as Ms. Griffin walked inside. Lexa knew she heard her because she was giggling. Lexa found herself smiling before she quickly wiped it off and went inside too.

Lexa was sweating profusely as she sat down on the stands. She just killed it at her practice and brought the beast that was living inside of her out and loved it. She could see her teammates were a little scared and Lexa reveled in it.

Anya wasn't scared though and she had no problem showing her up. Lexa was glad for it because Anya knew exactly how to push her.

Everyone left, even her coach and she was the only one left in the gym. She was breathing hard as she gathered her stuff up and she was getting ready to turn around when she saw her.

She was leaning against the entrance of the gym and she walked over to her slowly. Lexa stayed where she was as she desperately drank her water.

"Now that was a good practice to watch." Ms. Griffin said with a smile and Lexa was panting.

"Thank you." Lexa said as Ms. Griffin stopped right in front of her.

"I'm sure you will do fine tomorrow." Ms. Griffin commented as Lexa set her stuff down.

"Let's just hope." Lexa said doubtfully.

"You'll win. Go to a party. Hook up with some girl and then never talk to her again." Ms. Griffin guessed and Lexa smirked wide.

"You are close. I'll probably text them a few times to see if they want to hook up again." Lexa shrugged and Ms. Griffin playfully pushed her.

"I don't know how you get so many girls." Ms. Griffin chided.

"I'm a gentle woman. Haven't you heard?"

"I hear a lot of things about you." Ms. Griffin said quietly and Lexa held her breath. She didn't know what goes around the school when it came to her. She didn't really do relationships and she was very flirty. She had no idea what Ms. Griffin had heard.
"All good things I hope?" Lexa asked and Ms. Griffin hummed.

"Sure." She shrugged.

Lexa looked down at her. She smirked at the height difference and she remembered how Ms. Griffin struggled to hang something up the other day.

"I'm mad that you were almost right though." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin giggled.

"I'm not that bad." Lexa added and Ms. Griffin smiled.

"Sure."

"I know how to take a girl out." Lexa informed the teacher.

"Yeah, so you can get laid afterwards." Ms. Griffin said back.

"That's not true."

"Okay." Ms. Griffin said indifferently and Lexa didn't know how this conversation got to this point. She was bickering with this teacher about her method when it came to girls. Lexa was a little weirded out.

"I should go shower." Lexa said to diffuse the tension. She didn't know why she was trying so hard to prove to Ms. Griffin that she wasn't a total jerk. She wasn't, she just didn't want to be in a relationship.

"I'm sorry I brought that up. I'm not in the best headspace," Ms. Griffin said. "I'm taking it out on you. My last girlfriend was a pig and she just wanted sex basically. She didn't even care enough to ask how I'm doing with my dad being sick."

"I'm sorry and it's alright I guess."

"I'll see you at the game tomorrow." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded.

"Sure. Bye, Ms. Griffin."

Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin walked away and Lexa was seriously questioning her motivates right
now. She wasn't all that surprised that Ms. Griffin figured out her methods when it came to girls. She knew that she didn't mean any harm but Lexa felt weird.

But she decided not to think about it anymore because there was a game she needed to prepare for.
Lexa's heart was pounding as she pulled up to her school. She looked at the red bricks that made up her school and thought about the monster inside of her. She thought about her dad and what he would be doing right now. She wondered if he would ever be proud of her. She felt as if he wouldn't be. He did walk out on them after all.

Lexa shook her head and decided that thinking about her father was too much, but it did rile her up and that was what she wanted. She wanted to have the bark that made her the fierce basketball player she was and she got out of her car with a smile on her face.

She was ready to kill.

Lexa was gathering her stuff from the back seat of her car. She recently cleaned it because of that awkward moment Ms. Griffin saw all the trash in her car. Her car smelled and looked like it was brand new and she smiled again as she closed the door.

She was getting ready to walk inside when she heard that familiar laughter. She had heard small versions of that laugh and the full thing, but this was next level.

There was an hour until the game started and Lexa heard the familiar sound of heels. It drove Lexa crazy because she could hear her, but couldn't see her. She rounded the corner and that was when she did see her.

She was leaning against the bricks and was talking to a brunette haired girl. Ms. Griffin had her head thrown back in laughter and it was too late for Lexa to turn around because Ms. Griffin saw her.

"Lexa!" Ms. Griffin exclaimed happily. Lexa felt like the roles were reversed as she took slow steps over to the teacher and let out a small smile.

"I was just telling my friend about you." Ms. Griffin explained as Lexa stood in front of them. Lexa looked over to the brunette and had to admit that she looked good. Her hair was down and she was wearing casual clothes. Nothing like what Ms. Griffin was wearing. She was wearing her usual skirt and blouse with her heels and Lexa tried not to stare too long. Her insides turned in the best way possible as she looked over at Ms. Griffin's form.

"Wow. Are you really a high school student?" The brunette asked. Lexa smiled and nodded.

"I am. I'm a senior." Lexa said proudly and the brunette nodded.

"This is Raven. Raven, this is Lexa." Ms. Griffin introduced the two girls and Lexa nodded to her.
"It's nice to meet you. Ms. Griffin tells me a lot about you." Raven emphasized her name and Lexa tried not to groan.

"You know, this is all bad luck. If you could just tell me her name.." Lexa trailed off to Raven and Raven laughed.

"Oh wow, you weren't kidding. Sorry, kid." Raven said as she looked over to the basketball player.

"I'm not a kid. I'm an adult. Really, I'm eighteen." Lexa informed them and she watched how Ms. Griffin sucked in a breath. Lexa locked eyes with the older girl but couldn't for the life of her figure out what she was thinking. Ms. Griffin was looking deep into her eyes and it took her best friend yanking on her arm to pull her out of her trance.

"Raven, why don't you get us some seats?" Ms. Griffin asked and gave Raven no time to negotiate as she pushed the girl in the direction of the school.

"Um, okay." Raven said awkwardly.

"Are you okay?" Lexa asked. She had no idea what was going on and she wanted to find out.

"I'm fine." Ms. Griffin croaked out and Lexa nodded. Lexa looked around briefly before she settled her eyes on the gorgeous woman before her.

"Are we good?" Lexa had to ask. The way they left things yesterday and this moment right now, she felt so standoffish. She wanted to know if they were okay.

"We are. Again, sorry about yesterday." Ms. Griffin said.

"I don't really like the party scene. If we win this, I know I will have to make an appearance. I didn't go to any parties last weekend." Lexa explained and Ms. Griffin held up her hand.

"You don't have to explain yourself to me."

"But I do," Lexa said as she shoved her hands inside her varsity jacket. "I wish I could say I'm not like that but I am, I guess. I just don't want you to think I'm a jerk."

"I don't," Ms. Griffin's standoffish tone came back and Lexa felt like she was desperately losing this conversation. She didn't know why she was making a big deal out of it. "We should get inside."

Lexa looked over to Ms. Griffin one more time before she looked at the entrance of her school. There were a lot of things she could say right now but she had no right to say them. Lexa didn't know why things have been getting so weird between them and she didn't know what to do. So, she nodded and started walking away.

Raven looked over at her best friend who was keeping a close eye on the game.

"Lexa is hot." Raven stated. She wasn't embarrassed by telling the truth. Anyone with eyes could she this girl was attractive. Raven tried to pay close attention to her best friend's facial expressions but Clarke held her own and Raven smirked despite herself. Clarke didn't answer right away and Raven thought she wasn't going to answer at all.

"She's alright." Clarke said vaguely and Raven smiled.
"Have you seen her?" Raven asked with wide eyes. "I see why girls throw themselves at her."

"I didn't say they throw themselves but they definitely appreciate her." Clarke rolled her eyes.

"She's young." Raven hummed and Clarke didn't show any sign of emotion.

"I know." Clarke said annoyed.

"So then why-"

"No." Clarke said seriously.

"Clarke-" Raven chuckled out.

"Whatever you are seeing or whatever you think you are seeing- you are wrong." Clarke said lowly as she watched Lexa score yet another basket. Raven looked over at her best friend and saw how she was avoiding eye contact but she knew not to push Clarke, especially with this.

"Alright, I'll drop it." Raven said and Clarke nodded.

"Thank you."

They won.

Lexa felt like she was back to her normal self. She killed it out there and her coach smiled over to her. They completely crushed the other team. The score was 65 to 40 and Lexa smiled to herself. She could let herself party for one night. She goofed off with her teammates before her mother brought her in for a hug, even though she was sweaty.

"Good job, sweetie." Her Mom cooed as she pinched her cheeks and Lexa looked around embarrassed, but her teammates were just smiling at her.

"Mom." Lexa chided and her mom just laughed.

"I need you to go to the grocery store later. Here's the list, please get everything on it and don't forget like last time. I need to get to work." Indra said and Lexa nodded.

"Okay, Mom."

"I'm proud of you and I love you." Indra smiled over at her daughter.

"I love you too, Mom." Lexa said sweetly as her mother left.

"You coming to the party right?" Ontari asked and Lexa nodded.

"I'll be there."

It was sometime later. The sun was setting behind Lexa and she was still on her high of winning. She was in the grocery store buying all different types of things for her mother. From fruit to dinner items. Lexa honestly just loaded the cart with a variety of different chips.
She was getting ready to make her way down the pasta aisle when it happened.

Lexa didn't know how it kept happening. At school, there wasn't really a choice. Lexa was bound to run into her. She changed from what she was wearing earlier in the day. She was wearing sweatpants and a hoodie and she looked amazing. She looked completely relaxed and utterly beautiful. She was reaching for the pizza sauce and Lexa didn't waste any time walking up to her.

"Fancy seeing you here." Lexa smirked as she watched Ms. Griffin gape at her.

"Wow. You really are everywhere," Ms. Griffin joked. "Didn't know you were capable of doing such domestic things." Lexa knew how to take a joke and let out a genuine laugh as Ms. Griffin put the pizza sauce in her cart.

"My Mom is working. She wanted me to go to the store and here I am." Lexa explained and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"Going to a party tonight?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa didn't know why she shrugged. She already said she would be going but something in Lexa changed the second she saw this beautiful teacher out and about. Lexa wanted to spend her time watching this magical goddess.

"Maybe. Like I said, I'm kind of over the party scene. What are you doing tonight?" Lexa asked.

"I have a hot date tonight." Lexa internally cringed. She wanted to scream and demand who it was. She hoped to god it wasn't Finn.

"Oh yeah, with who?"

"My couch." Ms. Griffin said back and Lexa almost sighed in relief.

(He didn't. She covered it up with a light laugh).

"That's quite the date."

"Yeah, Raven has to work tonight and the club really isn't my scene right now. I'd much rather be home. I'm making pizzas."

Lexa looked around the store.

She heard a baby crying somewhere, probably three aisles down. She looked at the cashiers ringing up customers items. She looked outside to the skies getting dark and then she looked back to Ms. Griffin.

Now would be the perfect time to leave. Seriously, Lexa needed to walk away because she didn't know what she was doing and she didn't know why she asked. But god, she wanted to and she did. She didn't know what prompted her to do it. This could go extremely bad but she looked into Ms. Griffin's pretty blue eyes.

"Do you want company?"

There was an awkward silence that accompanied that question. Lexa was sure that Ms. Griffin didn't even hear her, but she knew she did because she looked to be deep in thought. Lexa was honestly getting ready to turn her cart around and go to the check out when Ms. Griffin answered her. Lexa never believed that someone could possibly float on clouds or sweat heavily by someone's answer but she felt her forehead start to form sweat and she swore she wasn't standing there right now.
"I would." Ms. Griffin said quietly, but Lexa heard her over the chaos of the grocery store.

"With me?" Lexa asked to clarify. Ms. Griffin looked like she didn't know how to answer.

She shrugged, shook her head and nodded all in one and Lexa was so confused.

"I can't hang out with you. You are a student." Ms. Griffin said.

"We smoke together all the time and see each other around school. You come to my games."

"That's different. That's all at school. This wouldn't be." Ms. Griffin said seriously.

"So, you don't want to hang out with me?" Lexa asked to clarify again. Ms. Griffin did it again.

She shrugged, shook her head and nodded all in one.

"Yes or no?" Lexa asked as she looked Ms. Griffin in the eyes. She knew she was coming off as demanding, but she was confused and Ms. Griffin wasn't giving her a proper answer.

"Yes," Ms. Griffin said. "But I'm not going to."

"Why not?"

"You are a student." Ms. Griffin pressed.

"I'm eighteen."

"That doesn't mean anything. You are still a student and I can't hang out with you."

"We can go to your place. No one will ever know." Lexa promised.

"I don't know, Lexa." Lexa didn't know why either. She wanted this though. The more she thought about it, the more happy she got. She didn't want to party or hook up with some random girl. She didn't want to drink or play stupid games with her peers. She wanted Ms. Griffin and she wanted to hang out with her.

"Please?" Lexa asked awkwardly.

"Are you begging?" Ms. Griffin asked and it broke the ice a bit. Not all the ice was broken. There was a chunk broken off though and Lexa was desperately trying to break the rest of it but she couldn't do it all on her own.

"I might. Tell anyone and I'll hurt some part of your body." Lexa threatened and Ms. Griffin giggled.

"We hang out and then what?" She asked and it was Lexa's turn to shrug.

"We see each other again Monday morning." Lexa answered. She couldn't believe she was debating the pros and cons of doing this. Of hanging out with this gorgeous lady.

Lexa had come across many beautiful ladies, but Ms. Griffin took the whole cake. With the candles lit and a kid impatiently waiting for the slice. Lexa wanted a slice.

No, she wanted more than a slice. She wanted the whole damn cake and wanted to hang out with this teacher.

Lexa could see it in Ms. Griffin's eyes that she had already made up her mind. Lexa smirked, she had
never done this before. There was no teacher at Grounders that she had ever wanted to hang out
with. Lexa couldn't explain it (and she wasn't ready to explain it) but she wanted to hang out with
her. Lexa smiled because Ms. Griffin agreed.

Lexa pulled out her phone and Ms. Griffin typed her contact information out. Lexa disguised it as her
aunt Luna and smiled again at Ms. Griffin. Lexa felt like her heart stopped and dropped out of her
chest. She knew she would die if that happened and maybe she did die, because the smile Ms.
Griffin had made her want to faint.

"I'll text you when to come over. I don't have chip bags falling out of my car but my apartment is a
little messy." Ms. Griffin informed her and Lexa nodded.

"Of course." Lexa hoped that Ms. Griffin couldn't see her blushing right now. She was so nervous
and normally she wasn't. She just went out of her way to hang out with this teacher. She easily
could've avoided it. She knew she threw Ms. Griffin off when she asked her, but she agreed. Lexa
did a happy dance on the inside.

(Later on when she gets home, she'll dance all around her kitchen as she puts the groceries away).

"I guess I'll see you tonight?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa nodded.

"Yeah. See you later." Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin left. She was in the check-out but Lexa only got
half the stuff her mother wanted so she needed to stay. She didn't want Ms. Griffin to go but it was
clear she was a big distraction.

It hit Lexa later on when she got into her car and started it up. She was going to be spending a whole
evening with Ms. Griffin after a great win. She was going to be spending a whole evening with Ms.
Griffin instead of her friends and Lexa smiled because there was nothing else she would rather do.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I don't have any classes or work tomorrow so I am gifting you guys with another chapter so early. Haha please don't me mad at me. I told you guys it wasn't really what you were expecting, though it is still good. I needed this chapter for future chapters and as always you'll see why. Feel free to comment and maybe throw tomatoes at me.

"Where are you?" Anya demanded into the phone.

Lexa was a little out of breath from the dance party she just had and looked over at the clock. She cringed when she saw it was already eight o'clock.

"I'm not going to make the party tonight." Lexa said and Anya groaned.

"Where is my best friend and what have you done with her?" Anya asked.

"There's this girl," Lexa found herself saying. She didn't go into full detail. She would never. She didn't say how the girl was older than her, but she was insanely beautiful. She didn't say the girl took smoke breaks with her in the mornings. She didn't say how the girl was a woman and she didn't say how the woman was a teacher. "It's a last minute thing and she is beautiful so please, let me have this." Lexa begged.

"You are lucky I like you." Anya hummed.

"Thank you, Anya. I'll see you on Monday. Maybe tomorrow." Lexa said and Anya hummed again.

"Have fun." She said slyly and Lexa smiled.

"Thanks."

Lexa showered before she went over to Ms. Griffin's. She wanted to look and smell good. She still wasn't sure what was going to come of this but she was just happy to spend some time with the blonde outside of school.

Lexa's heart did laps around the pool in her backyard when Ms. Griffin texted her saying she could come over and Lexa concentrated as she drove over to her apartment. Lexa was wearing dark skinny
jeans and a plain white pocket t-shirt. She didn't want to go over the top, she knew they were just going to have dinner.

Ms. Griffin had already put the two pizzas in the oven when Lexa knocked on her door. Ms. Griffin lived in a nice apartment complex with a water fountain in the front of it. Her door was dark blue with a sliver knob. Lexa waited impatiently as Ms. Griffin opened the door and Lexa stilled when she saw her.

She was wearing her skirt and blouse again. Lexa could've sworn she just saw her in sweats. She looked good right now. She always did.

"Hi." Lexa squeaked out and wanted to slap herself. Her voice reached a pitch she swore she could never hit. She wondered where that voice was when she was singing along to Adele in the shower.

"Hello, Lexa. Come on in."

Lexa noticed that Ms. Griffin was a very bright person. Her apartment was made up of orange, red and white. Her sofa was a dark color but it went well with the light colors. It was only one floor but it was spacious and there was a lot of room. Lexa followed Ms. Griffin into the kitchen.

"This is nice." Lexa commented as she looked around. The kitchen was a decent size and was made up of purple and orange. Ms. Griffin got out an orange cup and started pouring some sparkling cider.

"Now what?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa looked over to her. She was looking at her with soft eyes and Lexa shrugged.

"We could go sit on your couch and wait for the pizzas?" Lexa half stated, half asked. Ms. Griffin nodded as she followed Lexa out of the kitchen.

Lexa had been in some pretty awkward situations before. There was this one time she was having sex with a girl and the girl she had sex with last week walked in.

There was one time her mom walked in on her having sex with a girl.

There was that lost she just had last weekend.

Lexa didn't know why this was so awkward and why they were being so awkward. Lexa had no idea what to say.

"How was the rest of your day?" Lexa asked.
"It was good. You?" Ms. Griffin asked as she took a sip of her drink.

"Good."

They looked at each other for a while after that but they didn't say anything and Lexa was realizing that this may have been a bad idea. She really didn't know what prompted her to hang out with Ms. Griffin. She wanted to spend some time with her, but maybe she shouldn't have asked.

"This doesn't have to be awkward." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin hummed.

"It's just the fact that you are a student and I will see you again on Monday and I've never done this before." Ms. Griffin explained.

"Me neither but I want to." Lexa said honestly and Ms. Griffin blew out a breath.

"Me too." She said it quietly. So quiet that Lexa had to strain her ears to hear it. She thought that she was hearing things, but the look on Ms. Griffin's face said it all.

Lexa decided not to think too much into it. She, at most, wanted to be friends with the teacher and that was weird to say. All the teachers at Grounders were over the age of forty. There were only a few young teachers, but they were males.

There was another moment of silence and Lexa was saved by the bell. Ms. Griffin's timer went off and they both jumped up, relieved.

Ms. Griffin went into the kitchen and Lexa followed her. Lexa sighed, she hoped that dinner would go well.

They sat down at the teacher's small dinner table. Ms. Griffin cut the pizza in slices and put two on a plate for Lexa.

Lexa immediately started laughing. "I eat way more than this." Lexa said as she added two more slices to her plate and Ms. Griffin giggled.

"You are tall and muscular but I have to admit you are very small." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa huffed her chest out.

"Do you see these guns?" Lexa flexed her muscles and she couldn't make out Ms. Griffin's expression. In fact, her expression was completely blank, but she let out a giggle.

"I've seen them."
"I'm not small."

"I meant skinny. You are skinny." Ms. Griffin corrected herself.

"Hmm. I can admit that." Lexa confessed and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"But I'm not saying you aren't muscular because you are."

"Well, thank you." There was more Lexa wanted to say, but decided to hold her tongue. She wanted to say so much because Ms. Griffin looked absolutely marvelous right now in the low light of her kitchen but Lexa held her tongue. That was when she guessed she became more awkward. Ms. Griffin was staring her down as they sat down at the table but there was food in front of her so she wasn't going to stall.

She began eating as Ms. Griffin reached for her drink and Lexa tried to act natural. She told herself over and over again not to look down, but she did and boy, she wasn't disappointed.

Ms. Griffin had two buttons undone and she could see the valley of her breasts. If Ms. Griffin were to lean in just a little bit more Lexa would actually be able to see-

"Lexa?" Ms. Griffin asked. Lexa snapped her eyes up, but she knew she had been caught because Ms. Griffin was smirking.

"You alright there?" Lexa could feel her heart beating in her chest. She knows that Ms. Griffin knew because her smirk wouldn't leave her face.

"Fine." Lexa croaked out. She wasn't sure what this was or if it was even anything, it probably wasn't. She wished she could read minds and know what the beautiful lady was thinking before her, but she couldn't. Ms. Griffin wasn't making this easy at all.

Lexa wasn't sure what to talk about. What did one talk about with a teacher outside of school? Did she want to actually have a conversation with Ms. Griffin? Did Ms. Griffin even really want her here? She figured she would because this whole thing had been nothing but awkward glances towards each other.

Lexa didn't know why she had the urge to want to hang out with the woman. She wanted to, that much she can admit, but she had no idea why.

Lexa looked over to the woman and watched her eat her pizza. She knew it was creepy because Ms. Griffin gave her a shy smile.
"You know," Lexa started out lowly. "Now would be the perfect time to tell me your name."

She watched as Ms. Griffin's shy smile turned into a full one as she shook her head.

"I don't think it's time."

"Will it be time later?" Lexa asked.

"I still want to know why you want to know so bad." Ms. Griffin said.

"So I can stop calling you Ms. Griffin." Lexa stated as if it was obvious and Ms. Griffin let out a low chuckle.

"Sorry."

"You aren't."

"No, I'm not."

"Give me the first letter it starts with." Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin thought it over. Lexa smirked because she thought the teacher was going to give in.

"Nah."

Lexa's smile fell and she pouted.

"Oh, don't look so down." Ms. Griffin said as Lexa finished her third slice.

"I don't know where you put it all." Ms. Griffin said as she gestured to the almost empty plate.

"Right here," Lexa pointed down. "In my stomach."

"I know where you actually put it, jerk. I just meant you definitely don't have any fat on you."

"I work out literally everyday."

"I can barely do one push up." Ms. Griffin admitted and Lexa smiled wide.
"I'd pay to see that. Could you record it sometime?" Lexa asked seriously.

"I will do no such thing. I have to hand it to you, you smoke and eat pizza and still can run back in forth on the field." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa chuckled.

"You mean court?" Lexa asked.

Ms. Griffin finished her slice of pizza before looking up at her.

"Huh?"

"It's called a basketball court. Not field. A field is for soccer." Lexa explained. She watched as the teacher's cheeks pinked.

"Oh, you know what I meant."

"I didn't because I don't play on the field."

"You are something else, Lexa Woods." Ms. Griffin cooed.

"You are something else, blank Griffin." Lexa smiled proudly.

"Blank?" Ms. Griffin asked.

"Yes! Because you won't tell me your first name. Do I have to reach a certain point to get to know it? Do I have to run around naked because I will do it." Lexa said seriously. Ms. Griffin laughed loudly.

"No."

"No?" Lexa asked.

"Yes. No."

"Yes, you'll tell me?" Lexa asked again.

"No, I won't."
Lexa let out a groan and got up. She finished her pizza and Ms. Griffin was done too. She didn't give
Ms. Griffin time to clean up after herself and when Lexa turned back around after putting the dishes
in the sink, Ms. Griffin was looking at her with soft eyes.

"Sorry. I'm used to doing it because me and my mom eat together a lot and I put her plate in the sink
for her."

Ms. Griffin was still looking at her with soft eyes and Lexa awkwardly looked back at her. Ms.
Griffin looked at Lexa for a long while before she got up.

"Do you want to watch a movie?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa nodded.

This wasn't the Netflix and chill that Lexa was used to. Normally, she would already have her hands
down some girl's pants but Lexa just sat there.

She didn't think she'd ever been this still before. She was always moving. Always working out.
Always doing something. But she just sat there and it was nice.

They decided to watch one of those romantic-comedy movies on Netflix. Lexa wasn't all that
interested in it but Ms. Griffin's eyes were glued to her flat screen TV.

They were sitting relatively close and Lexa wondered how Ms. Griffin was comfortable right now.
She was still wearing her skirt and blouse and she had her legs crossed over as they were resting on
the coffee table. Lexa fantasized about all the different ways she could remove her clothes before
quickly shaking her head and blushing. She was glad it was dark in the teacher's apartment.

This wasn't really how she thought this would go, but then again she wasn't expecting much. She
had to admit that Ms. Griffin being a teacher was really dragging her down. This was absolute torture
because Ms. Griffin's neck was long and exposed. Lexa wanted to lean in and kiss it.

Ms. Griffin moved a lot while she was watching the movie and Lexa just watched her. She would
place a hand on her thigh and then move it a second later. She would uncross her legs and then cross
them again. She would crack her neck and her knuckles. Her lips would curl up while she moved
and Lexa wanted to know what was up her sleeve.

She found out a few seconds later when Ms. Griffin scooted closer to her. Lexa's initial reaction was
to move away from her and she didn't mean it in a bad way. She knew there were boundaries she
didn't want to cross. Clearly, Ms. Griffin didn't mind right now.

She scooted until she was touching Lexa's thigh and Lexa almost jumped at the contact. She was
wearing jeans but she could feel the warmth radiating off of the teacher. Lexa didn't look over to her
and maybe she should've. She was scared, she didn't know if Ms. Griffin meant to do this or not but the teacher didn't move.

Ms. Griffin was moving the whole time but now that she was practically resting against Lexa, she stopped. Lexa was confused, but decided not to think about it. She wasn't going to try her luck and drape an arm around her. Ms. Griffin looked like she was going to move away from her any minute. But to Lexa's surprise, she didn't. She stayed like that the whole movie and Lexa watched as she smirked.

The unspoken move between them had Lexa's heart pounding in her chest that she was kind of glad the movie was over. She wasn't happy that it was time for her to leave though. They didn't speak about what just happened or anything that happened. They stood too close to each other as they said goodbye. Ms. Griffin was leaning against the entrance of her door and Lexa was standing right in front of her. Lexa could smell the sweet smell of her perfume and she wanted more but she needed to leave.

She had to leave. She didn't like the look in Ms. Griffin's eye (Yes, she did).

Ms. Griffin looked a little lost like she didn't know if this was real or fake and Lexa felt the same. She didn't really know what to make of what just happened but she liked it. By the faint smile Ms. Griffin had, she knew she liked it too.

"I should go." Lexa said. She realized that they have been standing there for the last five minutes not saying a word.

Lexa was trying to remember everything about this moment. She was standing in a dim hallway, saying goodbye to a very attractive teacher she shouldn't be hanging out with. She should be partying and having fun because she won today. But she did have fun, right here with Ms. Griffin.

"Yeah, you probably should." Ms. Griffin said.

"I'll see you on Monday?" Lexa asked and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"Of course."

She could have just said yes or maybe but she said of course, which meant she would definitely be there. Lexa couldn't stop the smile from spreading and she felt like she won in a way because Ms. Griffin smiled back.


"Get out of here, you crazy kid."
"Adult." Lexa said.

"Senior."

"I'm eighteen."

"You're still in high school."

"I graduate this year."

"Goodbye, Lexa."

"You still have time to tell me your first name." Lexa said desperately because she was. She wanted to know so bad.

"I'm not telling a soul."

"You could."

"Yeah, but I'm not."

"I'll get you to tell me one day." Lexa huffed.

"Good luck with that."

"I don't need luck."

"Something tells me you will need it," Ms. Griffin said wisely. "Goodnight, Lexa."

"Goodnight, blank."

"My name is not blank."

"Well, if you could just tell me it."

"I'm having way too much fun with this."
"You laugh at my dispense." Lexa huffed.

"I do and you need to get home." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded.

"See you, Monday."

"Yeah, see you."
Lexa looked over to Ms. Griffin approaching her. She was walking with slower steps than ever and her head was down. The sun was still rising in the sky and Lexa immediately noticed something was wrong.

"What happened?" Lexa got up. She didn't light her cigarette yet and she looked over to the teacher who looked to be in ruins. Of course, she still looked beautiful. She was wearing jeans and a blouse, but her facial expression said it all.

Ms. Griffin didn't answer right away. She opened and closed her mouth multiple times. Lexa was starting to get worried. Ms. Griffin barely looked like she slept and Lexa wanted to know what happened between now and Sunday.

They didn't text each other. They had no agreement that they would. Lexa didn't know what to say to her and she wasn't even sure Ms. Griffin would want to talk to her but Lexa felt bad.

What if Ms. Griffin was waiting on her to text her? Surely, she could have just texted her herself. Lexa was quickly figuring out that Ms. Griffin was a guarded woman. She wasn't even sure if she was going to talk to her about whatever was going on. What if Lexa did get in contact with her. What if Ms. Griffin told her what was going on?

Lexa knew, without a doubt, that texting was easier than actually saying words. She could prove it because Ms. Griffin wasn't saying anything. She looked absolutely conflicted and Lexa didn't know if she should hug the woman or not. She kept her distance. Lexa also could tell that Ms. Griffin was a strong woman and could hold her own ground.

"My dad." Ms. Griffin said quietly and Lexa's eyes widened.

"Is he..?"

"No. But he was rushed to the hospital and I wanted to text you but I didn't." Ms. Griffin said, but she wasn't looking at Lexa. She was looking past her to the clouds in the sky.

"I'm sorry. I should've just texted you." Lexa said.

"Don't apologize. I didn't text you either because it would be wrong."

"Says who?" Lexa asked.

"Me." Ms. Griffin said softly and Lexa didn't like the tone of her voice.

"Ms. Griffin.."

"I should go inside. I'm not up for a cigarette." Ms. Griffin was normally a bubbly woman. That
was the only would Lexa could use to describe her. She was always in a good mood and would walk down the halls with a smile on her face. But it was very obvious to anyone who came close to her, that she was very guarded and Lexa watched her hopelessly. She had no idea what to do and was glad she didn't light her cigarette yet. She wanted to go after the teacher but she knew it was a lost cause.

Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin walked inside with her head down.

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Lexa didn't know how she found her way here. Actually, she did but she wasn't going to admit it. She bought a dozen donuts of all different flavors, because who didn't like donuts and she also bought two coffees.

Lexa caught many eyes as she walked back in school, but she had one destination because she didn't have much time left. Her last class would be starting soon and knew Ms. Griffin didn't have a class right now. Lexa let out an excited breath as she saw Ms. Griffin writing something down. Her hands were full so she kicked the door and hoped it got the teacher's attention.

It did.

Ms. Griffin looked up immediately. Lexa smirked because she could see that the teacher didn't want to smile, but she did. Lexa smiled back at her as she held up the box of donuts.

"I brought donuts and black coffee because I don't know how you take it and I got a whole bunch of milk and sugar." Ms. Griffin was looking at her like she did when she stared up at the sports wall. She looked amazed and a little shocked and Lexa held the donuts up with a smile.

"Thank you." Ms. Griffin breathed. Lexa set the donuts down and opened the box. She watched as Ms. Griffin gasped and Lexa held her breath expectantly.

Ms. Griffin did it again. She shrugged, shook her head and nodded all in one.

"A part of me doesn't even want to tell you. You are getting clever. You also happened to write it on my favorite donut."

On a chocolate glazed donut, Lexa had the question: What is your name? Written around it in pink frosting and Ms. Griffin picked up the donut. She didn't waste any time biting into and Lexa wanted to run herself down into the ground with the way her dick twitched in her pants, reminding her that it was still there and it hadn't had any action in a while.

Ms. Griffin let out the sexiest moan and a part of Lexa felt like she did it on purpose. Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin had her eyes closed and she felt like she was floating away. Lexa wanted to go with her.

"This is my dad's favorite." The art teacher said softly as she opened her eyes and Lexa felt so bad. 

"I'm sorry. If I would have known.." Lexa started but the teacher cut her off.

"It's okay, Lexa. Thank you for this."

"And..?" Lexa asked expectantly.

"And," Ms. Griffin paused dramatically. "You can have a donut if you would like."
"Okay, that's it," Lexa said as she marched over to the teacher who was now in a giggling fit. "I'm taking all of these back and you get nothing."

"I'm not telling you."

"I will get you to."

"No."

"You said one day."

"It's not today," Lexa huffed. She was sure today would be the day, but she was sorely disappointed. She knew Ms. Griffin was going through a lot. She was glad she could do this for her.

"How are you?" Lexa asked seriously as she picked up a glazed donut.

"I didn't teach much today. The principal knows about my situation because I'm probably going to take a leave of absence if he..."

"Don't think like that."

"He looked awful. I'm going straight there after this."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin picked up another donut.

"I want to stop smoking," The teacher said seriously. "My dad doesn't even smoke and he still got lung cancer. I don't want to risk it and I feel bad when I smoke. I don't know how I'm going to stop but I want to."

"Okay. So, tomorrow morning what will happen? Will I see you?" Ms. Griffin didn't get a chance to answer. There was a knock on the door. Lexa had closed the door once she walked in and Ms. Griffin stood up immediately.

"Get under my desk." Ms. Griffin demanded and Lexa immediately nodded. She didn't know who was at the door but she didn't want to get caught. She knew they weren't doing anything wrong, but she just didn't want to get caught right now.

Lexa quickly rounded the desk, effectively brushing passed Ms. Griffin in the process. Lexa’s front brushed against Ms. Griffin's back and Lexa didn't even get a chance to enjoy it. Ms. Griffin waited until Lexa was fully under the desk and hidden before she opened the door.

"Hey, Ms. Griffin." Her coach greeted. Lexa wanted to groan and suddenly didn't want to be here. She didn't want to listen to her coach flirt with the teacher.


"You went to get donuts?" He asked as he stepped into the room.

"Yup. I felt like a sugar rush, so I went to go get some." Ms. Griffin lied.

"You should've told me. I could've gotten them for you." Finn said. Lexa wanted to yell out that it was already taken care of because she went to go get them for her, but she angrily took a bite of her donut instead.
"That's alright." Ms. Griffin said politely.

"Listen, I wanted to ask you something," Finn trailed off and Lexa already knew where this was going. "I was wondering if you wanted to go on a date with me?" He asked.

It was quiet. Too quiet. And Lexa had no idea what was going on or how Ms. Griffin was going to reply.

"I'm sorry, Finn," Ms. Griffin started and Lexa smirked. "My dad was rushed to the hospital over the weekend and I really just want to focus on him right now. I mean, that's the whole reason why I'm back here in the first place."

"Oh, right. Right. Okay, yeah, sure. It's no problem." Lexa listened to how her coach tripped over his words and a door opened and closed. Lexa waited another minute before she got up from under the desk. Lexa didn't say anything right away. She just reached for another donut.

"You alright?" Lexa asked around her bite of the donut. Ms. Griffin was watching the door sadly before she looked back at Lexa.

"I'm fine."

"Did you mean it?" Lexa asked.

"Mean what?"

"That you just want to focus on your father or did you lie?" Lexa asked. She didn't know why she was so curious but she was.

"I meant it," Ms. Griffin said quietly. "I'm not really ready to date and like I said, I'm not just going to hook up with someone just because. I don't think I can handle that right now." She said seriously and Lexa nodded.

"Okay."

"The bell is going to ring soon." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa knew that she was trying to politely dismiss her. Would it be wrong to hug a teacher? Maybe Lexa should've stayed where she was, but Ms. Griffin looked so small right now. Lexa felt bad.

"You can text or call me later after you see your dad." Lexa offered. She knew she had practice later on, but she felt like she would stop in the middle of it, just to see if Ms. Griffin texted her.

"I don't think I should." Ms. Griffin rasped. Lexa frowned at that confession and didn't know what to do. She did it, of course. Lexa was never one to back down and wanted to embrace the woman. She took slow steps and Lexa was glad the door was closed.

So slow, Ms. Griffin caught on to what she was doing, but she started backing up. That didn't stop Lexa, she kept walking and the teacher kept backing up, only stopping when her desk blocked her from going anywhere. Lexa didn't say anything and Ms. Griffin was looking at her like she was about to break.

Lexus caught her before she did. Ms. Griffin let out a quiet sob as Lexa wrapped her arms around her.
She has hugged a lot of girls but Ms. Griffin seemed like the perfect fit for her, even in heels.

"Shh." Lexa said quietly, even though she knew that wasn't going to work. Lexa's heart broke at the cries the woman was letting out. She was surprised that she wasn't attracting attention but Lexa was glad for it because she wanted to keep holding her. Lexa's front was against the teacher’s and her feet were placed on the outside of Ms. Griffin's.

Ms. Griffin didn't do it right away.

She waited until she was completely exhausted from crying before she finally wrapped her arms around Lexa. Lexa didn't get a chance to actually enjoy the moment, she wanted to make sure Ms. Griffin was okay. Her cries had stopped and Lexa knew she was trying to pull herself together.

"Thank you for the donuts, really," Ms. Griffin said in a raspy voice. "You should go so you can get to class." The bell didn't ring yet but it was going to. It was clear that Ms. Griffin needed to get herself together.

"Okay." Lexa whispered, though she didn't move and neither did the teacher. Lexa wanted to stay and make sure she was alright, but she knew she needed to pull away from her.

Lexa slowly removed herself from Ms. Griffin and it was only then that she realized the death grip the older woman had on her. Ms. Griffin immediately let go and avoided eye contact as Lexa walked to the door. Lexa looked back at Ms. Griffin one more time before she sighed and walked away.

The look on Ms. Griffin's face broke her heart. She was wiping her tears away and she was looking down at her desk, she refused to say goodbye to Lexa. Lexa could admit her eyes were welling up with tears too.

"Hey, you alright?" Ontari asked. Lexa was looking down at her phone, checking to see if Ms. Griffin texted her.

She didn't.

"Fine." Lexa grunted. They just finished their practice and Lexa was ready to go home.

"Do you wanna go back to my place tonight?" It was very common for them all to hang out after practice. Lexa wanted to say yes but wanted to be available if Ms. Griffin changed her mind.

"Hmm. Maybe." Lexa responded.

"Oh, come on. I miss my cuddle buddy." Ontari pouted and Lexa smirked. While the friendship line had been drawn, they still liked to cuddle with each other and it was different. Lexa never really cuddle with Anya or Echo but then again, her and Ontari just had that special kind of relationship.

Lexa couldn't lie, it had been a while since she had gotten laid but she had never hooked up with Ontari before, although the flirting had been very high between them. It didn't sound like a bad idea to Lexa.

"I think I can make an exception for you." Lexa said smoothly and Ontari giggled.

"You better. Maybe we can do even more than cuddling." Lexa hated that the idea sounded so perfect right now. She didn't know where Ms. Griffin was right now and thought about Ontari’s
"You would like that, wouldn't you?" Lexa asked with a smirk.

"Yes. Yes, I would. I have a feeling you would like it too." Ontari purred. Lexa felt a chill run down her body at the same time her aunt Luna texted her. Lexa's eyes widened as she felt the vibration in her hand and shielded it away from Ontari.

**Aunt Luna**

6:45 PM

_Could you come over?_

Lexa read the message over and over again. She couldn't quite believe that Ms. Griffin wanted to see her right now. She didn't know what the teacher was doing, but she wanted to run like the wind. She looked over to Ontari apologetically.

"Hey, sorry. My aunt Luna just texted, she needs me to help her move some stuff around." Lexa lied. Ontari nodded in understanding and a part of Lexa felt bad.

"Oh, well, maybe some other time." Ontari offered and Lexa nodded.

"Yeah, that would be cool. Tell Anya I said bye." Lexa said in a rush as she gathered her stuff and she left. She was starting to lose hope that Ms. Griffin would text her. They didn't really text each other since that night at the grocery store and the fact that Ms. Griffin texted her made Lexa think that something wasn't right. She hoped the blonde was okay.

She dashed out of the gym without looking back. She was on her way to see the attractive blonde again.
Chapter 7

Lexa pulled up into Ms. Griffin's parking lot and quickly got out of her car. She stopped at a burger shop on her way here. She knew that took some time but she didn't know if Ms. Griffin ate dinner or not. She also left so quickly that she didn't get to take a shower and she was still wearing her jersey.

Lexa sprinted up to the third floor where she knew the art teacher was waiting for her. She only needed to knock once before Ms. Griffin opened the door. She looked terrible and Lexa hated to admit it. She looked like she had been crying for hours on end. Lexa immediately rushed inside and Ms. Griffin opened the door for her.

"Are you okay?" Lexa asked and she didn't know why she did. It was very clear that the teacher wasn't okay. It was confirmed when Ms. Griffin shook her head. Lexa set the bags of food on the coffee table and looked over to the teacher. She was wearing sweatpants and a fitted shirt and her hair was up in a bun. Her face was clean of any make-up and she looked pretty. So, so pretty.

"I know this is going to sound bad. But I didn't shower before I came here and I already have a change of clothes. I was wondering if I could take a shower, just real quick?" Lexa asked awkwardly but Ms. Griffin nodded.

"Of course, let me show you to the bathroom." Ms. Griffin said as she led her to the hall bathroom. It was a cute bathroom. The walls were white and the shower curtain was blue.

"Twist the water up for hot water and down for cold. Shampoo and conditioner are already in the shower," Ms. Griffin said and she paused and left the bathroom. She came back a few seconds later. "Here's a towel and washcloth and a fresh bar of soap." She said as she handed the items to Lexa and Lexa nodded.

"Thank you. I'll try to be quick."

"Please, hurry." Ms. Griffin said gently and Lexa nodded again.

Lexa cursed herself when she looked in the mirror because she didn't pack an extra pair of compression shorts. She had been wearing them for quite some time now, especially when she was working out or at practice. She had planned to go straight home after practice so she packed a pair of boxers. Not even boxer briefs, just regular old boxers with the hole in the middle of them. She could see the outline of her dick in these and she cursed herself.

She was wearing tracksuit bottoms and a loose white shirt when she emerged from the bathroom and
went into the front room. Ms. Griffin was sitting there with her legs crossed and she was eating.
Lexa's plate was also made and she didn't waste anytime rushing over to it.

"Sorry, I hope I didn't take to long." Lexa said as she sat down and took a bite of her burger.

"It's okay, you did have a little smell to you," Ms. Griffin smirked and Lexa rolled her eyes. "I'm
totally kidding, really. You didn't stink at all but I understand why you wanted to take one."

Lexa felt free. A little too free and she hoped that Ms. Griffin couldn't see the outline of her dick.
Lexa took a glance down and frowned because she could definitely see the outline of it. That was
why she hardly ever wore boxers.

"I don't know why I texted you. And I don't mean that to be mean. I'm just saying," Ms. Griffin said
as she took a bite of her fries.

"You can always text me." Lexa reassured her.

"But I shouldn't have. I could've easily contacted Raven or my other friends here or even my friends
back in New York. You just make it easier." Ms. Griffin confessed. Lexa tried not to smile so she
took a bite of her burger instead.

"I do?" Lexa asked dumbfounded.

"Oh, don't go getting all excited, but yes." Ms. Griffin showed her pearly whites and Lexa almost
choked on her burger. But she kept it together (barely).

"What happened?" Lexa asked seriously and Ms. Griffin shrugged.

"I've never seen him throw up so much." Ms. Griffin whispered like she was haunted and maybe she
was. Lexa had no idea what Ms. Griffin was going through but she was more than thrilled that she
had texted her.

"He's back in the hospital now. I don't know how long he will be there and I just... he was fine when
I left but I'm scared." Ms. Griffin's voice broke. It broke and Lexa scooted closer to her. It was
difficult because they were still eating but Lexa was closer to her now and she was happy about it.

"I'm here." Lexa whispered gently and she saw the beautiful teacher nod. Lexa didn't know what
made her say that. Maybe it was the fact that Ms. Griffin looked so small right now. Maybe it
was the fact that Ms. Griffin looked so relaxed right now with her. Maybe it was the fact that Ms.
Griffin just needed to hear those words. Lexa knew that she meant them. She would be here if the
teacher wanted her to be.

"Thank you." Ms. Griffin said barely above a whisper. She could understand why, just like how she
whispered the words 'I'm here'. It was a scary thing to admit, especially to her. She didn't know for
how long she would be here. Or if she was just talking about right now or on a grand scheme of
things. She wanted to let the teacher know she would be here, but she shouldn't be. So, she
whispered the words because she was equally as scared to admit them just like Ms. Griffin barely
said thank you. Lexa shouldn't be here.

They finished up eating in silence and this time, they didn't sit far apart when they turned the TV on.
They sat side by side and Lexa loved it. Her southern regions were behaving and she was glad for it.
She had the tendency to show and that was why she wore compression shorts so much. She felt
loose though, and she couldn't remember when she had ever hung out with a girl without wearing
them. She didn't like to take her chances and knew she had no other choice because she forgot to
pack an extra pair. But Lexa found that even if she had the extra pair, she wouldn't wear them. Lexa
felt weird saying that because she always wore them. She liked that she felt comfortable around the teacher.

"My whole life, my father has been like my superhero," Ms. Griffin said gingerly. Lexa didn't say anything, she didn't even move. She was afraid Ms. Griffin would take back what she was saying. She desperately wanted to know what was going on inside her head. So, she stayed quiet and to her luck, Ms. Griffin continued. "It's so hard watching him struggle. My whole life he was always there for me and he was so strong and this is the hardest thing I've ever had to face. He's not getting better." She sobbed and Lexa did it. She wrapped her arms around Ms. Griffin and she held her.

(Sh e found that she didn't regret it).

"I have to stop. For him. I have to," Ms. Griffin cried out and Lexa already knew what she was talking about. "I don't care what happens to me. I'm stopping, I'll do whatever else but not this."

"I'll do it with you." Lexa's eyes widened and she wanted to slap herself. Why did she just agree to do that? Smoking was the worst habit she had. She would like to see herself stop one day. She just didn't think it would be right now.

"Really?" Ms. Griffin sniffed.

"Yes. They are bad and I'll just chew something or I don't know. But I could stop, if I really tried."

"It's not easy. I've tried to stop many times."

"I know. But, it isn't good and I'll just chew gum or distract myself. I don't know." Lexa shrugged. Ms. Griffin turned in her arms and she was so close. Lexa kept her arms wrapped around her and Ms. Griffin snuggled into her chest.

"You don't have to do this with me." Ms. Griffin said seriously.

"Yeah, but I want to. Maybe we can still see each other in the morning but not smoke." Lexa hoped that didn't come off too needy. She still wanted to see the beautiful teacher. It made Lexa want to get up for those early mornings. It made Lexa's day better, knowing that she would be able to see the teacher without anyone else around. She wanted to keep seeing her in the mornings.

"Yeah, maybe we could just sit and talk and chew gum." Ms. Griffin suggested.

Lexa let out a chuckle, "I probably have no right to say this. But things will be alright."

"I hope so."

Lexa didn't know when she started the rocking motion. Lexa wasn't sure when Ms. Griffin had fallen asleep and Lexa wasn't sure when she fell asleep with her.

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Lexa didn't know what time it was when she woke up. She also wasn't aware that she wasn't at her house. Instead, she woke up on the coach in a apartment that wasn't hers. Lexa squinted her eyes and looked around.

Did she fall asleep here? She didn't really remember. She remembered being completely tired after her practice, but coming to see the gorgeous blonde teacher. Lexa was also very aware that she was holding someone. She looked down and tried not to gasp.
She needed to move and she needed to move now.

Lexa hated that she had ruined such a beautiful moment. She could go to the bathroom for a few minutes to calm herself down. Ms. Griffin's butt was resting right against it. She didn't know how the teacher didn't feel it, but then again, the teacher was knocked out. Lexa had her arm draped around her waist and they were laying sideways on the couch. Ms. Griffin was breathing heavily and Lexa was sporting a huge boner.

Lexa closed her eyes tightly and thought that this wasn't real. Maybe she was dreaming. Lexa opened her eyes and looked down again and she knew this wasn't a dream. This was real and she was hard.

Lexa gently removed her arm from around the teacher's waist and that stirred the teacher a bit, but she didn't wake up. Lexa moved and she shouldn't have done that because she meant to move backwards but she moved forward. That woke Ms. Griffin right up. Lexa's eyes widened. She grabbed the first pillow she could see in the dark apartment.

"What's going on?" Ms. Griffin tried to rub the sleep out of her eyes. Lexa didn't answer, she tried to scoot as far away as she could but it wasn't working. There wasn't enough room on the couch and Lexa knew she had been caught. She heard Ms. Griffin gasp loudly and Lexa's cheeks flushed red, there was no way of stopping it. She was so embarrassed and she was embarrassed to admit the teacher did this.

She had a dream. A very vivid dream of her making out with said teacher on her desk. She was unbuttoning her blouse and she was getting ready to finally see Ms. Griffin's breasts, when she woke up. Lexa would rather lose another game than ever admit that.

"I'm sorry." Lexa squeaked out and Ms. Griffin just gasped again. Lexa wasn't wearing her compression shorts and there was absolutely no way of hiding it. There was a tent in the middle of her pants and Lexa looked away. Ms. Griffin had her eyes glued to it before she cleared her throat and shook her head. The teacher quickly got up and Lexa wished she didn't because now you could really see it and the pillow was pointless. Lexa dropped it helplessly and Ms. Griffin looked at her with a faraway expression on her face.

"I'm sorry." Lexa said again and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"It's okay."

*Holy shit,* Lexa would gladly lose another game to admit that Ms. Griffin's voice was just down right dirty. Filthy even. And Lexa wasn't really sure how to respond but her dick did. It grew even more and Lexa knew she was probably at her full height.

She was eight and a half inches of thick, veiny meat and she was going to have a very stern talk with her dick later. How dare it embarrass her like this. Lexa didn't know if Ms. Griffin's voice was thick of sleep or what. But it was the lowest she had ever heard it and Lexa wanted to hear it again but she knew she wouldn't because the teacher cleared her throat again.

"I should go." Lexa said. Ms. Griffin didn't respond. She continued to watch Lexa and Lexa didn't know what to do.

"You could stay." Ms. Griffin's voice sounded like it normally did. There was some rasp to it, but it was her normal voice again. Nothing like before and Lexa desperately wanted to hear that voice again. She'd give anything for it. Lexa knew she couldn't stay here, not with her raging boner. She would think her boner would go away, but it didn't. It was making its presence known and for the
first time, Lexa wished it wasn't.

"That's not a great idea. It's not going to go away," Lexa said embarrassed as she gestured to her southern regions. "I should just go home."

"If that's what you want." Ms. Griffin shrugged. Her hair was all over the place, but she looked so cute.

"Is that what you want?" Lexa asked softly and she saw it.

She saw Ms. Griffin shake her head and Lexa let out a soft gasp. She wasn't sure what to do. She knew her boner would go down in time but it felt like it had been years. She didn't know why Ms. Griffin shook her head but she didn't want to leave either. She really wasn't sure what to do.

"I want you to stay," Ms. Griffin said. Lexa looked over to the clock and saw that it was two in the morning. "But you are right." Ms. Griffin took a breath and so did Lexa. Ms. Griffin was looking at her with lost eyes and Lexa just stayed where she was. She was afraid to move.

"I know. It's for the best. I can't stay like this. It's not going to go away." These were the moments Lexa hated having a dick. It made her attraction so obvious and Lexa didn't know if Ms. Griffin caught onto that. This was her fault after all.

"Okay." Lexa got up and it was difficult. Her cheeks were still pink and she looked down to the tent in her pants. She wondered how tomorrow morning would go or if Ms. Griffin would even want to see her.

"Will I see you tomorrow morning?" Lexa asked as she awkwardly gathered her stuff. She hid her boner behind her gym bag.

"Yes." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded. A part of her wanted to just walk out the door and scold herself for all eternity and a part of her wanted to stay with the beautiful teacher who was crying in her arms a few hours ago.

"Okay, I guess I'll see you in the morning then." Lexa said awkwardly and Ms. Griffin nodded.

As always, Lexa couldn't make out what Ms. Griffin was thinking but she walked her out the door. Lexa walked to her car sporting the biggest boner she had ever had.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I just have to say that the next few chapters are some of my favorite chapters.

And I just want to throw out there, because I don't know if I made it clear, Lexa doesn't think she has any chance with Ms. Griffin. But that doesn't stop her attraction.

I also want to say that Lexa isn't magically going to change over night.

But I hope over the next few chapters you start to see it. I'm going to let you guys figure out what 'it' is. I'm beyond excited to share this with you guys. I hope you enjoy!

Lexa was absolutely mortified. She still couldn't believe that Ms. Griffin wanted to see her this morning. Lexa thought that maybe she should accidentally sleep in or make up some crazy excuse as to why she couldn't make it. Lexa really didn't want to face the teacher today.

Of all times to get a boner, it had to be when she was cuddling the teacher. Lexa was still haunted by the tent that was in her pants last night. She didn't do anything about it when she got home because, of course, it went down by the time she got there.

Lexa got out of her car slowly. She took her time gathering her stuff and she walked up the track. Lexa saw Ms. Griffin in their usual spot and approached her with her head down. Lexa didn't say anything to Ms. Griffin because she didn't know what to say. How did one talk to a teacher who they cuddled with? How did one talk to a teacher who gave them a boner? How did one talk to a teacher who they have no business hanging out with?

"This doesn't have to be awkward, Lexa. We can just sit here and talk like we normally do before class, just without smoking." Ms. Griffin broke the awkward silence. Lexa noticed how she was chewing gum and she handed one to Lexa.

"I've been meaning to ask, what do you want to do when you get out of here?" That seemed to soften Lexa up and she immediately sat down and went through all her hopes and dreams. She took the piece of gum that the teacher offered and popped it in her mouth.

"Now, that's just a silly question. I'm going to go to college for basketball. Probably get a scholarship so my mom won't have to pay all that money. I want to be on the WNBA. I would shoot for NBA but that's just wishful thinking since I'm a girl. I'm going to live in one of those fancy mansions and have one girl on each arm," Lexa said thoughtfully and then she changed her answer. "No, two girls on each arm. If I can score it." Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin rolled her eyes with a smirk.

"Oh, don't you worry, Ms. Griffin. There's plenty of room for you." Lexa teased and the teacher rolled her eyes again.

"That's what every woman wants to hear: how they are some bodies fifth choice." Ms. Griffin drawled out and played with the grass beside her. Lexa looked over to her. Her hair was up in a ponytail today and her mascara made her blue eyes pop.

"You wouldn't be my fifth choice," Lexa said quietly as she looked over to the teacher. Ms. Griffin
whipped her head around and looked at Lexa. "You'd be my first." Lexa watched as Ms. Griffin exhaled a breath and Lexa nodded.

She was certain. No girl could trump Ms. Griffin, simply because that's what they were. A girl. Ms. Griffin was through and through a grown woman and Lexa didn't normally go for older girls but she couldn't deny it anymore. Ms. Griffin was absolutely stunning. Lexa couldn't stop thinking about her.

"Now, that's what a woman wants to hear." Ms. Griffin said around an awkward chuckle and Lexa sucked her lips into her mouth. She was very aware that the art teacher was watching her every move. Lexa didn't know where to go from there.

"What about you?" Lexa asked. She hoped that it cleared some of the tension between them.

"Well, I lived my dream from two whole years. I've always wanted to be a fashion designer and I was. I've always loved art and I love being a teacher. I'd like to have a family one day. I love kids. Maybe one day live in one of them fancy mansions. I lived in a penthouse in New York. I was really living like a city girl."

"I've always wanted to see New York. Maybe one day we could be neighbors." Lexa bumped her shoulder against the teacher and she laughed.

"Oh, yes. So I can make various noise complaints and watch you destroy a beautiful home, I'm good."

"I wouldn't destroy it, per say. My mama raised me right." Lexa puffed out her chest.

"Really? So is that why you jump from girl to girl?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa could literally hear a mic drop somewhere in the background. She raised her eyebrows at Ms. Griffin.

"Now that is just mean." Lexa said lowly as she pointed a finger at the teacher.

"The truth hurts, doesn't it?" The teacher giggled out.

"I'm sorry." Lexa said seriously and she heard how Ms. Griffin's giggles cut off.

"It's fine." Ms. Griffin said.

"No, it's not. I was so embarrassed. I mean, it happens but I didn't mean for it to happen while we were sleeping."

"It's natural." Ms. Griffin waved it off and Lexa's cheeks pinked.

"It was inappropriate and I'm sorry."

"We can forget about it. I can't hold it against you." Ms. Griffin shrugged.

"I had it pressed right against you," Lexa said shyly as she covered her face. "Did you feel it?" Lexa really needed to stop asking questions she didn't want to know the answer to, but desperately needed to hear the answer to.

"Yes." Ms. Griffin breathed out. Lexa let out a loud groan.

"That's it. I can't do this. I'm so sorry." Lexa said apologetically. She knew if it was any other girl, she wouldn't be apologizing. The girl probably would've liked it. Lexa had no idea what Ms. Griffin was thinking and she wanted to know. The pink sky was fading around them and the sun was rising. Lexa could hear the birds chirping on this fine morning. It was almost time to go inside.
"Like I said, it's natural." Ms. Griffin said in a distant tone.

"You're a teacher. I don't know what happened." Lexa stated.

"You don't have to go into details if you don't want to." Ms. Griffin said.

"It was just a dream I had." Lexa found herself saying.

"That's alright." Ms. Griffin said softly and Lexa nodded. She wanted to crawl out of her skin and down into the ground. She wanted to be there, of course. She just didn't want to have this awkward conversation about her boner with the teacher.

A teacher she shouldn’t be sitting with right now. A teacher she shouldn’t be attracted to. A teacher's apartment she shouldn’t have gone over to and fell asleep on the couch. A teacher who Lexa had such a high desire to kiss and that thought freaked her out.

What if she were to lean in? Lexa knew she probably would get slapped in the face or pushed away. Did Ms. Griffin even see her in that light? Lexa didn't know if she did because she was such a guarded soul. Lexa wasn't even sure if this was right. She kissed the teacher and then what? She knew Ms. Griffin didn’t just hook up with anyone. Did Lexa even want to hook up with her? Lexa shook her head. She couldn't think about this right now.

"I should go," Lexa said quickly as she picked her backpack up. "You know, to get to class." She said as she swallowed hard. Ms. Griffin had that look on her face, like she wanted to say something. She opened and closed her mouth many times before she sighed.

"Okay."

It was Wednesday and it was game day. Lexa was in her zone. She listened to a variety of music (she would never tell anyone, she listened to Beethoven on her game days). Something about his music calmed her down and got her in the spirit. The winning spirit. The crush the other opponent spirit.

Lexa truly believed that this was one of the reasons why she was put on this earth. To completely dominate the court. She had a good feeling about this game and it was a home game.

It was effortless.

Lexa danced circles around the other team and what she couldn’t get done, Anya and Ontari had her back. Echo passed her the ball many times and she would shoot from the half mark line.

They won, obviously.

It was 75-45 and Lexa wouldn’t expect anything less. Ms. Griffin wasn’t there today but Lexa could understand why, she was probably spending time with her dad. Lexa was breathing hard when the game was over. Lexa thought her coach would be in ruins since Ms. Griffin rejected him. She knew she would be, but he proved to be in a good mood and he praised his team over and over again.

"You are coming with us on Friday and you are partying with us." Anya said as she walked up to her best friend.

Lexa smiled, "Okay, okay. I'll be there."
It had been a while since Lexa had walked up to the Blake residence. Bellamy lived with his older sister Octavia, who was apparently always working because she was never there.

Lexa knew she could easily have the party at her house and because she had a pool. But there was one time she did have a party and they got a noise complaint. Her mom grounded her for a month and they trashed her house. She spent all month making it up to her mother because she didn't like when she was mad at her and she wasn't taking any more chances. They usually had their parties here now, since the older Blake was never around.

"Lexa! I was starting to forget what your face looked like." Bellamy joked as he walked over to her and handed her a beer.

"Thanks. I'm still alive and well."

"Great game on Wednesday." Bellamy commented as she walked into the house. There were people everywhere and they all greeted her when she walked in. She wasn't even exaggerating. Every single person in the family room greeted her and it took Lexa a while to get through them all.

Of course, girls were already starting to grind on her, but she politely declined. She sighed in relief when she spotted Anya and Ontari.

"Hey, guys." Lexa greeted as she walked over to them.

"Hey, Lexa." The girls greeted together.

"Glad you finally made it." Ontari joked and Lexa chuckled. She didn't really know how to act around Ontari since that day after practice. They haven't really talked about it but Ontari had that look in her eye.

"Where's that girl you ditch us for last week?" Anya asked and Lexa watched as Ontari's eyes narrowed at her.

"Oh, she's not here." Lexa answered quickly.

"Well, that's good." Ontari commented and Lexa just nodded. She felt awkward right now.

Normally, she would be all over the place. Dancing from girl to girl but she didn't want to. She wanted to be with Ms. Griffin and Lexa's eyes widened at that. She wondered what she was doing right now or if she was okay. Lexa knew it wasn't her place, so she wasn't going to bother the teacher.

"Come on, let's go upstairs." Ontari suggested. They were all friends and Ontari didn't care that Anya was right in front of them. Anya gave Lexa a sly smile and Lexa just glared at her but, allowed herself to be pulled upstairs. She looked back at Anya desperately. Anya just laughed and walked away.

Lexa wasn't sure whose room they had stumbled in. Ontari didn't waste any time closing the door, throwing her on the bed and climbing on top of her.

"Ontari." Lexa tried to stop her. Ontari grabbed her neck and started planting kisses to it and Lexa tried not to moan. She unconsciously jerked her hips up before she regained herself.
"I don't think we should do this. You're my best friend." Lexa rushed out as Ontari grounded her hips down into her.

"Don't deny that you want me." Ontari said lowly in her ear and Lexa moaned. She quickly shook her head.

"Ontari, this isn't a good idea." Lexa said seriously but Ontari wasn't listening. She grabbed the back of her neck again and leaned down to kiss her. The second their lips met, Lexa pushed her off.

"What the hell?" Ontari slurred. Lexa was aware that the girl had been drinking. She didn't want to do this with her while she was drunk. She wasn't fully sure if Ontari really wanted this. She didn't want her to regret anything and a part of her thought about the blonde teacher.

"I'm not going to hook up with you. I'm sorry." Lexa said as she got up. Ontari was nodding and her gaze was unfocused. Lexa was sober and she knew she would've been drunk by now and she would've already hooked up with a girl by now, probably Ontari but she didn't want to. She looked at the girl one more time before she headed downstairs and left. She didn't want to be here and she wondered what Ms. Griffin was doing right now.

Of course, she didn't let herself think about it for too long. She went home because she needed to. She needed to be away from all of them and she needed to stop thinking about the art teacher. Lexa didn't bother answering her phone. She sent a text to Anya, letting her know she was okay and she spent a quiet night at home.

Lexa found her way down to the park. It was a Sunday morning and she figured she'd get up and shoot some hoops down at the park. Lexa had her black basketball shorts and an old blue shirt on as she made her way down to the court. She put her hair up in a bun and she grabbed her basketball.

It wasn't a long walk, maybe ten to fifteen minutes. It was nice and peaceful. There was a family here or there but there wasn't a lot of people here and that's why she liked coming down here on Sunday's. She didn't allow herself think about the party or Ontari.

Ontari steadily avoided her and Lexa felt bad. This was exactly why she didn't want to hook up with the girl. She knew Ontari probably had feelings towards her but Lexa could honestly say that she didn't have feelings for the girl and if they were to hook up, it would be just sex. Lexa didn't want to have just sex, not with one of her best friends. It made things complicated than they already were.

There wasn't much talk about it and Lexa was glad for it. She told Anya what happened because she told the girl everything beside what was going on with Ms. Griffin, if there was anything even going on with them. And like the universe was finally on her side: she scored twenty shots in a row, when she saw her. It couldn't have been anyone else.

This was a common park for a lot of people, she wasn't all that surprised that she was here. Her hair was in a bun and she was wearing leggings and a plain white t-shirt. Her back was to Lexa and Lexa wondered if she should go bother her.

She did.

She took slow steps to her with a huge smile on her face. The teacher brought her art supplies with her and she was looking out to the lake.

"Fancy seeing you here." Lexa whispered as she stepped up to the teacher. Lexa watched as Ms.
Griffin's blue eyes locked with hers.

"We have got to stop meeting like this." Ms. Griffin said with a smirk and Lexa laughed as she sat down. She put her basketball to the side of her.

"I was just shooting some hoops." Lexa informed the older girl.

"I was getting ready to draw some." Ms. Griffin said back.

"Oh, well. I can leave you alone." Lexa suggested and Ms. Griffin shook her head.

"You can stay." She said softly and Lexa nodded. Lexa stayed quiet as Ms. Griffin worked. She was glad no one else was around them. They were both sitting on the grass and Ms. Griffin had her sketch pad in her lap. Lexa truly got to see Ms. Griffin right now in all her seriousness. She watched as the teacher looked out to the lake every once in awhile and Lexa stayed quiet. She was afraid to even breathe loudly. She didn't want to mess up the teacher's concentration.

Lexa was sitting pretty close to the woman and she liked the quiet that they had fallen into. It wasn't uncomfortable even though Lexa was just sitting here. She felt relaxed and she liked it.

"I haven't smoked all week," Ms. Griffin broke the silence, but she wasn't looking at Lexa. "I didn't think I could do it. I want to smoke so bad but drawing helps. That's why I'm here."

"I haven't really smoked either."

"You're lying." Ms. Griffin deadpanned and Lexa sighed.

"Fine! I broke down yesterday and had one."

"I win. You owe me an ice cream." Ms. Griffin smirked and Lexa wasn't aware that they were playing a game. But she liked games.

"I can do that."

"Feel free to go shoot some goals." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa smiled.

"Hoops." Lexa corrected and Ms. Griffin rolled her eyes.

"Yes. That." She said, though she was focusing on her drawing and from what Lexa can see, it looked beautiful.

"Have you ever played basketball?" Lexa asked. She could see that Ms. Griffin was finishing up her drawing and wondered how she did it. Lexa could barely draw a straight line, let alone talk to someone while doing it.

"No. I've never played," Ms. Griffin paused. She looked around and she leaned in and whispered, "I used to be a cheerleader."

Lexa wished that the art teacher could've kept that to herself because she would gladly give up all her money in her piggy bank just to see it. It wasn't hard to believe that Ms. Griffin used to be a cheerleader. She had a great body- not like Lexa was looking or anything- but she did.

"That sounds like fun."

"I still remember some of my cheers."
Lexa grinned, "I'll pay you a million dollars if you do one for me." She begged.

"Make it two million and you have yourself a deal." Ms. Griffin smirked as she looked over to the basketball player. Lexa didn't have anywhere close to that type of money and she cursed because Ms. Griffin knew that.

"Anyways, if you're done. Come play basketball with me." Lexa said.

"I am done. But I'm not playing with you." Ms. Griffin responded.

"Oh, come on. That drawing is beautiful by the way. You are so talented." Lexa complimented and Ms. Griffin blushed.

"Thank you and you would completely crush me." The art teacher said.

"We don't have to play an actual game. We can just shoot around." Lexa offered and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"Okay."

Lexa gathered up Ms. Griffin's stuff for her, proclaiming that she was the perfect gentle-woman. Ms. Griffin rolled her eyes but she smiled the whole time. They moved her stuff to the bench by the court before Ms. Griffin walked over to her.

"Please, don't make fun. I'm going against a talented player." Ms. Griffin held her hands in the air. Lexa dribbled the ball a couple of times before she passed it over to Ms. Griffin. She was surprised that she managed to catch it. She watched in amusement as the art teacher dribbled the ball horribly.

"Take a shot." Lexa instructed and Ms. Griffin nodded. The teacher looked to be in deep focus as she looked up at the basketball hoop. Lexa stifled her giggles because Ms. Griffin's form was not right at all. She had two hands in the center of the ball and she lounged it towards the basket. It went passed the basket and near the lake. Lexa let out a full laugh as she went to retrieve the ball.

"You said you weren't going to make fun!" Ms. Griffin chided.

"That was terrible. Try again." Lexa giggled out. Ms. Griffin did the same thing and the ball managed to hit the backboard but it still went over. Lexa didn't laugh this time as she went to go get the ball.

"Do you want me to show you?" Lexa asked and Ms. Griffin nodded desperately. Lexa walked up to Ms. Griffin and got behind her and she told her southern region that it better behave. Lexa pressed herself against Ms. Griffin and she tried not to sigh. She couldn't see the teacher's face but she felt her still against her. She was getting ready to move away when she relaxed back into her.

"Just put one hand here and the other on the side. Tuck your elbow in and focus on the basket." Lexa instructed but she wasn't listening to a word she was saying. She was standing right behind the teacher and she liked that she was taller than her. She was such a perfect fit for Lexa and Lexa was having a hard time focusing. She wanted to draw this out for as long as possible because she didn't want to move.

"You can jump if you need to. Sometimes I jump. Sometimes I don't." Lexa said. She felt Ms. Griffin press into her and she tried her hardest not to moan. She coughed to cover it up. Ms. Griffin was so warm against her and she was glad no one else was around.

Lexa wasn't even sure if Ms. Griffin was catching anything that she was saying because Lexa knew
she wasn't. She didn't know what was wrong with her. She had an opportunity to hook up with someone and she didn't. She didn't know what was happening to her and she hated it. She didn't have that drive like she used to. She remembered how Ontari suggested that they should do more than cuddling and she remembered how she was okay with it, but she was glad it didn't happen. Lexa wasn't ready to admit it, but maybe it had something to do with the blonde woman in front of her.

Lexa knew it did and backed away from the teacher awkwardly.

"Got it?" Lexa asked as she scratched the back of her head.

"Mhm." Ms. Griffin hummed out and Lexa back away. She didn't make it but it was better than the first two shots. Lexa knew she needed to stop being awkward because she really did want to spend time with the teacher.

"If you make this, I'll get you that ice cream." Lexa offered and she saw Ms. Griffin's ghost of a smile.

"Okay." She said happily.

Lexa felt like she got played a little bit because sure enough, somehow, someway, Ms. Griffin made the shot. Lexa's eyes widened because she was honestly thinking that the teacher wasn't going to make the shot.

"You tricked me!" Lexa yelled and Ms. Griffin let out a soft laugh.

"I swear I didn't. I just did what you told me to do, so technically this is your fault. I like sprinkles on my ice cream." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded. There was nothing else she could do. Ms. Griffin made that shot fair and square. It was nothing but net, it didn't even bounce of the backboard.

Lexa wasn't really complaining though. She honestly wasn't expecting to bump into the art teacher but was glad she did. She absolutely loved hanging out with her and she didn't feel all that embarrassed anymore.

"Go get your stuff. I didn't drive here though." Lexa said.

"I did. We can take my car." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded. She'd never been in her car before but she had seen it. Lexa was expecting a nice, relaxed day down at the park, but she found that this was way better.

She would gladly buy Ms. Griffin two million ice cream cones, if she could keep the smile she had on her face as they walked to her car.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Please tell me your thoughts, I love hearing from you guys! Again I'm keeping what's going to happen next a mystery haha

Lexa listened to the music that was softly playing in the art teacher's car. Ms. Griffin looked so relaxed right now, which made Lexa relax. She didn't want this to be awkward and for the first time, she felt like it wasn't. That didn't stop her from making it awkward though.

"Why don't we grab something to eat first and then get you that ice cream?" Lexa asked. Ms. Griffin was focused on the road but Lexa knows she heard her.

"Really?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa nodded.

"Did you have any plans today?" Lexa asked.

"Just seeing my dad later. I wasn't really planning on doing much today. I like to relax on Sunday's." Ms. Griffin said.

"We don't have to go to anywhere fancy. Maybe, Chipotle or something." Lexa suggested and Ms. Griffin hummed delightfully.

"I could be up for a burrito bowl." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa cheered on the inside. On the outside, she just smiled and nodded. She sat back and relaxed as Ms. Griffin drove them around. The teacher was so focused on the road and Lexa was so focused on the teacher. She knew she was starting to reach dangerous territory with the teacher and Lexa didn't know if Ms. Griffin felt it too.

She liked hanging out with the older girl and that was the problem. She shouldn't be enjoying this as much as she was. She shouldn't be looking forward to when she could see the blonde again and when she got home after school, she shouldn't even think about wanting to text the teacher. They hadn't really texted each other, except that one text Ms. Griffin sent.

Anya had been texting her, telling her how she needed to talk to Ontari. Lexa didn't know what to say to the girl and was glad she wasn't drunk that night. She felt that maybe if she was drunk, things would've happened between her and Ontari and she was glad she was sober. She didn't want to hook up with Ontari though. She was beautiful and Lexa adored the girl, but she wasn't Ms. Gri-

Lexa quickly shook her head. She couldn't think about that right now, not while she was with said teacher. She would gladly push this aside and deal with it tomorrow. It wasn't hard to do. Not in the company of such a beautiful woman.

They sat outside at a table set for two. It wasn't like the awkward dinner they had a couple nights ago, they seemed more comfortable with each other and Lexa was glad for it. They ate and shared shy glances towards each other.
"Would you ever move back to New York?" Lexa asked as she took a sip of her drink.

"Possibly. It was beautiful. I wasn't raised in the city but I quickly fell in love with it. I was right in the heart of New York City and I loved it." Ms. Griffin gushed and Lexa smiled.

"I don't think I would move back now. Especially since I have a job now. I might go away for a bit." Ms. Griffin trailed off. Lexa looked over at her with sad eyes. Ms. Griffin was a very bright person and tried to make the best of every situation and it sucked that she was giving up hope. Lexa didn't know what she was going through and hoped the older girl would lean on her.

"I'll be here, Ms. Griffin. I'm not going anywhere."

"That's sweet, but you don't have to do that." Ms. Griffin waved her off.

"But I want to," Lexa said as she looked Ms. Griffin deep in her eyes. The sun was reflecting in them, making them sparkle. "If you would let me. I'm not going anywhere."

"Why?" Ms. Griffin asked quietly as she took a bite of her burrito bowl.

"Why not?" Lexa answered back. Ms. Griffin sighed and Lexa sat up straight in her chair.

"You are a cool teacher and I like hanging out with you. I know it's going to sound weird but I hope we can be friends. I really do like hanging out with you and I care about you." Lexa said all in one breath. She didn't know when she became so honest all of a sudden but those blue eyes were drawing her in like a confession booth and Lexa wanted to spill all her secrets.

"Really?" Ms. Griffin asked shocked.

"Of course. I'm not playing games with you and I hope you don't think I am. I want to be friends with you. If you'll let me." Ms. Griffin didn't answer for a long while and Lexa's heart was beating out of her chest. She started to shake her legs. It wasn't the sunniest day out. The clouds were starting to make an appearance and it looked like it could rain later. Lexa knew not to push, though she really wanted to. She waited. She didn't know what she was waiting for but she waited.

"I want to." Ms. Griffin said. Lexa was waiting for a pause or a 'but'. There wasn't one and Lexa looked up with hopeful eyes. Ms. Griffin was looking at her with scared eyes, like she was scared to admit it.

"I want to be friends." Ms. Griffin said more boldly and there was no stopping it. Like the sun rose in the sky every morning, Lexa smiled over at the teacher like she knew this was going to happen. That eventually they would establish the next level to all of this. Lexa was so glad they finally admitted that they wanted to be friends with each other. Lexa had never befriended an older girl before and was excited.

"So, since we are friends now. Do you want to grab that ice cream and maybe head down to the beach?" It was a bit of a drive but Lexa wanted to go. She didn't want to swim or anything, she just wanted to watch the waves. She knew not many people would be there and she wanted some more alone time with the teacher.

Like the moon came out every night, Clarke smiled over to her.

"Yes."
Lexa paid for the ice cream and opened Ms. Griffin's door like a gentle woman. They decided to eat before they left so Ms. Griffin wouldn't make a mess while she was driving. Lexa couldn't take her eyes off Ms. Griffin licking her ice cream cone. She would lick around, up and down and then swirl her tongue around it.

Ms. Griffin had to be messing with her and Lexa was glad she was wearing compression shorts right now. Lexa listened to the slurp noises Ms. Griffin was making and decided to look ahead. It was definitely nothing compared to Ms. Griffin. They were sitting in the parking lot of the ice cream shop, somewhat near the dumpsters. Ms. Griffin would make small noises here and there. Lexa was trying her hardest to block them out. They were so hot and her hormones were so high, she needed to calm down.

"Nice weather today, huh?" Lexa asked around her ice cream cone. She was eating it like a normal person instead of the sexual way Ms. Griffin was.

"Huh?" Ms. Griffin finally tore herself away from the ice cream cone. Lexa tried not to laugh. Lexa was surprised she didn't have it all over her face.

"The weather. It's kind of nice." Lexa said awkwardly and Ms. Griffin looked confused. She didn't really respond. Actually, she didn't respond at all.

She went straight for her ice cream cone again and Lexa stared deeply at her. She was glad the art teacher's eyes were closed. Lexa wondered what it would be like if she did all those things to her dick. Ms. Griffin was completely going for the ice cream cone like it was the last thing she was going to eat.

What would it be like?

Lexa shook her head, she couldn't believe she just thought about that. Lexa finished her ice cream cone and watched as Ms. Griffin finished hers. When she was done, she had a shit-eating grin on her face.

"That was so good." Ms. Griffin groaned out. Lexa tried not to moan because it was so hot to watch. Lexa wondered when an ice cream cone gave her so much pleasure. (It did when she was imagining it was her dick).

Lexa hummed, "Sure looked like you enjoyed it." Lexa teased and Ms. Griffin smirked.

"Looks like you enjoyed it too." Ms. Griffin said right back and Lexa immediately looked down to her dick. Maybe she shouldn't have fantasized about Ms. Griffin doing those things to her dick. Her boner wasn't nearly as big as the night she fell asleep with the teacher, but you could definitely see it poking out of its confines.

"Shut up." Lexa muttered. Just when she thought her dick was on her side, it wasn't.

When they got down to the beach, they walked a lot closer than they should have. No one was there that they knew and Lexa was glad for it. It was one of the many reasons why she wanted to come down there in the first place. They sat side by side in the warm sand and looked out at the waves.

"I remember coming here when I was in high school," Ms. Griffin sighed out. "Me and my friends
were always up to no good. Always doing something crazy. My craziness has slowed down. I fell in love..." Ms. Griffin trailed off.

"Do you miss her?" Lexa asked.

"No," Ms. Griffin breathed out. "How could I? She wanted to live that rich life." Ms. Griffin took her shoes and socks off and buried her feet in the sand.

"I can admit, I was making money. We were living it up and then I had to come back to Maryland. She didn't want to come with me. I don't miss her. Maybe the idea of her." Ms. Griffin confessed and Lexa nodded.

"When I buy that mansion, I'm gonna call you." Lexa smirked.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" Ms. Griffin asked smugly.

"Something tells me you would like it too." Lexa said back and Ms. Griffin smiled.

"I'm not saying anything." Ms. Griffin hummed.

"Who wouldn't want to live in a mansion?" Lexa asked with a snort.

"I never said I didn't want to live in one," Ms. Griffin reasoned. "Would you really call?"

"Of course. The second I buy it, I'm gonna call you up." Lexa said proudly and Ms. Griffin giggled.

"I miss it. Being young. Not really worrying about tomorrow. I miss it." Ms. Griffin said as she looked out to the ocean, her gaze darkening a bit.

"Enjoy it while you can." Ms. Griffin said wisely and Lexa nodded. She didn't think much about her future. She already knew what she wanted to do. She wanted to play basketball. She wanted to live in a fancy house and she wanted to take her mom on the vacations she couldn't have when she was younger. She was going to spoil her mother with the money she would potentially make. She wouldn't have it any other way.

"I am. I'm not enjoying the party scene but I'm enjoying it." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"You know. No one is here, you could do some of your cheerleading moves." Lexa staged whispered over to the teacher. Ms. Griffin laughed loudly.

"No way." She snorted.

"You are a very guarded woman." Lexa sighed out.

"I have to be." Ms. Griffin said quietly and Lexa sucked in a breath. She didn't respond and Ms. Griffin had that faraway look on her face.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Lexa asked with a shrug and just like that, Ms. Griffin's expression changed.

"I'm good." She said as she pulled her leggings up and got up.

"I'm going to go get my feet wet." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa nodded. She watched her leave and she watched her walk into the ocean.

Of course, Lexa followed her. The water was cold and Lexa shivered when the waves rolled into her
legs. But Ms. Griffin looked so peaceful, Lexa sucked it up.

"He has two months left." Ms. Griffin whispered as she stared into the vastness of the ocean. Lexa felt her stomach drop. She knew something was off. There was always something that Ms. Griffin wasn't telling her and she finally got it out of her.

"I'm so sorry." Lexa said sadly.

"I found out yesterday," Lexa noticed that Ms. Griffin was crying. "He's going to die and I don't know what I'm going to do." She cried and Lexa walked over to her.

"He's my everything. I'm so close to him. He's my dad and he's going to die." Ms. Griffin continued to cry. Lexa tried to wrap her arms around her but Ms. Griffin pushed her off. Lexa didn't take offense to it. She knew the art teacher didn't want to confide in her but she just did.

"I'm so hurt." Ms. Griffin rasped out and Lexa finally grabbed a hold of her. Ms. Griffin didn't try to fight her off. Lexa held her tight. They were chest to chest and Lexa could feel Ms. Griffin's heart beating fast.

"I'm right here."

"You are a student." Ms. Griffin argued.

"I thought we were passed this. I thought we were friends now." Lexa said into her hair. They were holding each other as the waves rolled into them.

"I don't know," Ms. Griffin said unsure. "I want to be. I can't keep relying on you. It's not right and if anyone were to find out.."

"No one will. I haven't told anyone." Lexa said. She brought her hand up and started stroking Ms. Griffin's soft blonde hair.

"That doesn't mean that this is right. We can't be friends." Ms. Griffin said as she pulled away from Lexa.

"Don't shut me out now. Please." Lexa begged.

"Can't you see that this isn't right?" Ms. Griffin put some distance between them. "I have to stop."

"Stop what?" Lexa asked and Ms. Griffin just looked at her. She didn't say anything. She didn't move. She didn't even blink. Lexa didn't like where this was going.

"We should go." Ms. Griffin said instead.

"Ms. Griffin.."

"Let's go, Lexa." Lexa didn't know what came over her. Ms. Griffin was walking away from her and she marched up to her. It was clear that she took the teacher by surprise but she wrapped her arms around her waist and she didn't move.

"Lexa.." Ms. Griffin tried to fight her off.

"I'm here, Ms. Griffin. Tell me to leave and I will but I'm not going anywhere. I'm not going to leave you in the dust. I'm not Niylah." Lexa said darkly making Ms. Griffin gasp loudly.

"Go ahead. Push me off." Lexa loosened her grip around her waist but Ms. Griffin didn't move.
Lexa tightened her grip around her waist and Ms. Griffin still did not move. She stayed there. She rested her head against Lexa's shoulder and she stayed where she was. Lexa was breathing hard and so was Ms. Griffin.

"There's a lot of places I could be right now but I'm here and I don't want to be anywhere else. I don't think I'm capable of it. I care about you and I can't believe you can't see it. Let me be there for you. You are clearly hurt and I'm not one to walk away." Lexa said as she took a shaky breath. Her front was against Ms. Griffin's back.

"My dad walked out on us and I can admit, I haven't been the same since. I'm not going to walk out on you. Those other girls don't count because I didn't care about them. But I care about you. Please, Ms. Griffin. Please." Lexa didn't know what she was begging for. Maybe she was begging that Ms. Griffin wouldn't walk away from her. Maybe she was begging that Ms. Griffin could see that she cared for her because she did. They stumbled back and forth with each other, but they never once let go of each other. Ms. Griffin swiftly turned around in Lexa's arms.

"Okay."

"Okay?" Lexa asked hopefully.

"Yes. I'm sorry about your dad. I know that you aren't like that. I'm sorry." Ms. Griffin said. Her forehead was resting against Lexa's and Lexa stilled. Her eyes flickered down to Ms. Griffin's lips and she seriously thought about it. No one else was there and it was just them.

What if she were to lean in? Would Ms. Griffin even want that? Lexa knew she was going through a lot and she wasn't going to put that added confusion on her. Lexa slowly released the teacher.

"We can go home." Lexa whispered and Ms. Griffin nodded.

They didn't talk about what just happened as they got into the car. Lexa didn't know what came over her but she panicked. Ms. Griffin was walking away from her and she remembered when her dad walked out on her. She was young but she still remembered. She remembered her mother being absolutely devastated and she couldn't have this beautiful teacher lose hope in her. She wanted her to see it and knew Ms. Griffin saw it a little bit.

She was more relaxed while she was driving. She even sang along to some of the songs on the radio. Lexa didn't say anything the whole car ride home. She didn't know what to say.

She saw that her mother's car wasn't in the driveway and she knew exactly what she wanted. Lexa was used to getting what she wanted but Lexa found that this wasn't something that she wanted. It was something that she needed. She needed Ms. Griffin and didn't want to leave her just yet. Ms. Griffin pulled into Lexa's driveway and Lexa turned to her.

"Do you want to come inside?"
We are on a rollercoaster that is only going up, my friends and it's going to come crashing down any minute (in the best way possible).

I hope you enjoy!

Ms. Griffin had a serious habit of not answering questions right away. Lexa felt like she reveled in leaving people hanging.

Lexa hated it.

She found that she couldn't control it though. She couldn't stop the question from coming out of her mouth. She knew it was going to happen. She felt it. Lexa needed more time and was going to get it however she could.

Her mother came home late on Sunday’s and she usually ordered pizza. Maybe they could eat pizza together and hang out.

Lexa knew that Ms. Griffin had to see her dad later on. She also knew that there was something the blonde wasn't telling her, but she would never push. She was glad that Ms. Griffin finally told her what was going on. Ms. Griffin knew how much time her father had left and finally told Lexa.

Lexa held her breath. She was hoping she could just pass out if the answer was no. (She found out, she would pass out if the answer was yes too).

"Yes." Ms. Griffin said simply. She was looking at her with gentle eyes. Lexa wanted to melt into them like the way chocolate melts into someone's hands on a hot day.

"Really?" Lexa choked out.

"Yes." Ms. Griffin said again and Lexa wasn't taking her chances. She hopped out of the car after grabbing her basketball and made her way to the driver side of the car. She opened Ms. Griffin’s car door and held her hand out.

"Thank you." Ms. Griffin said as she grabbed a hold of Lexa’s hand. It was so soft and warm in hers and she loved it. When Ms. Griffin was standing before her, Lexa shut the door behind her.

"We have some time. My mom isn't coming home any time soon." Lexa informed the teacher and she nodded.

Lexa lived in a cute three story house. It wasn't over the top but Lexa liked it and she liked the pool in the back. It was too chilly for them to actually get in the pool though. They walked up the stairs of her porch and inside the house.

She had many baby pictures of herself that her mother just refused to take down. She had many pictures of her basketball team and her in her jerseys. Ms. Griffin looked at them expectantly.
"Your jerseys, your number," Ms. Griffin breathed out. "Is it always twenty-five?" She asked and Lexa nodded.

"I don't know. Something about that number just makes me happy. I like it."

"Number twenty-five. I should start calling you that."

Ms. Griffin cooed as she looked over the pictures and Lexa chuckled. Her friends came over a lot and Lexa had to beg her mom to take down her naked baby picture. It was so embarrassing.

"You were a cute kid." Ms. Griffin observed.

"Yeah, what about now?" Lexa wanted to groan. Ms. Griffin was doing it again. The art teacher just stared at her and Lexa swore her eyes moved down her body. Did she just check her out?

Ms. Griffin cleared her throat and shrugged, "I've seen worse."

"You are lying," Lexa said and Ms. Griffin giggled.

"I'm not answering that question."

"Just admit I'm cute." Lexa said seriously as Ms. Griffin looked around. Her mother was over the top and had art work everywhere.

"These paintings are amazing." Ms. Griffin breathed out.

"Don't change the subject."

Ms. Griffin giggled again, "My lips are sealed." She said as they walked into the family room. The walls were white and the furniture was dark. There was a huge TV hanging on the wall and a desk area off in the corner. Her mother often liked to work down here while Lexa watched basketball games.

"Your lips are sealed for a lot of things. As your friend, I should know." Lexa said boldly.

"You are cute," Ms. Griffin finally admit. "More than cute, one would say."

Lexa's eyes widened. They were standing on opposite sides of the room and Lexa couldn't believe her ears, but she did because Ms. Griffin just admitted that she was more than cute. (Lexa was totally dancing on the inside).

"What about me?" Ms. Griffin looked at her expectantly as she held her face in her hands. "Am I cute? More than cute?"

Lexa chuckled as she walked over to her. "Yes." She said quietly as she made her way over to the teacher. Ms. Griffin didn't back up, she stayed where she was until Lexa reached her.

"One would say more than cute." Lexa whispered. Ms. Griffin looked at her with dark eyes.

"Lexa.." Ms. Griffin breathed out.

"I won't come any closer." Lexa said, even though she was standing right in front of the teacher.

"You should order that pizza because it's dinner time." Ms. Griffin said in a low voice and Lexa nodded.

"Okay."
"Thank you for today," Ms. Griffin said as she took a bite of her cheese pizza.

"It's no problem."

"I didn't realize how bad I needed it until now." Ms. Griffin continued. They were sitting at the dinner table in her kitchen. Her kitchen was modern, made up of broad colors and long counter tops.

"I liked it. It was nice." Lexa confessed. The dinner table was located by the back door that lead out to the deck. Lexa saw that it was windy outside and the leaves were blowing everywhere.

"I didn't necessarily lie to you before when I said that I didn't know but," Ms. Griffin started out and Lexa listened to her. "I didn't necessarily find out yesterday. I found out when you came over to my apartment a week ago. That's why I was such a mess. I'm sorry."

"Ms. Griffin, why didn't you just tell me?" Lexa asked with wide eyes. That meant all week she had been keeping this in and Lexa was shocked.

"Every morning this week, you could've just told me." Lexa continued.

"I didn't know how," Ms. Griffin said with shaky hands. "If I told you, it would have been real. I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready today but I just had to tell you." Lexa smiled a bit. She shouldn't have but she was happy that Ms. Griffin trusted her enough to tell her, although she kept it from her all week. Lexa would never hold that against her. She couldn't imagine losing a parent. She couldn't imagine losing her mother, who had been her rock for eighteen years. She would be all over the place and completely understood.

"It's okay, Ms. Griffin. I'm glad you told me now. I'm still going to be here." Lexa promised and Ms. Griffin nodded. Lexa knew that Ms. Griffin had to leave soon to go see her dad and hoped for the best. She hoped that Ms. Griffin would be alright and that she spent time with her dad.

"What happened with yours?" Ms. Griffin asked softly and Lexa sucked in a breath.

"He left." Lexa said simply. She wasn't going to get emotional about it because she didn't want to.

"He left when I was five. I didn't really know what was going on. I was really confused because one minute my dad was here and the next he was gone. He has another family and he chose them." Lexa said with a shrug, although she angrily ate her pizza.

"I'm sorry." Ms. Griffin breathed.

"It's okay," Lexa muttered. "It's just been me and my mom ever since. We don't know who his other family is and I don't care. My mom was so hurt when she found out and as I got older, I started to understand. I don't know if I'm like him. I probably am. He was cheating on my mom and I slept around." Lexa made that connection a long time ago. However, she couldn't blame her dad for it all. She was readily making the decision to sleep with different girls but a part of her knew where she got it from.

"Do you think your dad is cheating with his new wife?" Ms. Griffin asked curiously.

"Probably. I wouldn't be surprised. I haven't seen him since he walked out."Lexa informed her.

"Again, I'm sorry."
"We all have our fight." Lexa waved off.

"But maybe we shouldn't fight it alone," Ms. Griffin said and Lexa looked around her kitchen. "Thank you for not giving up on me. I don't want you to. I want you to be here. If you want." Ms. Griffin said as she looked over to the basketball player.

"Of course." Lexa breathed out and Ms. Griffin smiled. Lexa smiled right back.

"I hate to leave. But I need to get to the hospital." Ms. Griffin said as she got up and Lexa got up with her.

"Do you have a piece of paper?" Ms. Griffin asked casually. Lexa looked at her weirdly before she went over to the desk in the family room and got a piece of paper for the teacher. Ms. Griffin shielded her whole body as she wrote something down. Lexa had no idea what it was because she already had her number.

"Are you drawing me something?" Lexa asked with a smirk.

"Something like that," Ms. Griffin said smoothly. "I had a nice Sunday with you. It's been fun." Ms. Griffin folded up the piece of paper and turned to Lexa.

"I'm going to give this to you and you have to promise me you won't open it until I leave." Ms. Griffin said seriously like she was closing a business deal. Ms. Griffin looked so serious that all Lexa could do was nod.

"Good." Ms. Griffin said coolly as they walked to the door.

"See you tomorrow morning?" Ms. Griffin asked and Lexa immediately nodded.

"Yes." She said.

"Wait three minutes and then open it." Ms. Griffin instructed and Lexa was so curious. She hoped it was a drawing. Ms. Griffin was great at it.

"Bye, Lexa." Ms. Griffin said as she walked out of the door.

"Bye, Ms. Griffin." Lexa watched as the teacher got into her car in the late evening sun. She stood on her porch and waved goodbye as Ms. Griffin pulled away.

Lexa waited three minutes. Three whole minutes and it was absolute torture. She looked down at the folded up piece of paper in her hand and felt like it was mocking her. She wanted to know what was in it.

When Lexa realized her three minutes were up, she quickly opened the piece of paper with a smile. Her eyes widened when she read what Ms. Griffin had wrote. She knew the teacher was long gone now and she looked into the distance. She saw a mother walking with her son and a man walking his dog. Lexa smiled so wide as she looked back down at the paper.

It read: My name is Clarke.

Lexa's heart felt like it was going to stop. She was so happy in this moment and she wanted more time. She wanted more time with the art teacher. She wanted more time with Ms. Griffin. She wanted more time with Clarke.

And in the quiet of her family room, she tried out her name.
"C-clarke." Lexa said slowly, she stumbled over it awkwardly. She wanted to get it just right and she said it again.

"Clarke." She said exaggerating the 'a'. Lexa shook her head. That didn't sound right.

"Clarke." Lexa smirked when she said it for a third time. She tried a different approach. She softly popped the 'k' in her mouth and she loved it.

"Clarke." She popped the 'k' again and Lexa smirked again.

"Okay, Clarke."
Lexa woke up in a great mood. She was so excited to see Ms. Gri-Clarke today. Lexa still couldn't believe that she finally knew her name and she loved saying it.

Lexa knew she probably would have to deal with Ontari today and she was dreading it. She would much rather spend her time with Ms. Griffin. Lexa's mom made her breakfast and they chatted before she had to go to work and Lexa had to go to school.

"Have a great day, honey." Lexa's mom said sweetly and Lexa went over to hug her mom.

"You too, mom." Lexa said happily as she kissed her cheek.

"I'll see you tonight for dinner." Lexa's mom said and Lexa nodded.

"See you then."

Lexa smirked as she walked up to Ms. Griffin. She was sitting in the rocks and grass behind the bleachers.

"Hey, you." Lexa greeted with a smile and Ms. Griffin smirked back.

"Hey." They both smiled at each other like they were in on some inside secret and they were. Lexa finally knew Ms. Griffin's first name and she loved it. She loved the way she said it. She loved hearing it. She loved everything about her name. It was so beautiful and fit her well.

"I don't want to say it yet." Lexa said quietly.

"I don't want you to. Come by my classroom during your free period." Ms. Griffin offered and Lexa nodded greedily.

"You already read my mind." Lexa hummed.

"How's your dad?" Lexa asked after a few minutes of silence and Ms. Griffin shook her head.

"He's going to be hospital bound for a while. Until he.." Ms. Griffin trailed off and Lexa felt her heart ache. It was hard watching Ms. Griffin give up so easily. Lexa knew how much time her dad had left and it broke her heart.

"I'm sorry."
"Not your fault." They had five minutes before they needed to get back inside but neither of them moved. In fact, they scooted closer to each other.

"I'll see you in a few hours." Lexa whispered and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"I can't wait... friend." Ms. Griffin teased and Lexa chuckled.

"Me either... friend." Lexa said back.

"We should go inside." Ms. Griffin said as she got up and so did Lexa. They managed not to smoke at all and Lexa was proud of herself, even if she was itching to have one. She didn't. They didn't move away from each other and Lexa sucked in a breath.

"Can I hug you?" Lexa breathed out. They had a minute roughly, and Ms. Griffin needed to get inside so she could set up her class.

"Yes." Ms. Griffin said just as breathlessly and Lexa smiled. Ms. Griffin was wearing her usual skirt and blouse and Lexa couldn't wait to wrap her up in her arms. She didn't waste any time. She went straight for it. Lexa was wearing a hoodie and skinny jeans today and she wrapped her arms around Ms. Griffin's body. She couldn't stop the sigh that came out of her.

She sighed long and hard. She felt all her weight melt into Ms. Griffin’s and the teacher wrapped her arms around Lexa. They didn't dance around each other, there wasn't enough time for it. They went for it. They held each other like they would never get the chance to again. Lexa would do anything and everything to make sure she could hold this beautiful teacher again. The bell rung, effectively pulling them apart.

"That was nice." Ms. Griffin commented and Lexa agreed.

"It was. I'll see you later." Lexa said with a smile.

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Lexa smiled walking down the halls. She greeted her peers until she reached her friends. Her smile faded when she locked eyes with Ontari. Lexa immediately felt awkward and suddenly wanted to walk away.

"Hey, Lexa." Anya greeted happily, even though the tension was high between the four girls.

"Hey, Ontari." Lexa greeted and Ontari nodded at her.

"Lexa." She said in a cold tone.

"Echo, Anya." Lexa said as a greeting. Echo pulled her in for a hug.

"Talk to her." Echo whispered quietly, Lexa knew no one heard her. Lexa nodded subtly. Echo awkwardly pulled on Anya's arm until she got the hint and the two girls walked away.

"Can we talk?" Lexa asked.

"I'm going to be late for first period." Ontari said back.

"Ontari.." Lexa started out.

"Why?" Ontari asked exasperatedly as they started walking down the hall.
"Why didn't you want to sleep with me?" Ontari asked and Lexa shrugged. She knew the reason though. She knew why she didn't want to cross that line with Ontari. She didn't want to sleep with her because she didn't have feelings for the girl. She didn't want to sleep with the girl because she felt like it would be wrong. She didn't want to ruin what they have.

"I'm sorry, Ontari. I was sober and you were drunk. I felt like I would've taken advantage of you in such a shitty state."

"You're right. I was completely drunk but I still wanted to." Ontari reasoned. Lexa was walking her to class, she didn't mind if she was a few minutes late to her first class.

"If I wasn't drunk, would you have?" Ontari asked as they stopped outside of her classroom and Lexa's eyes widened. She didn't want to hurt the girl's feelings. She was a beautiful girl, but she had nothing on Ms. Griffin. Lexa didn't want to be mean but she knew she wouldn't have hooked up with Ontari even if she was sober. She just didn't want to.

"No." Lexa said simply and Ontari nodded. Lexa noticed the pained expression on her face and she felt bad. She didn't want to hurt the girl's feelings.

"If we were to sleep together, it would have complicated a lot of things. You mean a lot to me Ontari. You don't want to get tangled up in me." Lexa said seriously.

"I already am." Ontari huffed and Lexa stayed silent. She knew that Ontari could potentially have feelings for her and she just confirmed it. Lexa felt awkward.

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. Things don't have to be weird. I just want to forget about this." Ontari said and Lexa nodded.

"I can do that. Have a good class."

"You too."

Lexa didn't feel the greatest as she walked away from Ontari's classroom but she needed to tell the truth. She didn't want to lead the girl on and hurt her. She knew if she were to ever get with Ontari, it would strictly be sexual.

So, maybe Lexa shouldn't feel bad. She didn't want to and she didn't. She walked to her first period with a smile on her face.

Lexa waited until the halls were clear and no one was in sight. She felt a rush as she sneaked up to Ms. Griffin's classroom. She was sitting at her desk and was looking down. Lexa knocked on the door and Ms. Griffin motioned for her to come in.

"Hey, you." Ms. Griffin greeted and Lexa smiled.

"Hey."

"You all the talk of the century again." Ms. Griffin hummed. She had an isolated look on her face. Lexa didn't like it at all.

"What do you mean?" Lexa said as she sat on the edge of Ms. Griffin's desk. Her door was closed
and the blinds were down.

"Some girls were talking about how you and Ontari hooked up." Ms. Griffin said coolly making Lexa's eyes widened.

"That's not true!" Lexa said as she stood up. How did she miss this? She had been here all day and hadn't heard anything, not even at lunch. Though, that would explain the stares she was getting more than usual.

"You don't have to defend yourself. I'm just informing you and clearly I needed to because you didn't know."

"I didn't know because it's not true."

"Okay."

"Ms. Griffin.." Lexa started. She could tell she was retreating and didn't like it.

"You don't have to explain. There's nothing to even explain." The look on Ms. Griffin's face said otherwise and she went back to the papers on her desk.

It was silent for a few minutes and this wasn't the way Lexa wanted to use her name, to get her to talk to her. But she was going to do it. She practiced it a lot because she loved to say it.

"Clarke." Lexa said quietly and she popped the 'k' in her mouth.

Ms. Griffin dropped her pen and she looked up at Lexa in shock. Lexa was taken back by the intensity of her stare.

"What?" Ms. Griffin spat.

"I did not have sex with her." Lexa said slowly.

"I don't care." Ms. Griffin said back slowly as well.

"Yes, you do." Lexa said.

"No, I don't." Ms. Griffin mocked.

"Clarke." Lexa said again and Ms. Griffin lost a bit of the fire in her eyes.

"I shouldn't care about what you do." Ms. Griffin said distantly.

"You can care."

"But I shouldn't." Ms. Griffin said as she got up. "You are a student and I shouldn't care."

"Clarke."

"Stop saying my name!" Ms. Griffin yelled out. Lexa just stared at her as she took wide steps towards her. Lexa completely backed her up in the corner of her classroom and she was glad no one could see them.

"Lexa, move." Ms. Griffin demanded. Lexa was directly in front of her, but made a space if the teacher really wanted to get out.
"No." Lexa said.

"Lexa.." Ms. Griffin sighed out.

"Clarke.." Lexa said quietly.

"I've never heard anyone say my name the way you have." Ms. Griffin confessed with her eyes closed.

"I like your name. I like it a lot." Lexa admitted and Ms. Griffin nodded.

"I like the way you say it." Ms. Griffin said as she finally looked up to Lexa.

"I can say it again." Lexa said as she looked down at the art teacher.

"I didn't sleep with her," Lexa said when she sensed Ms. Griffin wasn't going to answer her. "It's some silly rumor and I'll get rid of it."

"You don't have to do that."

"I don't want people to think I did, because I didn't."

"Why didn't you?" Ms. Griffin asked. Lexa was so close to the teacher. She could smell her sweet smell and feel the heat radiating off of her.

"Because she's my best friend and because I didn't want to have sex that night."

"Are you depriving yourself of sex? Lexa, I don't care if you sleep around." Ms. Griffin breathed out.

"Something tells me you do." Lexa said back seriously and Ms. Griffin avoided her gaze.

"It's okay, Ms. Griffin. I won't hold it against you."

"What are you doing to me?" Ms. Griffin whispered out. Lexa furrowed her eyebrows because she didn't know. She slowly removed herself and set Ms. Griffin free.

"What are you doing to me?" Lexa snorted and shook her head. All of this was confusing and now there was a rumor going around saying she slept with her best friend. Lexa was so lost right now. She knew how to find herself but she wasn't going to do it. Ms. Griffin looked like she was about to fall apart again, but she kept it together. There were so many things Lexa wanted to say but she held her tongue.

"I can leave." Lexa offered.

"I'm not mad at you."

"Could we talk about this outside of school?" Lexa asked and she watched as Ms. Griffin sighed.

"I don't know, Lexa."

"I thought we were friends." Lexa threw out there.

"We are but I don't know. Maybe."

"I can come over on Friday. I know we see each other every morning but we don't have to talk about
this then." Lexa said.

"Okay." Ms. Griffin agreed and Lexa smiled.

"Okay, cool. I'll see you Friday. Well, I'll see you every morning but still." Lexa said awkwardly and she got a laugh out of the teacher.

"You are something." Ms. Griffin hummed.

"Can I hug you again?" Lexa asked and she was already walking over to Ms. Griffin. The teacher was already holding her arms out.

Lexa fell into them easily and she sighed again. She wrapped her arms around Ms. Griffin's slim waist and she squeezed her close to her chest. Lexa felt her knee buckle a bit, but she held herself up. She felt her heart stop beating in its chest, before it started again because Ms. Griffin sighed into the hug too.

Lexa could get used to this.

"Yo! I heard you smashed Ontari. It's about time." Bellamy praised as he walked up to Lexa and she clenched her jaw.

"Where are you hearing this from?" Lexa asked annoyed.

"I don't know. I didn't start this, you know I wouldn't do that but everyone saw you two go upstairs at my party." Lexa cursed under her breath before she addressed Bellamy.

"I didn't sleep with her." Lexa said and Bellamy looked confused.

"Everyone is talking about how you two are the new power couple."

"I didn't sleep with her!" Lexa growled. Bellamy raised his hands in surrender.

"Okay, okay. Sorry, man." Bellamy rushed out.

"It's fine. I'm going to go talk to Ontari." Bellamy nodded and Lexa walked off. Ontari was putting books in her locker when Lexa approached her.

"Have you heard this rumor that's going around?" Lexa sneered and Ontari nodded.

"I swear I didn't start it. Everyone keeps asking if it's true and if we are together."

"Ontari!" Lexa said annoyed.

"What do you want me to do? They saw me take you upstairs and they think we hooked up. I keep telling people it's not true." Lexa wasn't worried about everyone else. There was only one person she knew that she cared about. She didn't care about her peers. Yes, she didn't want them to think they were together, but it wasn't her peers she was worried about.

"It'll die down in a few days." Ontari shrugged and Lexa gritted her teeth.
"Alright." She wasn't going to take her anger out on Ontari. She knew the girl wouldn't spread a rumor like that. She hated that people kept coming up and asking her if it was true. It was the furthest thing from the truth but they didn't know that. They all think Lexa did it because why wouldn't she? She had such a bad reputation of just sleeping with anyone. She didn't want to just sleep with anyone. There was only one person she wanted to-

No!

Lexa shook her head. She couldn't think about that right now. The last time she thought about Ms. Griffin in such graphic details, she got a raging boner. She would be mortified if she got one now, in the middle of the hallway. Lexa really hoped that this rumor would die down and that this week would go by fast.

She kept her mind on basketball because that always seemed to relax her bones. She was counting down the days until she could really talk to Ms. Griffin.
Chapter 12

The week went by in a blur for Lexa. The rumor died down, but it was still floating around. Lexa still saw Ms. Griffin in the mornings but they kept the conversation light. It was unspoken between them that they would talk about the heavy stuff later on today.

It was Friday and Lexa couldn't be more than happy. She knew she had a game tomorrow morning but tonight she wanted to focus on Ms. Griffin. She couldn't wait to see the teacher again and was counting down the hours until she could. Lexa still had people asking if she was really with Ontari. She would roll her eyes and say no. Ms. Griffin hadn't said much about it, which worried Lexa but she figured they would talk about it tonight.

Lexa wasn't quite sure exactly what they would be talking about. She knew they would probably have a conversation that Lexa was trying so desperately to avoid, but she thought it was time.

Lexa avoided telling Anya and her friends where she would be going tonight. They asked if she wanted to hang out with them but she politely declined. She knew she needed to spend some serious time with Anya. They were still figuring out what colleges to apply to. They applied to a few around the area but Lexa wanted the best school for basketball.

At the end of the school day, Lexa waved goodbye to her friends as she got in her car. She grinned when she realized she got a message from Ms. Griffin.

**Aunt Luna**

2:20 PM

*You can just come straight in. My door is unlocked*

That was all the message said and Lexa didn't need to be told twice. She quickly put her car in drive and sped off to Ms. Griffin's place.
Although Ms. Griffin gave her the go ahead to come straight in, Lexa was still nervous to actually do so. She turned the knob on the door and she walked in. She was met with music blasting and noise from the kitchen. Lexa immediately walked over to the kitchen and saw Ms. Griffin dancing around to *Cherry Pie* by Warrant and Lexa smiled.

"Hey, Ms. Griffin." Ms. Griffin immediately turned around and gasped.

"Don't do that! You scared me!" She playfully swatted at her.

"You told me to come straight in!" Lexa said back as Ms. Griffin turned the music off.

"I did, didn't I?" Ms. Griffin asked rhetorically.

Lexa didn't answer. Instead, she walked over and scooped Ms. Griffin up in her arms. She held her close and loved that she didn't have to ask. She loved that Ms. Griffin let her do this because she loved doing it.

"How was the rest of your day?" Lexa asked as she released the teacher.

"Pretty good. What about you?" Ms. Griffin asked.

"Even better now that I know you are making brownies." Lexa hummed as she looked over at the brownie batter hungrily.

"Easy girl," Ms. Griffin teased. "I still have to bake them. I was just in the mood."

"Feel free to always be in the mood to bake. I will literally eat anything." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin let out a full laugh. Lexa stepped back and let Ms. Griffin finish what she was doing.

She watched as the art teacher poured the brownie mixture into a pan and she put it in the oven. She watched as the art teacher cleaned up the kitchen before she smoothed out her skirt and looked over to Lexa.

"Let's go to the family room." Ms. Griffin suggested and Lexa nodded. She'd follow Ms. Griffin anywhere, even to the pits of hell.

"So, can I use your actual name? Or do you just want me to call you Ms. Griffin?" Lexa asked as they sat down close to each other.

"My first name is fine." Ms. Griffin said and Lexa smiled.

"Okay." They looked at each other for a while. Way longer than they should have. But Lexa wasn't going to look away. Ms. Griffin looked gorgeous in her blouse and skirt and Lexa thought about the dream she had before she quickly shook her head.

"The rumor has died down." Lexa blurted out and Ms. Griffin smiled.

"I'm sorry about all of that." Ms. Griffin said sheepishly.

"Don't be." Lexa waved it off.

"I don't know what you are doing to me." Ms. Griffin whispered out.

"Explain it." Lexa begged as she looked at the teacher.

"I can't." Ms. Griffin whined helplessly.
"Clarke.." Lexa sighed out as she stared at her.

"Lexa.." Clarke sighed back.

"You are so beautiful," Lexa whispered out and Clarke gasped. "I can't get you out of my mind. That's what you are doing to me. I can't stop thinking about you." Lexa confessed and she meant every word of it.

This teacher was turning her world upside down. Hell, she was here with the teacher and not out with her friends but she wouldn't have it any other way. It was quiet for a few seconds and Lexa could hear her heartbeat in her ears. She heard the tick of Clarke's timer and was getting ready to speak again, when the older woman beat her to it.

"Me either," Lexa's eyebrows raised as she looked over at the teacher. "I can't stop. I don't know how." Clarke said.

"Clarke, I'm here."

"You are a student."

"I'm legally an adult."

"And that makes it better?" Clarke argued.

"No."

"We can't do this."

"We are just going to eat brownies and order pizza." Lexa reasoned back.

"You know what I'm talking about."

This time, Lexa took her time to respond because she didn't know how. She couldn't believe she was discussing this with the teacher. She couldn't believe Clarke thought about her outside of the time they spent together.

"Then we don't have to." Lexa said quietly. Clarke nodded and Lexa wasn't sure where to take the conversation from here. She didn't know how the rest of the night was going to go either.

When the timer went off, they both hopped up to go to the kitchen. Clarke took them out of the oven and cut them up. The second she was done, Lexa went for one.

"Lexa! They are hot." Clarke scolded but Lexa didn't care. It was hot but it was so good. She has had brownies before but this trumped every brownie she has ever had. Just like Clarke trumped every girl Lexa had come across.

"This is so good." Lexa moaned out with her eyes closed as she scarfed down the brownie and went for a second one. Lexa heard giggling near her and she opened her eyes to see Clarke looking at her with an amused expression.

"Sorry," Lexa mumbled. "These are the best brownies I've ever had."

"Well, thank you." Clarke said shyly, batting her eyelashes at her.
"Do you want some milk?" Clarke asked as she walked over to her refrigerator and Lexa nodded. Clarke helped herself to a couple of brownies after she poured them two glasses of milk. They stood by each other while they ate.

"I think you are beautiful too." Clarke whispered and Lexa almost choked on her milk. She made a noise that she couldn't even decipher and looked over to Clarke.

"You are very beautiful, Lexa." Clarke said seriously and Lexa smiled wide.

"So are you, Clarke." They finished up their brownies in silence before they put their dishes in the sink.

"We can go to my room or stay out here." Lexa's been over here a few times, but she had never seen Clarke's room and she wasn't about to pass that up.

"We can go to your room." Lexa suggested. Clarke nodded slowly as they made their way passed the family room and down the hall.

Clarke opened the last door at the end of the hallway to reveal a light green painted room. Her bedding was a mixture of blue and green and there was a green rug in the middle of her floor. There were dressers around the room and a walk-in closet. There was a bathroom off to the side and a TV on one of the dressers. It was clean, way cleaner than Lexa's room and Lexa liked it.

"This is nice." Lexa said as she walked around. There were pictures of Clarke and her friends or just pictures of Clarke and Lexa was so right when she said that Clarke was beautiful because she was.

"Thank you. We can watch TV if you want." Clarke offered and Lexa nodded. She took her shoes off. She was wearing basketball shorts and a red t-shirt. She waited until Clarke got in bed first and then she climbed in behind her. They settled in on the various amount of pillows Clarke had and Lexa scooted closer to the teacher as she turned the TV on.

She wasn't really sure what to do now. It wasn't everyday you confess to a teacher how attractive they are and it's not everyday a teacher confesses how attractive a student was. But Lexa couldn't help herself. She was finding out that she couldn't control herself around the teacher and it was getting harder and harder for her to do.

She found that this wasn't as sexual as it would be with Ontari. She was happy to sit here and listen to anything Clarke had to say because she liked her voice. She wanted to cuddle up with the teacher but she was afraid to.

Lexa held her breath as she extended her arm across the pillows and without saying anything, Clarke scooted closer into Lexa. So close, they were touching. Skin to skin contact was being made and Lexa was freaking out (On the inside of course. On the outside she kept it cool).

(Barely).

"Me and Anya have been working on college applications." Lexa said as she looked at Clarke.

"Really? How's that going?" Clarke asked and Lexa shrugged.

"It's going okay, I guess. We've been applying to schools here. I don't know if I want to go out of state though," Lexa said quietly. "I don't want to leave my mom."

"That's understandable." Clarke said at the same time Lexa shivered.
"I'm so sorry, are you cold? My room tends to be the coldest." Clarke informed her.

"Yeah, I'm just a little cold." Lexa told her.

"We can get under the covers." Clarke suggested and Lexa tried not to flush red.

"Yes," Lexa cleared her throat. "Yes, that would be fine."

"You can get under the covers and I'm going to go change into something more comfortable." Lexa nodded at that plan.

A part of her didn't even want to get under the covers because the bed was so nicely made but then she looked down to the goosebumps on her legs and she quickly hopped under the covers. Clarke went into her walk-in closet and Lexa heard rummaging before Clarke appeared before her in leggings and a soft white shirt.

Clarke walked over to Lexa slowly and climbed into the bed. There was no hiding it. Lexa's heart felt like it was beating out of its chest. Clarke snuggled into her side again and Lexa told herself to keep it together.

They watched TV for a few hours. Lexa didn't dare move, she was so scared to. Clarke had just ordered the pizza and they were waiting around for it. They were currently asking each other questions.

"Favorite food?" Lexa asked.

"Really?" Clarke laughed out. "Its pizza."

"Same. I like pizza and salad is pretty good too." Lexa said.

"Favorite movie?" Clarke asked.

"Breakfast club or Jurassic world because dinosaurs are cool. You?"

"Sixteen candles or A Walk to Remember."

"Those are pretty good movies." Lexa commented.

"You've seen them?" Clarke asked and Lexa nodded.

"How many relationships have you been in?" Lexa asked and she knew she took Clarke back with that question.

"Do you really want to know?" Clarke asked with a cringe and Lexa nodded eagerly.

"Yes."

"Maybe around six," Clarke scrunched her face up trying to remember. "Yeah, six. You?"

"Um, one real relationship. Everything else has been sex." Lexa said honestly.

"Really?" Clarke asked. "What happened?"

"She moved away. I was sixteen and I thought I was in love. Maybe I was but she moved and I
haven't seen her since." Lexa said.

"I'm sorry." Clarke frowned.

"It's fine. I'm way over it."

"How was your first kiss?" Lexa asked after a moment.

"Sloppy. He had no idea what he was doing and he drowned me in his salvia," Clarke said with a grimace. "You?"

"It was okay. It was with a girl. It was nice." Lexa said.

Clarke was getting ready to say something, but her doorbell rung and they both got out of bed. They returned a few minutes later after they retrieved their pizza and they went to sit down on her bed again.

"This is so good." Clarke commented before she even took a bite.

"Clarke, you didn't even take a bite yet." Lexa chuckled out.

"Yeah, but I already know that it's going to be good." Clarke said as she finally took a bite.

"You are so cute." Lexa said and she immediately clamped her mouth shut. Clarke looked up at her with her cheeks filled with pizza and Lexa laughed.

"You know what," Lexa laughed out. "I don't take it back. You are so cute." Lexa said again.

"So are you." Clarke blushed. They ate their pizza in relative silence. They were both more focused on stuffing their faces and Lexa didn't regret it because the pizza was good. They both got up and walked to the kitchen to put their plates in the sink. Clarke was getting ready to walk away when Lexa caught her by her waist.

"Gimme me a hug." Lexa murmured and Clarke giggled.

"I didn't know you were so affectionate." Clarke sighed out.

"I like hugging you." Lexa said lowly as Clarke wrapped her arms around her neck.

"I like you hugging me." Clarke said.

They hugged each other for a long time. The longest they ever had. Lexa loved it and wasn't ready to let go yet, but felt like she should. She shouldn't be enjoying this as much as she was and she needed to let go. Lexa slowly let go of Clarke and it was then that Lexa realized Clarke had a hand wrapped around her neck. Lexa looked at her with questioning eyes and Clarke shook her head.

"Sorry." She rasped out, but she didn't remove her hand.

"It's okay." Lexa whispered. She was close. So close, that all Lexa needed to do was lean down a little bit and she would be kissing the teacher.

Should she do it? Should she ruin the special relationship she had with the teacher? She absolutely adored the moments she got to spend with her. Would she really ruin it right now because of her lust?

But Lexa couldn't stop. She couldn't. It was all she was thinking about these days. Lexa bit her lip as
Clarke tightened her hold on her neck.

"Clarke.." Lexa said softly.

"Lexa.." Clarke murmured.

Lexa saw Clarke's eyes darken and didn't know what to think of it. Was Clarke just caught up in the moment? Did she really want this? Lexa knew Clarke was Clarke right now and not Ms. Griffin. But she would be Ms. Griffin again on Monday and Lexa didn't want to ruin that.

That went out the window when she looked back up to Clarke's eyes. They were clouded over in lust and they were so dark, Lexa wondered if she was looking into Clarke's eyes or a dark starry night.

Lexa was drawn in by Clarke's intoxicating smell. She smelled so sweet like vanilla and cinnamon all mixed into one. Lexa didn't do it right away. She waited. She had to. This could all go very wrong. One wrong move and Lexa could ruin this whole thing, so she waited. She tried to read Clarke's expression but she knew that it was a lost cause. She couldn't see what she was thinking but Clarke didn't back away from her.

"Clarke.." Lexa sighed. "Let me go."

Clarke didn't say anything. Lexa rested her head against Clarke's forehead. Clarke was breathing hard and so was Lexa.

"Clarke.. let me go before I do something I'm not supposed to." Lexa said darkly. Clarke didn't say anything and Lexa couldn't hold back any more.

She lifted herself up and immediately leaned down and captured Clarke's lips with hers. Lexa moaned instantly and she was getting ready to pull away, because Clarke wasn't kissing her back, when she felt Clarke desperately pull her bottom lip in her mouth. Lexa whimpered and kissed Clarke harder. She wrapped her arms around her waist and she pulled her flesh against her. It wiped every kiss she has ever had off the billboard. Clarke's kiss would be number one for the rest of her life. Lexa started walking backwards and they awkwardly stumbled over each other but they didn't dare break the kiss. Lexa didn't have it in her (she thought Clarke didn't have it in her either).

Lexa reached up and gently grabbed Clarke's cheek and claimed her lips over and over again. She tasted like mint, pizza and cinnamon all in one and it was intoxicating. Lexa had been drunk before but she didn't think she had ever felt this unsteady on her legs. They shook beneath her so Lexa leaned her weight against Clarke.

Clarke was supporting her weight against the table and Lexa pushed against her making Clarke sigh out beneath her. Clarke had a death grip on the back of her neck as if making sure Lexa wasn't going to stop kissing her. Lexa didn't think Clarke should worry because not even the zombie apocalypse could break her from Clarke's lips.

Lexa wasn't sure who opened their mouth first, she liked to think it was a joint effort. Like they couldn't hold back any more. Lexa really wanted to get a taste of Clarke and she did. Clarke slid her tongue into Lexa's mouth and Lexa moaned the second it collided with hers. Her tongue was so hot and inviting and Lexa felt like she was spiraling out of control. She was completely losing herself in the kiss and she didn't care. It had been awhile since she had lost herself in a kiss that good. It was clear that Clarke knew what she was doing and Lexa smirked because she was able to keep up with her.
Lexa broke the kiss for a mere second to change the angle of it and the second she connected her lips with Clarke's, she moaned and Lexa growled. She totally meant to. Clarke was so hot and she couldn't believe she was kissing her. Lexa was frustrated because she wanted to do much more than this and Clarke just moaned into her mouth. Lexa just made Clarke moan and she was reveling in it. Clarke sucked her bottom lip into her mouth desperately and Lexa trailed her hands down Clarke's sides.

Clarke fully wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck and they were pressed right against each other. Lexa started to rock her hips into Clarke and Clarke rocked right back into her. They were leaning against the dinner table and Lexa was glad there was a surface behind them because she felt like she was going to collapse any minute.

How could someone be so good at kissing?

If Lexa was a teacher, she would give Clarke an A+++ in kissing. She would be her top student. She would be her only student. She didn't want any other kiss. This kiss would dominate any girl who kissed her next, and she hoped she didn't kiss anyone else. She didn't think she could. Not after tasting Clarke, not after feeling her pressed against her, not after hearing her moan for her. There was no way she could even fathom kissing another girl.

Clarke wouldn't let go of her bottom lip. She was sucking it into her mouth like it was the very thing that would keep her alive. Lexa had her hands placed on Clarke's lower back. So low, they hovered dangerously near Clarke's butt. Lexa wanted to reach down and squeeze, but she wasn't sure if that would be okay with Clarke. With the way Clarke was kissing her back, she would think it would be.

Lexa slowly reached down and she grabbed Clarke's butt cheek and squeezed it in her hand. Lexa wasn't sure who moaned first, but they both moaned out and Lexa could feel herself getting painfully hard. She was wearing compression shorts this time, which made it less obvious to see. Lexa squeezed Clarke's butt cheek over and over again. She couldn't get enough. It was so soft, big and firm.

Lexa invaded Clarke's mouth with her tongue again and explored it while simultaneously massaging her butt. She explored all around. Her teeth, the roof of her mouth, the inside of her cheeks. Lexa explored it all. She was mapping out Clarke's mouth and she loved every single nook she found.

She didn't know when the kiss started to turn desperate, but it did. Their teeth clashed against each other and their breathing was cut short. They didn't stop though. Lexa would gladly run out of breath if it meant her lips would stay against Clarke's. Clarke would rock against Lexa and Lexa would rock right back. Their tongues met in the middle and their kisses deepened. Clarke was moaning every other minute and so was Lexa. Clarke was so addicting and wanted to stay here against this woman forever.

All of Lexa's worries went out the window. If she would get into college, leaving high school to start all over again at college, what her mother would think if she knew she was kissing a teacher right now. All of it went out the window and she focused on kissing Clarke because she deserved it. She deserved to have someone render her breathless from a kiss. She deserved to be kissed every second of every day and Lexa would gladly do it. Lexa was getting ready to change the angle of the kiss again, when Clarke finally pulled away from her.

"I'm sorry." She panted and Lexa knew she was looking at her with absolute want. She wanted to keep kissing her. She wanted to keep feeling her up. Lexa wanted it all. Lexa wanted her.

"It's okay." Lexa said as she removed her hand from Clarke's butt. Lexa frowned, she already missed
it. Lexa’s chest was heaving as was Clarke's and Lexa didn’t know what to do. She didn't fully wrap
her head around the fact that she just kissed a teacher. But then again, she did because that kiss was
to die for. And Lexa will gladly admit that she was six feet underground right now.

"Clarke.." Lexa said breathlessly. Clarke looked over to her. Her lips were swollen and her hair was
a little wild. Her eyes were glazed over and she looked so hot.

"I should go." Lexa suggested and a part of her hoped that Clarke wouldn't agree with her, but she
did.

"Maybe you should." Clarke said quietly.

"I'm sorry." Lexa said sadly.

"Don't be."

"I should go," Lexa repeated. Her brain wasn't working because if it was, she would've started
moving by now. But she stayed where she was, a few inches away from Clarke.

"Will I see you Monday?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded.

"You will." She said quietly. She didn't say anything further and Lexa nodded. She started making
her way towards the door and Clarke followed her sluggishly.

"What does this mean?" Lexa asked awkwardly as she reached the front door. When she turned
around, Lexa felt like her heart completely shattered in her chest. Clarke was silently crying and
Lexa immediately walked over to her.

"No," Clarke sobbed out seriously as she held her hands out in front of her, stopping Lexa from
coming any closer.

"Clarke.."

"No." Clarke raised her voice and Lexa backed away.

"I'm sorry." Lexa said.

"Don't be."

Lexa felt like they were going in circles and maybe they were. Lexa didn't know left from right, right
now. That kiss completely screwed her up, in the best way possible.

"Please go, Lexa. I'm not trying to be mean. You have to leave. I can't be around you right now. I
will see you Monday." Clarke said boldly, though there were tears falling out of her eyes. Lexa
didn't mean to make Clarke cry, but she could see why she was. Lexa wanted to break down too.
She had no idea what Clarke was doing to her.

"Okay. I guess I'll go. I'm just a phone call away." Lexa added and Clarke nodded.

"Goodbye, Lexa."

"Goodbye, Clarke." She knew it was going to be different on Monday. She would have to refer to
her as Ms. Griffin and who knew if they would even talk about the kiss. Lexa knew that this would
be a long weekend for her. She knew she was going to sit and ponder over the kiss. She already
missed Clarke’s warmth and her lips and her butt. But Lexa would leave, because she needed to
herself. She didn't say anything as she wordlessly opened the door and took once last glance at
Clarke before she left.

Lexa was surprised she managed to leave Clarke's apartment successfully. That kiss had her directions all messed up and Lexa's eyes widened when she walked to her car. She just kissed the new art teacher.

She just kissed Clarke Griffin.
Clarke yawned when she woke up. Did she even sleep? Clarke was haunted by the kiss in the best way possible. The way Lexa was able to keep up with her during that kiss. She threw her a couple curveballs and Lexa caught them all. The way Lexa groped her ass. Clarke shook her head and had to take a deep breath to calm herself down.

*I will not think about Lexa.*

She couldn't. She didn't want to allow herself. She couldn't believe she made out with a student and Clarke cried while she showered this morning. She knew it was going to happen and cried harder at that. Everything she had worked so hard for, the walls she built up, the distance she failed to put between her and Lexa. It all came crashing down on her, the second she let their lips touch. She wasn't going to pull away though. Who in their right mind would? Clarke knew she lost herself in that kiss and she scolded herself.

How did she let this happen? She should've pulled away but she couldn't bring herself to do it. She's been attracted to Lexa since the second she saw her on the Sports Wall. Principal Jaha had told her all about the star basketball player and she heard talk about the halls about her extra appendage. Clarke was immediately intrigued. She knew she shouldn't have been.

What was so special about this girl? There were many things but Clarke wasn't ready to admit that. She buried her head under the steaming hot water. She wished this shower would wash off the guilt and the kiss she had last night, but it didn't.

She didn't think anything would wash away the kiss she had yesterday. It was so hot, deep and intimate that Clarke wanted more. She found herself wanting more but she told herself no.

*I will not think about Lexa.*

Clarke got out of the shower and hoped that she could listen to her brain.

Clarke took slow steps up to the entrance of the hospital. She thought it would be easy by now, it never would be.

It wouldn't ever get easy and Clarke felt her heart tug. She wanted to talk to Lexa. She always made her feel better but she shouldn't confide in a student like that, but she found that she already did.

Raven called her on the way to the hospital and Clarke finally agreed to go out with her tonight. She
needed to. She needed to stop thinking about Lexa and the kiss. She didn't know how she was going to face her on Monday but she wanted to. She wanted to see the girl again and Clarke shook her head.

*I will not think about Lexa.*

Raven wanted to try a new bar tonight. They've always seen it when they drove by but they have never gone into it and Clarke was excited. She was willing to do anything that would help get her mind off Lexa.

Her dad was sleeping when she went into his room, but that didn't stop her from coming in. He would usually wake up halfway through her visit and they would smile and chat.

Clarke's smile was wiped off of her face today. She didn't find that there was anything to smile about. Her dad was dying and she just kissed a student. A popular student. It wasn't that she didn't trust Lexa, but she knew that a player didn't just change overnight and she scolded herself for giving into her.

It was a joint effort though. She found herself completely drawn to the girl. There was nothing and no one she could blame but herself. She completely blamed herself but she also blamed Lexa for steadily ruining her life.

*What was she thinking?*

"Hi, daddy." Clarke murmured when she saw his eyes open.

"Hey, baby girl." Jake whispered. Clarke was already up and getting him a glass of water.

"What are you going to do today?" Jake asked weakly after he took a sip of water.

"Raven wants to go out tonight so I'm going to do that." Clarke avoided talking about her job and about her students. She knew Lexa wasn't directly her student but she was still a student and she kissed her.

Clarke ran her hands through her dad's hair and she hated that she was counting down the days. She had to. She needed to be prepared because she knew when that day comes, her whole world was going to be turned upside down. She didn't know what she was going to do when that day comes and she didn't want to think about it.

Clarke wished she could tell her dad that he looked better, but he didn't. His skin was wrinkly, his face was pale and he had bags under his eyes. He had been through multiple surgeries and Clarke's heart ached for him.

Clarke spent the day with her father. She didn't want to leave his side but still, she didn't say anything about her job or her students. Normally, she did but today she didn't want to.

*I will not think about Lexa.*

Clarke shouldn't have expected anything else from Raven. She agreed to go out with the girl and they have been friends for the longest time, but she should've known she was going to be late. The only time she was actually on time for something was her job interview to become a mechanic. Clarke walked into the bar called *Blake's.*
She sat down off to the side of the bar and she politely declined all the guys who wanted to buy her a drink. She wasn't trying to be conceited but at least four guys asked to buy her a drink upon her sitting down.

"Can I get you another?" Clarke was getting ready to say no before she realized that the voice was actually a girl's. She looked up at the bartender. Her hair was up in a bun and she was wearing dark colors.

"Sure." Clarke smiled politely.

"I figured I would introduce myself. I'm Octavia and this is my bar. I also figured I'd start a conversation with you. Some of the guys here can't take no for an answer." The brunette haired girl said politely.

"Oh, well, thank you." Clarke said gratefully.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Octavia asked with a smirk. Clarke looked up at her after she finished pouring the tequila.

"I'm not really thinking anything." Clarke muttered as she took a sip of her drink.

"The look on your face says otherwise but I won't pry." Octavia said sweetly. Clarke looked up at her and then to the name written in neon blue lights above her head.

"Octavia Blake?" Clarke asked and Octavia smiled widely.

"The one and only." Octavia responded.

"Is your brother Bellamy Blake?" Clarke asked curiously and Octavia nodded.

"Yes. He's a quarterback at Grounders High School. How do you know him?" Octavia asked just as curiously.

"I'm a teacher at Grounders. I just started a few weeks ago." Clarke answered.

"Oh, wow. That's cool. Does Bellamy behave himself in class?" Octavia asked and Clarke shrugged.

"I know of him but I'm an art teacher so he's not in any of my classes." Clarke informed her and Octavia nodded in understanding.

"Oh, gotcha."

Clarke was getting ready to respond when Raven appeared behind her.

"Guess who?" Raven asked as she covered Clarke's eyes with her hands.

"My best friend who is late." Clarke said annoyed.

"I'm sorry. Not everyone has Saturday's off and I needed to clean myself up." Raven explained as she settled into the seat next to Clarke.

"Hi, I'm Octavia." Octavia introduced herself and Raven smiled sweetly.

"I'm Raven."

"Octavia runs this place." Clarke informed her best friend and Raven nodded.
"Nice to meet you."

"I hate to leave right as you get here but I'm out of beer and need to bring more out." Octavia said apologetically.

"It's fine. Come find us when you're done." Raven waved her off and Octavia nodded.

"So, how are you? I'm surprised you actually wanted to go out tonight." Raven teased and Clarke rolled her eyes.

"I just needed a much needed girls night. Octavia seems pretty nice."

"And hot too." Raven added.

"No." Clarke said seriously.


"Your gaydar is off. She is totally straight." Clarke pointed out.

"When will you forget about her and move on?" Raven asked quietly.

"I'm over her, Rae. I'm not going to hook up with anyone." Clarke said seriously, although she thought back to the kiss last night and Clarke almost sighed.

"Fine. We can just enjoy our night and get drunk." Clarke wasn't planning on getting drunk. Maybe a little tipsy but not drunk.

(She totally got drunk).

Lexa was tossing and turning all night. She already had her TV turned on which usually helped her sleep better but it wasn't working tonight. Lexa went to the bathroom many times. She counted sheep in her head. She did it all.

Lexa couldn't fall asleep and it was all because of Clarke Griffin. She would give anything to kiss her again but she knew it probably wasn't going to happen again. Lexa was laying in bed, watching some late night cartoons when her phone buzzed.

**Aunt Luna**

1:00 AM

*I want to see you*

**Aunt Luna**

1:02 AM

*Don't mind that tweet I'm totally drunk burp*

**Aunt Luna**

1:05 AM
What have you done to me?

Oddly, that was the only coherent text and Lexa squinted down at her phone. She felt like she was looking directly into an LED light. Lexa didn't know how to respond to that. What had she done to Clarke? What was Clarke doing to her? Lexa hoped she had an affect on Clarke. She really did, because Clarke had an affect on her and there was no denying it.

Lexa hoped that Clarke felt something in the slightest bit towards her because she couldn't stop thinking about her. And it wasn't in the graphic way she normally thought about girls. She wanted to spend time with the teacher. She would be lying if she said that she didn't want to get intimate with the older girl but she just wanted to be around the girl. She was addicted.

Lexa

1:10 AM

What have you done to me?

Lexa didn't get a response and she figured she wouldn't. It was clear that Clarke was drunk and maybe she passed out. Lexa wasn't all that worried about her. She knew she was probably with her friends but she still thought about her and it was extremely difficult to fall asleep that night.

Lexa walked up the steps to Clarke’s apartment with bags of food in her arms. It wasn't anything fancy. It was McDonald's because that always helped her with a hangover and Lexa had no doubt that Clarke was hungover right now. Lexa banged on the door three times. It was a long while before she heard any movement and Clarke ripped the door open.

"What-" Clarke started loudly, but then she stopped when she realized it was Lexa standing before her. Clarke's eyes widened upon seeing the basketball player.

"Am I dreaming?" Clarke asked as she narrowed her eyes.

"Nope. I'm really here. You can poke me if you want." Lexa held out her arm and Clarke shook her head.

"I'll take your word for it." Clarke chuckled out before she moved aside and let the taller girl in. Lexa put the food on the coffee table and when she turned around, Clarke's arms were already out and shyly waiting for her. Lexa smiled as she walked over to her.

"Rough night?" Lexa asked into her hair.

"Oh, no. Is there vomit in my hair?" Clarke asked in horror.

"No. I'm just asking." Lexa said.

"Oh, well, yes. It was kind of a rough night. Raven wasn't nearly as drunk as me. I took a Uber to the bar and guess what?" Clarke asked as she pulled away.

"What?" Lexa asked as she walked back over to the coffee table and Clarke followed her.

"I met Octavia Blake." Clarke said and Lexa's eyes widened.

"Really?" Lexa asked in surprised.
"Did you ask her about me?" Lexa had met Octavia many times, seeing how her and Bellamy were really good friends.

"No, I just mentioned Bellamy. I didn't think she knew you." Clarke said honestly. Lexa began to pull out the various amount of food she had gotten. She handed Clarke over the greasy food.

"Best hangover food." Lexa said as she handed it over to Clarke and the blonde nodded.

"Thank you. I really wasn't up for cooking."

"Where's Raven?" Lexa asked curiously.

"She stayed for the night but she left because she had to go to work." Clarke explained.

Lexa decided that she shouldn't head over early in the morning, though she wanted to. She waited until about noon to decide to see if the art teacher was up.

"Thank you for this." Clarke said as she took a bite of her breakfast sandwich.

"It's no problem," Lexa said. "We won yesterday." She knew the blonde wasn't at her game and of course, she crushed the other team.

"Really? That's great! You have a serious talent." Clare praised.

They ate for a few minutes after that before Clarke finally spoke about what happened last night.

"I'm sorry about last night and those texts. I remember it all and I'm sorry." Clarke said mortified.

"It's okay. I've never got drunk texted by a teacher before." Lexa teased and Clarke groaned. She didn't say anything and neither did Lexa.

They ate their food in the quiet of Clarke’s apartment and Lexa wasn't really sure where to go from here. Do they talk about the kiss? Should they just eat and then should she leave? Lexa didn't know.

"I'm going to take something for my headache." Clarke said quietly and Lexa nodded. She stayed where she was and she waited until Clarke came back.

"Are we going to talk about this?" Lexa asked once Clarke came back and she let out a long sigh.

"I don't know, Lexa."

"We kissed."

"I know." Clarke said.

"We kissed a lot." Lexa pointed out.

"I know." Clarke said through gritted teeth.

"What now?" Lexa asked as she cringed.

"Nothing. Nothing is going to happen. I can not do this with you, Lexa. You are a student and it was very wrong of me. Please, Lexa. You have to understand." Clarke begged as she walked over to her.

"Clarke.."

"I can't do this with you." Clarke shook her head.
"What if I was older?" Lexa asked and Clarke shrugged.

"Right now, you are still a student and it was wrong of me to kiss you back."

"But you did, Clarke. It takes two people to kiss." Lexa stressed.

"I know, but this can't happen. I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know how you did it and I feel like a fool because you are the most wanted girl at school and I kissed you." Clarke confessed and Lexa stared at her.

"I wasn't kissing you so I can brag to my friends about it." Lexa said seriously.

"That's not what I'm saying but I just feel... I don't know." Clarke sighed again.

"That kiss was amazing." Lexa breathed out. Clarke sucked in a breath and sat down.

"I don't regret it but it can't happen again, Lexa. I mean it." Clarke said.

"Will we still hang out with each other?" Lexa asked desperately.

"Maybe, I don't know. We could but not like this. We need to be out in public which could be difficult if we spot someone we know."

"We can be alone and control ourselves." Lexa reasoned.

"I can't control myself around you," Clarke said immediately and Lexa's eyes widened. "I don't do this and I won't do this."

"Okay. It wasn't meaningless. I wasn't just kissing you to pass time. I kissed you because I wanted to. Because I'm drawn to you Clarke. I care about you." Lexa said and Clarke started shaking her head.

"Nope," Clarke hummed out. "Please, stop."

"Why? Because you can't handle someone caring for you?" Lexa snorted.

"You are a student!"

"God dammit, Clarke! I know! You don't have to keep telling me. I know I'm a student and I'll be a student for the rest of this year but that doesn't stop me from caring about you. I am capable of caring and you are just scared and that's fine, I'm scared too. I don't know what's happening." Lexa ranted and Clarke's bottom lip quivered.

"You should go. I just need to clear my head." Clarke said and Lexa got up.

"I'll leave." Lexa said politely. Lexa was going to walk over and give her a hug, but she decided against it.

"I'll see you tomorrow?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded.

"Yes, you will. I still want to hang out with you just not yet." Clarke said honestly and Lexa nodded.

"I'll be thinking about you." Lexa said honestly. She was always thinking about the teacher these days.

"Don't say things like that." Clarke rolled her eyes.
"It's true." Lexa persisted.

"I bet."

"Bye, Clarke. I will be thinking of you." Lexa said with a ghost of a smile.

"Bye, Lexa. I will see you on Monday." Lexa felt like she found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow because she saw Clarke's ghost of a smile too.

Lexa knew it was the right thing to do to leave. She could see the internal struggle Clarke was going through and she knew her presence probably made it worse. She knew there were a lot of things she needed to figure out herself and she had no idea where to start.

Lexa did the one thing she knew how to do best. She went home and grabbed her ball from the corner of the hall closet. She was going to go play some basketball.
When Monday rolled around, Lexa was nervous. They would be in a professional setting now and all formalities were being thrown out the window. Lexa didn't stall when she got out of her car, she wanted to see the teacher because she was so confused. It was starting to get chilly out and Lexa wondered what would happen when winter hit.

Lexa steadily walked up to the teacher and she sat down. Today didn't look like it was going to be very sunny. There were storm clouds over them and Lexa sat down next to the art teacher.

Ms. Griffin would usually greet her. She remembered when she got her boner and the morning after, the teacher still made her feel comfortable. Lexa didn't feel comfortable right now and she couldn't for the life of her figure out why she couldn't just get up and leave. Ms. Griffin barely looked at her and Lexa was seriously contemplating leaving.

She knew she just sat down, but what was the point? Maybe she should leave. She gathered up her stuff and she was getting ready to get up when Ms. Griffin stopped her. She didn't say anything. She placed her hand softly on top of Lexa's arm, but strong enough to keep her in place.

Ms. Griffin was looking at her with pleading eyes. Lexa nodded and stayed where she was. She didn't know how today would turn out but at least Ms. Griffin didn't want her to leave.

They sat there in absolute silence and Lexa drew her knees up to her chest. She was wearing her normal skinny jeans attire and Ms. Griffin was wearing her normal skirt attire. They just sat there side by side and Lexa wondered if she should say anything.

Was there even anything to be said? How do you talk to a teacher you thoroughly kissed at their apartment? Lexa found that she wanted to do it again and knew that this was a problem. So, she didn't say anything. She stayed until the morning bell rung and they had to go.

Lexa wanted to hug the teacher but thought otherwise. She gathered her stuff up as Ms. Griffin brushed herself off. Lexa didn't want a cigarette. She didn't think that there was anything better than Ms. Griffin's lips and now that she got a taste of them, it beat cigarettes by a million miles.

Lexa sighed heavily as she watched the teacher walk inside. She listened to the click-clack of her heels and followed her inside. They didn't say anything as they went their separate ways.

Lexa was moping around the halls. It was her free period and didn't know if she should go bother Ms. Griffin. Her mind and feet knew what she wanted but her heart was telling her to stay back and leave the teacher alone. She didn't listen to herself. She made a selfish move and walked down the art hall. Her only destination was Ms. Griffin's room. Her only destination was Ms. Griffin.

Ms. Griffin didn't see her approaching and her door was open. She was cleaning up around the room
when she turned around and saw Lexa. Lexa saw her face pale and Lexa thought maybe she should leave.

Ms. Griffin gathered herself respectfully and continued to clean the room. Lexa knew if Ms. Griffin didn't want her here, she would say so. She didn't say anything so Lexa stepped inside and closed the door behind her. Lexa didn't say anything as she walked over to Ms. Griffin.

She was taking slow, deliberate steps to her. Lexa wasn't sure what her motive was but wanted to be near the teacher and caught a whiff of her cinnamon smell as she walked by her. Ms. Griffin didn't stop even though Lexa was right by her. Ms. Griffin didn't even look at her and Lexa sighed. The tension in the room was so thick and Lexa turned around to the teacher.

"Clarke." Lexa said softly. She heard something drop to the floor, maybe a paintbrush or her heart. She wasn't sure. Clarke turned around quickly.

"Don't call me that." She said through gritted teeth.

"Why not? We are alone." Lexa asked confused.

"Don't say my name." Ms. Griffin's voice cracked. Lexa was very tempted to call her by her first name again but didn't. Ms. Griffin looked at her with a pained expression before reaching to pick up the paintbrush.

"I just want to know if we are okay." Lexa said and the teacher focused on cleaning. Lexa knew she was ignoring her and was about to give up hope.

But then she remembered Ms. Griffin asking her not to give up on her. Ms. Griffin thanked her for not doing so and she would be damned if she walked away now. Lexa walked over to the art teacher who was washing the paint off the brushes.

"Lexa, don't come any closer." Ms. Griffin warned as she started washing her hands. Lexa ignored her. As soon as Ms. Griffin was done washing her hands, Lexa grabbed her wrist and turned her around.

She didn't give the teacher any time to process what was happening before she swooped in and gently kissed her on the lips. Ms. Griffin kissed her back for a second, before pushing her off and putting some distance between them.

"You can not do that here!" Ms. Griffin scolded seriously but Lexa wasn't paying attention. She could still feel Ms. Griffin's lips on hers and looked over to her with dark eyes. Ms. Griffin's eyes were wide like they were pleading that Lexa just listen to her and stay where she was.

Lexa didn't listen (Ms. Griffin didn't want her to).

Lexa rounded on Ms. Griffin again and the teacher stood there pathetically. She didn't move as Lexa grabbed her by the back of her neck and kissed her forcibly. Ms. Griffin kissed her back for a second, before pushing her off and putting some distance between them.

Lexa swiftly lifted Ms. Griffin up and placed her on the counter. Lexa stepped in between her legs, not once breaking the kiss. Lexa didn't hold back. She didn't know how much time they had left. She didn't want to pull away to look at the clock. Ms. Griffin pulled her closer and Lexa groaned when her center came into contact with Ms. Griffin's. The art teacher wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck and Lexa had her hands placed on the teacher's sides.
Lexa chased Ms. Griffin's mouth and gasped when she felt the teacher rock into her. Lexa was breathing hard but didn't want to break the kiss. Ms. Griffin had one hand in her hair and Lexa's hands traveled up and down her sides. Lexa wanted more. She wanted to hear Ms. Griffin moan beneath her. She reluctantly pulled away from Ms. Griffin's lips and started trailing kisses down her neck. Ms. Griffin hissed and Lexa made sure to keep her kisses light even though she wanted to suck her neck hard.

"Lexa. You're so hot." Ms. Griffin whined as she rocked her hips into her again and Lexa's eyes widened. She was sure she would never forget what Ms. Griffin sounded like beneath her and wished she could have recorded that (She found it would be better than the music she listened to before her games).

Lexa showered kisses to her collarbone and rocked back into Ms. Griffin. She was getting hard, she could feel it. Ms. Griffin gently grabbed her by her hair and pulled her back up. There was a second where they paused and they both looked at each other.

Lexa was panting and she saw Ms. Griffin nod slightly. Lexa immediately went back in for another kiss. She couldn't stop herself. She was so addicted. She wondered if she was more addicted to Ms. Griffin's lips than cigarettes (Of course she was).

Ms. Griffin pulled her bottom lip in her mouth and bit it. She fucking bit it and Lexa was painfully hard in her compression shorts. She grounded her hips into Ms. Griffin’s center and the teacher moaned. Lexa moaned back because this was so hot and couldn't believe she was in between the teacher's legs. Lexa grabbed Ms. Griffin softly by her neck and kissed her with everything she had in her. She knew this was going to end soon and she didn't want it to. Lexa didn't know when she started but was steadily rocking into Ms. Griffin and the teacher tightened her hold on her.

They were both panting but Lexa couldn't stop. She kept rocking her hips into Ms. Griffin and the teacher was desperately meeting her in the middle until she had her whining beneath her.

"Lexa, stop." Ms. Griffin said breathlessly. Lexa growled but listened. She kept her hips still, though they desperately wanted to thrust forward again. Ms. Griffin had a hand on Lexa's chest, stopping her from leaning in again. They stayed like that, breathing hard. Lexa was wrapped up in the teacher, her legs were wrapped around Lexa's. Ms. Griffin's pupils were fully blown and Lexa wanted more.

"Can I come over later?" Lexa asked and watched Ms. Griffin's expression changed. She didn't know how she did it, but her expression looked cold. Ms. Griffin chewed on her bottom lip as she got off the counter but didn't say anything. Lexa watched her stand on shaky legs.

"Ms. Griffin.." Lexa started out as she fixed her hair and Ms. Griffin did the same.

"No." The teacher answered before Lexa could finish what she was saying.

"Why not?" Lexa whined and Ms. Griffin turned around.

"Because we can't do this." Ms. Griffin said seriously.

"We won't do anything. We can just hang out." Lexa said and Ms. Griffin shook her head.

"No."

"Please." Lexa begged.

"No."
"I want you." Lexa said seriously and Ms. Griffin chuckled.

"I can't do this." She laughed out, even though nothing was funny. Lexa walked closer to her. They had precisely five minutes to figure out what was going to happen and Lexa's heart was beating.

"I have practice later but I can still come over," Lexa said desperately. "I want to. I want you."

"Clarke." Lexa was right in front of the teacher. She walked over to her because she wasn't saying anything.

"We can't." Ms. Griffin whispered. Lexa gently lifted her chin and when the teacher didn't pull away, she placed a kiss on her lips. She pulled away slowly and rested her forehead against Ms. Griffin's.

"I'll leave." Lexa said simply and Ms. Griffin sighed. She didn't say anything and Lexa didn't expect her to. She would leave because she had to.

Lexa silently left the art room and left Ms. Griffin by herself. She looked like she didn't want her to leave but Lexa wasn't going to push Ms. Griffin any further.

Lexa wasn't necessarily off but she wasn't focused. It had been awhile since she hadn't been focused and before she couldn't blame Ms. Griffin but now she could. She completely blamed her because she wasn't focused. She still ran practice and the plays to the best of her abilities but her mind wasn't here. It was on Ms. Griffin.

Lexa knew all of this was wrong, but didn't want this because she was a teacher. She wanted this because she was Clarke. Clarke was so beautiful in every way possible and she wanted her. Lexa wasn't sure if it was in a sexual way or not but she just wanted the teacher.

There was one time she tripped over herself. Her teammates looked at her weirdly before quickly regained herself. She shook her head and told herself not to think about Ms. Griffin.

"Great job, guys! I'll see you for the game on Wednesday." Coach Collins called as he dismissed his team. Lexa was sweating as she walked over to her gym bag.

"Wanna chill?" Anya asked and Lexa nodded. She gathered her stuff up and so did Anya.

"How's Ontari?" Lexa asked. She hadn't talked to the girl and it wasn't really her fault. Ontari was steadily avoiding her and this whole situation was awkward.

"She's fine I guess." Anya shrugged as they walked out the school. The wind cooled down Lexa’s hot skin and she felt her phone vibrate.

**Aunt Luna**

6:45 PM

*Please come over*

It wasn't a question. Ms. Griffin wasn't asking her to come over. She was politely demanding her to.
She was telling her to and Lexa would like to think that she was just begging her to come over. Her eyes widened. She didn't need to be told twice.

"Can I take a rain check?" Lexa asked with a wince but Anya had a knowing look on her face.

"Is it your girl?" Lexa's heart skipped a beat at Anya referring to the mysterious girl as hers. She knew Ms. Griffin wasn't hers but she desperately wished she was.

"Yeah. It is." Lexa said and Anya nodded.

"It's okay, really. I'll just hang out with Echo." Anya shrugged.

"This weekend I'm all yours." Lexa said seriously and Anya smiled.

"I'm holding you to that." She pointed a finger at her.

"Hold me to it because it's true." Lexa said seriously and Anya smiled happily.

"Okay."

Lexa tried not to rush. She said goodbye to Anya and walked fast to her car and threw her stuff in. She wanted to leave before Ms. Griffin changed her mind. She didn't know what was going to happen when she saw the teacher again, but wanted to. That was all she wanted and Lexa didn't realize how strung out she was on the teacher. She was greater than any cigarette she has ever had.

Lexa loved Anya but she found that there was no place else she would rather be heading.

Lexa

6:50 PM

I'm on my way
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

This story was never intended to get dark and angsty and I'm not saying it is haha. There is some angst I can not lie but this story really is just about Clarke and Lexa in an unfortunate situation. With that being said, the next few chapters are heavily just Clexa outside of school and they are some of my favorite chapters.

Also, I surprised myself with this update. I had no idea when I was going to update next. I have so many things going on but I wanted to get this chapter up for you guys.

I hope you enjoy (;

The only person that knew she stored condoms in the glove compartment of her car was Anya. Lexa hated that she shoved some in the pocket of her basketball shorts as she arrived at Clarke's apartment and she was hoping that she could take a shower at Clarke's because she needed one.

Lexa walked up the stairs to Clarke's apartment and knocked on the door. She had her gym bag that had the extra clothes in it on her shoulder. Clarke answered the door wearing what she was at school. She had a shy expression on her face and Lexa smiled. She wordlessly walked in and Clarke closed the door behind her.

"Can I take a shower?" Lexa asked immediately and Clarke nodded. They walked to the hall bathroom and Clarke gave her the things she needed to shower. Clarke was getting ready to turn around when Lexa caught her by the wrist.

"Are you okay?" Lexa asked quietly and Clarke nodded.

"Just hurry." Clarke said and Lexa nodded.

She forgot to pack compression shorts again because she thought she was going straight home. Lexa didn't know if she really cared or not.

Clarke had ordered Chinese food while she was in the shower. They ate on Clarke's bed and Lexa didn't know what to talk about. She was glad that the teacher told her to come over. She really wanted to see her but Clarke wasn't talking to her. She just ate her dinner and Lexa sat beside her.

When they were done, Clarke took their plates to the kitchen and came back in the room. Clarke turned the TV one and they crawled under the covers with each other. Clarke scooted over to Lexa and rested against her.

"Thank you for coming." Clarke said quietly and Lexa nodded.

"Of course."

"I wanted to see you." Clarke explained and Lexa nodded again.
"Me too." She admitted. They watched TV for a few minutes. It was eerily quiet in Clarke's room and Lexa kept her hands to herself. She felt like her heart was going combust when Clarke spoke again.

"I want you too." Clarke whispered and Lexa blew out a breath. Lexa looked over at Clarke and noticed how her expression was dark and wanting. Lexa looked down to Clarke's lips before she looked into her eyes. She knew that look. She was sure she had the same look on her face and didn't think she had ever wanted someone so much.

"Clarke.." Lexa breathed.

"Lexa.." Clarke breathed back. Lexa knew what could possibly happen tonight and by the look on Clarke's expression, she knew too. Clarke placed a hand on her thigh and rubbed it up and down.

"I want to," Clarke said simply and batted her eyelashes at her. "God, Lexa. I want you. I think that if we do this, like get it out of our systems. We'd be good." Clarke nodded to herself as if trying to convince herself more than Lexa.

"Like a one time thing? Like a one night stand?" Lexa asked and Clarke shrugged.

"Something like that."

"To get it out of our systems?" Lexa asked to clarify and Clarke nodded. Lexa's breathing picked up just at the mere thought of being somewhat intimate with the woman.

"Is that okay?" Clarke asked and Lexa glanced away. She knew that this couldn't happen for real. They couldn't be in a relationship while Clarke was a teacher at her high school. It just couldn't happen and Lexa knew this. It was the most logical thing to do. It was clear that they couldn't deny their attraction to each other anymore so maybe they should do this once to get it out of their systems.

"Yes, Clarke. It's totally fine." Lexa said and a part of her meant it. She wanted this, that much was obvious. She didn't know at what cost though. She didn't know what would come of this but by the gods, she wanted it. She wanted Clarke and would stop at absolutely nothing to get her. So, if this was going to be a one time thing then Lexa wasn't going to hold back.

"Kiss me, Lexa. Please-"

Lexa didn't need to hear more. She got up and settled in between Clarke's legs. Clarke lowered herself on her pillows and pulled Lexa down on top of her. They didn't connect their lips immediately even though Clarke had begged her to. It was clear what was going to happen and they were scared but wanted it. Lexa wanted it and leaned down to kiss the teacher. Clarke immediately slipped her tongue in her mouth and Lexa fit so perfectly in between Clarke's legs. Clarke slipped her hands under Lexa's shirt and started lightly scratching at her back. Lexa hissed and kissed the teacher harder.

"I want you." Clarke mumbled out between kisses and Lexa nodded. Lexa pulled away to take her shirt off and Clarke whined.

"You are so hot." Lexa smirked and leaned back down to kiss Clarke again. Lexa unbuttoned Clarke's blouse and pulled it off her and sucked in a breath when she looked down. Clarke was wearing a black lacy bra and Lexa started panting.

"You are so hot." Lexa moaned out, leaning down and finally getting to kiss in between the valley of Clarke's breasts.
"Can I take your bra off?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded. Clarke arched her back and Lexa swiftly took her bra off and threw it off to the side. She licked her lips deliciously as she looked down at Clarke's breasts. They were so big and round and Lexa didn't waste any time leaning down and taking a nipple in her mouth.

Clarke groaned and arched her back into Lexa. Lexa wrapped her lips around the pink nipple and squeezed the other one with her hand. They were so squishy and soft and Lexa wanted more. She lapped her tongue around her nipple and started rocking into Clarke with abandon.

"Lexa. Lexa." Clarke whined beneath her and Lexa moved to the other nipple. Lexa squeezed her boobs together and they looked like mountains. Beautiful, delicious mountains that she wanted to live in forever. Clarke wrapped her legs around Lexa and Lexa gladly moved closer. However, Clarke needed to release her so they could take the rest of their clothes off. Lexa unzipped Clarke's skirt and pulled it down her legs and off to the side. Lexa quickly got rid of her sweatpants and her bra and they were both left in their underwear.

Lexa was quick to connect her lips with Clarke's again. Lexa kissed her long and deep before Clarke pulled away. She started jerking her hips forward again and Clarke was grinding her hips up. Clarke was panting below her as Lexa latched onto her nipple again. Lexa had her arms held out before her so she could support herself as she grounded her hips into Clarke's clothed center. Lexa was painfully hard, she started groaning with every thrust.

“Lexa. Lexa.” Clarke started to chant her name and Lexa growled. She was so worked up but this wasn't how she wanted her release.

"Do you have a condom? I'm not on the pill." Clarke asked breathlessly and Lexa nodded. She'd sex without a condom before and that was with her first real girlfriend. She came in like a minute tops. She'd also had sex with a condom with all the different girls she hooked up with. Her sperm count was low but was known for coming a lot and didn't want to take her chances. She was glad she brought the condoms in with her.

"Yes." Lexa said as she got up and got the pack of condoms. She placed them to the side and crawled between Clarke's legs again.

"Can I take your panties off?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded. Lexa zeroed in on the huge wet spot in between Clarke's underwear before slowly hooking her fingers in Clarke's underwear and taking them off. Lexa moaned loudly when she looked in between Clarke's legs. There was the slightest bit of hair. It was hardly there and it was in the shape of a V. Lexa groaned because Clarke was glistening before her and couldn't quite believe it.

"Take your boxers off." Clarke instructed and Lexa nodded. She was nervous. She was getting ready to reveal herself to the art teacher and hoped she could meet her standards. She pulled her boxers down and her dick flopped out. It was standing ramrod straight at its full eight and a half inches and Clarke gasped. Her eyes widened when she looked down.

"Oh my god." Clarke muttered and Lexa smiled sheepishly.

"It's nice." Clarke commented and Lexa smiled again.

"Thank you. Can I touch you?" Lexa asked and Clarke immediately nodded. Lexa settled off to the side of Clarke and leaned down to kissed her before trailing her hands down in between her legs. She was met with wet heat. So wet, she felt like she was running her hands through a stream of water. Clarke was so slick as Lexa ran her fingers through her folds.
Clarke had her head down and her jaw clenched. Lexa ran her fingers over her clit and Clarke let out a loud moan. It was so deep and raspy and Lexa loved it.

She did it again. She circled Clarke's clit and the blonde moaned again. She was rocking her hips up and Lexa was so turned on. Clarke was so hot. Her hair was all over the pillows and she had an arm across her shoulders.

"Clarke." Lexa whined as she slipped her a finger inside. Clarke whined back and rocked her hips up into her hand. Lexa closed her eyes and wanted to remember this moment. How Clarke was clenched around her digit and Lexa's finger was surrounded by delicious heat. Lexa wanted her dick inside of her but there was something she wanted to do first.

“Can I taste you?” Lexa asked quietly and Clarke looked her in the eyes. Her eyes were gentle and a little guarded but she nodded.

“Yes.”

Clarke opened her legs wide before Lexa and she quickly settled in between them. Clarke settled more comfortably against her pillows and braced herself.

Lexa watched as Clarke humped against nothing before she placed a hand on her stomach, keeping her from thrusting up. Lexa pulled Clarke's legs even further apart and she licked her lips delightfully as she stared down at Clarke.

Her pink lips were glistening in the low light of her room and her clit was a little red and swollen. Lexa couldn't wait to wrap her lips around it and groaned as she finally leaned down and got a taste.

It was a soft tentative lick, like Lexa didn't know what she was tasting for. She wanted to but this is the first time she was tasting Clarke. Lexa flicked her tongue against Clarke's center again and the blonde gasped beneath her. Lexa could already hear her gritting her teeth together.

Everything was so wet. Lexa licked her folds up and down, collecting all her juices up. She tasted so sweet but also salty. Lexa liked to think she tasted like salted caramel flavored ice cream. It was so sweet and delicious but it had that tang to it that had Lexa coming back for more.

Lexa felt like she was drowning in the Atlantic Ocean but in the best way possible. Lexa knew that if she really was drowning that she would need to come up for air- Lexa didn't want to come up for air. She wanted to gladly drown herself in between Clarke legs.

Her tongue was easily slipping between Clarke's folds as she licked her to her breaking point. Lexa wanted Clarke to snap beneath her. She already knew Clarke was halfway there with the moans she was letting out. They were so deep and raspy and Lexa knew what would get her over the edge.

She lapped at her folds many times before she licked up and her tongue flickered against the hard bundle of nerves. Clarke all but cried out when she did and Lexa did it again.

She lashed her tongue against her clit and Clarke was thrashing about on the bed. Lexa still couldn't wrap her head around the fact the she was doing this with a teacher and knew she only had one night and was going to make the most of it. She wrapped her lips around Clarke's clit and pulled it in her mouth.

“Oh, my god. Lexa.” Clarke mewed out.

Lexa sucked her clit long and hard and Clarke placed a heavy hand on top of her head. Lexa would gladly stay like this. She alternated between licking and sucking before she felt the teacher freeze up
beneath her. Her back arched off her bed and had a death grip on the back of Lexa's head but Lexa didn't stop. She gladly finished Clarke off. She licked her until she was finally calm again. Clarke was calling out to the gods above and Lexa smirked. She would never forget this.

When Clarke finally settled down in bed again, Lexa wiped her mouth clean and trailed kissed up Clarke's body. Starting at her legs and then her thighs. She lightly brushed over Clarke's center, before she sucked kisses into her hips. Then she kissed her torso until she was finally leveled with Clarke's breast. She leaned down and gave them a chaste kiss each because she couldn't resist herself before finally connected her lips with Clarke's.

Lexa awkwardly settled in between Clarke's legs again. Her dick was pressed against her thigh and Lexa's balls were swollen and full of cum.

"Can I?" Lexa asked as she gestured down and reached for the condoms and Clarke nodded. She was looking at her with deep eyes. Lexa quickly rolled the condom on and lined her dick up to Clarke's center. Clarke was looking down now and so was Lexa. She wanted to watch her dick slide into her and she had never felt this way when she has had sex with a girl. She was sure they would already be done by now and Lexa would be getting dress but Lexa took her time. But not too much time. She spread Clarke's legs apart and slowly slid into her. The second her head slipped in, Clarke gasped.

"Oh my god." Clarke whined out and Lexa stayed where she was. She was panting and she just wanted to bury herself all the way in but it was clear that Clarke needed some time.

"You are so huge." Clarke whimpered and Lexa slid in further. Only half of her length was in and Clarke put a hand on her toned stomach to stop her from moving. Lexa waited until Clarke was comfortable.

"Just relax." Lexa advised softly and Clarke nodded. She slowly relaxed beneath her and Lexa bottomed out into her.

"I feel so full." Clarke said breathlessly and Lexa leaned down to kiss her. She didn't move. She wanted to wait until Clarke was fully ready. She was panting above her and could feel Clarke clenching down around her. It was the sweetest feeling in the world.

"You can move." Clarke said after a few moments and Lexa nodded. She wanted to give it to Clarke good. She wanted her moaning beneath her. She liked to make girls feel good. But she needed to make Clarke feel even better. Lexa immediately started rocking her hips into the teacher and Clarke whined. Lexa bit her bottom lip and told herself to calm down. She was so worked up and eating Clarke out was one of the hottest things she had ever done but there was no way in hell that she was coming before Clarke.

Lexa drew Clarke legs up and thrust into her. She reached out and grabbed her boobs and squeezed them. Clarke was clenching around her and Lexa groaned. Lexa was sure there wasn't any girl she wanted to be inside ever again. Clarke felt so good around her and she just wanted her and spent her time proving it.

Lexa thrusted deep inside of her and gasped when she hit that spongy spot inside her, making Clarke cry out. Lexa hit it again and gasped again. Clarke felt so good. Lexa planted her hands by her sides and rocked into her with everything she had. Clarke's moans were getting louder by the second and Lexa wondered in Clarke's past life, if she was a porn star. Her moans were so perfect and were turning her on even more that Lexa started pounding into her. Her balls were slapping against her skin and Lexa whined.
"Lexa." Clarke groaned out. Her head was thrown back and Lexa leaned down and sucked a nipple into her mouth. She picked up her pace and Clarke cried out again.

"I'm gonna cum." Clarke rushed out and Lexa held her close. It was incredible to watch. Clarke completely came undone beneath her and Lexa couldn't take her eyes away. She wanted to draw out her orgasm and she squeezed her in the best way as she came around her dick. When Lexa thrusted out, she groaned at how shiny her dick was around the condom. Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck and pulled her down for a kiss.

"That was so good," Clarke whispered and Lexa tried not to smile. But she was happy that she was able to make Clarke cum and wanted to do it again.

"Can you turn around?" Lexa asked shyly and Clarke smirked.

"Sure." Lexa felt like her heart was going to stop working as Clarke slowly got on all fours. Her ass was sticking out deliciously and Lexa kissed down her back.

"You are so beautiful." Lexa whispered into her back and Clarke hummed.

"So are you."

Lexa grabbed a hold of her hips and didn't waste any time slipping back into Clarke. She bottomed out into her with ease and started hammering her hips into her. Clarke was already moaning beneath her and Lexa had a death grip on Clarke's hips.

The bed was squeaking below them and the headboard was moving with every thrust Lexa gave into Clarke and for a second, Lexa felt bad for whoever Clarke's neighbors were, before she couldn't bring herself to care. The only thing she cared about was fucking Clarke. Lexa drew Clarke's legs apart wide as she worked between them.

Clarke was laying down on her pillows and breathing harshly. Lexa clenched her jaw because she felt it coming. She knew Clarke was on the edge too and she wanted her to fall before she did. Lexa grunted and groaned with every thrust. Clarke squeezed her just right and Lexa was so close.

"Mmph. Mmph." Lexa grunted out over and over again. She couldn't stop herself and the headboard was now banging against the wall. Clarke's bed was moving and making noise beneath them and you could hear their skin slapping against each other.

"Lexa. Lexa." Clarke moaned out over and over. Lexa squeezed Clarke's hips and Clarke clamped down on her dick.

"Clarke!" Lexa moaned out but waited. She waited until Clarke came around her dick before she pulled out and ripped the condom off. Lexa quickly spilled her milky white load all over Clarke's butt and sighed peacefully. She gathered some tissues from the box on Clarke's nightstand and wiped her off.

"That was amazing." Clarke praised and Lexa smiled.

"It was amazing." Lexa agreed. Clarke pulled Lexa close to her. She wrapped a hand around the back of her neck and kissed her gently.

“Can we go again?” Clarke asked and Lexa smirked.

“Of course.”
Lexa was getting ready to reach down for another condom, when Clarke stopped her.

“It's been awhile since I've sucked a dick. So, I hope I'm good.” Clarke stated as she gently laid Lexa down. Lexa's eyes bugged out and grew painfully hard as Clarke settled between her legs. Lexa was looking down at her shyly because of how quickly she become hard again.

“I want to suck your dick.” Clarke whispered and Lexa was so incredibly turned on that all she did was nod.

Lexa had a death grip on Clarke's bed sheets as she wrapped her hand around the base of her dick and started to moving her hand up and down. It was slow and torturous but Lexa loved every second of it. Lexa felt like her heart dropped to the bottom of the floor and all the air leave her lungs the second Clarke wrapped her mouth around the head of her dick.

Her dick was engulfed into wet heat and Lexa moaned as Clarke started sucking her dick, taking every inch she could in her mouth and Lexa was amazed because she fit her whole length in her mouth. Lexa was sure not to move because Clarke looked to be in deep concentration. She knew this was probably taking a lot out of her but it was so hot. Clarke released her dick only to suck her whole length in her mouth again, her cheeks were hollow and Lexa groaned.

Clarke's hand started jerking the bottom half of her dick while her mouth sucked the rest. Clarke was alternating between jerking her dick and sucking it and Lexa stared down amazed. Clarke was doing a phenomenal job and Lexa was rendered speechless. No girl had ever taken her full length before and Lexa wasn't all that shocked that Clarke did. She knew the older woman was more experienced than she was, even though Lexa had been with a lot of girls.

Clarke pulled away for a brief second and jerked her off and Lexa moaned deeply when she felt a bit of pre-cum leak out of her slit. Clarke used this as lubricant and Lexa was desperately close to the edge.

“Clarke, wait. I want you to ride me.” Lexa said as she stopped Clarke's movements and the blonde looked over at her with bright eyes. Clarke quickly nodded and Lexa rolled a condom onto her dick again.

Clarke straddled her hips and hovered over her dick. Lexa had her hands on Clarke's hips and guided her down on her dick. Clarke leaned down and captured Lexa's lips with hers and Lexa kissed her back eagerly.

Clarke pulled away from her lips and planted her feet by Lexa's hips and started bouncing on her dick.

Lexa's eyes widened and watched in amazement as Clarke bounced up and down on her. Clarke would move her hips in circles and would thrust up just to drop back down her dick again and Lexa was so close.

Lexa laid back and enjoyed the feeling of Clarke moving above her. Clarke was squeezing her dick just right, she loved it. She loved being engulfed by Clarke's walls.

Lexa planted her feet on the bed and started thrusting up whenever Clarke thrusted down. Clarke moaned loudly and desperately met Lexa in the middle. It was a joint effort and their moans started feeling Clarke's room again. Lexa jerked up with everything she had. She didn't know if she would ever get the chance to do this again and Clarke thrusted down with everything she had in her too.

The bed was creaking with the joint movement of their weight and Lexa could feel Clarke starting to
clench around her. Clarke was whining with every thrust and it was only a matter of minutes, it didn't take long for Clarke to reach the end. Lexa was right behind her and she came inside the condom. She gritted her teeth and released spurt after spurt of her milky white come.

Clarke's breathing was frantic and she finally removed herself from Lexa's dick. Clarke leaned down and gave her a chaste kiss on the lips.

They got dressed in quiet and as Lexa finished putting her shirt on, she walked over to Clarke, who was turning her phone on.

Lexa was planting kisses to the side of her neck and Clarke sighed gently and stuck her neck out for her.

“We could always make this a two time thing.” Lexa said and felt Clarke freeze up against her.

Clarke was looking down at her phone and she let out a loud gasp. Lexa knew that something wasn't right.

"Clarke, what's wrong?” Lexa asked as she leaned back to look down at Clarke. She had her eyebrows furrowed and her eyes were glued to her phone.

"My dad.." Clarke rasped out. She quickly got dressed in a pair of jeans and a shirt. Lexa started shaking her head and watched Clarke get dress in confusion.

"He was rushed into surgery and I need to go now." Clarke rushed out and Lexa nodded.

"I'll come with you." Clarke looked like she wanted to object but she didn't say anything. She quickly put her shoes on and Lexa did the same. Lexa was wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt.

"We have to go now." Clarke cried and Lexa nodded. She held Clarke's hand and Lexa saw how she wanted to pull away but didn't. Lexa didn't say anything but she squeezed her hand. There was no way she was leaving right now and she knew they had a lot to talk about but that could wait. Lexa wanted to focus on Clarke's dad even though she had never met him.

"Lexa.." Clarke started out as she grabbed her keys with shaky hands and headed for the door.

"It's okay, Clarke. We can talk about it later." Lexa said as she kissed the top of her forehead and Clarke nodded. They were a little sweaty and Clarke’s hair was all over the place (she would fix it later before she entered the hospital). They both smelled of sex and Lexa wondered what the hell just happened but she could wait. It all could wait.

They needed to get to Clarke's dad.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Pray for me y'all. I just took my math final haha. I had some time since I don't have any classes tomorrow, so I decided to put this up to make me feel better.

Enjoy (:

Lexa drove so that Clarke could gather herself. They decided that they should take Lexa's car because it was more convenient. Lexa had one hand on the steering wheel and she was wondering if she should reach over and comfort Clarke in any type of way.

Clarke looked so small in the passenger seat and Lexa decided not to think about it anymore. She reached out and placed a hand on Clarke's thigh. Lexa remembered when Clarke did that to her when they were in bed. But this wasn't sexual. Lexa wanted Clarke to know that she was there for her and squeezed her thigh softly.

Her palm was burning hot against Clarke's jeans. Lexa was getting ready to remove it, when Clarke grabbed a hold of it. She softly wrapped her fingers around Lexa's hand and she squeezed. Lexa glanced over to her and Clarke looked back at her. Lexa didn't smile and neither did Clarke.

It felt like a lifetime before Lexa finally pulled in the hospital and Clarke immediately hopped out of the car. Lexa quickly turned the engine off and followed Clarke inside. She clearly seemed to know where to go and Lexa awkwardly followed behind her.

"Mom!" Clarke called and an older woman that resembled Clarke came over to them. She was wearing a white lab coat and glasses. She looked exhausted and she had long brown hair.

"Clarke!" She cried as she rushed over to her daughter and pulled her in a hug.

"Where is he?" Clarke asked.

"He's in surgery. I have my best surgeons working on him. I can't because it breaks protocol. I'm being updated every two minutes." Clarke's mom said.

"What happened?" Clarke asked. Her mother had a faraway look on her face and Lexa wanted to know if that was where Clarke got it from.

"His lung is collapsing," Clarke's mom said and Lexa's eyes widened. She was standing off to the side, letting the two women talk.

"What?" Clarke asked faintly.

"We are doing everything we can," Clarke's mom said, though she looked absolutely exhausted.

"Okay."

"He should be out soon," Clarke's mom informed her and Clarke turned to Lexa. Lexa looked like a deer caught in headlights but she held herself together.
"Who's this?" Clarke's mom asked as she looked at the younger girl.

"She's a student. I was teaching her how to draw when you texted." Clarke said smoothly and Lexa nodded along to the lie.

"Mom, this is Lexa. Lexa, this is my mom, Abby." Clarke introduced them and Lexa felt so out of place.

"Nice to meet you." Lexa said as she held out her hand and Abby shook it.

"You too. I'll be back." Abby said curtly before she walked off and Clarke turned to Lexa.

"I called my friends so you can leave if you want." Clarke mumbled sadly and Lexa looked at her.

“I don't want to leave you.” Lexa confessed and Clarke sighed.

“I don't want you to leave.” Clarke whispered. Lexa was getting ready to step closer to Clarke and hug her when they heard her name being called.

“Clarke!” Raven cried and Lexa's eyes widened when she realized who she was with.

"Lexa?" Octavia asked as she walked over to the basketball player.

"Hi, Octavia." Lexa said to sound casual and Clarke cleared her throat awkwardly.

"I was teaching her how to draw and then my mom texted. It's nice to see you again, Octavia." Clarke smiled sadly over to the girl.

"You too. I'm so sorry about all of this." Octavia said and Clarke nodded.

"It's okay."

"I was just leaving." Lexa announced and Octavia said bye.

"Take care, Lexa." Octavia smiled. Lexa was very fond of the older Blake. She was always so nice when she came around.

"You too, Octavia." Lexa looked back at Clarke and she sighed quietly.

“I'll walk you to your car.” Clarke said quietly and Lexa nodded.

The second they were back at Lexa’s car, the brunette turned to Clarke. The blonde quickly fell into her arms.

“I don't want you to go,” Clarke sobbed out. “I want you to stay but I wouldn't be able to explain that to Raven and Octavia.”

“Clarke, I get it. It would be weird of me to stay. I know they would ask questions.” Lexa said as she held the crying girl.

“I'll call you later?” Lexa didn't know if Clarke was asking her or if she was telling her but she nodded.

“Of course. Call me later, Clarke.” Lexa said reassuringly and she placed a kiss to her temple.

"Bye, Clarke." Lexa said quietly.
"Bye, Lexa." Clarke said sadly and Lexa nodded and she turned around to leave.

She didn't want to leave the woman she just had sex with but she should. Lexa didn't know what would have happened if Clarke's friends didn't show up. She knew that all of this was wrong. That getting involved with a teacher was wrong and she shook her head as she got in her car.

Lexa got Clarke's call in the middle of the night. Her heart dropped but also sped up in her chest when she saw it was her aunt Luna. Lexa immediately picked it up and sat up in bed.

"Clarke?" Lexa asked and she heard Clarke sigh into the phone. Lexa sighed too.

"He's out of surgery and he's okay for the most part." Clarke said quietly. It was one in the morning and Lexa had no idea where Clarke was right now.

"I'm sorry about before. I did want you to stay. I also wanted my friends." Clarke reasoned.

"It's okay."

"I know it's late and I'm still at the hospital but can we meet at the park?" Clarke asked and Lexa was already getting out of bed and putting shoes on.

"Of course."

Clarke hung up after that. Lexa sneaked out of her house and walked down to the park and waited for Clarke.

It took Clarke twenty minutes to get to the park. It was completely empty and it was pitch black beside the light bouncing off of the street lights. When Lexa saw Clarke approaching, she immediately stood up.

"Hey." Lexa greeted casually and pulled Clarke in for a hug.

"Hi." Clarke's voice was soft and raspy and Lexa guided them over to the bench. The moon was shining bright in the sky and it was oddly warm for it to be the middle of the night but there was still a breeze.

"I don't know what I was thinking. You must be exhausted." Clarke chided herself.

"I'm fine." Lexa said as she tried to hide her yawn.

"I couldn't sleep." Clarke whispered and Lexa frowned.

"I'm sorry, Clarke." And Lexa meant it. This whole situation sucked. It was the worse thing in the world having to see the beautiful teacher so sad all the time.

"I think I messed this up." Clarke cried as she gestured between them.

"No, Clarke. You didn't," Lexa said seriously. "We agreed for it to be a one time thing and it will be. We can be friends, Clarke. I'm not leaving you."

"Thank you." Clarke whispered. The trees swayed gently as the breeze hit them and Clarke shivered.
"Are you cold?" Lexa asked as she started taking her jacket off. Clarke shook her head.

"It's okay, Lexa. I'll be fine." Clarke assured her.

"Only you would come out in the middle of the night without a jacket on." Lexa teased and Clarke smirked. When she didn't say anything, Lexa continued to remove her jacket and placed it around Clarke's shoulders.

Clarke snuggled into Lexa and the jacket, "Thank you. It smells like you." Clarke had a lazy smile on her face and Lexa couldn't help but mirror it.

"Come on, let's go to the playground." Lexa suggested as she stood up and Clarke did the same. She had a weird look in her eyes but nevertheless, she linked her fingers with Lexa.

They walked side by side down to the playground and Lexa wasn't sure what her motive was. She needed to be up and moving because she felt like she was going to pass out any minute. She wanted to stay up with the beautiful teacher. They stopped outside the mulch box that covered the floor of the playground.

"Come on." Lexa tugged on Clarke's arm and she looked at her with wide eyes.

"I can't get up there. I'm far too big." Clarke reasoned.

"No, you aren't. I've been up here many times. Come on." Lexa said as she took a step up the stairs and Clarke followed because they were still holding hands.

"Oh, yeah?" Clarke asked. "Is this where you take all the girls?"

Lexa looked back at her with a soft smile, "Only the beautiful ones." Clarke let out a warm laugh and looked at Lexa.

"That was smooth." Clarke said as she followed Lexa up the stairs and into the playground. They were sitting under the roof of the slides.

"This is kind of nice." Clarke admitted as she settled into Lexa.

"I told you." Lexa said quietly as she wrapped her arms around Clarke.

"I'm never giving this jacket back." Clarke said seriously and Lexa chuckled.

"You can keep it. I have plenty others." Lexa shrugged.

"I'll wear it around the house while I bake." Clarke said dreamily.

"And then you will call me so I can come over and eat your brownies." Lexa said before she realized what she just said. Her cheeks flushed red because she remembered so vividly of eating Clarke's brownies and definitely wanted more.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" Clarke said lowly. Lexa swallowed hard but then she remembered Clarke wailing beneath her and smirked.

"Something tells me you would like it too." Lexa said back with a dirty smile and Clarke playfully shoved her. Clarke rested back against Lexa and sighed.

"Everything will be okay, Clarke. Your dad will recover. Everything will be fine." Lexa said into her temple.
"And us?" Clarke asked.

"Well, we already agreed it would be a one time thing so we should stick with that but I still want to be friends." Lexa said honestly and Clarke nodded.

"Things don't have to be weird." Lexa added.

"Okay." Clarke said silently. Lexa rested against the wall that was connected to the opposite side of the slides and Clarke cozied up with her. Clarke was resting her head against Lexa's shoulder while Lexa was resting her head against the wall.

They both fell asleep that night, wrapped up with each other. Lexa knew this was a dangerous game they were playing. Lexa liked to play games but she wasn't sure if she was winning or losing.

The fact that there was such a beautiful woman resting against her, Lexa would like to think she was winning.

 Lexa jerked awake when she heard giggling near her. She rose from her spot, waking Clarke up in the process. Lexa was met with big brown eyes boring into her soul and she was so confused.

"Do you live here?" The little boy asked as he stared at them in wonderment. Lexa's eyes widened when she looked around.

"Did we fall asleep here?" Clarke muttered as she looked around the playground in horror.

"I think we did." Lexa muttered back as they both stared at the boy.

"No, we don't live here." Lexa explained but the boy just continued to stare at them confused. Lexa was sure her hair was all over the place as was Clarke's. She ran her hands through Clarke's hair a couple of times but it was useless.

"We need to go." Lexa said and Clarke nodded immediately.

"Have fun." Lexa said indifferently to the boy as they got up. Lexa avoided the eyes of the boy's mother as they awkwardly made their way down the small set of steps. They quickly walked to their cars and busted into laughter when they did.

"You should see your hair right now." Lexa giggled.

"You should've seen the look on the mother's face." Clarke giggled back before they calmed down.

"I don't have to go to school today." Lexa shrugged but Clarke shook her head.

"As a teacher, I can't condone you skipping school." Clarke clicked her tongue.

"I don't want to go to school." Lexa said seriously and Clarke sighed.

"I need to go home and freshen up." Clarke explained.

"I can come with you." Lexa offered and Clarke chuckled.

"Lexa, that is literally the worst idea considering what happened." Clarke giggled out.
"How about this," Lexa started out as she walked over to Clarke and wrapped an arm around her waist. "You go back home and get a change of clothes. My mom is already at work right now and we can freshen up at my place." Lexa offered and Clarke looked up at her.

Lexa knew there were so many reasons why this wasn't a good idea. They both swore this was only going to be a one time thing and it was. They couldn't allow themselves to fall back the way they did last night but Lexa wanted to be around the teacher. She couldn't get enough of her. She didn't know what would happen when they got to her house but spending a day with the beautiful teacher beat going to school any day.

"I'm going to see my dad later on. He's okay for right now." Clarke said quietly.

"Spend the day with me. I refuse to go to school. I know this is bad but we can behave ourselves. We got it out of our systems and I still want to hang out with you." Lexa said as she kissed the left side of Clarke's temple.

"Okay. You have me sold. I'll go get extra clothes and then go to your house. I already called in for a sub. I might take this whole week off." Clarke said with a smile and Lexa smiled back.

"Great. Good, yes. I'll see you soon then." Lexa awkwardly stumbled over her words. She had no idea what the teacher was doing to her. She didn't know if this was a good idea or not. She knew she had a game tomorrow but didn't want to go to school. The only thing she wanted to do was spend her days with the art teacher.

Lexa was waiting around for Clarke on her porch. She brushed her hair but was still in her sweats from last night. Lexa was nervous, she didn't know if they were going to shower together or not, so she waited for the art teacher. The sun was shining bright today and it was already nine o'clock in the morning.

Lexa knew she shouldn't be so out in the open. A lot of her neighbors knew who she was and that she should be at school right now, but Lexa didn't care.

Lexa sighed in relief when she spotted Clarke's car pull up in her driveway. Lexa smirked when she saw that Clarke was in the same clothes and was carrying a traveling bag with her.

"Did you bring a whole vacation supply of clothes?" Lexa smirked as the teacher walked up to her.

"I just figured, it's kind of nice out and I could be up for a swim later." Clarke wore a sly smile as she brushed past Lexa and into her house. Lexa guided her upstairs and the taller girl wasn't sure where to go from there. She really didn't think this through.

"So, we could shower together or separately or whatever. It's up to you." Lexa said as she scratched the back of her head. Lexa watched as Clarke stared at her deeply before she cleared her throat.

"We could shower together." Clarke shrugged as if it was no big deal and Lexa's eyes widened.

"Seriously?" Lexa asked in disbelief. She didn't know why she was so surprised. She had the teacher all over the bed moaning just last night.

"Yes." Clarke said as she started removing her clothes and Lexa's eyes widened again. Lexa followed Clarke into the bathroom and closed the door behind them. The hall bathroom was a
lot bigger than the bathroom in her room and Lexa started removing her clothes too. Lexa turned the water on and she tried her hardest not to look over at Clarke.

She failed.

She failed hard. That was the only thing she was looking at. Clarke was so beautiful. Clarke hopped in the shower first and Lexa was right behind her. She kept her distance because she didn't know what Clarke wanted to do. Lexa had given Clarke a wash cloth and she picked hers up as well and started lathering the soap in it.

"I know this is terrible timing but how old are you?" Lexa asked quietly as she passed the soap to Clarke.

"Twenty-five." Clarke husked and Lexa nodded.

"Like the number on my jersey." Lexa pointed out and Clarke looked back at her.

"Yeah, that's right." Clarke said quietly. Clarke turned back around and Lexa backed up so they could wash themselves appropriately.

"Lexa Woods, I've known you all this time but I didn't know your hair was curly." Clarke chided as Lexa washed her hair. She could already feel it curling up on her and she bet she looked like a wild animal.

"I always straighten it. I don't really like it curly. Only when I'm home for the weekend which isn't often." Lexa informed her and Clarke nodded.

"I like your curly hair. It's cute."

Lexa smiled back at her and was surprised that she was keeping her hands to herself. If this was any other girl, she probably would have already had her way with her and would be sending her off. She didn't want to send Clarke off. Lexa was quite excited that she would be spending a couple of hours with the teacher given what happened last night. She still wanted to be around the woman. She couldn't help herself.

Lexa kept her distance for the most part. There was a time or two where she brushed against Clarke on accident. Lexa was proud that she was able to behave herself and they showered quietly.

When they were done, Lexa wrapped herself up in a towel and handed one to Clarke.

"Thanks." Clarke said quietly.

"You can get dressed in here. I'll go to my room." Lexa said and Clarke nodded. They got dressed fast and they met in the hallway. Clarke's hair was still wet and she put it up in a bun. Lexa blow dried her hair as much as she could and then let it hang around her shoulders.

"Are you hungry?" Clarke asked and Lexa gave her a knowing look.

"I'm always hungry, Clarke." Lexa said back.

"Well, I can make us some food." Clarke suggested and Lexa nodded eagerly. They both made their way downstairs. Lexa gathered the ingredients to make pancakes. Lexa was on fruit duty and Clarke was on pancakes, eggs and bacon duty.

"My dad taught me how to cook," Clarke said with a fond smile. "Believe it or not, I used to be
terrible at it." Lexa was cutting up some oranges as she listened to Clarke talk.

"My mom was always at the hospital and she still is today. It was often just me and my dad and he was an excellent cook. He taught me how to make all kinds of things." Clarke said with a smile. Lexa finished cutting up the oranges and she slowly walked over to Clarke. She smelled so good and Lexa was summoned to her.

Clarke was whisking up the pancake batter and looked so cute. Lexa stepped behind her and leanedflushed against her. Clarke saw her coming, Lexa knew she did. She saw Clarke looking at her from the corner of her eye and she didn't say anything to stop her. Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke's waist. Lexa really didn't know when she became so affectionate but she couldn't keep her hands to herself when it came to the teacher.

"You are so cuddly." Clarke sighed out dreamily. Lexa hummed into her neck and she placed a soft kiss to the base of it. When Clarke didn't say anything, Lexa started kissing up the side of her neck. Lexa placed open mouthed kisses to both sides of Clarke's neck making Clarke purr.

"Lexa."

Lexa spun Clarke around and leaned against her. Clarke immediately wrapped her arms around the basketball player.

"I need to make us breakfast." Clarke whispered as she stared down at Lexa's lips.

"We are doing a terrible job." Lexa said instead.

"We wouldn't if we don't kiss." Clarke said in a distant tone.

"I wanna kiss you." Lexa whispered out between her lips. She felt Clarke melt in her arms and she nodded.

"Kiss me." Clarke whispered and Lexa immediately sought out her lips.

She placed what she thought was going to be a chaste kiss on Clarke's lips, but it was so much more than that. The second their lips touched, Lexa deepened the kiss and sought out Clarke's tongue. She tasted like the toothpaste they used to brush their teeth this morning and Lexa immediately reached down to grope Clarke's butt. This time she put both her hands to use and she grabbed both cheeks.

Clarke moaned into her mouth and curled her tongue around hers. Lexa moaned back and gripped her butt tighter. She massaged her butt in her hands as she placed open mouth kisses to Clarke's lips. Lexa was leaning against her counter and was getting ready to lift Clarke up when they heard a beep.

Clarke pulled away first but it was coming from Lexa's phone. Lexa quickly pulled her phone out of her pocket and saw she got a text from Echo.

"It's just Echo. She's wondering why I'm not in homeroom." Lexa sighed out and Clarke nodded.

"I need to make us breakfast." Clarke giggled out because Lexa tried to go in for another kiss. Lexa sighed heavily, but obeyed.

After they finished eating, they went to lounge around outside. It was oddly nice today and they spent it on Lexa's back porch. They were both sitting in the lawn chairs side by side.
"This is nice." Clarke said as she looked over to Lexa.

"Yeah, the weather is nice." Lexa agreed.

"Well, I meant being here with you is nice." Clarke admitted shyly and Lexa smiled.

"Now would be a great time for those cheerleading moves." Lexa said as she sat up. She gestured to Clarke's chair and the blonde nodded. Clarke's hair was fully dry now and Lexa squeezed her way onto her chair. Clarke was practically sitting on top of Lexa but the taller girl didn't mind one bit.

"You're really going to be gone all week?" Lexa asked sadly, wrapping her arms around Clarke who was now fully sitting on top of her.

"Yup. I want to spend some serious time with my dad. I don't know if you know but sometime in the next two weeks there's a field trip coming up for my art classes along with a few history classes. I'm sure that includes you because it's all seniors going." Clarke explained quietly, tentatively running her hands up and down Lexa's arms.

"I haven't heard. There was some talk but I don't know. It'll probably be addressed sometime this week." Lexa shrugged.

"All the more reason why you should be in school." Clarke chided seriously and Lexa giggled.

"I thought we were having a fine time. Soaking up the sun after eating loads of food. I'm here with a beautiful woman and there's no place else I want to be." Lexa said into Clarke's neck. She saw how Clarke shivered and some of the hairs on the back of her neck stood up.

"Sweet talker." Clarke grunted and Lexa laughed again. She gently tapped on Clarke's hips to get her to turn around. Clarke straddled her hips and Lexa smiled up at her.

"This isn't the best position to be in." Clarke said lowly as she looked down.

"We are just talking." Lexa shrugged.

"All I want to do is kiss you." Clarke admitted.

"So, why don't you do it?" Lexa asked with a challenging smirk and saw how Clarke gave in. The lines on her face relaxed as she settled further into Lexa's lap. Lexa pulled her down to her.

Clarke gave in and kissed her first. The blonde was rolling her hips into Lexa's center and the brunette moaned. Lexa loved when Clarke sucked on her bottom lip and she was doing it now. Clarke pulled her bottom lip in her mouth again as Lexa's hands traveled down Clarke's body until they reached her butt. She squeezed a butt cheek in her hand and Clarke groaned. She grounded her hips down again and Lexa was panting.

"We should stop." Lexa panted out and Clarke nodded.

"Sorry."

"Don't be. Not for that." Lexa said honestly.

"We have to stick by this though, Clarke." Lexa added and Clarke nodded.

"I know. I know. It did help," Clarke admitted shyly. Lexa was getting ready to respond when Clarke continued. "But it wasn't enough."
Clarke got off of Lexa’s lap and she stood up. Lexa stood up as well.

"It has to be, Clarke. I don't know what to do."

"It's okay. You are right. We got it out of our systems and we are good, right?" Clarke asked and Lexa nodded.

They knew they were both in this together. Lexa knew this. They both got on this ship together and now they had to fight like hell to keep it afloat. Lexa didn't know what was going to happen between her and the teacher. Maybe nothing would happen. Maybe they did get it out of their systems. Maybe she'll graduate and nothing will still happen. Lexa didn't know and wished she could see into the future.

Lexa looked over to Clarke who was looking at her with her head tilted to the side.

"Want to go for a swim?"

Lexa smirked and nodded, "After you."

Swimming around with a beautiful woman on a warm fall day was not the best idea for Lexa. She was painfully showing in her swim trunks because she wasn't wearing compression shorts. Anyone could see her bulge and knew the teacher could with the way she was eyeing her.

Lexa decided to ignore it for the most part until she couldn't take it anymore. She swam over to Clarke and held her close.

"You know," Lexa started off lowly. "There's going to be a time where kissing isn't enough."

Lexa wrapped an arm around Clarke's waist and Clarke blew out a breath.

"It has to be. We can't fall back." Clarke said even though she was looking at Lexa's lips.

"Should we kiss now?" Lexa whispered scandalously as she looked around her backyard dramatically.

"Should we?" Clarke looked up at her.

"Your eyes are so blue right now but I never know what you are thinking." Lexa confessed and Clarke sighed.

"I want to kiss you," Clarke said. "You make the pain better and that's not what this is. I'm not using you. I like being around you. I meant everything that has happened. I know I don't hook up with people and I know I did with you. I don't know how to explain it." Clarke confessed boldly.

"We don't have to have all the answers right now," Lexa said as she rested her forehead against Clarke's. "All I know is, you won't be at school all week and I want you."

"Me too." Clarke said back immediately before she smashed her lips against Lexa's. Lexa backed Clarke up to the side of the pool. Clarke was wearing a black bikini and Lexa was wearing a bikini top with dark trunks. Lexa let out a loud moan when Clarke snaked her hand up and grabbed a hold of her boob. Lexa kissed Clarke harder and Clarke squeezed her boob in her hand.

"Clarke." Lexa moaned out as she started thrusting her hips into Clarke's. Clarke was breathing hard.
before she broke the kiss and started trailing kisses down Lexa's chest.

"We can't, Clarke." Lexa sighed out and Clarke growled into her chest. The water was swaying with every thrust Lexa was giving into Clarke.

"I know. Just a few more minutes." Clarke muttered. Lexa gasped as she pulled down her bikini top and sucked her nipple in her mouth. Lexa was at a lost for words and was glad her fence was so high. No one could see them.

Lexa held onto Clarke tight as she lapped at her nipple and massaged her other breast in her hand. Lexa let out a quiet moan and trailed her hands down Clarke's body to her bikini bottom, when Clarke pulled away.

"We should stop." Clarke said with dark blue eyes and Lexa nodded dumbly. Clarke pulled her top back up.

"Sorry." Clarke said sheepishly and Lexa smiled.

"It's okay."

"What are you going to do for the rest of the day?" Clarke asked as she swam around the pool.

Lexa shrugged, "I'm not sure."

Lexa knew Clarke had to leave in an hour or two so she could see her dad. Lexa didn't necessarily want Clarke to leave but she knew it was the right thing to do. She should be with her dad. She was glad for the time she did spend with her and was thankful that Clarke didn't close her out like before.

They both silently swam to the steps of her pool and got out. They both dried off inside and put their regular clothes back on. Lexa was getting ready to ask if Clarke was about to leave when she spoke.

"Come with me." Clarke said quietly that Lexa almost missed it. Lexa looked over in bewilderment at Clarke.

"Would you want that?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded instantly.

"I want you to come with me. Come meet my dad. He's a great guy." Clarke explained and Lexa smiled. She would love to meet the guy who raised Clarke because she was an extraordinary woman. Lexa didn't want to think too much into this. She would just be meeting the art teacher's dad. The art teacher she shouldn't be hanging out with. The art teacher she had sex with last night. The art teacher who they both swore they would never do this again. But, Lexa thought there was no harm in going to see the man.

Lexa knew it wasn't the greatest idea. She adored Clarke but they were both full of terrible ideas at the moment. But still, Lexa smiled over to Clarke because why wouldn't she? She had never met the parents of the girl's she hooked up with. But Clarke wasn't a girl, she was a woman. Lexa knew she crossed the line with a grown woman and breathed out a laugh.

There was no stopping it. Lexa should've known this by now. She would do anything to spend time with Clarke. A part of her really did want to meet her dad and was excited. She couldn't wait for it. They both knew her answer. They were both so strung out on each other and it was only getting worse. But friends do this right? They meet the parents?

Lexa had to tell herself this wasn't anything more than meeting Clarke's dad and that was just it. She was going to meet Clarke's dad and she was terrified. But she nodded, nevertheless.
"Yes. I would love to come with you."
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

First little bit is in Clarke's POV. Also, there will be more Lexa and Jake interactions in the future chapters. This isn't the only time Lexa sees him.

I hope you enjoy!

Clarke didn't know what possessed her to ask Lexa to come with her but knew the basketball player made things easier for her. Clarke breathed easier around her and she couldn't stop it. She didn't want to. She didn't want to keep pushing Lexa away because there was nowhere else Clarke wanted to be but with her. And now they were heading to the hospital so Lexa could meet her father. She didn't know what would come of this, but was ready to find out.

She knew she couldn't put Lexa on a pedestal and she wasn't trying to. She was trying not to lean too much on Lexa but she found it was hard to do. Not when she just wanted to lean completely against her. She knew what she did last night and didn't regret it. She couldn't bring herself to because that was the best sex she has had in a long time.

Clarke also scolded herself for how quickly she gave into her desire. She didn't know where this relationship was heading or if this was even a relationship at all. Clarke didn't know what came over her and hated that she was so quick to jump into bed with Lexa. She couldn't deny her attraction anymore and now that they finally had sex, Clarke thought they could go back to the way things were.

Clarke decided to drive to the hospital and once they got there, Lexa opened the door for her. Clarke tried not to smile and knew that they would really need to sit down and talk about this, but she was enjoying the time she was spending with the younger girl. Lexa brought such a fresh scent of innocence that she wished she could have. She wanted to be young again, she didn't want to deal with this. But she would because she wanted to spend her time with her dad and wanted Lexa to meet him.

"Do you think he would mind?" Lexa asked as she straightened out her shirt. Lexa demanded that she change before they headed to see her dad. Lexa was wearing a nice tight white pocket t-shirt with dark jeans and her muscles were on display- not that Clarke was looking or anything.

"No. He wouldn't mind." Clarke waved her off as they started walking inside. She hoped that she wouldn't run into her mother though. She didn't want to be questioned as to why she was spending so much time with the student.
"No, I mean. That I'm young. I'm clearly a student, Clarke." Lexa pointed out to her and she hummed. She knew and she knew her dad probably wouldn't mind. Clarke actually didn't know what she was thinking when she asked Lexa to come with her but she was trying to go with the flow. She didn't quite know what the student was doing to her.

"Yeah, should be fine." Clarke said as they headed inside. Clarke walked fast up to her father's room and prayed that her mother was tending to other duties. She sighed out when she realized her mother wasn't in the room and opened the door quietly.

"Daddy?" Clarke asked in the dark room. Her dad looked up at her with a soft smile and motioned weakly for her to come in.

"Hey, baby girl." Jake muttered as he kissed his daughter's cheek.

"And who is this?" Jake asked as he looked over to Lexa. Clarke's heart was pounding in chest as she looked over to Lexa. She looked so beautiful in the dim light of her dad's room.

"This is Lexa. Lexa, this is my dad." Clarke introduced and Lexa stepped forward and shook her dad's hand.

"It's nice to meet you, sir." Lexa said politely and Clarke watched as Lexa interacted with her dad.

Clarke told him that Lexa was a basketball player and that immediately interested him.

"Do you know Lebron James?" Her dad asked with wide eyes and Clarke giggled.

"No, sir. I don't know him." Lexa replied.

Clarke sensed that she was going to say more. Probably something along the lines of: I'm still in high school. But that information didn't need to be leaked right now. Lexa looked back at Clarke and they nodded in understanding. Lexa's age would only come up if it absolutely had too.

"Oh, well. That's alright. It's still cool. Tell me what you do."

Clarke watched with a happy smile as Lexa talked to her dad. She was here the other day and left some of her stuff here. Lexa was sitting next to her dad on the chair and they were in a deep conversation about dunking, when Clarke had an idea.

She didn't know where she got this idea from, but wanted to remember this moment because she was
happy. She didn't know what was going to happen between her and Lexa and knew things had already happened between them. She didn't know what was going to happen with her father and she knew her time was limited.

Clarke walked over to her bag, where her sketchpad was and sat down on the couch as she looked over to her two favorite people. Clarke knew she drew a bubble around her and Lexa. They've been spending so much time together and Clarke was giving up resisting. She knew they shouldn't do anything with each other again but they were friends, without a doubt.

Clarke listened to her dad talk quietly with Lexa with a smile on his face. It had been awhile since she had seen him smile that big. She figured that Lexa just had that effect on people. It was hard not to smile in her presence.

Clarke silently got to work and drew the scene before her. She drew her dad's heart monitor and listened to it like it was her lifeline. It was steadily beeping and she was grateful for every beep. She drew Lexa sitting on the chair looking up to her dad with a small smile of her own. She drew her dad laying in bed connected to the machines. She captured the low light of the room and the flowers behind Lexa. Clarke drew it all because she wanted to remember it all.

It wasn't long before her dad fell asleep and Clarke knew it was going to happen. He slept almost all day now and it made her sad. She knew her dad wasn't going to wake up any time soon and Lexa went to sit by Clarke. The blonde was quick to close her book as Lexa sat down.

"What were you drawing?" Lexa asked curiously as she tried to take the book from Clarke.

"Nothing." Clarke said quickly. Too quickly and Lexa chuckled.

"Oh, come on, Clarke. Your dad is sleeping. We shouldn't make too much noise." Lexa reasoned and Clarke blushed. She wasn't planning on showing Lexa what she drew.

"Fine." Clarke huffed out a breath and turned it to the page she was working on. Clarke reluctantly gave Lexa the book and avoided eye contact as Lexa looked at her drawing.

Lexa was looking at her in amazement and a part of Clarke was embarrassed at being caught. She was going to rip that page out and put it somewhere no one could find. Lexa sensed Clarke's embarrassment and turned to another page.

"Wow, is this your design?" Lexa asked in awe.

It was nothing fancy. Just a regular denim jacket. But it was her denim jacket that she designed late at night when she couldn't sleep.
"I get all these ideas so late at night that I'm just forced to draw one." Clarke explained as Lexa flipped through the book. Clarke normally didn't let people flip through her sketch pad but didn't mind Lexa doing it.

"These are beautiful."

Clarke had drawn things from shoes to shirts to winter jackets. Clarke did it all. She drew them all. She designed it all. She was truly a fashion design. She had a mind like one and she couldn't stop the ideas from coming to her.

"Would you ever consider being a fashion designer here? Like you could run your own business." Lexa pointed out to her.

Clarke didn't run her own business back in New York. She had a whole team of people and she was very high up on the hierarchy but wasn't the boss. Clarke never really thought about it. She missed designing clothes and her fingers were itching to do so.

Even though she had a team with her, Clarke liked to do a lot of the things on her own. She liked the process of coming up with the idea, drawing it, designing it and then finally making it happen. She was well known in the company she worked at and missed it.

"I don't know. I did quit and who knows if they hired someone else but I don't know. Arcadia Inc. was my company even though I didn't run it. I was well known. I was living the life." Clarke whispered sadly.

"You could live that life here." Lexa pointed out.

"I can't. When it happens, I'm leaving." Clarke said. She had to. She couldn't stay here after.

"So, you are just going to run away?" Lexa asked in disbelief.

"That's not what I'm saying. I'm just saying I have a place to run to when things get bad." Clarke pressed and she stood up.

"Come on, let's go get lunch." Clarke suggested and Lexa agreed with her.

"I could take you one day. I'm still paying for my penthouse in New York." Clarke said as they left the room after she kissed her dad goodbye. They would come back after they get some food.

Clarke wouldn't mind seeing Lexa in New York let alone her penthouse. She found that she would
quite like that idea.

"Really?" Clarke watched as Lexa raised her eyebrows and she nodded.

"I'd take you to all the hot spots in New York." Clarke smirked as they walked out of the hospital.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" Lexa said smugly and Clarke smiled.

There was no denying it.

"Something tells me you would like it too."

They decided on a pizza shop close by to the hospital. Lexa was thrilled that she finally got to meet Clarke's dad. He was a wonderful man and he was so down to earth. Lexa loved talking to him and hoped he was awake when they go back later.

Lexa held the door open for Clarke and they ordered their food and they waited at a booth for it.

"You really did hold my jacket captive, didn't you?" Lexa asked. She hadn't seen it since Clarke left the park and Clarke laughed.

"I wasn't kidding. I'm keeping it forever and ever." Clarke sighed.

Lexa was looking around the pizza place when she saw him.

He was running around the place like a crazy boy and Lexa giggled. There was no doubt that was the little boy from this morning.

"Clarke, look." Lexa subtly gestured to the little boy from earlier and Clarke let out a smile. Lexa watched Clarke watch the little boy with a fond smile.

It wasn't long before the little boy spotted the two strangers looking at him and he walked up to them.

"Hi." He said brightly. He was small. He couldn't have been more than three or four and Lexa's eyes widened.
"Didn't your mother ever tell you not to talk to strangers?" Lexa asked sweetly and the boy giggled.

"My mom is in the bathroom. She said to wait outside but I got bored." The little boy explained with a wide smile. Like he was doing something devious.

"And you guys aren't strangers. I saw you at the park this morning." The little boy added and Clarke chuckled.

"What's your name?" Clarke asked with a sweet smile.

"Aden." The boy answered and Clarke turned her head to look at him.

"That's an awfully cute name." Clarke said.

"Thanks, my daddy named me that. He's the best." Aden said before they heard his name being called in panic.

Lexa watched as the mother called for her child desperately and Aden quickly waved to them and ran away to his mother, who sighed in relief when she saw him. Lexa watched the little boy and felt odd. She couldn't place her finger on it but the boy looked familiar.

"He was cute." Clarke said dreamily.

Their order was called and Lexa went to go retrieve it before she sat back down again.

"Do you think about having a family?" Lexa asked as she ate some fries and Clarke shrugged.

"Not as often as you think but yes, I would like one." Clarke said quietly and Lexa nodded.

She looked back over to the little boy who was politely eating and he scrunched his face up as he listened to his mother talk. He looked so familiar.

Lexa was on her third slice of pizza when she felt something run up her leg. She immediately jerked and kicked it off.

"Ow!" Clarke said and Lexa giggled.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know that was you." Lexa answered sheepishly and Clarke gaped at her.
"I'm the only one here." Clarke waved her hands around.

"I mean, I thought it was like a mouse or something," Lexa explained. "I'm sorry, I didn't hurt you, did I?" She winced. Lexa was aware she kicked her a little too hard.

"I'm a big girl. I can take a little pain." Clarke shrugged and Lexa smirked.

"That you can." Lexa said lowly and Clarke batted her eyelashes at her.

"I don't know what you are talking about." Clarke said innocently and Lexa grumbled a bit.

"I think you know exactly what I'm talking about." Lexa said back and Clarke giggled.

"I'm sorry, I don't recall." Clarke drawled out in a dangerously low voice and Lexa groaned.

The little boy came over to them again, ruining the little bubble they were in but Lexa didn't mind.

"Bye, guys!" He said happily and Lexa couldn't help but smile. His eyes were so big and brown and he had dirty blonde hair and a few freckles littered his nose.

"Bye, Aden!" They both said in unison before his mother called him over and they left.

"He is such a cute kid." Clarke sighed out.

"Yeah, cuter than me?" Lexa asked and Clarke barked out a laugh.

"I don't think there's anyone cuter than you." Clarke laughed out and then immediately silenced herself. It was already too late. Lexa had already heard what she said and smiled softly to her.

"Really?" She asked quietly and Clarke didn't hide it. Clarke nodded before her and Lexa smiled again.

"Really. I told you, you are very beautiful, Lexa." Clarke said honestly and Lexa blushed.

"So are you."

They both finished their food before they went to spend a couple of more hours with Clarke's dad. He was sleeping the whole time but Lexa didn't care. She liked seeing Clarke with her dad. She was
so caring and gentle and she loved it and when Clarke dropped Lexa off- before her mother got home- Lexa kissed her gently before she went inside.

"I'll see you soon." Lexa said. She knew she wouldn't see the art teacher around school for the rest of the week and was going to miss her. Lexa was actually going to miss someone and that was a scary thought. It had been awhile since she missed someone. She missed her dad, but gave up on that a long time ago.

"I should go before your mom gets home." Clarke said and Lexa nodded. Lexa leaned in and gave Clarke one more chaste kiss before she got in her car.

Sometime later after Lexa ate dinner and did some homework, she got a text from Clarke. Lexa's eyes bugged out as she looked over the text she got.

Aunt Luna

9:30 PM

I'm wearing it but I'm not baking

Lexa squinted at her screen but she saw it vividly. There was a picture attached to the message and Lexa groaned.

Not only was Clarke not baking anything, she wasn't wearing anything else either and Lexa groaned again. Clarke was completely naked besides the black zip-up jacket she was wearing that once belonged to Lexa. Clarke's breasts were on full display and her ass was sticking out deliciously.

Lexa didn't mind if Clarke kept the jacket forever if it meant she would get sexy pictures of her in it.

Lexa wasn't quite sure how to respond to that text. She was very aware of the bubble that had formed around the two of them and didn't want it popping any time soon. Lexa couldn't believe she got a sext from the teacher and knew that she was really crossing all the lines with her, but Lexa smirked. She couldn't bring herself to care. Not when it came to the beautiful teacher. Not when it came to Clarke.

Lexa had never really sexted a girl before. She would text them and ask them if they could come over but never sexted them. Lexa felt a chill run through her body as she looked over the teacher's nude. She was so utterly and deeply fucked.

Lexa was never one to send dick pictures and she wasn't sure if she should send one back to Clarke.
(She did).

She stripped her bottom half bare and made sure her dick was hard and standing at its full height before she sent a picture back to the teacher.

Lexa

9:32 PM

*Haven't you heard I liked games and two can play them? (;*
Chapter 18

Clarke loved her teaching job. She loved the fun assignments the students got to do. She loved teaching them how to draw and paint. She loved it all. She knew she had more than enough money stored away from her success of being a fashion designer, but her teaching job was making a living for her in Maryland.

Clarke didn't know what would have happened if she met Lexa under different circumstances and if she would even have the chance to actually meet her. She would never regret taking this job because it lead her to Lexa.

Clarke quickly shook her head. She was forming a deep attachment to the student and it was becoming a problem.

But she couldn't leave her alone.

Clarke thought the saying 'sex changes things' was true. She had sex with Lexa and their relationship changed. She didn't know if it was for better or worse. She liked hanging out with the student, that much was clear. Clarke was content right now. Her father was still alive and she was casually falling for a student.

The bubble was so big around them but Clarke had her doubts. She knew she had no right to doubt Lexa, they weren't together but Lexa used to hook up with a lot of different girls and Clarke was aware that she had stopped. But did that even mean anything?

Clarke drove herself crazy thinking about the student. She knew she shouldn't even be thinking about her but it was hard when they had sex the other night and Clarke was aware that she could possibly be spiraling out of control.

That was the only reason she could think of when she sent Lexa that nude. She had just taken a shower and sent Lexa a nude photo. She didn't regret it and what she got in return made her eyes
Clarke would never get used to how big Lexa was. Clarke truly wondered how Lexa could fit all that in her compression shorts and still not show.

Clarke was truly mesmerized by how nice and big Lexa's dick was and her heart rate sped up. It was thick and long and the head was fully showing and it was a little red. There were veins popping out from it and her balls were nice and round. There was barely any hair. Actually there wasn't even any hair at all and Clarke suddenly wished she was with Lexa right now. Clarke was slowly becoming hooked on the girl.

Clarke

9:34 PM

Call me

Clarke waited exactly five seconds before she felt her phone start vibrating.

"Hey." Clarke heard Lexa's beautiful voice say through the line and she immediately smirked.

"Hey." Clarke husked back.

"You are literally killing me." Lexa said nonchalantly as if she were talking about the weather.

"Am I?" Clarke asked with a smile.

"Your picture was so hot." Lexa said quietly into the phone.

"Your dick is so big and I'm so fucked." Clarke sighed and Lexa giggled.

"I want to fuck you." Lexa confessed boldly and Clarke gasped.

Long and hard, she gasped. She didn't think she could get so turned on just by those words. Clarke's heart was pounding in her chest and it was pounding other places too.

"I don't know what I was thinking. I just really wanted to send that. It made us both so worked up." Clarke explained. She tried to sound normal but knew she was failing.
"You're worked up too?" Lexa asked in a high pitched voice and Clarke nodded.

"Yeah and I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I'm keeping this forever and ever." Lexa said dreamily and Clarke sighed.

"You are amazing." Clarke said unconsciously and winced. She was thinking that, she hadn't meant for that to actually come out. She heard Lexa make a sound and wasn't quite sure what to think of it.

"So are you." Lexa said at some point.

"I should hang up. I don't know what will happen if I don't." Lexa added and Clarke agreed.

She wasn't sure what would come of the phone call but she just wanted to hear Lexa's voice.

"I think that would be a good idea." Clarke said and she meant it. They couldn't fall back but Clarke was still disappointed that Lexa was going to hang up.

"I guess I'll see you when I see you?"

"Yeah. Probably next week." Clarke answered and Lexa hummed.

"Goodnight, Clarke." Lexa said sweetly and Clarke smiled.

"Goodnight, Lexa."

Clarke was right when she mentioned that the senior history classes were going on a field trip. They were going to Washington D.C. to look at a variety of different museums there and Clarke taught two senior art classes and they were going along with them. Lexa didn't really connect the dots until later, when she was lounging around with Anya at her house.

They were all going to Washington D.C. And Lexa didn't know how she was going to act around the art teacher. It wasn't too far away, but it was still a drive and they were taking charter buses. The field trip was going to last from Friday to Sunday night and Lexa was glad they weren't going to have a game that weekend.
Most of her team was going on this trip and Lexa was excited. She wanted to see the museums but most importantly, she wanted to see Clarke. She had gone all week without her and she was going crazy. It was Sunday night and Lexa was stoked that she was going to see the teacher tomorrow morning.

"So, am I going to meet this mysterious girl you are always with?" Anya asked as she changed the channel on her TV.

"I don't know, An." Lexa said warily.

"Is it just sex?" Anya asked and Lexa shrugged.

They've only had sex one time. Lexa was very informed that she was spending way more time with the teacher than she did with any other girl she has had sex with. They do a lot of things together and loved it. They've been texting back and forth all week and even trading a few nudes with each other. Lexa had no idea what they were, but it was so much more than sex.

"No." Lexa found herself saying.

"Really?" Anya gaped at her and Lexa playfully shoved her.

"I can be in a relationship, you know." Lexa said and Anya giggled.

"It's been awhile since you have been." Anya pointed out and Lexa knew that was true.

"There's just something about her, An. She is so beautiful." Lexa sighed out.

"I want to meet this girl who has tamed my best friend. I've never seen you this calm. You are always looking around for your next conquest. You don't even make eyes with those girls at school anymore." Anya pointed out again and Lexa knew that was also true.

"You can meet her soon. Not yet." Lexa answered. She didn't know if that was a real answer or not. She knew that Anya would freak if she found out she was having relations with a teacher.

"I'm holding you to that." Anya said.

"What about you?" Lexa asked.

"What about me?" Anya frowned.
"You haven't really been looking around either." Lexa pointed out and Anya rolled her eyes.

"Because I don't need to jump the first person I find attractive." Anya rolled her eyes.

"I'm slowly changing my ways. I mean a little bit."

"Oh, my god!" Anya exclaimed. "I have to meet her!" She pressed.

"Soon!" Lexa said back.

"I'm not really up for the dating scene right now. I'm content." Anya answered her and Lexa nodded.

"As long as you are happy." Lexa shrugged.

"You are so sweet." Anya gushed.

"Only to you." Lexa said back and Anya smiled.

"So, tell me more about this girl."

Lexa didn't even know where to begin.

Lexa smelt the familiar aroma of smoke and her steps quickened. She just got out of her car and was going to meet Clarke in their usual spot. It had been a couple of weeks since Lexa had lit a cigarette and was absolutely dying. She followed the smell desperately and was surprised that it lead her all the way to Clarke. Lexa stared at her wide eyed as she watched her smoke the cigarette with her eyes closed.

"Say what you want," Clarke husked as she slowly opened her eyes. "I needed it."

"Do I get to have one too?" Lexa asked impatiently and Clarke nodded.

"Are you okay?" Lexa asked as she sat down and Clarke handed her over a cigarette.

"I know I shouldn't be doing this. But there are a lot of things I can't have right now and I wanted
this cigarette." Clarke muttered as she took a long drag of her cigarette.

"Harper called," Clarke stated and Lexa looked over at her confused. "My assistant back in New York. They want me back." Clarke said and Lexa's heart dropped.

"Are you going back?" Lexa asked casually.

"No. I mean, I want to. But I can't," Clarke said. "I think about it a lot but I can't leave now."

Lexa didn't know if Clarke couldn't leave because of her father or because of her or because of both of them. She didn't even want to factor herself in the equation but she did.

"Okay." Lexa answered. She was more focused on lighting her cigarette and she sighed when she took her first hit.

"I couldn't leave my dad," Clarke started off quietly. She looked up at the pink sky and then back at Lexa. "I couldn't leave you."

Lexa sucked in a breath and looked over to the art teacher. She looked so pretty and Lexa scooted closer to her.

"If you really have to leave, then you should." Lexa said though it pained her to say.

"Not yet." Clarke whispered and Lexa nodded in understanding.

Clarke didn't have to say it because Lexa understood. Clarke wasn't only staying back for her dad but she was also staying back for her and Lexa smiled a little bit. Lexa knew Clarke had friends here but she also had friends in New York.

Lexa couldn't help but admit that she felt a little special right now and felt so relaxed as she smoked her cigarette with the teacher.

"Fancy seeing you here." Lexa could just Clarke's smirk and she turned around to face the teacher.

"Yeah, seeing how this is my locker." Lexa snorted and Clarke giggled.

"Well, that's nice to know." Clarke said as she rested against the lockers and looked at Lexa. Her blouse was unbuttoned twice and Lexa told herself not to look at her breasts. She listened for the most part but the other part of her, greedily looked down.
"Where are you headed?" Lexa asked as she closed her locker.

"Back to my classroom. I just needed to print copies of some assignments for my last class." Clarke explained and Lexa looked around. They were completely alone and Lexa loved it.

"Do you want some company?" She asked and Clarke immediately nodded.

They kept their distance while they walked down the hall and Lexa followed Clarke into her classroom and closed the door. Lexa brought a chair from a desk up to Clarke's desk and sat down.

"So, you were right about this whole field trip thing." Lexa started out and Clarke nodded.

"We are all going to Washington D.C. Are you excited?" Clarke asked as she sat down. Lexa scooted her chair closer to the teacher and shrugged.

"A lot of people aren't going but most are. A lot of my friends and teammates are going," Lexa informed Clarke, before she took a deep breath. "What does this mean for us?"

"It doesn't have to mean anything. We will go on this field trip because we have to and then we will come back."

"Are we all staying in the same hotel?" Lexa asked curiously.

"Yes. We will be doing different things during the day but we will all stay in the same hotel."

"I want to see you." Lexa said and Clarke giggled.

"I'm going to be very busy watching over my classes. I'm sure I'll see you around." Clarke shrugged and Lexa sighed.

She slowly reached out and placed her hand on Clarke's thigh. The teacher jumped a bit, but didn't object and Lexa smiled. She squeezed Clarke's thigh before she spoke, "That's not what I meant."

"Lexa.. We had an agreement." Clarke said slowly.

"This is so unfair!" Lexa pouted and Clarke frowned.

"I know but we are doing so good. We can keep this up and we can get through this."
"I don't think I will. It wasn't enough and your nudes are wonderful but I want the real thing." Lexa admitted and Clarke let out a deep sigh.

"I know, me too."

They stayed quiet for a few moments until Lexa removed her hand from Clarke's thigh.

"I found out that I have a test next class. Could I study for a bit?" Lexa asked. They still had another half hour until the last class of the day started and Clarke nodded.

"I have some work I need to tend to because I was gone last week. Be my guest." Clarke said with a warm smile and Lexa took her English books out of her backpack.

They worked side by side and Lexa loved the company. Lexa looked over at Clarke far too many times. She was in deep concentration as she worked and Lexa told herself to focus too.

When they had five minutes left, Lexa put her books back in her bag and stood up. Clarke stood up with her.

Lexa immediately swooped in for a kiss and Clarke didn't push her off. She walked closer to Lexa and placed a kiss on her lips before slowly pulled away.

"Call me later." Clarke suggested and Lexa nodded.

"Of course. After my practice I will." Lexa promised and Clarke nodded.

"You should go before the bell rings." Clarke said and Lexa gathered her stuff.

"I'll talk to you later." Lexa said as she kissed the teacher's cheek and left.

"Bye, Clarke."

"Bye, Lexa."

"Dude, this field trip is going to be sick!" Bellamy said as they walked down the hall together. They just had English and now Lexa was headed to practice.
"Yeah, it's going to be pretty epic." Lexa said with a smile.

"I'm ready to smash a few girls. How about you?" Bellamy asked and Lexa played her part.

"Yup. You know it," Lexa said with a smirk. "If we don't get caught." Lexa added and Bellamy chuckled.

"It should be easy. We should sneak off one night." Bellamy suggested and Lexa nodded.

"Yeah, that could work."

"Well, anyways. I should get to practice. Bye."

"Bye, Bell." Lexa said as she walked to her locker.

There was no way she was going to smash any girl unless it was Clarke. But Bellamy didn't need to know that.

Lexa went to her locker, she was going to meet up with Echo and Anya before practice. She was gathering her stuff out of her locker when a white piece of paper fell out of it.

*Good luck at practice, number twenty-five (;*

Lexa smiled so wide. She immediately knew who it was from even though there was no name on it. She recognized her handwriting. It was a simple sentence but it made Lexa's heart soar in her chest. Lexa looked at the piece of paper one more time before she stuffed it in her backpack and closed her locker.

She headed off to practice with Anya and Echo with a smirk on her face.

When Lexa got home, she showered and ate leftovers her mother made last night. She did some of the dishes and then she went up to her room and called Clarke.

"Hey." Lexa greeted into the phone as she hopped into bed.

"Hello." Clarke smiled.
"I got your note." Lexa informed the teacher and she hummed.

"Did you?" Clarke asked.

"Yup. Thank you for that. It was a good practice." Lexa said gratefully.

"Well, you're welcome." Clarke said sweetly.

"What are you doing?" Lexa asked as she settled against her pillows.

"Wearing your jacket." Clarke said curtly and Lexa choked on her spit.

"Seriously?" Lexa asked. "Are you naked?"

"No," Clarke breathed out. "Not this time. I'm wearing pajamas but I'm also wearing your jacket." She informed the basketball player and Lexa nodded.

"I didn't weird you out with my dick pictures, did I? Some girls don't like it. I don't normally send them." Lexa rambled and Clarke giggled.

"I loved them," Clarke said simply. "They were nice. I wouldn't mind more in the future."

"I still have your nudes. I'm never getting rid of them." Lexa said seriously and Clarke laughed.

"I didn't expect you to," Clarke said back.

"I wish you were here." Lexa sighed out.

"Me too," Clarke confessed. "But that wouldn't be good for either of us."

Lexa couldn't count how many times she thought about the night they had sex. It had been a whole week and Lexa couldn't take her mind off of it.

"How's your dad? Is he up more?" Lexa asked, they needed to talk about something else and really wanted to see the man before they leave for their trip. Lexa was very fond of him and wouldn't mind spending some more time with him.

"He's better but he still sleeps a lot." Clarke informed her.
"Can I see him before we go?" Lexa asked shyly and Clarke was silent on the line for a few moments.

"You would want that?" Clarke asked and Lexa hummed.

"Very much so. Your dad is cool." Lexa said and Clarke giggled.

"Okay, then. Yeah, sure." Clarke answered.

As far as they knew, Clarke's dad didn't know Lexa was still in high school. Lexa wasn't sure how old the man thought she was but they both knew it wasn't a teenager. Clarke was twenty-five years old, so Lexa was sure he thought she was around that age too. She liked being in the presence of the older man because for a few hours, Clarke and her didn't have to pretend. They weren't all over each other but they weren't as guarded as they were with Clarke's mom because Abby knew she was a student.

Lexa truly got to see Clarke relax with her dad and it was a beautiful thing to watch so of course, Lexa wanted to see him again.

"Cool." Lexa said back and they stayed silent for another few moments.

"This is torture." Clarke deadpanned into the phone and Lexa breathed out a laugh.

"We are doing so well, besides the nudes." Lexa pointed out.

"Maybe we could hang out while we are in D.C." Clarke offered.

"What happens in D.C., stays in D.C.?" Lexa asked with a spark of hope.

"Not quite. I'm sure I don't want to forget that," Clarke answered. "I'm just saying, on a slow night. We could totally hang out. I know we won't be on the same bus going there but maybe we could at least meet up one time."

"Really?" Lexa asked.

"If you want to." Clarke answered.

"Of course I want too." Lexa said back immediately.
"There's plenty to do in D.C. I'm sure we can find something that doesn't involve the indoors." Lexa said wisely after a minute and Clarke sighed.

"Yes, its for the best. We need to stay clear of any hotel rooms." Clarke said back.

"But just out of curiosity," Lexa started out with a smirk. "Do you have a room to yourself?" Lexa asked.

"I do. I know you will probably be rooming with someone but I have the whole room to myself." Clarke answered.

"Excellent." Lexa praised with a smile.

"No. Not excellent because anyone could pop in like another teacher. We should stick with staying outdoors." Clarke said.

"Fine." Lexa grumbled.

"But look at us. We are doing well." Clarke pointed out and Lexa smiled before she yawned.

"You should get some sleep." Clarke said quietly and Lexa was too tired to argue.

"I'll see you tomorrow morning." Lexa mumbled and Clarke agreed before she hung up.

Before Lexa fully went to sleep, she got a text from Clarke.

Aunt Luna

10:00 PM

I guess your jacket is next best thing

There was a picture attached to the message and it was of Clarke in bed, the lighting was absolutely perfect and captured Clarke's pretty blue eyes. She was snuggled up to her pillows and Lexa's jacket was wrapped around her. Lexa smiled because Clarke was so cute.

Lexa
There's nothing better than cuddling you

Lexa hit send before she chickened out. She waited impatiently for a reply.

Aunt Luna

There's nothing better than kissing you

Lexa smiled again. God, she was so far gone.

Lexa

We should test that theory tomorrow morning

Aunt Luna

You would like that, wouldn't you?

There was nothing else Lexa would like more.

Lexa

Something tells me you would like it too
Jake was awake when Lexa and Clarke stepped into his room. They decided to go see him on Thursday after school before they leave tomorrow. Jake looked over to them and he smiled wide. Lexa immediately went over to greet him.

“Hi, Jake.” Lexa smiled and Jake smiled right back.

“Hey, Lexa,” Jake smiled back before he looked over to his daughter. “Hey, baby girl.”

“Hi, daddy.”

There was a nurse in there checking over his vitals and Lexa and Clarke stood back respectfully. Once the nurse left, Lexa and Clarke sat down by his side.

“We leave tomorrow, dad.” Clarke reminded her dad softly and he nodded.

“I'll miss you.” Jake said and then he looked over to Lexa. “I'll miss you too.”

Lexa’s eyes widened and looked at the man in shock.

“Really?” Lexa asked dumbfounded.

“Yes, you're awesome.” Clarke’s dad said simply and Lexa smiled softly.

“So are you.”

“Wow, do you want me to leave the room?” Clarke teased and her dad groaned softly.

“Oh, I'm not trying to hit on your girl, it's okay.” Jake waved his daughter off.
Clarke looked over to Lexa who was looking at Jake in shock. Lexa’s heart was pounding in her chest. She didn't say anything and watched as Clarke opened and closed her mouth multiple times.

Jake didn't catch on to the fact that both girls were in shock and he looked back over to Lexa.

“I've been watching more basketball games. I watched one during lunch today.” Jake said proudly. He was so happy that Lexa went with what just happened.

Her heart was still beating out of her chest and she looked back at Clarke. Her eyes weren't as wide as before and she seemed calm which made Lexa calm. Clarke let out a tiny sheepish smile and Lexa smiled back. They both nodded, they weren't going to correct him and Lexa could feel her palms getting sweaty.

Lexa turned her attention back to Jake and they talked about basketball and Clarke sat back with a smile and watched them.

Lexa still couldn't believe Jake referred to her as Clarke’s but for some reason, she was completely okay with it.

“Do you have everything you need?” Lexa's mother asked and Lexa nodded.

“Yup. Mom, you packed it all.” Lexa said and Indra pulled her daughter in for a hug.

“I'm going to miss you.” Indra whispered dramatically.

“Mom, I'll be gone for like three days.” Lexa pointed out and Indra grabbed Lexa's cheeks and kissed them.

“I will still miss you, my love.” Indra said sadly and Lexa nodded. Her mom was so lonely these days. Lexa tried to spend as much time with her as she could when she wasn't working.
“I will miss you too, mom.”

“You behave yourself,” Indra said seriously. “I don't want any reports.”

“Mom, that was one time!” Lexa chided.

“One too many! Do not run away from your group and wander off by yourself.” Indra said sternly and a part of Lexa felt guilty because she had plans of doing just that.

“I won't, mom. I'll be back before you know it but I need to leave so I can get on the bus.” Lexa said and her mom nodded.

Her mom cupped her cheeks and looked at her affectionately, “I don't know who she is but I like her already.” Indra said softly and Lexa froze underneath her. Lexa wasn't going to lie to her mother though. Was it that obvious?

“I like her too.” Lexa said honestly. She smiled a little bit when she thought of Clarke and her mom smiled happily up at her.

“We can talk more about this later,” Indra said “Bye, sweetheart. I love you.” Lexa nodded and smiled back at her.

“Bye, mom. I love you more.”

Lexa gathered her bags her mom packed for her and headed out the door. She heard something along the lines of: impossible, before she headed out the door.

Lexa straightened up the second she caught a glimpse of blonde hair coming her way. She heard the sound of her heels and Lexa had her undivided attention as she addressed half of her senior class.

Lexa wasn't paying attention to what she was saying. It was something along the lines of: please, be responsible on this trip or we are taking separate buses for the art and history classes but we will be staying in the same hotel.
Lexa was more interested in the buttons that were undone on Clarke's blouse. Lexa was more interested in Clarke's little mole on her upper lip. Lexa loved when Clarke was so professional and Lexa was drawn to her. She hated that they would be riding there separately but at least they could text each other.

Lexa was one of the last people to get on the bus. She watched as her peers and friends got on bus. She hung back because Clarke didn't get on her bus either.

"You should text me." Lexa was looking straight ahead at the buses but she was talking to Clarke.

"Yeah? What would we talk about?" Clarke smirked. She wasn't wearing her usual skirt attire. She was still wearing a blouse but with jeans.

"Anything, really."

It was weird for Lexa to admit. She didn't text people just because. Sure, she texted her friends but Clarke was a girl she slept with and she usually didn't do this. But she wanted to though. She wanted to text the woman.

"Okay." Clarke agreed easily before Lexa couldn't stall anymore and had to get on the bus.

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**Lexa**

3:30 PM

_This bus ride is so boring. I wish you were on the bus with me_

Lexa waited only a minute before she got a reply.

**Aunt Luna**

3:31 PM

_Oh, yeah? What would we do?_

Lexa could just see Clarke smirking from the other bus and smiled down at her phone.
Lexa

3:32 PM

*I'm sure we can think of something*

Lexa waited a little longer for a response this time. She didn't understand what was happening but wanted to keep texting the teacher and would gladly text her the whole way there.

Aunt Luna

3:40 PM

*We couldn't do anything around your peers*

Lexa sighed because she knew she was right. Lexa spent most of the trip looking out the window of the bus, texting Clarke and listening to the loud conversations her friends were having.

They stopped halfway through the trip at a small gas station and Lexa was glad for it. She had many bottles of water and needed to release her bladder. Lexa just finished using the bathroom and washing her hands when the door flew open.

"Fancy seeing you here." Clarke purred as she locked the door behind them and Lexa gawked at her. She quickly dried her hands off and turned around to Clarke.

"Clarke, what are you-" Lexa didn't get to finish her question before Clarke backed her up against the wall and smashed their lips together. Lexa moaned instantly and grabbed a hold of Clarke's hips.

"This is what we could've done on the bus," Clarke whispered out as she trailed kisses down Lexa's neck. "But we both know that can't happen. We have exactly two more minutes and I don't want to spend it talking." Clarke said lowly and Lexa nodded.

She wanted to touch Clarke more but she knew they didn't have enough time for that. Kissing was fine. Kissing was totally okay with her and Clarke was pulling out all her moves. She curled her tongue around hers and sucked it into her mouth. Clarke had her lips around her tongue and Lexa's knees buckled. Clarke reached out and grabbed a hold of her hips and pressed against her. Lexa reached down and grabbed her boob in her hand and rocked against her.

"You just had to wear jeans." Lexa grumbled once the teacher released her tongue.
"I wanted to be comfortable." Clarke reasoned with a ghost of a smile.

"It's harder to do things with your jeans on. Your skirt made it easier." Lexa explained, although she was barely aware of the words she was saying. She thrusted up but it was to no use because she could barely feel Clarke's center on hers and growled.

"We aren't doing anything tonight so let me come over." Lexa said into her neck and she leaned down to kiss it.

"Maybe," Clarke said as she looked at her watch. "We have to go."

Lexa sighed and pulled away from the teacher. Clarke unlocked the door before fixing her hair and left. Lexa left the bathroom a few seconds after her and they both walked back to the buses as if nothing happened.

It was late when they arrived to D.C. It was around 9:00 PM and everyone was tired from the ride here. They stopped a few more times so they could eat and for bathroom breaks before they finally arrived at the hotel. Lexa was one of the last people to get off the bus and was rooming with Echo. Lexa wasn't all that bummed out, she loved hanging out with the girl. She didn't ask as many questions as Anya would and was grateful for it.

Lexa walked up to her assigned room with Echo. Anya wasn't even on the same floor as her but Clarke was and that was all she was focusing on. Lexa was waiting for Echo to open the hotel room and was watching Clarke out of the corner of her eye. She had her luggage beside her and was opening her hotel door too.

It wasn't anything too over the top. There were two beds, a nice bath and shower and a TV. Lexa settled on the bed closest to the door and was thinking about her escape plan.

"I'm gonna go shower." Echo sighed out and Lexa nodded.

"I'm going to go downstairs and find some food. Don't wait up for me." Lexa tried to sound casual. She smiled when Echo managed to believe her.

"Okay." The girl said simply as she headed for the bathroom and Lexa grabbed her key before she left the hotel room.

She sneaked out of the hotel and walked around. There were people everywhere even though it was late and she spotted a pizzeria and immediately headed in that direction. She ordered Clarke's favorite pizza which was cheese and ordered a pepperoni for herself.
Lexa sneaked back into the hotel and smiled at how easy that was. Lexa walked passed her room and down the hall to Clarke's room. She knocked on it softly and waited until the blonde opened the door.

"Delivery!" Lexa said quietly as Clarke opened the door and smiled before her. Clarke quickly ushered her inside before she closed the door and kissed her soundly on the lips. Lexa sighed when she pulled away.

"Well, this is a nice surprise." Clarke said as she immediately took the pizza boxes out of Lexa's hands and opened them.

"It's like heaven." Clarke said dreamily and Lexa giggled. She walked up to the teacher and pulled her flushed against her and started planting sloppy kisses down her neck.

"Not now, Lexa. There's pizza in front of me." Clarke said determined as she walked out of her arms and went to get two plates. They both got their slices of pizza and Lexa looked over to the bed.

"This is huge!" Lexa exclaimed. "I only have a twin size bed and you get a king?" She asked in disbelief and Clarke giggled.

"Perks of being a teacher." Clarke winked and Lexa flushed. She sat down at the table with the teacher as they ate and when they were done they moved to the bed.

"I can leave." Lexa said before she got in. Clarke changed right in front of her into her pajamas and Lexa smiled because the teacher was getting so comfortable around her and Lexa was getting so comfortable around the teacher.

"You can stay," Clarke said. "We all need to be up by ten and that's when we head our separate ways but you can stay." She explained. Lexa nodded and hopped into bed with the teacher.

"Do you mind if I take my pants off?" Lexa asked. "I can sleep in my shirt because it's comfortable but I don't want to sleep in my tracksuit bottoms."

"Trying to butter me up?" Clarke asked with a smirk and Lexa shook her head.

"I get hot at night." Lexa said lamely, but Clarke was already nodding.

"It's fine."

Lexa awkwardly removed her pants in the bed and threw them to the side. She wasn't sure what to do next, but Clarke immediately went to cuddle her. She was wearing a loose shirt and pajamas
shorts and she looked so cute. Lexa was wearing a plain black shirt and her boxer briefs. She was sure she was showing but it was covered by the comforter.

Clarke turned the TV on and they watched it for a few hours.

"We should sleep." Clarke muttered. Lexa looked over and saw it was almost midnight.

"Yeah, we should." Lexa agreed.

"Gimme a kiss." Clarke puckered up her lips and Lexa gladly leaned down to kiss her.

Clarke deepened the kiss and Lexa moaned. Lexa settled in between Clarke's legs and immediately started rocking into her. Lexa was so close to her center and rocked harder against her. Clarke whimpered beneath her before she pulled away from the kiss.

"Lexa..

"I know. I know," Lexa said annoyed, not at Clarke but the situation. "But I can't stop." She whispered and Clarke nodded.

"Could we just... keep doing this? But could you take your shorts off?" Lexa asked and Clarke hesitated before she nodded.

Clarke reached down and took her shorts off and Lexa settled in between her legs again. Their centers were covered with their underwear but this was the closest they could get without removing their clothes.

Lexa leaned back down and kissed Clarke as she started moving her hips forward. Clarke moaned under her and Lexa supported herself by holding her arms out by Clarke's head. Lexa rubbed her bulge against Clarke's center making the blonde moan again and wrap a hand around her neck. They broke the kiss and they were breathing hard against each other's lips.

Lexa looked down at Clarke with dark eyes as she started to rock her hips harder into her and Clarke removed the hand from her neck and fell back against the bed. Lexa drew Clarke's legs up and rubbed her length over her clit. Lexa was panting above her and she growled. Clarke jerked her hips up into Lexa's bulge and Lexa groaned. She leaned down and started sucking kisses into Clarke's neck before grumbling in frustration.

"Clarke, I need more." Lexa said and Clarke whimpered.

"Me too."
"We can remove our underwear and do it from there." Lexa suggested and Clarke nodded.

"Okay."

Lexa removed her boxer briefs and Clarke removed her underwear. They connected their lips before Lexa lined her dick up with Clarke's center. Lexa slowly rubbed the underside of her dick between Clarke's folds and they both moaned loudly. Clarke was so wet that it was easy for Lexa to slide right through her. Lexa couldn't count how many times she wanted to push her dick inside of Clarke but restrained herself. She rubbed her length through Clarke slowly.

"Faster!" Clarke cried out and Lexa listened to her. She spread Clarke's legs further apart and she slid through her with ease. Lexa's body was on fire and all the blood rushed down to her dick. She couldn't believe she was doing this with a teacher on a field trip with her peers next door to them, but Lexa wasn't going to stop. She picked her pace up and the head of her dick repeatedly rubbed against Clarke's clt until the blonde was whimpering beneath her.

"Clarke, you're so beautiful." Lexa moaned out and rubbed herself against Clarke faster. There was a time where Lexa's dick slipped from all the juices Clarke was spilling out and her dick awkwardly poked near Clarke's center, before Lexa quickly reached down and lined it back up against her folds. Lexa could see the finish line and she wasn't going to be able to hold back any longer. She knew she had Clarke near the finish line too and focused on her clit. She let her dick brush over it many times before she felt the teacher lock up underneath her.

"Lexa!" Clarke cried out and Lexa groaned. She settled on her knees and grabbed a hold of her dick. She pumped it vigorously a few times before she let out a whine and released herself on Clarke's stomach. Lexa slumped against the teacher and leaned down for a kiss.

Lexa got up a few moments later to get some tissue to wipe Clarke down. Lexa's eyes widened when she saw Clarke casually lean down and run her finger through her creamy cum. Lexa's mouth dropped open as Clarke locked eyes with her and sucked her cum off her finger.

"What are you doing to me?" Lexa asked loudly as she rushed over to the teacher and immediately sought out her lips. Clarke giggled against her and Lexa moaned because she could taste herself on the teacher's tongue.

"Clearly, a lot of things." Clarke joked and Lexa leaned down to wipe her release off of Clarke.

"That was good goodnight kiss." Clarke husked and Lexa sighed.

"We are so fucked." She groaned out.

"Well, I sure hope so." Clarke drawled out.
"We agreed for it to be a one time thing." Lexa reminded her.

"We didn't have sex. We merely just humped each other. It's been awhile since I've done that." Clarke said fondly.

"Yeah? Was it with a guy or girl?" Lexa asked as she put her underwear back on.

"Both," Clarke answered and Lexa looked back at her with a dirty smirk. "Not at the same time, perv."

"Well, that's disappointing." Lexa frowned as she settled in bed with Clarke again. Clarke got up and put a new pair of underwear on. Lexa smirked at her.

"That wasn't sex though." Lexa pointed and Clarke hummed.

"We are heading down a dangerous path," She said lowly through thick eyelashes. "This is why I can't be indoors with you."

"So, you think about it a lot?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded.

"I do."

"Was it good?" Lexa asked shyly and Clarke barked out a laugh.

"Of course it was good. It was the best. You know what you are doing," Clarke said with a smile.

"Were you scared I didn't?" Lexa asked as she settled against Clarke.

"Not necessarily," Clarke said softly. "I had my doubts but you definitely know how to eat brownies."

Lexa tried to play it cool but she was failing miserably. She looked at the teacher with a look of awe and disgust. What was happening to her? Why was she acting like this? Lexa didn't know but she liked this feeling. Of being close to the teacher. Of being the only one to make her feel good. Lexa wanted to make her feel good for the rest of her days because she deserved it and she had a hard time keeping her hands to herself.

They both laid down with each other and Lexa was the big spoon. She snaked her arm around Clarke's waist and grabbed her boob.
"Lexa." Clarke giggled out.

"What?" Lexa asked with a smile of her own.

"Move your hand." Clarke said and Lexa shook her head.

"Make me." She said lowly and Clarke gasped.

"Don't make me, make you. I don't know if you would like it or not."

"Now, I have to know what you have in mind." Lexa said sleepily.

"Nope. I'm not telling."

"I can move my hand if you really want me to." Lexa said seriously and Clarke shook her head this time.

"Keep it there." Clarke said softly.

They both fell asleep wrapped up with each other that night. They tossed and turned with each other but Lexa managed to keep her hand on Clarke’s boob the whole time.
Lexa was woken up by someone poking her face. She immediately groaned and tried to roll over. It was then, Lexa realized that there was added weight on top of her. Her eyes flew open and locked with Clarke's.

"Morning, sunshine." Clarke purred and Lexa smiled up at her.

"Good morning and were you poking me?" Lexa asked incredulously and Clarke nodded.

"You need to get up." Clarke explained.

"That's hard to do when you're on top of me."

Clarke didn't answer her. Instead, she leaned down and connected her lips with hers. It was hot and open mouthed.

"You really do need to leave before we get caught." Clarke said as she finally got off Lexa.

"I can come over later?" Lexa asked as she pulled her tracksuit bottoms on.

"Umm, I think so. Just text me first." Clarke responded.

"I wish we could eat breakfast together. Why did everything have to be so separate?"
"Because it was easier and cheaper to do a trip in one but do separate things." Clarke explained as she walked over and wrapped her arms around Lexa.

"It's stupid."

"You're pretty." Clarke said back as she looked down at her lips.

"I'm glad you think so. I'm sure my hair is all over the place." Lexa pointed out as she squeezed Clarke's sides.

"You still look pretty." Clarke said sweetly and Lexa smiled.

"I should go." Lexa said and Clarke nodded and released her.

"See you around."

Lexa walked back to her hotel room successfully. Echo was already downstairs eating and Lexa thought she should take a shower before she joined her class.

They went to three museums today. The Smithsonian, Natural Museum of National History and the National air and Space Museum. Lexa liked the last one, it interested her. They all stayed close in groups and walked around the Museums. Lexa goofed off with Bellamy and Anya before Bellamy stopped her.

"Check her out." Bellamy said quietly as he nudged Lexa.

Lexa turned around and was met with a brunette haired girl. She was about the same height as Lexa and was wearing glasses. She was also wearing a blue flannel and Lexa thought she looked cute. But not cuter than Clarke. No one was cuter than Clarke.

"She's alright." Lexa shrugged. They were behind the group because Bellamy's eyes were glued to the girl.

"It's no use, Bell. Lexa is seeing someone." Anya answered for her and Bellamy looked over to Lexa with wide eyes.

"No way. Who is she?" Lexa wasn't scared of them finding her out because she knew it wouldn't happen.

"No one." Lexa lied. She didn't mean it and felt bad but she had to steer the conversation away from Clarke. She was someone. God, she was someone who was turning Lexa's life around and she
wanted to scream that from the top of her lungs but bit her tongue.

"Is she on this trip? Echo told me you didn't come home last night." Lexa cursed her roommate for the weekend but she wasn't mad at the girl.

"Yes." Lexa said simply.

"Wow. You weren't kidding, An. She's not giving anything away," Bellamy said as he looked over to Lexa. "So, can I have her?" Bellamy asked as he eyed the girl like she was a piece of steak. Lexa remembered when she used to do that. Now, there was only one girl she wanted to look at like that.

"Go for it."

After that, they lost Bellamy and Lexa had to give it to him. He had game. He got her number and she was sure they weren't going to see him for the rest of the day.

Things were winding down and they had the option of getting room service for dinner or going out to a restaurant with the rest of the classes. Anya wanted to eat at the restaurant and Lexa stayed with her for a bit. She laughed and chatted with her friends for a little while, making sure to stay clear of Ontari before she excused herself.

Her heart pounded in her chest as she waited for the teacher to pick up the phone.

"Where are you?" Lexa asked into the phone once the art teacher answered.

"On my way back to the hotel. I need a shower." Clarke answered and Lexa smiled.

"I can come join you then we can order some food." Lexa suggested and she heard the teacher sigh dreamily.

"That would be nice."

"And everyone is down here. We wouldn't get caught." Lexa reasoned and Clarke hummed.

"Alright. Come on over."

Lexa quickly hung up the phone and walked out the restaurant and back to the hotel. She brought a change of clothes with her and only needed to knock once before the teacher answered the door.
"Hey." Lexa couldn't help the smile that spread across her face.

"Hey, you." Clarke smiled back. Her hair was down in waves and her blouse was completely unbuttoned.

Lexa followed Clarke in and closed the door. She sat her clean clothes on the bed and walked over to Clarke. They got undressed quietly and went into the bathroom with each other.

"You better behave yourself." Clarke chided and Lexa giggled.

"I can't make any promises. I mean, have you seen you?" Lexa asked rhetorically.

Clarke turned the water on and they both hopped in the shower. The shower was big and provided enough space for both of them to shower together.

Clarke was getting ready to pour shampoo in her hands when Lexa stopped her.

"Let me." Lexa said gently and took the bottle out of her hands.

"I've actually never done this before so sorry if I get soap in your eyes." Lexa said as she gathered the coconut shampoo in her hands and started rubbing it in Clarke's hair.

"I find that hard to believe." Clarke muttered and was forced to step back into Lexa because she was too far away.

"Really," Lexa stressed. "I don't do this." Lexa said seriously and Clarke sighed.

"You don't wash your hair?" Clarke asked to diffuse the tension and Lexa rolled her eyes.

"No, I don't do this," Lexa said again. "Whatever this is. All of this with you. I don't do it."

"It's okay."

"What are you doing to me?" Lexa repeated her question from yesterday.

"I don't know." Clarke said as the hot water beat against their skin. Clarke went to rinse her hair and Lexa started washing herself.

"Wait, let me." Clarke repeated Lexa's words and took the washcloth from Lexa's hands. Lexa
wanted to object and say no because she didn't know what this woman was doing to her, but nodded.

Clarke started with her shoulders and Lexa was very aware that this was intimate and sacred. Clarke washed under her arms and then her breasts. Clarke washed over her stomach and Lexa gasped lightly when Clarke washed her dick. She stroked the washcloth over it many times and Lexa painfully got hard. Clarke washed her balls and then she dropped down to her knees and washed Lexa's legs.

Lexa couldn't help but think Clarke looked amazing on her knees before her. She felt awkward because her dick was painfully sticking out and as the water washed away the soap from her body, Clarke looked up at her with dark eyes.

"It's okay, Clarke. You don't have to do anything." Lexa said quickly and watched Clarke stare down her dick but she nodded and stood up.

Her boner didn't go away until they got out of the shower and got dressed. They ordered food and they were waiting on Clarke's bed for it.

"In the shower, when you said you don't do this, what exactly did you mean?" Clarke asked and Lexa didn't want to lie or beat around the bush. Clarke had a habit of getting the truth out of her and she wasn't going to lie to the beautiful woman.

"We had sex," Lexa stated and Clarke nodded. "I don't normally hang around like this."

"I like it." Clarke said.

"Me too. But I'm just saying, I don't do this. Hang out with a girl I had sex with. I would already be looking for someone else." Lexa trailed off awkwardly and watched as Clarke nodded with a guarded expression.

"I don't want anyone else," Lexa admitted quietly. They were sitting on the bed and they were facing each other."That's what I meant. I don't just hang around with a girl I had sex with. I normally don't want anything to do with them. They know that they were just for sex but you." Lexa whistled and looked the teacher up and down. She was wearing gym shorts and her milky white legs were on display and Lexa really wanted to thank the gods for blessing her with this beautiful woman.

"What about me?" Clarke asked with a knowing smile and Lexa shook her head.

"I think you know."
Their food arrived after Lexa's answer and they focused on eating before settling back in bed. They kept some distance between them. Lexa felt weird, in the best way possible, she had never taken a shower with one of her conquests. But Clarke wasn't her conquest. She didn't know what Clarke was and she was confused.

"Would you ever consider dating me?"

Lexa wanted the bed to swallow her whole for asking such a dumb question. Clarke was a teacher, of course she didn't want to date her and Lexa didn't even date girls anymore.

Clarke looked over at her with wide eyes and Lexa immediately wanted to take her question back.

"Yeah," Clarke said quietly and Lexa gasped. "But we can't." She said sadly. Lexa scooted closer to her. She didn't know why she thought she could keep her distance.

"I know." Lexa said distantly.

"But I would date you."

"Even with me being eighteen?" Lexa asked and she wasn't judging Clarke. She would never, she just wanted to know.

"You aren't the only who doesn't know what someone is doing to them. I don't know what you are doing to me but I care about you, Lexa." Clarke said seriously and Lexa looked at her with soft eyes.

"I care about you, too."

They stared at each other for a few moments before they couldn't hold back. Lexa didn't really get anywhere with her question. She knew the teacher cared for her and knew that they couldn't be anything but they formed a bubble and it wasn't going to pop anytime soon.

Lexa wouldn't let it.

It was like two magnets coming together and Clarke climbed into Lexa's lap. Lexa leaned up and connected their lips. She didn't know where this was going but wanted to find out.

Clarke scooted closer to her until they were flushed against each other. Lexa claimed Clarke's lips over and over again. She would get tired of kissing Clarke. It was the complete opposite. She felt a newfound energy the second their lips pressed together.

"You are so beautiful, baby." Lexa accidentally bit down on Clarke's lip and she hissed. Lexa pulled away from the kiss and looked up at Clarke in awe.
"Remind me to never call you baby while we kiss." Clarke teased and Lexa continued to stare at her.

"Is that okay?" Clarke asked and Lexa nodded dumbly.

"More than okay." Lexa squeaked.

"I'm your baby." Lexa said dumbly and Clarke giggled.

"Only if you want me to. I don't have to call you that."

"No!" Lexa said loudly before she regained herself. "No, I want you too."

"Okay, well then. Kiss me again, baby." Clarke whispered between her lips and Lexa groaned. Clarke was going to be the death of her.

Lexa quickly pulled her back down for another kiss and tried to remove Clarke's shirt when the older girl stopped her.

"Ah-uh." Clarke clicked her tongue and Lexa pouted.

"Why not, baby?" Lexa smirked.

"Breaks protocol." Clarke said simply.

"Could we break protocol for one more night?" Lexa asked with a pout.

"You are weak." Clarke said boldly and Lexa gaped at her.

"Am not! I'm very strong." Lexa said.

"Prove it." Clarke said lowly and Lexa felt a rush run through her. She quickly flipped them around and Clarke gasped. She lightly pinned Clarke's arms up above her head.

"Is this enough proof?" Lexa asked as she sucked kisses into Clarke's neck and pulled her ear in her mouth. Clarke let out a deep moan as Lexa flicked her tongue over her earlobe.

"Do that again." Clarke demanded and Lexa did.
"Did I just figure out one of your kinks?" Lexa whispered into her ear and Clarke smiled.

"I'll never tell."

Clarke wrapped her legs around Lexa's hips, locking her into place. Lexa softly bit down on Clarke’s neck and the blonde grabbed her boob. Lexa sucked kisses into her neck before Clarke stopped her.

“Not too hard, babe.” Clarke reminded her and Lexa felt like her head was spinning out of control. No girl had ever really called her baby or babe and Lexa was loving it. Especially, coming from an elegant woman like Clarke. Clarke could be laid up in bed with anyone but she chose her, even if she didn't mean to.

Lexa let up on Clarke’s neck and moved back up to her ear. She licked a sweet path up to her ear and took it on her mouth again. She sucked it hard and Clarke was absolute putty underneath her. This had to be something Clarke liked because she was moaning with every suck and Lexa smirked to herself.

“You are so hot.” Lexa said as she came up and connected her lips with Clarke’s. The blonde wrapped her legs tighter around her and Lexa awkwardly rested against her center.

Lexa wasn't sure if she should make a move or not but she was never one to back down. She placed a hand on Clarke's thigh and ran it up the hot, milky flesh. Clarke didn't stop her and Lexa kept going. She had the sweet and wet final destination ahead and would stop at nothing to get a feel for it.

Clarke still didn't stop her until she reached the waistband of her shorts and Clarke pulled away from the kiss. Clarke was panting against her lips and her eyes were fully blown. Her lips were a little swollen and her hair was out of place. Lexa pulled on the strings of her shorts with a question in her eyes.

“It's not sex if I finger you.” Lexa watched as Clarke’s eyes practically rolled to the back of her head and she moaned. She didn't respond though and Lexa tried harder.

“I would love to bury my fingers deep inside of you,” Lexa paused and smirked wickedly. “Ms. Griffin.”
Clarke's eyes flew open and stared up at Lexa with hunger. Lexa tilted her head to the side, her question still on her face. Clarke was truly at a loss for words and Lexa waited against her. She tapped her thigh and that got Clarke out of her haze.

“Okay.” Clarke nodded dumbly and Lexa smiled. She quickly pulled Clarke's shorts off and left her panties on. She settled off to the side of her before she shoved her hand in her panties. Lexa reveled in how warm it was down there. Lexa ran her fingers over Clarke's center before she slipped a finger in. Clarke had her jaw clenched and she held on tight to Lexa. Lexa easily moved her finger in and out of her as she leaned over and sucked her earlobe in her mouth.

“Oh my god.” Clarke breathed out as she canted her hips into Lexa’s hand. Lexa pushed her finger knuckle deep inside of Clarke and she let out a strangled moan. Lexa held it there and wiggled it around before curling it up and Clarke gasped loudly. Clarke had her eyebrows knitted together and her jaw wired shut but that didn't stop the whines Lexa could hear.

Lexa pulled her finger out just to slam it back in again and this time, she added another finger. Lexa didn't trust herself to take the blonde’s panties off and stay where she was, so it was an unspoken agreement that they would stay on.

Clarke leaned up and kissed Lexa with her eyes closed. She bit down on her bottom lip before she pulled away and moaned again.

Lexa started to pick up the pace. Her fingers were drenched in Clarke's wetness and Lexa was loving every second of this. Clarke's moans, the low light of the hotel room, being in an actually hotel room on a field trip. Everything. Lexa was loving everything and she leaned down to place a sweet kiss on Clarke's lips because she could.

Lexa twisted, scissored and curled her fingers in Clarke and the blonde was wailing beneath her.

“Mmmm. Fuck, Lexa.” Clarke said breathlessly.

“Fuck.” She moaned again as Lexa thrusted deep inside her.

Lexa could feel Clarke's walls start to convulse around her fingers and knew she was close. Clarke couldn't keep her hips still and the only thing Lexa was focused on was Clarke and making her feel good. She couldn't wait for the blonde to cum around her fingers.
“Oh, baby.” Clarke moaned and Lexa felt a chill run down her spine. She was so turned on. She could feel her dick straining against her pants. Lexa fingered Clarke harder until she felt the blonde spasm around her fingers.

“Lexa!” Clarke moaned as she came around Lexa’s fingers.

Lexa’s fingers were getting flooded by Clarke's juices and she waited until the woman was done coming before she pulled her fingers out of her slowly and licked them clean. Clarke moaned deeply and brought Lexa in for a kiss.

“That was so good.”

“You are so hot.” Lexa said back before Clarke laid her down. Lexa didn't say anything as she watched Clarke remove her sweatpants and set her dick free. Clarke immediately grabbed her dick and started jerking her off. Lexa groaned and she laid back and enjoyed the hand-job.

She wasn't expecting it. She thought they would go to sleep but it was be hard to do with her boner poking Clarke's butt. Lexa looked back at Clarke and the blonde seemed to understand her.

“I want to do this,” Clarke said as she stroked her length up and down. “I can't get enough of you. I'm not just doing this just because. I want this.” She said and Lexa nodded. Lexa tried not to smile and fully relaxed as she gave herself away to Clarke.

She had her eyes closed as Clarke jerked her off for a few minutes, alternating between long and hard strokes to short and soft strokes. Clarke was doing an amazing job and Lexa's eyes flew open when she cupped her balls. Clarke let out a dirty smile as she leaned down and licked across her balls. Lexa jerked her hips up. Her balls were red, swollen and full of cum. Clarke jerked her dick faster as she took a ball in her mouth and sucked.

Lexa couldn't stop the moan that came out of her and grabbed a hold of Clarke's hair. She softly weaved her fingers through it as Clarke worked her dick.

Clarke moved to the other ball and showed them both equal attention before she moved her hand up and wrapped it around the head of her dick. Lexa groaned and felt a little bit of pre-cum come out of her slit as Clarke focused on the head of her dick and sucking her balls.
She rubbed her palm over the slit before she closed her fist around the head and started pumping it. Lexa started jerking her hips up and Clarke let her. Lexa was steadily fucking Clarke's hand and was desperately close. Lexa was letting out sounds she wasn't even aware she could make as Clarke sucked her balls with abandon. Lexa felt it coming, from the base of her spine to her dick, she felt her orgasm near and she locked up beneath Clarke.

“Fuck.” Lexa groaned as her cum came flying out everywhere. Some of it landed in Clarke's hand, some of it landed on the sheets on the hotel bed and some of it landed on Lexa's stomach. Lexa’s body was shaking as Clarke milked her for everything that she had before she pulled away. Lexa was left breathless and Clarke hovered over her. They both smiled at each other.

“That was hot.” Lexa said and Clarke agreed.

They got dressed in silence and climbed back in bed together.

“We only have one more day.” Lexa said as she leaned against Clarke.

“What are you doing tomorrow?” Lexa asked.

“We have one more art museum and we are all going, both history and art classes.” Clarke answered.

“Oh, really?” Lexa asked surprised.

“You ought to pay more attention when your teacher talks because I assure you, he went over this.”

“Mr. Pike is boring. I don't listen to anything he says.”

“Well, yes. We are all going with each other tomorrow.” Clarke answered and Lexa nodded.

“We could have a late lunch together before we leave.” She suggested and Clarke looked over to her.

“Maybe.”
“That's a yes.”

“Maybe.” Clarke smiled. They both knew it was a yes.

“I have an idea.” Lexa started out softly and Clarke looked at her.

“What?”

“Well, since we call each other baby now. Why don't we just change the contact in our phones to it? It would be easier than my aunt Luna.” Lexa said lamely but Clarke smiled. She quickly picked her phone up and Lexa did the same.

Baby

10:15 PM

Hey

Lexa's phone vibrated and Clarke scooted closer to Lexa.

“See, changed it.” Clarke said as she showed Lexa the new contact name in her phone and the brunette smiled widely.

Baby (:)

10:15 PM

Hi
Lexa showed Clarke her phone and they both smiled at each other.

“My friends already know I'm seeing someone so that makes it better.” Lexa said as Clarke looked at her softly.

“Is that right?”

Lexa flushed but she held her head high, “Yup.” She said simply.

“We should get some rest.” Clarke said quietly and Lexa didn't know if the mood shifted or not, she was never good at telling these things, but nodded.

“Okay.” Lexa said and turned her phone off. Lexa couldn't tell what Clarke was thinking and maybe she said the wrong thing?Were they even seeing each other? Lexa didn't know but that was the easiest way to put this.

Lexa slowly crawled over to Clarke's side and when she didn't object, Lexa wrapped an arm around her waist. It wasn't long before both of them drifted off to sleep.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Sorry if I offended anyone last chapter. A lot of you guys read this story and I feel like I should address it. As a lesbian, I definitely know fingering counts as sex. Lexa was literally running out of excuses why not to have sex with Clarke. Sorry if that kind of rubbed you the wrong way because I was a little offended writing it but Lexa is completely losing it.

I kept my word and I uploaded today!! Sorry, I'm just really happy about that.

..Enjoy (;

Lexa was surrounded by some of the most famous art and you would think she would be admiring it, she wasn't. She didn't mean to offend any of the artists, but she was looking at something far, far better.

She was standing in the corner wearing a black dress and heels and was chatting to some of her students. Her hair was up in a bun and she was wearing minimal make up. She looked so beautiful.

Bellamy and Anya were around her most of the time so she couldn't be too obvious, but she made eyes when she could. Lexa would look at her out of the corner of her eye while she talked with Bellamy. She would talk and laugh with her friends and even Ontari hung around them. Things weren't as awkward between them but they still weren't talking to each other. It was hard not to run into each other because they had mutual friends. Lexa kept her distance though.

Lexa could tell Clarke was wrapping up her conversation with some of her students and was wondering how she was going to make her move. She could walk over and pretend she was looking at the art when really she just wanted to talk to Clarke. She wanted to ask her if they could have lunch together.

Lexa really didn't see how she was going to get away from her friends. She was walking around with them and laughing when she thought of it. She smirked because she should've thought of this before.

"Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom." Lexa said politely to her friends.

"Hurry back." Anya teased.
"Yeah, we'll miss you." Gina joked and Lexa rolled her eyes. Her friends were too much sometimes.

Lexa walked slowly to the bathroom. She would have to pass Clarke to get to it and took her time. She made sure that Clarke was looking at her before she walked by her. It didn't take long. Clarke looked her way when she was right in front of her and Lexa made sure to have that glint in her eye.

Lexa wasn't looking at anyone but Clarke and hoped she was relying her message to her. Clarke subtly nodded and Lexa continued to walk to the bathroom, counting down the seconds until Clarke would join her.

Lexa really didn't have to use the bathroom and waited by the door until she heard it open.

"Hi." Lexa greeted instantly and Clarke quickly shut the door and locked it.

"Hey." Clarke said with a smile as she walked closer to the basketball player.

"You are so beautiful." Lexa sighed out as she grabbed a hold of Clarke's waist and pulled her in for a hug. Lexa was resting her face against Clarke's bare shoulder and leaned down to kiss it.

"I saw you watching me. I wanted to look too, but I knew it would be obvious." Clarke breathed.

"Have lunch with me." Lexa wasn't asking Clarke to. She was demanding it. She needed to be in the company of the teacher and would rather get ran over by a truck than not spend any time with her. She knew they've been rather wrapped up in each other during this whole trip but Lexa wanted more. She wanted Clarke.

"I don't know, Lexa.." Clarke said warily.

"Please, I want to spend time with you before we leave." Lexa pouted and Clarke looked at her gently.

"Me too." The teacher confessed quietly.

Lexa looked down at her lips before looking into her bright eyes. She restrained herself because Clarke was wearing lip gloss and didn't want to mess it up.

"Have lunch with me." Lexa repeated and Clarke nodded.

"Text me after this and then we can meet at my hotel room." Clarke said and Lexa smirked internally, that's exactly what she wanted. That gave her enough time.
"Okay." Lexa said happily before she kissed the teacher on her cheek and they both left the bathroom individually.

Lexa balanced the lunch she got them and the flowers in her hand. She was struggling but she managed. She got them cheeseburgers and fries for lunch and there was a guy selling flowers next to the shop. Lexa couldn't look away, they were a dozen red roses in perfect condition and she had to get them.

Lexa kicked the door twice and she heard movement before the door opened. Lexa couldn't hide the flowers, they were obvious in her hands but Clarke still gasped. She quickly ushered Lexa inside and turned on her.

"These are for you." Lexa said shyly as she handed over the flowers and Clarke lit up the room with her smile. Her pearly whites were showing and Lexa's mind was taking mental pictures of it.

"Thank you." Clarke cooed. She wasn't wearing lip gloss anymore and brought Lexa in for a kiss. They pulled away with a wet 'pop' and Lexa sat the food on the table.

"I had to get them. They were so pretty, just like you." Lexa said as she snuggled the teacher. She had both her arms wrapped around her waist and Clarke kissed her neck.

"You are so cute." Clarke giggled.

"I told you, I can be a gentle woman." Lexa said seriously and Clarke nodded.

"I'm starting to see that." Clarke said softly as they sat down and ate.

"Did you like the trip?" Lexa asked as she took a huge bite of her burger.

"I did, it was nice." Clarke said as she respectfully ate her food.

"What was your favorite part?" Lexa asked and Clarke stilled. Lexa had many favorite moments and none of them involved why they were actually in D.C.

"Oh, you know," Clarke waved off. "All the art museums. They were amazing."

Lexa looked at her in disbelief and she giggled, "You're lying."

"I'm not." Clarke said wholesomely.
"Oh, really?" Lexa asked as she got up. They had finished their food now and Clarke stood up with her.

"You didn't like when I touched you?" Lexa asked as she brought Clarke close to her. She was still wearing her dress from earlier. The art and history classes had a choice of what they wanted to do for lunch. Lexa was aware that some of her classmates could be next door and the things she was thinking about doing, could get them both caught.

Clarke looked at her through thick lashes but didn't say anything. Lexa start planting small but hard kisses against Clarke's neck and she was soon gasping beneath her. Clarke was melting in her arms and Lexa just kissed her harder.

"You didn't like jerking my dick?" Lexa asked lowly and Clarke whined underneath her.

"You didn't like my dick sliding through you?" Clarke groaned deeply and Lexa backed her up into the wall.

"Answer me, Ms. Griffin." Lexa said forcibly as she pinned the teacher up against the wall.

"Yes!" Clarke cried out. "Yes! I loved it all. It was so hot and you won't believe how wet I am."

Lexa choked on her breath and her legs became shaky but she held her ground. She leaned flush against the teacher and she sighed.

"Please, let me feel." Lexa whispered into her ear as she licked the shell of it and Clarke tightened her hold on her. Clarke didn't answer right away. Lexa knew that this wasn't a good idea. There was a serious chance they could get caught, especially since they were leaving soon. But if something was going to happen between them, it needed to happen now because they were running out of time.

Clarke slowly nodded against her and Lexa didn't waste anytime lifting Clarke's dress up and shoving her hand in her panties. Lexa groaned when she realized the teacher was wearing a thong and her fingers slipped through Clarke's center. She rubbed tight circles around her clit before she shoved a finger inside her.

Clarke was breathing heavily against her and she was grinding her center against Lexa's palm.

"Can we move this to the bed? I can stop if you want." Lexa said seriously and Clarke shook her head.

"I want to. I just don't want to get caught." Clarke said and Lexa nodded.
"If we do this, we'd have to be quiet which sucks but you're right. We could get caught." Lexa removed her hand from Clarke's thong and they walked over to the bed. There was only one light on and the curtains were drawn close. Lexa gently laid the teacher down and hovered over her. Lexa took her shoes off and unbuckled her pants and Clarke moaned. Lexa was glad that there was a headboard but it was short and she knew it wouldn't bang against the wall.

Lexa pulled her pants down and kicked them off and took her shirt off. She kneeled to the floor and pulled Clarke's dress up. It was bunched up around her waist and Clarke stared down at her with lustful eyes. Lexa leaned forward and softly took Clarke's thong in her mouth and between her teeth. Clarke's mouth dropped open as Lexa dragged her thong down her legs with her teeth. Lexa was in deep concentration until her underwear was off and Lexa was quick to get rid of Clarke's dress.

Lexa unsnapped Clarke's bra before she leaned down and claimed her lips. She wished she could convey everything she was feeling right now into the kiss and tried her hardest to. Clarke moaned into the kiss so Lexa thought she didn't do too bad.

"I want to do something." Clarke announced and Lexa nodded eagerly. She would do anything for and with the teacher.

"I want to sit on your face." Lexa's eyes widened but she nodded. She couldn't actually say anything, she was at a loss for words. But she laid back after Clarke took her bra off and kissed her chest twice.

Lexa crawled up the bed and rested against the pillows and she waited for Clarke. She was nervous. She hoped this would go well. She'd only one girl sit on her face before and Lexa didn't really like the girl all that much but she liked Clarke. The teacher slowly crawled up Lexa's body and hovered around her stomach.

"It's okay, Clarke. I'm ready." Lexa said encouragingly and Clarke nodded. Lexa thought that was what she needed to hear because she didn't stop moving until she was placed right over Lexa's mouth.

Lexa groaned. This was a million times better than the other girl. The other girl didn't know what she was doing but Clarke knew exactly what to do and held her weight up while Lexa held the other half. She wrapped one hand around her butt cheek and pushed her forward. Clarke rested her hands against the short headboard and waited for Lexa's assault. She didn't wait long.

Lexa dug right in. She licked up her center before she flicked her clit and Clarke withered on top of her. Lexa licked through her many times. She brought her other hand up and spread Clarke's lips and sought out her clit. Lexa sucked it with hunger and flicked her tongue against it until Clarke's legs were shaking.

Clarke was like forbidden pineapples and Lexa was gladly going out her way to taste them. She felt like a cave woman who hasn't eaten in days as she greedily ate Clarke out.
Clarke was letting out strangled moans and bit her lip to quiet herself. Lexa was ready to so desperately hear Clarke moan to her fullest ability but knew that couldn't happen right now. Lexa opened her eyes and looked up at Clarke. Her breasts were swaying beautifully before her. Her thighs were tight around her face but she still had enough room to work. Lexa looked at Clarke until the blonde opened her eyes and looked down. They locked eyes and they didn't look away.

Lexa brushed her tongue against Clarke's clit and sucked into her mouth. She rubbed her fingers against her clit as she pushed her tongue inside her. Clarke's eyes rolled to the back of her head before she made eye contact again and Lexa didn't look away.

Everything was so wet, hot and deep. They were staring into each other's souls but they couldn't look away. They maintained eye contact until Clarke started to spasm around her. Her thighs repeatedly clenched around her ears and Clarke was grinding against her mouth. Lexa kept up with her and together they worked on bringing Clarke over the edge. It didn't take long. Clarke froze on top of her and let out a deep whine and came all over Lexa's mouth and chin. Lexa greedily licked her clean before Clarke removed herself from her face.

"That was hot." Lexa said immediately and Clarke was still catching her breath. Lexa wasn't really sure where to go from here but she wanted the teacher.

She pulled her in for a kiss and Clarke rubbed her length through her compression shorts. Clarke pulled her shorts down without breaking the kiss and Lexa kicked them off the rest of the way. They were staring at each other deeply and it was clear what was getting ready to happen. They were getting ready to fall back on their word and Lexa wasn't sure she cared all that much. By the look on Clarke's face, Lexa didn't think she cared either. Lexa gently pulled Clarke to the edge of the bed and she stood up.

She looked at Clarke with questioning eyes and Clarke was quick to nod. Lexa held her breath as she stroked her dick a few times and Lexa cursed out loud.

"Shit! I didn't bring any condoms," Lexa said in a rush as she looked around the room. She didn't know why, she knew there weren't any in here. Clarke was looking at her nervously and chewed her bottom lip.

"It's okay." Clarke said quietly and Lexa shook her head.

"We can't have sex." Lexa whined. She whined like a little kid getting their ball taken away. She wanted this and was sure she ruined it because she forgot to bring condoms with her.

"No, Lexa," Clarke started out tentatively. "I'm on the pill, is what I mean."
Lexa furrowed her eyebrows at her, "You said you weren't on it." She said dumbly.

"I started taking it again right after we had sex. It's been two weeks since then. I've been taking the pill actively. We are good." Clarke said. There was more she was going to say, Lexa was sure but she trusted Clarke, especially with this.

Clarke had been on the pill this whole time and Lexa smirked. She didn't want to be big-headed but if Clarke got on the pill after who knows how long of not being on it, then Clarke clearly knew they weren't going to hold out for long. Clarke was right because Lexa was awkwardly standing over Clarke, waiting to push her dick inside of her and Lexa nodded.

"Okay." Lexa said simply. She trusted the teacher and she was going to take her word for it.

Lexa brushed her dick through Clarke's folds before slowly pushing inside of her. Lexa didn't stop until she was all the way inside and her balls were resting against her folds. Clarke's mouth dropped open and she let out a little whine. Lexa sighed at being inside Clarke without a condom on. She was completely inside of her and everything was so warm, wet and squishy and she couldn't wait to start moving in her.

She waited a moment for Clarke to get use to the intrusion before she started moving. She knew they didn't have much time and Lexa immediately went to work. She wanted to take Clarke to pound-town.

She started rocking her hips into the teacher and rested her hands on the bed. Clarke wrapped her legs around Lexa's waist and Lexa was deep inside her. Lexa groaned softly and hammered her hips into the teacher. Lexa stood with her legs spread apart as she worked between Clarke's legs. She leaned down and took a perky nipple in her mouth and Clarke was moaning under her. The bed was moving with them but the headboard wasn't making any noise, which was good for them.

“Oh my god, we're having sex.” Lexa whined out as pumped her hips into Clarke's wet center over and over again. She was completely hooked and was loving every moment of being inside Clarke.

“Yeah, we are and you better not stop. It's so good.” Clarke moaned and was completely losing herself and didn't mind one bit. Lexa leaned down and softly wrapped her hand around Clarke's neck. Clarke locked eyes with her and she nodded as she moaned. Lexa squeezed her neck tighter and Clarke let out another deep moan. Lexa felt a thrill run through her as Clarke nodded again. Lexa fully wrapped both hands around her neck, while continuing to slam her dick in her.

"Lexa." Clarke whine.

"Fuck, Clarke." Lexa moaned as she squeezed her neck tightly one more time before she moved her
hands and pounded the teacher out. Lexa had a hand wrapped around the teacher's thigh and Clarke grunted underneath her.

"Fuck, baby. Fuck." Clarke was letting out moans, Lexa was sure she wasn't aware of. Her skin was slapping repeatedly against Clarke's. It sounded like they were playing pat-a-cake in here and Lexa was winning for sure. Clarke was losing it beneath her and she couldn't control the moans that escaped her mouth.

Clarke's walls quivered around her dick and Lexa knew she was close. She pumped her hips vigorously into Clarke until she cried out underneath her. Clarke rolled out her orgasm in waves and her face was scrunched up.

Lexa was quick to get on the bed with Clarke and pull her close to her. She loved being inside of Clarke raw. Her walls hugged her dick wonderfully and she never wanted to have sex with Clarke with a condom on again.

Lexa settled off to the side of Clarke and she grabbed a hold of her leg and threw it over her hips. Lexa settled between Clarke's legs as Clarke rested on her side. Lexa kissed down her neck to her shoulder before she slid back into Clarke. Lexa settled behind Clarke and immediately started pounding her out again. Lexa watched as the teacher's eyes rolled to the back of her head and she sighed. Lexa had a death grip on her leg as she pumped her hips with everything she had in her. Lexa couldn't stop and wanted to make Clarke feel good.

Lexa wasn't sure how long she was going to hold out for but she was trying to hold back. She wanted to enjoy the feeling of being in Clarke because she didn't know when she would be able to do this again. Lexa started groaning with her thrusts.

"So," Lexa drove her hips into Clarke and wiggled them. "Fucking." Lexa thrusted deep inside of Clarke. "Good." Lexa bottomed out completely in Clarke and she was moaning with her. Lexa articulated every word with her thrusts and Clarke was a goner.

"So good, baby."

Lexa gritted her teeth before she quickly pulled out of Clarke and turned her around. Clarke barely grasped what was happening before Lexa roughly pushed back into her and went for the home run.

“Oh, right there.” Clarke purred and Lexa drove her hips into Clarke at an angle. Clarke buried her face in the sheets of the bed to stop her screams from being heard.

“Ahh. I'm gonna cum.” Clarke whimpered and Lexa continued to fuck Clarke as her walls clenched around her dick.
Lexa could feel it, she was almost there. Clarke's ass bounced amazingly with every thrust Lexa gave and Clarke was at a loss for words. She gasped with every thrust and Lexa wasn't going to last much longer. She enjoyed the feeling of fucking Clarke from behind. She ran her hands up and down her back and she squeezed both of her butt cheeks before she couldn't hold back any more.

Clarke came around her dick and Lexa felt her juices flood it. Lexa waited just a few moments before she quickly pulled out of Clarke again and stood up. Clarke quickly got the hint. She turned around and followed Lexa.

Clarke looked at her weirdly as Lexa walked over the wall. Lexa squeezed the base of her dick as she guided Clarke against the wall. Clarke kneeled before her and immediately grabbed a hold of her dick. Lexa groaned and rested both hands against the wall as Clarke sucked her dick, bobbing her head up and down. Lexa watched in awe as her dick disappeared into Clarke's mouth. Lexa was wound up so tight that she started rocking her hips forward into Clarke's mouth.

"Baby." Lexa moaned and rocked her hips faster into Clarke's mouth. Her mouth was wide open and waiting and Lexa fucked her mouth with abandon. Clarke's hand came up to squeeze her balls and Lexa lost it. Her will to be quiet, her will to hold back. Lexa lost it all as she quickly pulled her dick out of Clarke's mouth and easily pumped it.

Clarke's mouth was wide and waiting. Lexa groaned loudly as she spilled her cum into Clarke's mouth. Some of it went across her face and down her chin but most of it went into her mouth. Lexa watched in awe as Clarke swallowed her load like a champ.

Lexa helped Clarke up to her feet and kissed her on the lips.

"Sorry about that." Lexa husked and Clarke shook her head.

"That was literally the hottest sex ever, Lexa." Clarke said back as she walked over and wiped her load off her face. Lexa was sad to see it go. It looked good on her.

Lexa was about to respond when they heard a knock on the door. Both of them were completely naked and Clarke hurried to put her robe on.

"Get your clothes and get in the closet." Clarke said hurriedly. Lexa was so in shock that she followed directions.

She silently grabbed all her stuff, checking to make sure she got everything and as naked as the day she was born, hopped into the closet. Lexa didn't risk trying to get dress in the dark closet. There were many hangers and Lexa was clumsy at times. She stood awkwardly in the closet and waited for
whoever was at Clarke's door to leave.

"Hey, Griff. I was just checking to make sure you are ready to gather up the kids." She heard her
history teacher say and she rolled her eyes. How dare he interrupt their sexy times.

Lexa could just hear how fluster Clarke was and she smirked, "Hey, Pikey. Right. Right. I was
getting ready to take a shower and then head down to make sure we have everyone." Clarke lied
smoothly and she heard Mr. Pike agree.

"Sounds like a plan. I won't bother you too much. See you down there." Her history teacher said and
she heard the door close. She heard Clarke let out a loud sigh as Lexa slowly came out the closet.

"That was close and ‘hey, Griff?’" Lexa asked and she wondered what would have happened if Mr.
Pike came just a few seconds earlier.

"It was and that's what we call each other. He's Pikey." Clarke said as Lexa started putting her
clothes on.

“I don't think I needed to hear that,” Lexa chuckled at the teacher in front of her. Only she would
want nicknames for them. Lexa wasn't worried, she got the best nickname of them all: baby. "Did
you mean it when you said you wanted to shower?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded.

"I should. I'm surprise he didn't say anything about the smell. It totally smells like sex in here." Clarke
pointed out and Lexa agreed.

"I could shower with you." Lexa offered as she stopped putting her clothes on.

Clarke giggled, "Lexa, you have to go before we really get caught. I'll see you down there. I should
shower alone." Clarke let her down gently and Lexa nodded, she knew Clarke was right. Lexa really
didn't trust either of them in the shower together.

"Okay, I'll text you later." Lexa said as she kissed Clarke's temple and didn't object.

"Bye, baby." Clarke said with a smirk and Lexa smiled.

"Bye, babe."

The trip back home was boring and Lexa only texted Clarke once. She wasn't really sure what to say
to her. They just broke their number one rule and they slept together again. Lexa didn't regret it,
Clarke was right when she said it literally the hottest sex but Lexa wasn’t sure what to do now.

What did this mean? She didn't know where this was going and Lexa was scared to find out. She was calling Clarke, baby, for crying out loud. She was too deep into this to pull out now. She didn't even want to pull out but she was so confused.

She usually talked to Anya about her girl problems and was seriously contemplating telling Anya when they get home. Lexa was going absolutely insane and all she wanted was Clarke. She didn't know how Anya would respond. She would probably slap her and tell her what she was doing was wrong.

Lexa couldn't find it in herself to classify this as wrong, not when she felt like this. Like the whole world wasn't completely weighing her down. Like feeling worthless because her dad didn't love her. Clarke made it better and Lexa knew she was in trouble.

When they arrived back home, Lexa quickly made her way off the bus. Most people were heading home or getting picked up by their parents. Lexa's mom texted her and told her she would be working and Lexa only had one person in mind.

She was getting her bags out the bottom of the bus and she was completely alone. Almost no one was in sight. All the other teachers went home and it was just Clarke.

Lexa cleared her throat so Clarke knew she was coming and walked up behind her.

Lexa didn't say anything. She rested against the bus as Clarke got her bags out and closed the door to the bottom of the bus. Clarke looked up at Lexa and they locked eyes. Lexa smiled a bit and Lexa could see the fear in Clarke's eye. Lexa wanted to ease that fear anyway she could.

The sun was setting behind them and Lexa was tired from the journey back home. She made up excuses as to why she was staying back and her friends were eager to get home and rest.

Lexa stayed back for Clarke. There was no other reason. She would probably kill a bug to hang out with Clarke and she didn't like to harm living insects.

Lexa couldn't stop the question that came rushing out of her mouth. Clarke was looking at her with guarded eyes, but that didn't stop Lexa. She knew spending time with the teacher probably wasn't the best route to go but when had Lexa ever listened to herself? Lexa wasn't going to stop and Clarke knew this.
"Can I come over?"
Chapter 22

I just want to throw this out here now because I have no clue what's going on. My grandma- the wonderful, crazy, lovely human being she is has paid for me to go to New York with her. I like to think of us as friends now so I'm telling you guys all this. I'm pretty sure it's happening and it's like a three day trip or something.

If I go to New York that means I will not upload when I am there. It's sort of like a vacation but we have a full agenda and I won't have anytime to upload. I will, however, have time to write because that's what I'm always doing- writing. I just won't be able to get anything out for you guys during the days I'm gone. I'm going to try to get a few chapters out before I leave but I have no idea if I will. Harass me on Tumblr, you guys know I crack under pressure. Haha, I'm kidding but if you really can't wait, I will be trying everything I can to upload. These next few chapters are my favorites.

I don't know if this is really happening or not. There are a lot of things happening in my life and I'm very busy but it's hasn't had an impact on my writing. I don't want you guys to worry and if you really are desperate to know what's going on- you can follow me on tumblr, rebelguitargirl. As the days go on I'll have more information and don't be afraid to ask me anything because I will answer.

The next few chapters are just… amazing and intense and I adore each and every one of them. I hope you do too.

Thanks to my beta, mmeister911! You da best

Enjoy! (: 

Clarke looked at her with a spark in her eyes while Lexa waited with her hands in her pocket. Lexa's hair was blowing in the wind and she waited.

"I'm going to see my dad so maybe you can come over after," Clarke said. Lexa was getting ready to ask if she could with her, when Clarke stopped her. "My mom is going to be there. It's best if you just come over after." She said quietly and Lexa nodded in understanding. She was bummed that she couldn't see Clarke's father, but she understood. Clarke wouldn't be able to explain this or them to her mother.

"So just come over after?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded.

"Of course." Clarke said softly and Lexa nodded. She knew she couldn't make physical contact with the woman. Instead, she just stared at her hoping she understood. Lexa smiled when Clarke nodded.
Lexa nodded back and walked away before she did something stupid, like kiss the teacher.

Lexa only knocked once before the door flew open. Clarke was clad in sweatpants and a tank top with her breasts on full display.

Lexa showered before she came over and was wearing basketball shorts and a soft black shirt.

"Hey, babe." Lexa greeted as she walked inside. Clarke just smirked at her.

"Hey." Clarke said in a raspy voice. Lexa pulled her in for a hug. She wrapped her arms around Clarke’s waist and rested her body against her chest. Lexa stood there for a good two minutes (five), but who was counting?

"Babe." Clarke giggled out before Lexa sighed and finally pulled away.

"How was your dad's?" Lexa asked and Clarke nodded.

"Good, we just hung out as a family for a while. Now I'm here with you. I'm making lasagna, garlic bread and salad." Clarke answered and Lexa hummed in response.

"That sounds amazing." Lexa said as she followed Clarke into the kitchen.

"Smells good." Lexa commented as she took a seat at the dinner table and watched Clarke work.

She looked so comfortable which made Lexa happy. She watched Clarke do various things that she couldn't do at all, not if she ever tried. Clarke had just put the dish in the oven, when Lexa stood up and slowly walked over to her.

"We should go for a walk after dinner." Lexa suggested. Clarke nodded.

"That could be a good idea." Clarke said with a happy smile.

"We go back to school tomorrow." Lexa said as she kissed up Clarke's neck.

"I know," Clarke pouted and turned around in Lexa's arms. "I kind of wish we could just stay like this for a couple of days." Clarke said as she pulled Lexa closer to her.
"Me too." Lexa whispered as she leaned in and placed a sloppy kiss on Clarke's cheek.

"Gross." Clarke said with a grimace and wiped her cheek off. Lexa looked at her offended.

"You just wiped my kiss off."

"You just drowned my cheek in salvia." Clarke protested.

"That's it," Lexa said as she backed away from Clarke. "I'm never kissing you again."

Clarke looked at her with a glint in her eye which had Lexa already taking it back.

"Oh, really. What if I strip for you?" Clarke asked as she took dangerous steps towards Lexa, "I'm wearing a thong again." She whispered into Lexa's ear making the taller girl moan.

"Please, strip for me." Lexa begged with wide eyes.

"No. You said you're never going to kiss me again. Guess I can't do that now." Clarke giggled and was getting ready to walk away, when Lexa grabbed a hold of her. Clarke let out a little screech while Lexa laughed. She turned Clarke around and placed a sloppy kiss on her lips. They were both laughing as their lips collided awkwardly with each other, but Lexa loved it.

"I was just joking." Lexa sighed as she rested against Clarke's chest again.

"Let's go to the couch." Clarke suggested and Lexa followed her.

"So we can make out?" Lexa asked with a tiny smile.

Clarke chuckled, "Of course."

Lexa pushed Clarke back on the couch before leaning down to kiss her. Lexa didn't think there was a motive or a plan behind it. She merely just kissed Clarke because she enjoyed it and because she could. Maybe Clarke was making her more mature. She felt like she was growing when she was around her.

Lexa pressed her lips harder to Clarke's and the blonde sighed against her.
"We can't get too carried away." Clarke said seriously and Lexa whined.

"Okay."

They spent their time making out with each other. It was deep and way more passionate than either of them intended it to be. Lexa had kissed a lot of girls in her day, but she couldn't get over the feeling of Clarke's lips against hers. It helped that Clarke was such a great kisser.

L lexa clashed her tongue against Clarke's many times and each time she did, she was slowly losing her will to breathe. Lexa would gladly die against Clarke's lips because she knows she made it in life. To have the most beautiful woman beneath her, kissing her back deeply was everything to Lexa right now and she was savoring this moment. She was enjoying every lick, bite and suck of their lips together.

Lexa was getting ready to move her kisses elsewhere, when Clarke's timer went off. Clarke pulled away from the kiss slowly as if in a daze and Lexa did too.

"We should get up." Clarke murmured and Lexa nodded. They were both out of breath with Lexa laying completely on top of her. Lexa removed herself quickly and helped Clarke up too.

After they ate their dinner, Clarke changed into some leggings and they went down to the park. It was a quicker walk than from her house. Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke's hand and intertwined their fingers and completely swooned when Clarke brought their interlocked hands up to her mouth and she kissed it.

"I know I'm probably going to ruin the moment with this question but should we talk about it?" Lexa asked quietly as they walked down the street. Clarke sighed heavily beside her and nodded.

"I think it would be wise. We can wait until we are at the park."

Lexa easily agreed to that because she wasn't too sure what she wanted to say to Clarke. There were many things she wanted to say, but she wasn't sure how to say them.

Lexa's heart thudded in her chest as they sat down on the bench by the basketball court. There were a couple people around the park, but Lexa was aware of the bubble around them.

"We had sex again." Lexa whispered as she let go of Clarke's hand and stared down at the lake.

"I know." Clarke said distantly.
"What are we going to do?" Lexa asked with a wince. Clarke shrugged.

"I don't know." Clarke said quietly.

"I know I keep saying this, but there isn't much more time. My dad didn't look good at all today and I know it's about to happen. I'm leaving when it does." Clarke said evenly. Lexa looked back at her.

"You are just going to leave?" Lexa asked incredulously.

"What did you expect? I already told you what I was doing. This isn't any news to you as I've mentioned it before."

"So, you're just going to leave me?" Lexa asked with a frown. Clarke sighed, but didn't say anything. Lexa turned to face Clarke.

"I can apply to colleges in New York." Lexa started, but Clarke immediately started shaking her head.

"No. You said you wanted to be here with your mom. I don't want to mess that up."

"But I want to be with you." Lexa said back immediately. Clarke was looking at her like she couldn't believe what she just heard. Lexa nodded and once again, Clarke shook her head.

"You don't have to do that." Clarke said.

"But I want to."

"Apply to a school because you want to. If you don't like New York then I'll feel terrible."

"New York sounds cool."

"Lexa, this is your future you are talking about. Don't waste it on me."

"Why not?"

"You are eighteen, Lexa. I'm twenty-five. Even if you weren't in high school, your age would still be a problem. We can't be together right now, can't you see that?" Clarke pressed. Lexa scoffed.

"Don't act like we didn't have mind blowing sex earlier today," Lexa murmured. "Don't act like it
Clarke didn't say anything, but Lexa didn't expect her to. Lexa was getting ready to continue when it happened. She felt like her whole world jolted and was looking at some sick reality.

That was him.

She knows because she pictured him in her mind so many times. She had a hidden picture of him in the drawer of her nightstand. Lexa felt her lungs start to restrict air and she balled up her fist. They were far away from him, but Lexa saw Aden attached to his hip.

"Lexa, what's wrong?" Clarke rushed out as she looked over to where Lexa was and the basketball player shook her head. Tears immediately started falling from her eyes. Clarke looked at her worriedly.

"Isn't that Aden? Should we go say hi?" Clarke asked.

"We need to go." Lexa cried out. Clarke was scared so she hopped up immediately. She grabbed Lexa's hand and they hurriedly left the park. Clarke didn't say anything on the way back to her place, but it was a different kind of silence. Lexa knew Clarke was here for her even with the talk they had.

She knew Aden looked familiar and couldn't believe that this was happening. Clarke squeezed her hand multiple times on the way back to her apartment as if telling Lexa she wasn't going anywhere.

They walked into Clarke's place still in silence, when Lexa completely broke down. They didn't even make it to the couch and she wondered how this was happening. How sick and cruel the universe had to be to do this to her now. Right after she slept with a teacher for the second time after they vowed not to.

"Lexa, please tell me what's wrong." Clarke pleaded as she held the girl. They both sunk down to the floor and Lexa cried like never before. She would never do this in the presence of her peers. Maybe Anya, but that was it.

"That guy.. with Aden.." Lexa wheezed out and Clarke looked confused.

"Who was he?" Clarke asked quietly.

Lexa also knew that her mind wasn't playing tricks on her like she wished it was. She saw Aden and
she saw her dad. It was just one of those things you knew. She knew what her dad looked like even if she hadn't seen him in so long.

Lexa forced herself to calm down and wiped her tears vigorously.

"He was with my dad." Lexa breathed out like she couldn't believe it and wondered how she didn't connect the dots sooner. However, she's only seen the little boy twice.

Clarke looked at her in shock and frowned, "Lexa, are you sure?"

"I know what my dad looks like! I've waited years for him to come back!" Lexa said angrily as she pushed herself up and Clarke immediately started following her.

"Lexa, don't do this! Don't shut me out." Clarke begged. Lexa laughed darkly.

"You were all ready to break up with me just now. What changed?" Lexa spat. Clarke blinked at her.

"Lexa, please."

"I need to go." Lexa said as she started gathering her stuff while Clarke started walking towards her. For the first time, Lexa started backing away from her. She didn't know where she was going, but Clarke was closing in on her.

"Lexa.." Clarke breathed. "Tell me what you are thinking."

Lexa whimpered but she shook her head and continued backing up.

"I know you are thinking something."

"Why do you care?" Lexa sneered.

"Because I care about you." Clarke said under her breath before Lexa walked straight back into the wall. She had nowhere to go and Clarke was right in front of her. The roles had reversed.

"I don't want to think about it." Lexa said as she looked off into space. Her head was so messed up right now and she didn't want to deal with what happened at the park.

"This is a serious matter, Lexa. You can't just act like it didn't happen."
Lexa gave her a dark look, "Yes I can and I will." She said stubbornly. Clarke just sighed.

"That was your dad. Now what?" Clarke asked as she folded her arms.

"Nothing. He acts like I don't exist. I act like he doesn't exist." Lexa shrugged.

"But he does exist," Clarke said as she unfolded her arms. "Right here." The teacher said as she gently placed a hand over Lexa's heart. Lexa's bottom lip quivered, but she kept it together. She huffed and held her chin high.

"Are you going to tell your mother?" Clarke asked. Lexa shrugged again.

"I don't know if I should. It's been so long since either of us have seen him." Lexa said.

"I'm sorry about everything, Lexa. Not about the sex. I'm not going to take that back, but the situation it puts us in. If we get caught, I could lose a lot of things." Clarke explained.

"You said you were going to New York."

"You think they will hire me back if they know I'm having relations with a student? It doesn't matter how old you are. It's wrong. Teacher-student relationships are frowned upon. It looks bad no matter how people view it. I won't be seen as that. My reputation as a fashion designer means more than my teaching job, that much is clear," Clarke ranted. "I don't know what to do."

Lexa didn't know either. This situation had become so real.

"You said you don't just hook up with people." Lexa said confused.

"I don't." Clarke said simply. Lexa nodded dumbly. She could question it, but Lexa was sure she wasn't ready to.

"So do you want to stop?" Lexa asked and was scared for the answer. She needed to brace herself because she didn't want to stop this. Clarke didn't answer right away and Lexa was sure she wasn't going to. Clarke had backed away from her, so Lexa removed herself from the wall. Clarke walked over to the couch and Lexa followed her.

"I do understand, Clarke. I would never want to jeopardize your reputation as a fashion designer. We live in a pretty small town and if this gets out, it could ruin both our lives, even if I'm eighteen."

"Maybe you should go talk to your mom. It's getting late and we both have to be at school"
tomorrow." Clarke finally said. Lexa nodded.

"Will you tell me what's going on?" Clarke asked as they neared the door and Lexa nodded again.

"I'm sorry." Clarke husked while Lexa tried to keep her tears at bay.

"Everything is so complicated right now." Lexa whispered. Clarke took gentle steps towards her.

"I know, but we will figure something out." Clarke said optimistically.

Lexa didn't miss the 'we' and she couldn't help but let out a small smile, but she stayed where she was. She didn't want to complicated the situation even more so she gave Clarke one more nod before she left.

Her mother was sitting at the desk in the family room when Lexa walked through the door.

"It's late." Her mother stated simply. Lexa sighed.

"We have a lot to talk about." Lexa said instead as she slammed the front door. Her mother looked back at her in shock. Lexa immediately took it back, but she stood her ground.

"How long have you known?" Lexa asked as Indra stood up. She looked at her daughter softly because she immediately knew what she was talking about.


Lexa stood there looking at her mother with hurt in her eyes.

"You saw him?" Indra asked warily.

"I haven't seen him in a while, but I know my dad when I see him." Lexa sneered.

"You can't be mad at me for this. I didn't walk out on you. I stayed right here and I raised you the best I could." Lexa's mom said and for a second, Lexa felt bad. She couldn't explain what her feelings were and was still thinking about what happened earlier today. Too many things were happening and Lexa was tired.
"I'm sorry." Lexa finally sighed out as her mother walked closer to her and pulled her in for a hug.

"No. I'm sorry."

They stood like that for a while. Both of them completely broken by the man that walked out of their lives. Lexa didn't tell her mother about Aden, but she was going insane. And she made up her mind as she held her mother.

She needed to talk to someone about what's happening between her and the art teacher. She couldn't keep it bottled up inside because she feared if she did any longer, she would completely combust and end up telling the wrong person.

There was only one person she was going to tell. Someone she knew she could trust without having to think about it. She didn't want to tell anyone because she knows Clarke hasn't, but she was losing it and she made the conscious decision that she was going to tell Anya everything.

Clarke had just taken a relaxing bath and was sipping on some red wine. She needed it. Lord, she needed it because what was wrong with her? She just fell back in bed with a student she promised not to. What did this mean?

She knows she was harsh with Lexa when they were at the park, but she was scared for her life right now. Nothing good would come out of sleeping with a student, no matter what age Lexa was. Clarke's heart was hammering in her chest and she felt bad for Lexa. She wanted to be there for her, but it was clear that she needed to talk to her mom. She could see it now though that Aden looked like Lexa and Clarke wondered how she didn't piece that together. She knows Lexa's dad was a touchy subject making her frown. She just wished she could be with Lexa right now.

Clarke had just finished putting some comfortable clothes on and pulled Lexa's jacket over her, when her phone rang. Her heart stopped in her chest when she realized it was Harper. Clarke quickly answered the call.

"Hello?" Clarke answered warily and Harper sighed.

"Cage is trying to take over." Harper immediately said. Clarke balled up her fists.

"What do you mean?" Cage Wallace also ran a fashion company and he had been trying to come after theirs for a long time. There was no way in hell that Clarke would let this happen.

"He's trying to take over everything. Since you are not here, our profits have been dropping. We aren't doing as well now because you were the shit. Cage is seeing that and using it to his advantage.
You need to get up here now." Harper said urgently. Clarke's heart thudded in her chest.

Should she go back to New York? She had to. She wouldn't let Cage take over her company. That was her company and she was the one that ran things around there. She should've known that her boss, Marcus Kane would crack under pressure. She knows the position she had put her company in when she left, but it was what she had to do. She left them with no one and now Clarke had to pick up the pieces.

"I'm so sorry, Harper." Clarke said seriously.

"Please tell me you've been working on some designs. Please tell me you we can make them happen. Please tell me that we can have a fashion show soon because something needs to happen before Cage really does take over."

Clarke was breathing hard as she rushed over to her sketch book. Of course, she drew designs. Damn good ones too. She had them and they could make this work. She just needed to get to New York first.

"It can happen. Cage will see that I'm back and maybe he will back off. That is my position and he isn't going to take it from me. Not a chance in hell." Clarke said determined. Harper made a delighted noise.

"I can't leave yet. Maybe this weekend, possibly earlier. Hold him off, Harper. I will be there. I have to make sure my dad is okay and there is something else I need to take care of as well before I can leave." Clarke said vaguely. Harper hummed knowingly.

"You sound happy. Despite everything with your dad, who is she or he?" Harper asked knowingly and Clarke couldn't help but smile, Harper knew her so well. She couldn't hide it from her and wondered if she really did sound happy.

"Someone who is starting to be very special to me. I need to talk to them first, see what I can do, but I will be down there. Tell that son of a bitch, I'm coming back." Clarke said with venom in her voice. Harper squealed.

"I've missed you. Nathan, Monroe and Dax have all missed you too."

Clarke smiled into the phone. A huge, happy one.

"Me too, Harp," Clarke whispered. "I'll call you when I have the exact date on when I will be there."

"Bye, Harper."

Clarke snuggled into Lexa's jacket further as she laid down in bed. Her mind was all over the place, but she was thinking of only one person. She knows she probably messed it up, but she didn't want to keep this from Lexa. She was going to New York, there was no stopping it. She would triple check to make sure her dad was fine before she left. She didn't want to keep this from Lexa and decided to talk to her about it tomorrow.

Clarke smiled in her sleep. She could just smell New York waiting for her. She could hear the traffic and the horns of the taxi cabs. She could smell the good food and picture all the shops she was going to go in. She dreamt of her penthouse that was just waiting for her and if she looked hard enough, she could also see Lexa by her side the entire time.
Chapter 23

I'm not trying to look for sympathy or trying to get attention by saying this. I feel really bad for even admitting it but I don't want to go to New York with my grandma. I'm telling you this because no matter what it will affect my writing some way. I wouldn't feel comfortable writing around her. My mother accepts me for being gay and I'm extremely grateful for it but my grandma doesn't and she purposely goes out of her way to make me feel bad for being gay. She doesn't understand why I'm gay and why I can't just date a guy. I'm not very girly and I don't wear dresses and she always tries to make me all girly when she sees me.

I will never feel bad for saying I go out of my way to not spend time with my grandma. I love her, I do. But I'm happier when I'm not around her. I have fully accepted that I'm gay and there was a time I hated myself for it but not anymore and she makes me feel bad for it. I do not want to go to New York with her and I know I didn't make that clear last chapter. I'm sorry I'm ranting but I'm trying everything I can to get out of this trip.

.....Any-who, I hope you enjoy! (:

Go thank my beta, mmeister911, for helping me out with this chapter. Go follow her on tumblr!!

Lexa had just gotten out of her car when her phone buzzed. It was a cold day in November making Lexa shiver.

Baby (:)

7:00 AM

Way too cold outside. Meet me in my classroom

Lexa smirked at the text and kept her head down as she made her way into the school.

There were a few people milling around. Some of them said hi to her, which Lexa respectfully said hi back before she hurried off to see Clarke.

Lexa didn't knock on the door, instead walked straight in because she didn't want anyone to see her.
"Hello." Clarke purred as she stood up from her chair. Despite everything that had happened, Lexa couldn't stop the smile that spread across her face. Lexa locked the door before she immediately walked over to Clarke.

"I'm sorry." Clarke said urgently before she crashed their lips together. Lexa held onto Clarke tightly.

"About last night, I'm sorry." Clarke said again when they pulled away.

"What happened with your mom?" Clarke asked as she looked at Lexa. Clarke was wearing a skirt and when she sat down on her desk, Lexa stepped in between her legs.

"She knew he was here." Lexa said slowly as she rubbed her palms up and down Clarke's bare thighs.

"That's odd. Have they been talking?" Clarke asked. Lexa shook her head. She knew her mother hadn't been in contact with her dad, but her mother knowing he was back in town did strike her as odd. She didn't know what was going on, but she wanted to find out.

"I don't know what to think." Lexa said confused. Clarke nodded in understanding.

"Okay well, I want to talk to you about something." Clarke said as she reached for Lexa's hand and interlocked them.

"What is it?" Lexa asked curiously. "You don't have to ask to kiss me." Lexa said as she tried to lean in to kiss Clarke. The blonde giggled, but kept her away.

"My assistant called again." Clarke started out nervously. Lexa prepared herself for whatever Clarke was getting ready to tell her. She listened closely to everything she was saying. Lexa was drawn to her voice like a bee was drawn to honey.

"Cage Wallace will always be my enemy and he's trying to take over my company. Our profits haven't been good since I left and I'm not being big headed. They are struggling without me and I need to go to New York to make a comeback. I can't keep leaving my company hanging. I know I quit, and they all know why, but I can't leave them hanging, not like this." Clarke explained to the student and Lexa sighed.

"So you're leaving?" Lexa asked with her eyebrows knitted together. Clarke nodded slowly.

"I wanted to talk to you about it. I know me leaving will affect you and I hate that. I'm going to make sure my dad is okay before I do. I also wanted to talk to you about it because I need to get to New York soon." Clarke informed her. Lexa looked deep into her eyes.
There were so many things wrong with what they were doing. Lexa shouldn't be in between Clarke's legs right now. Lexa shouldn't want to kiss Clarke right now. Lexa should back away from the teacher because she was completely losing herself in her. Lexa knew Clarke would take a part of her with her to New York and she was scared. Lexa slowly removed herself from the teacher.

How long would Clarke be gone? Will she want to come back after being back in New York? Lexa knows the teacher loves the city and was scared she would lose her to it. She didn't want Clarke to leave. Not now, not ever. But if this was what Clarke had to do to save her company, Lexa understood. She was getting ready to respond when Clarke beat her to it.

"Come with me." Clarke whispered. Lexa snapped her head up. Clarke was looking at her with nothing, but admiration. It made Lexa's eyes widen in shock. Clarke was being serious.

"Really?" Lexa choked out.

"Yes," Clarke breathed out. "I want you to come with me."

Lexa opened her mouth to talk, but the bell rang. Both their eyes widened. Lexa was quick to rush to the door.

"We can talk about this later?" Lexa said as she unlocked the teacher's door. Clarke nodded quickly. Lexa gave her a quick smile before she dashed out the door. She was lucky no one saw her.

Lexa was distracted as she walked into the gym for basketball practice. They had a game on Friday. Lexa wondered if this was the universe's way of telling her she should go to New York with Clarke. Lexa wasn't opposed, she figured that it wouldn't be a bad idea to go with her. Lexa smiled because Clarke wanted her to go with her.

But, a part of her was nervous. What would come of going to New York with Clarke? Would she even be able to go with her? Lexa didn't know how she was going to explain this to her mother.

She was still angry and confused that she saw her dad yesterday. Lexa channeled that anger into her basketball practice and seriously wondered what she would do if she didn't have basketball in her life.

She thought about a lot of things while they practiced. She thought about her mom. She thought about Clarke. She thought about Aden and she thought about her dad.
Lexa mentally screamed. She couldn't think about her dad right now. She focused instead on running the plays.

"Great practice today, but I can tell something is off with you." Anya said. Lexa sighed, there was no hiding it. That was the whole reason why Anya was here in the first place. Lexa had invited her back to her house after practice, because she needed to tell Anya.

"I have to tell you something." Lexa said and her throat suddenly became dry.

"What is it?" Anya asked concerned. Lexa didn't know how to actually come out and say it. How do you tell your best friend that you slept with a teacher twice and done other sexual things with them? Lexa knew there was no telling, but she would have to find a way.

"There's no easy way for me to say this." Lexa breathed out and Anya frowned.

"Does this have to do with your girl? Oh, please tell me you didn't mess it up." Anya begged. Lexa shook her head. Anya stayed silent and waited for her best friend to speak. Lexa was sure if Clarke knew what she was doing right now, she'd probably come over here and slap her.

"You know the new art teacher?" Lexa asked quietly, her eyes welling up with tears.

Anya nodded slowly, "Ms. Griffin?" The name sent a shiver down Lexa's spine, but she nodded.

"We.. I think.. We've been..." Lexa wasn't saying enough, but Anya understood immediately and she squinted her eyes at Lexa.

"Oh, Lexa.. Tell me it's not true." Anya murmured.

"It is!" Lexa cried. "I'm sleeping with her. Or I did sleep with her. We had sex twice and we swore it was only going to happen once to get it out of our systems. She's a fashion designer and she made a name for herself in New York and I'm ruining that." Lexa felt lighter. She finally told someone and Anya stood up.

"You're sleeping with Ms. Griffin?" Anya asked incredulously. "What the hell is wrong with you? Why would you do something so stupid?"

Lexa should've expected this. She knew she was being stupid. Lexa wanted to hear it though. She wanted someone to tell her that she was stupid for doing this. The hot and cold games they both were playing with each other, was starting to get to her.
Anya was quiet as she watched her best friend. They were both sitting on the couch before Anya sighed.

"This was the girl? The one that tamed you?" Anya asked with a knowing look. Lexa nodded slowly.

"I don't know how to explain it. But she's more than just sex and she's more than those girls will ever be." Lexa said.

"Are you in love with her?" Anya asked confused making Lexa's eyes widened.

"I don't know." Lexa whispered out.

They sat side by side for a few minutes in complete silence. Anya placed a gentle hand on her thigh and Lexa was grateful.

"Please don't tell anyone." Lexa whispered. Anya shook her head.

"I won't, Lexa. You know I would never." Anya said seriously. Lexa knew she made the right decision in telling Anya. She was her closest friend and knew Anya would keep her word.

"Thank you, Anya." Lexa said gratefully.

"What are you going to do?" Anya asked.

Lexa shrugged, "I have no idea."

Anya was looking at her closely and Lexa could feel it start to happen. Lexa's eyes burned hot as tears started to fall.

"I saw my dad." Lexa struggled to say those words. She still can't believe she actually saw her father.

"You did?" Anya's mouth dropped open in shock.

"I did," Lexa confirmed. "I didn't say anything and I know he didn't see me, but I saw him."

"Lexa, I'm so sorry." Anya looked like she was at a loss for words and honestly, so was Lexa.
"I can't believe any of this." Anya said as she scooted closer to hug her friend. Lexa hugged Anya back and cried silently on her shoulder.

"I don't know what she is doing to me," Lexa whispered sadly. "I don't know if I love her or if we could be anything. I don't know anything right now."

There were a few things Lexa wasn't telling Anya because she wasn't sure how. She didn't tell Anya that Clarke wanted her to go to New York with her. She didn't tell Anya that she has an adorable half-brother named Aden. But Lexa told Anya the biggest thing that she's been keeping a secret her whole senior year, which was Clarke and even though Lexa felt like crap, she was happy she could rely on Anya.

The two continued to hold each other and Lexa was thankful for it.

Anya left shortly after their conversation and Lexa did feel lighter. Lexa was getting ready to warm up some leftovers, when Clarke called. Lexa answered the phone quickly.

"Hello?" Lexa asked as she put the leftovers back in the fridge.

"Let's get some dinner so we can talk." Clarke said and Lexa agreed.

There was a lot to talk about, but Lexa didn't have an answer yet. She was still happy Clarke had asked her to go with her though.

"We can go to the pizza place from before?" Clarke asked softly and Lexa agreed.

"Okay."

Clarke hung up after that and so did Lexa. They would both really talk when they got to the pizza place.

Clarke was in the corner booth like the first time they came here, when Lexa walked in. It was a little busier since it was around supper time.

"I already ordered for us." Clarke said.

Lexa nodded. She sat down across from Clarke and rested her arms on the table.
"Have you thought about it?" Clarke asked. Lexa sighed softly.

"You really want me to come with you?" Lexa asked.

"Yes," Clarke answered honestly. "I know you don't have a game this weekend. Come to New York with me after your game on Friday."

Lexa was still thinking it over. She was already picturing New York from all the movies she had seen. She would be picturing the real thing if she went with Clarke. Lexa wondered why Clarke wanted her to go with her so bad, but she didn't question it. A part of her understood.

"So you're leaving Friday night?" Lexa asked. Clarke nodded.

"You could keep me company. I want you to come with me, Lexa."

"I want to come, but what would it mean?" Lexa asked. She needed to know because she was so confused.

"It can mean a lot of things it shouldn't. I know that you are wonderful and I know I'm all over the place with my emotions, but I don't want to hold them back. We wouldn't have to hold back in New York. Come with me, Lexa." Clarke repeated. Lexa frowned while deep in thought. It didn't sound all that bad.

Lexa looked up at Clarke and immediately knew something was wrong. Clarke's face had paled and her eyes widened.

"What?" Lexa whispered harshly. Clarke shook her head and blinked a few times. Lexa turned around to where Clarke was looking and cursed out loud. A couple glared at her for cursing in front of their kid, but Lexa didn't care at the moment.

Standing on the other side of the pizza place was her father. He had his hands in his pockets and was looking up at the menu.

"Lexa.." Clarke whispered. "We can leave."

Lexa turned back around to Clarke and swallowed hard.

"Um, it's okay." Lexa said slowly and looked at Clarke. She knows her face probably said otherwise, but to be honest, Lexa was rooted in her spot. She couldn't move because she couldn't believe this was happening. She waited years, years, to see her father and now she's seen him twice over the span of two days. It was really messing with Lexa. She just wanted to stay in her bubble
with the teacher.

Lexa was so naïve to think it wouldn't pop.

Lexa turned back around one more time to see her father and that's when it happened.

They locked eyes with each other. Her dad had the audacity to smile. He looked relieved and Lexa didn't know why. Clarke called her name again, but Lexa wasn't listening to her. She zoned everything out and focused on the man in front of her.

"Alexandria?" Her dad asked as he took fast steps towards her while Lexa stayed rooted to her spot. She looked at the man in disbelief and shook her head.

She hated that name. Only her dad would call her that, her mother would only call her Alexandria when she was in trouble. Her dad was the only one who ever called her by her full name and she loved it, but she hated it the second she found out her dad was never coming back. That name jolted something inside of Lexa before she sneered at the man.

"Go away." Lexa said immediately and her dad looked hurt.

"Alexandria.." Her dad started again.

"Don't call me that!" Lexa yelled and knew she was drawing attention from other people. Clarke stood up and put some space between the two of them.

"Hi, my name is Clarke Griffin. Why don't we take this outside?" Clarke asked politely and the man nodded. Lexa grumbled, but she reluctantly got up and they all went outside. Clarke stayed by Lexa the whole time. Lexa was thankful for it because she didn't even feel like she was walking right now. Her dad towered over them as they walked outside and stood near the shop.

"Look at you all grown up." Her dad said wistfully. Lexa balled up her hands into fists. Clarke was standing in between them while Lexa just glared at her dad.

"Yeah, of course you wouldn't know that because you left me." Lexa said emotionally and cursed herself mentally. She was not going to cry in front of her dad. Lexa saw her dad wince and that made her smirk.

"I've been trying to get in contact with you."

Clarke immediately looked at Lexa while the basketball player squinted her eyes at the man. He was
tall and she knew she got her genes from him. He looked like he had recently shaved as well as cut his hair. She remembers when she was little, her dad had long hair and now, he had short brown hair. His eyes were dark brown and he was looking at her softly.

"You're lying." Lexa grunted. Her dad shook his head. Lexa continued to stare at him and could hear her heart breaking.

What was he talking about?

"That's why I'm here," Her dad said. Lexa whimpered. "I've been trying to get in contact with you for the past few years. Your mother kept saying no and I've finally had enough. I wanted to see you. That's why I'm here and it just worked out that I got a new job here too. I've been trying to see you, Alexandria. I've missed you so much and I know I walked out. I realized that, but I wanted to see you. Your mother has been actively keeping me from you."

Lexa's eyes widened as she listened to her father talk. A part of her didn't even want to believe him, but it made sense that her mom knew her dad was here. She knew her mom didn't talk to him, but what if he's been trying to see her this whole time? Lexa wasn't sure how many years he’d been trying, but it had to have been for a while. She hasn't seen him since she was five. Why was her mom keeping him from her?

Her mother knew that this was all she had wanted. To see her dad. To have a relationship with him and for her mother to keep that from happening made Lexa mad. She was hurt that he left, but he was here and she knew he was telling the truth. He had a deep frown on his face and she just knew. She didn't say anything, except stare at her dad.

"Nyko," Lexa said her dad's name shakily. "You better be telling the truth."

Nyko took out his phone and unlocked it. Clarke moved out of the way as Nyko walked over to them. He scrolled through his call history and sure enough, it was her mother's number over and over again. He showed them emails. He showed them every form of contact he had been trying to get from her mom.

"I didn't write letters. I knew she would never give them to you and I knew you probably wouldn't read them. This was the only thing I could do. When I left, you were just a little girl. You didn't have a phone. Your mother wouldn't give me your number and I'm not blaming her, but she is the reason I'm here. I wanted to see you and I was sick of waiting."

Lexa clenched her jaw. She couldn't believe this was happening. She couldn't wrap her head around it. She stood there in shock and leaned against Clarke. She wasn't sure if she meant to, but Clarke held her tightly and she was thankful for it.
"I'm sorry, Alexandria. I am. I don't know what else to say. I know it's wrong to ask for your number now. How about I give you my number instead and you call me when you are ready? I know you aren't ready now. I'll leave, I don't want to cause problems between you and your mother, but I'm telling you the truth. I came back for you, Lexi."

Lexa snapped her head up and she wanted to knock him out. She wanted to hit him so bad, but her mother raised her better than that. Nyko was already writing down his number. Lexa didn't know if she should take it. This whole thing was throwing her off. Her dad was calling her by her full name and by the childhood nickname he’d given her.

Lexa grunted. She made her decision. She walked away from her dad before he could say anything else. She heard him sigh deeply, but she didn't care. She walked down the street to her car. She knows she shouldn't have left Clarke, but needed to get away.

It didn't take long for Clarke to catch up to her. Lexa had already unlocked her door and had gotten in when Clarke slipped into her car as well. She was a little out of breath and was holding a piece of paper.

"You probably don't want it, but I'll keep it until you are ready." Clarke said softly as she put the piece of paper in her pocket. Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke and pulled her in for a hug. She felt Clarke hug her back as she buried her face in her neck.

"I can't believe this." Lexa cried. Clarke just held her tighter.

"I'm right here, baby. I'm not going anywhere. I'm so sorry." Clarke said into her ear. Lexa cried harder, but nodded.

"What do you want to do?" Clarke asked. Lexa really thought Clarke didn't have to ask. They both had that look in their eyes like they knew. Lexa slowly pulled away from Clarke.

"Can I spend the night at your place?" Lexa asked, but Clarke chewed on her bottom lip.

"I would love nothing more, baby," Clarke said. "But you need to talk to your mother about this. Maybe come over after, but Lexa, this is serious. Please, talk to her." The teacher begged. Lexa wanted to protest, but she always found herself listening to the teacher because she was right. She didn't want to deal with this, but she needed to.

Why would her mother do that to her? Why would she keep this from her? All this time, she had been keeping the fact that her father had been trying to get into contact with her. Her dad had moved to Florida while they stayed here. Lexa's been a mess ever since he’d left. All she wanted was to see her dad again. She finally did, but this wasn't the way she wanted to see him. If she did talk to her mom, she wouldn't even know where to begin.
"You're right." Lexa murmured as she started her car.

"I'll be on standby," Clarke said. "I'll be close by if you want. Maybe waiting at the park."

Lexa nodded, "No matter what, I'm not staying at my house tonight."

Clarke sighed, but nodded, "You know you can stay with me. Maybe you should listen to your mother. Don't go getting all mad. Let her talk, Lexa." She said wisely.

"I won't." Lexa said defensively.

"Yes, you will. I know you have the tendency to walk away when things get tough. Baby, this is serious and you should let her explain."

Lexa knew she was hot-headed, Clarke was right. She would try and listen to what her mother had to say. She just wanted answers as to why her mother would do something like this, but she understood. She wouldn't get answers if she didn't go talk to her.

"We can talk about everything else later when you come back. Have this conversation with your mother and don't hold back just because you're scared." Clarke whispered as she rubbed up and down Lexa's arm. Clarke was being so supportive right now and Lexa loved it.

She kissed Clarke long and hard before she pulled into her driveway.

"I'll walk down to the park and wait for you." Clarke said as she leaned in and kissed Lexa one more time.

Lexa nodded and wanted to beg Clarke to stay, but she needed to do this on her own. She was glad the teacher was with her when she saw her dad. She knows she wouldn't have been able to do that by herself. Lexa watched Clarke walk away and tilted her chin up.

She schooled her emotions when she walked up to her house. She knew her mom was here because her car was parked in the driveway. It was time for Lexa to finally get some answers.
Her mother was in the kitchen when Lexa walked in the door. Lexa made a beeline straight for her, but her back was to her, while she was at the sink.

"You have a lot of nerve." Lexa grumbled. Indra turned around and faced her daughter.

"What are you talking about?" Her mother asked confused. She could see the fire in Lexa's eyes.

"I saw Nyko!" Lexa exclaimed. She wanted to get straight to the point because she wanted this to be over with.

Her mother looked stunned. Lexa walked farther into the kitchen.

"He told me he's been trying to contact me, but you wouldn't let him. Please tell me that's not true." Lexa begged. Her mother's expression turned hard and cold. Lexa already knew the answer, she didn't think she needed to hear it. Lexa couldn't believe it. She glared at her mother and growled.

"I was protecting you!" Indra reasoned, while Lexa just scoffed.

"He would've hurt you again. I couldn't let that happen. You think he will stay around this time? You're wrong."

What her mother said struck a nerve in Lexa. She closed her eyes and listened to Clarke's voice. She couldn't lose her temper, but she was already so mad. She didn't want to yell at her mother, but she was hurt. She couldn't believe her mom lied to her for years. She took calming breaths before opening her eyes.
"You know how much this affected me. All those nights I told you I just wanted to speak to my dad. I could've, but you took that away from me." Lexa chewed on her bottom lip to keep the tears from falling, but her mother saw and rushed over. Lexa backed away quickly, which she could tell had hurt her. Well, that made two of them.

"I can't believe you." Lexa said coldly.

"You don't understand why, Lexa. I'll never apologize for protecting you, especially not from him. I don't trust him and I know he doesn't need to be in your life."

"That's my decision to make, not yours!" Lexa roared before she walked out of the kitchen. "I cannot believe you did this! All these years! You kept him from me. I can't believe you!"

"Lexa! Please. Don't you dare walk out that door." Her mother warned, but Lexa wasn't listening. She reached that point in her anger where she was done. She couldn't take anymore. She would never lay a hand on her mother, but she wanted to punch something. She needed to leave, before her anger got the better of her.

"You can't threaten me!" Lexa said back. "I'm leaving and I'm not coming back." She said dramatically as she gathered her jacket and left her house. Lexa didn't miss the devastating look on her mother's face. It almost made her want to turn around and take it back, but she knew she wasn't going to.

There was only one person who was going to calm her racing heart and mind. Lexa hurried straight to her.

Lexa's heart was still soaring as she spotted Clarke sitting on the bench. The teacher stood up when she saw her, with a concerned look on her face. Lexa immediately hugged her and sighed when she felt Clarke wrapped her arms tightly around her, holding her close. Lexa didn't say anything, but jerked her head to the side, silently telling Clarke she wanted to leave. Clarke offered her a shy smile and nodded. They didn't talk on their way to Clarke's apartment.

When they got to the apartment, they settled onto Clarke's bed, sitting closely. The blonde was looking at Lexa closely, waiting patiently for her to speak. Lexa didn't even know where to begin.

"It's true," Lexa sighed. "I just can't believe she would do this. She knows how much it hurt me not having him in my life. He was trying for years, but she wouldn't let him talk to me."

"Was she trying to protect you?" Clarke asked smoothly. Lexa shrugged. She knew the answer was yes. She knew her mother was only trying to protect her, but she was so damn mad, she just couldn't get over it.
"It wasn't her call to make." Lexa said stubbornly. Clarke sighed and settled further in the bed.

"Baby..." Clarke started out slowly. "I know you’re mad-"

"You don't know what I'm going through." Lexa cut Clarke off before she could finish, making the older girl sigh again.

"Then tell me!" Clarke pressed. "Please, just tell me." She begged, the room was silent as Lexa tried to gather her thoughts.

Angry hot tears were coming out Lexa's eyes and there wasn’t any point in trying to wipe them away. Clarke looked at her with sad eyes, but waited for her to speak.

"He's still my dad, Clarke," Lexa sobbed out. "Even if he abandoned me. He was trying to make an effort and my mom took that away from me. Maybe he could've acted sooner, but my mother had no right to keep that from me."

Clarke scooted closer to Lexa and pulled the basketball player into her chest. Lexa rested against Clarke, enjoying being close to her. She knew there were a lot of things they weren't talking about right now, but that was okay, Lexa knew they shouldn't wait, but for now, she wanted to enjoy the feel of Clarke's arms around her.

"Everything will work out. I still have your dad's number and I'll keep it until you are ready to have it. We don't have to make any decisions tonight, okay?" Clarke asked softly. Lexa nodded sadly.

"Okay," Lexa softly weaved her fingers through Clarke's hair and massaged her scalp. She wanted to share a piece of her past with Clarke, so she started talking. "I was a little demon back then."

"That's a pretty name. I like it." Clarke smiled down at her.

"My dad chose my name. Just like he named Aden, I’m guessing. I never really liked it, but my mom started calling me, Lexa, and I loved it. My dad would still call me by my full name even when I wasn't in trouble. To everyone else, I'm Lexa. But to my dad, I was always Alexandria."

Clarke stayed quiet and let Lexa have her moment. Lexa never talked about her dad, but she found
herself wanting to tell Clarke.

"When I was five and found out my dad wasn't coming back, I started hating my name. My mother would sometimes call me it and I would get so upset. I just couldn't understand why my dad didn't want me and it completely broke me. I could barely look at him after everything. How could he leave me? I'm so mad at him, but also so mad that my mom did this and then lied to me for years."

Clarke guided Lexa to lay her head on her shoulder and rubbed her arms up and down.

"So, does this mean I can never call you that?" Clarke smirked. Lexa chuckled.

"I don't think I would have a problem with it, now that I think about it." Lexa flirted back. Clarke giggled and wrapped her hand around Lexa's bicep.

"I was a little monster too," Clarke whispered out and this time Lexa stayed silent. She was getting ready to find out about Clarke's past and was excited. "My name is Clarke. I don't have a long, drawn out name like you." The teacher teased making Lexa roll her eyes.

"I couldn't stay out of trouble, even if I tried. My mom was always getting onto me," She smiled at the memory. "My dad, though, he would encourage me and sometimes he would join in. My mom used to get so annoyed by us. She said she felt like she had two kids, instead of one."

Lexa could picture Clarke as a little blue eyed blonde, getting into things and Jake just laughing with her instead of scolding her.

“I can see that,” Lexa smiled at Clarke, before kissing her on the cheek. “I bet you were a cute kid.”

“Of course I was. I miss the simpler times. My dad has always been my best friend, and I don’t want you to regret not giving your dad a chance later.” Clarke said seriously. Lexa sighed because she knew the older girl was right.

"Not yet." Lexa whispered.

"Okay. I'm not forcing you to do anything. I love my dad so much and it's the worst thing in the world to watch him suffer." Lexa looked at Clarke with sad eyes. Jake wasn't some mysterious man anymore. Lexa had met him. She shook his hand and laughed with him. He watched basketball games just to see what Lexa was doing. Lexa didn't want anything to happen to the man, but she knew their time was running out.
"Your dad is great, Clarke. I'm glad you have so many great memories with him. I don't know what will happen with my dad, but I do know I'm happy to be here with you. It means a lot."

"I'm sorry about before. I'm happy to be here with you too." Clarke whispered.

Lexa lifted her head from Clarke's shoulders and looked into her bright blue eyes. Lexa couldn't make out the look Clarke was giving her, but Lexa didn't hesitate. She leaned in and pulled Clarke in for a kiss. It was a long, soft kiss before Clarke pulled away.

"It's okay," Lexa murmured. "We don't have to do anything. I just want to kiss you."

Clarke gave her a tiny smile and nodded, "We can do that."

Lexa leaned back in and kissed Clarke. Clarke scooted back and rested against the headboard. Lexa gently settled between her legs without breaking the kiss. Lexa was aware her lips were quivering with every kiss she placed to Clarke's lips. Clarke kissed her back even harder, but Lexa broke down during the kiss. Her emotions getting the better of her. They kept it going until Clarke pulled away concerned.

"I'm okay," Lexa rasped out. "Please, I just want to kiss you." She whispered. Clarke placed a hesitant kiss to her lips. It was hot, desperate and open mouthed. Clarke slipped her tongue into Lexa's mouth. Lexa moaned softly and wrapped her arms around Clarke. The blonde had a hand cupping the back of her neck, deepening the kiss further. They kissed pressed close against each other for the rest of the night.

They didn't talk about New York or Lexa's dad. They stayed with each other in silence. They traded passionate kisses here and there until Lexa fell asleep.

Usually, it was Lexa who held Clarke, but tonight, Clarke wrapped her arm around Lexa's waist and was the big spoon. It was a weird feeling for Lexa because she was always the big spoon, but she liked it. The feeling of Clarke's arms around her, made her feel safe. It wasn't hard for her to fall asleep despite everything that was happening.

They were in the second quarter of the game and in the lead. Lexa just finished scoring a basket when Anya jutted her chin, silently telling Lexa to look behind her. Anya didn't need to motion because Lexa could already feel her presence.

Lexa could feel Clarke’s eyes burning a hole in her back. She couldn’t help but wonder why she had become so closed off. She didn't know why she couldn't turn around and face the teacher. She didn't mean to, as there were so many things happening in such a short amount of time that Lexa didn't have her head on straight. It didn't help that she was in the middle of a game, where her mind needed
to be focused, not on everything else. Lexa didn't dare look her way, but she knew the teacher's eyes were on her the entire time.

Clarke was wearing a dark blue dress and sat in the back of the stands, but she knew Lexa saw her. Clarke could tell her presence threw her off her game, but knew Lexa wouldn't let it stop her. There were times where the other team scored and each time they did, it knocked Lexa down a peg. She had to win this game. She had to. Her mother didn't show which meant she was working. And it had been awhile since Clarke had been to one of her games. She had missed her being there.

Her coach had noticed, making Lexa growl, especially when she caught Finn looking back at Clarke more than once. Lexa smirked though, when she realized Clarke hadn't even noticed, as all her attention was elsewhere.

Lexa didn't want to think about her dad. It was getting too much for her and now wasn't the time. Instead, she thought about Clarke. She knew what she wanted, she had wanted it all along, it just took her a while to figure it out. She wanted to desperately believe Clarke wanted to be with her, at least in some way. It was no coincidence that Clarke was here right now. Maybe she could be offering Lexa some moral support. Lexa knew Clarke would never force her into going to New York with her. They could be free in New York, Lexa should've realized this sooner. She was hesitant because she was crossing so many lines with the teacher, but she couldn't and didn't want to stop.

Lexa smirked when they won and looked over at Anya.

"I won't be around this weekend." Lexa said quietly as she caught her breath. Anya gave her a dirty smirk. Lexa rolled her eyes.

"Not in that way." Lexa said shyly, but she couldn't stop the smile that spread across her face.

"She's going to New York." Lexa knows she shouldn't be talking about this right now. They were still on the court heading to the benches, as well as people filing out the door, including Clarke. Lexa steadily avoided her eyes and focused on Anya.

"She is?" Anya asked as she grabbed her water bottle.

"She wants me to go with her," Lexa nodded. "I don't want to be here. I want to be with her. I'm going to go and don't tell anyone where I'm going. Not even my mom." Anya gave her a questioning look, but she nodded.

"Okay. Just text me when you get there." Anya suggested. Lexa nodded in agreement.

"I need to leave now if I want to make it over there before she leaves." Lexa said.
"Okay. Be safe." Anya said and pulled Lexa in for a hug even though they were both sweaty.

"I will. Thank you, Anya. If something really comes up, just tell my mom I'm staying with you for the weekend. She works weekends anyways." Lexa said. Anya nodded.

"I will."

Lexa walked out of the gym quickly. People were praising her on the way out, she smiled at them, but her mind was focused on only one person. She needed to leave now before she missed Clarke. She needed to pack, which had her panicking as she got in her car. She hoped she still had enough time to make it.

Lexa felt like she was in one of those movies, rushing around making sure she had everything she needed. She had showered quickly and was now done packing before rushing out the door to catch Clarke. Lexa felt like she was an actor at the end of a movie where they’re running out of time. All Lexa needed was the dramatic music in the background as she rushed up the stairs to Clarke's apartment. She had no idea if she had already left or not. She hoped and prayed she wasn’t too late. She was scared to find out. She had a bag on each shoulder as she took the stairs two steps at a time.

Clarke’s door was closed making Lexa fear she already left. Lexa felt all the air leave her lungs as she hurried to Clarke’s door. She was getting ready to knock when the door came swinging open.

Clarke stood there clad in her sweatpants, a complete change from the dress she was wearing earlier. There was a suitcase behind her, which meant she had just caught her. Lexa's heart broke when she saw the blonde was crying. Lexa knew Clarke didn't expect her to show and took her a minute to realize Lexa was actually there. When she realized, the teacher was quick to wipe her tears away. She looked at Lexa in disbelief while Lexa looked back at her with wide, pure eyes and nodded. She didn't know why she was doubting it before. She knew what she wanted and she was standing right in front of Lexa.

Clarke was still looking at her in complete and utter shock. Her eyes were red and swollen, which meant she had to have been crying for some time, which made Lexa feel awful. She knew the teacher was likely crying because of her and hated herself for that. Lexa knew she should've given her an answer earlier and knew she probably shouldn't have been so cold earlier at the game. It had been a long time since Clarke had come to one. Lexa realized that maybe she shouldn't have given her the cold shoulder and at least acknowledged her or something.

She didn't know what was going to happen when they went to New York, but Lexa was ready to find out. She didn't want to be in Maryland anymore. She wanted to go away with the blonde teacher.
"I'm sorry." Lexa finally broke the silence around them. They were still standing in the dim hallway as Lexa hesitantly walked closer to Clarke. She didn't stop until she was right in front of her before looking directly in her eyes.

"I know I'm late." Lexa continued to speak, but as soon as Lexa was within arm's reach, Clarke pulled her in for an earth-shattering kiss.

Lexa felt like she was being skyrocketed around, but at least managed to stay on her feet. Clarke’s kiss shook her and Lexa knew she would be feeling that kiss for days. Clarke sucked her bottom lip in her mouth, effectively rendering Lexa speechless. Clarke was not letting up at all and Lexa couldn’t help, but let out a whimper. Lexa can admit that the kiss caught her off guard and took her a few seconds before she was able to kiss Clarke back. Their lips collided perfectly with each other before Clarke finally pulled away after what felt like hours, but was only minutes.

"Yes," Lexa said before Clarke could say anything, making the teacher crookedly smile at her. They were both broken right now for different reasons. They knew that getting away with each other would help immensely. Lexa was ready and so was Clarke. "I'll go to New York with you."
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Just a quick little note: I'm seriously kicking myself right. Again, I'm not looking for compliments or anything. I can admit when I've done something wrong and I just don't know how any of you actually read this story, I'm being so serious. I've been going back and editing the beginning chapters of this story which I tend to switch my tenses a lot, which bothered me. There were also a lot of run on sentences. I've been going back and fixing it. I've also changed some stuff, but it doesn't affect the story at all. It would make sense to go back and re-read because it flows a lot better and it's just a better read but I'm not forcing you to. I'm embarrassed, but not that embarrassed because this is definitely a learning moment for me. You guys can make fun of me, I don't really care. At least, I'm learning from my mistakes and I'm trying to make this the best fic possible. I wanted to take the story down but I decided to keep it up. But I'm editing it like crazy. Again, My deepest apologies. That wasn't why I took a week off to upload though.

In honor of this being the 25th chapter. This chapter is full of sin. I am not sorry hahaha.

This is kind of just a filler chapter of them arriving to New York. But it's kinda important for the *cough* talk they are going to have. The plot picks up next chapter.

I'd advise you not to read this around anyone, it's get a little dirty (;

Enjoy!

It was crazy to think, how one minute Lexa was in Maryland and another she was in New York. She was actually in New York. She could see the outline of the city as Clarke drove into it. Lexa was amazed.

It was around eleven o'clock at night when they arrived. Lexa was still groggy from the nap she took, but the city woke her up. It was beautiful. Lexa looked over to Clarke to see her smiling. She was fucking beaming and Lexa found herself smiling too. Clarke was so beautiful and looked so happy right now. It rubbed off on her.

"It's not long to my penthouse." Those words made a exciting shiver go down Lexa's spine.

The city at night was almost as breathtaking as Clarke. Lexa held Clarke's hand as she navigated the streets like a pro, until she parked in the parking garage of her place.
"Come on." Clarke giggled as she got out of her car. Lexa gladly followed her into the apartment complex and together they got in the elevator to ride up. Lexa still couldn’t believe she was here in New York with Clarke. She was apprehensive and scared of what could come of this trip, but also so happy to find out.

Once out the elevator, Clarke was practically skipping down the hall to her penthouse, while Lexa stayed further back and watched her, loving the view.

Lexa couldn't get over how pretty Clarke looked right now even if she was just in sweats. She was gorgeous.

Lexa caught up with Clarke and gasped when Clarke opened the door. It was so spacious and open, Lexa was left speechless. Clarke took happy steps inside while Lexa took much slower steps. Lexa heard Clarke sigh as she closed the door behind her.

There were dark hardwood floors that she was sure they could eat off. Everything looked so beautiful. Pictures of her parents and friends framed her huge white walls. Some of Clarke's paintings were hanging on the wall as well, from the ocean to the Statue of Liberty, which was just-wow. Lexa would never get over how talented Clarke was.

"You painted that?" Lexa asked. She turned around seeing that Clarke was still smiling.

"I did. I had some free time. I went down and just... did my thing." Clarke explained.

"It's beautiful. Seriously breathtaking. I love it." Lexa praised as Clarke walked up to her.

"Thank you, babe." Clarke said quietly.

To have some contrast to the white walls there was dark furniture. Lexa continued to look around in awe. The kitchen was huge with a nice big silver refrigerator. Lexa walked around the couch and gasped again as she rushed over to the windows. There were floor to ceiling windows and Lexa could see the city perfectly from here. It felt like there was so much space in here with the tall ceilings.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Clarke asked knowingly. She walked over to Lexa and wrapped her arms around her waist.
"It's amazing." Lexa breathed out in awe. Clarke chuckled and sighed again.

"I love it here. I hope you do too. Let's go upstairs." Clarke said. Lexa smirked at her as she took Clarke's hand and was lead upstairs.

The stairs were wide and Lexa held onto the railing as they walked up. There were a few other rooms and there was a double door to what Lexa was assuming was the master bedroom.

Clarke walked quickly to and threw the doors open. Lexa laughed at her antics, but was excited to see it. There was a king size bed, Lexa hoped they would make good use of. It was low to the floor, but was prettily decorated with dark colored sheets and comforter matched with white pillows. There was a large black lamp to the side. Lexa turned around and was met with a flat screen TV hanging on the wall. Lexa looked around and saw large dressers against the wall.

Lexa was already in love with this place. It helped that it was Clarke's, but it was still absolutely stunning. She had never been in a penthouse before and was enjoying every second of it. The floors were hardwood up here as well and Lexa's steps echoed as she walked over to the bathroom.

There were two sinks and a huge counter that Lexa was definitely going to make good use out of. The shower was a walk-in with cream tiles covering it. Lexa turned around and that's when she spotted it. She was going to make good use of that right now.

In the corner of the bathroom, there was a claw foot tub that overlooked the city. It made Lexa squeal like a little girl.

"Please tell me we can take a bath tonight?" Lexa asked with bright eyes as she looked back at Clarke. Lexa sucked in a breath when she noticed Clarke was already looking at her with dark eyes. Clarke batted her eyelashes at her and bit her lip. She took slow steps over to Lexa with a dirty smile on her face.

"You know it." Clarke husked as she brought Lexa in for a lingering kiss. Lexa hummed into the kiss before pulling away.

"We can eat and then take a bath." Clarke said which Lexa easily agreed to.
Clarke's body fit perfectly on top of Lexa's. Lexa was sure the older girl's body was made for hers. Lexa was resting against the edge of the tub and wrapped her arms around Clarke's waist. They couldn't stay like this forever, even if they wanted too. They didn't want the water to turn cold. Clarke had put so many bubbles in the bath, it was up to their chins.

Clarke sighed and finally sat on the other side of the tub as they washed up. They traded smiles and lingering looks the whole time. Lexa was mesmerized by the city as she bathed. It was a small window, but it was big enough to see the city. Lexa could picture Clarke coming home after a long day of work and relaxing in her tub.

Lexa couldn't decide which view was better, the city or Clarke. The blonde was so wrapped up in washing herself that Lexa told herself to do the same.

After their bath and drying off, Lexa softly pulled Clarke into her. They were still wrapped up in towels. Clarke had just finished brushing her teeth as did Lexa. Lexa didn't say anything as she wordlessly pulled Clarke in for a kiss. The blonde wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck as Lexa walked her back into the counter.

Lexa bent down and was getting ready to pick Clarke up, when the blonde stopped her.

"Wait. The dresser out there, with nothing on it, would work better. More room." Clarke rushed out as she pulled Lexa in for another kiss. Lexa nodded and picked Clarke up. The older girl let out a soft gasp and held on tight as Lexa walked into her bedroom. She walked over and sought out the dresser Clarke was talking about.

This situation was ten times hotter because they didn’t have to talk about it. They had this whole place to themselves and Lexa was definitely going to take advantage of that. She set Clarke down gently on the dresser and removed Clarke's towel as Clarke did the same with Lexa.

Clarke's eyes widened after removing Lexa’s towel. She looked between Lexa's legs, seeing she was already hard. Lexa immediately leaned in and took a nipple in her mouth. She cupped Clarke's breast as she sucked her nipple in her mouth. Clarke threw her head back, but couldn’t resist cupping Lexa's breast too. Lexa kissed every inch of Clarke she could reach. She licked up her neck and sucked her earlobe in her mouth.

"I'm going to put my dick inside of you." Lexa whispered and Clarke moaned.
"Oh, my god. Yes, baby. Fuck me up." Clarke sighed and opened her legs wider. Lexa pulled away so she could properly slide into Clarke. Lexa's heart was racing. They weren't in their small town anymore and they both were using that as their excuse before, so they didn't need to talk at all.

Or, at least Lexa was.

That was her excuse as she slowly slipped inside of Clarke, bottoming out inside of her. That was her excuse as she moved Clarke to the end of the dresser and snapped her hips hard, giving Clarke exactly what she wanted. Clarke was resting on her elbows, looking at Lexa with hungry eyes like she was the last candy bar in the entire world and wanted it. Lexa would gladly give it to her. She'd give Clarke every last candy bar in the world if it meant she could do this. Bury her dick deep inside of her. Yeah, she'd give it all up, just to be with Clarke.

"Your dick is so big." Clarke whined as Lexa started to pick up the pace. Lexa groaned lowly. Lexa had one hand placed on Clarke's ankle, keeping her legs spread wide as she licked two fingers. Clarke's eyes were closed in sweet bliss making Lexa smirk as she reached down and rubbed Clarke's swollen clit. Clarke's eyes popped open and locked with Lexa's. Lexa gave her another smirk as she rubbed tight circles around Clarke's clit.

"Ohhh." Clarke's jaw dropped and she let out another long moan. The blonde tried to close her legs, but it was useless with the death grip Lexa had on her ankle as she was pounded into her.

The dresser was moving with them, scuffing against the hardwood floors. Clarke squeezed Lexa's boob in her hand and pinched her nipple. Lexa thrusted hard into her as a result, making Clarke groan louder.

"So close." Clarke murmured as Lexa rubbed her clit without a care in the world. Her only care was beneath her, moaning.

Clarke's mouth opened and closed multiple times before she shook her head.

"Wait! Lexa.. baby.. stop-" Clarke cried, but Lexa couldn’t hear her. She could only hear blood pounding in her ears as she entirely focused on getting Clarke off first.

"Lexa, stop! I'm gonna-" Clarke let out a scream. A high pitched scream of pleasure that finally caught Lexa's attention. Lexa opened her eyes and looked down just in time to see Clarke squirt all over her dick. Lexa's eyes widened, but Clarke's eyes were closed as she drenched her dick in her
“Fuck. Fuck-”

Lexa’s jaw dropped. She had never made a girl squirt before and was shocked that she made Clarke. Clarke’s hips were still spasming around her. Lexa watched on with awe as she was truly seeing Clarke lose it. She smirked knowing she was the cause of it.

When Clarke had finally come down, she opened her eyes slowly as if this was a dream. It wasn’t. Lexa’s stomach and dick were shining in the dim light of Clarke’s room making Clarke’s eyes widen. Her chest was heaving as she tried to talk. Lexa understood and said what she was thinking.

“I made you squirt.” Lexa whispered stunned. Clarke sighed.

“You did.” Clarke said with a smile as she pulled Lexa in for a kiss. Lexa gently picked her up and walked over to the bed.

Clarke pushed Lexa down on the bed and climbed on top of her. She didn’t waste any time grabbing hold of her dick and sinking down on it. Lexa rubbed her thighs up and down enjoying the feeling of taking Clarke raw. Clarke bounced deliciously up and down, with her hands resting against Lexa’s chest. Lexa grabbed a hold of her boobs that were swaying with every move. Lexa kissed up Clarke’s chest and was getting ready to help her out, when Clarke gave her a dirty look. Lexa moaned loudly. She knew that look. Clarke wanted to try something. Clarke didn’t have to ask her this time. The blonde knew the younger girl would be into it.

“What do you want to do?” Lexa asked breathlessly as Clarke continued to smirk at her.

“You’re about to see some of my amazing cheerleading moves.” Clarke said with a glint in her eye. Lexa unconsciously jerked her hips up into Clarke, making her moan.

“What is it?” Lexa asked impatiently as she jerked her hips up again.

“The splits.” Clarke whispered excitedly.

Lexa whimpered at what Clarke suggested. Lexa just hoped to god, she could last long enough for it
to actually happen. Lexa looked up at Clarke with questioning eyes. She wasn't quite sure how this was going to work. She'd experimented around the bedroom with a few girls, but never had any of them do the splits on her.

Clarke leaned down to give her a brief kiss before she spread her legs all the way out.

"I'll hold up some of my weight and if you hold both of my thighs, it should work." Clarke was talking as if she had never done this before. Lexa looked at her and Clarke answered her silent question.

"It's been a while." Clarke shrugged sheepishly with a ghost of a smile.

Lexa chuckled, but did as she was told. Clarke's legs were spread out before her and Lexa was quick to help Clarke out. Clarke's center was red, swollen and exposed. Lexa placed her hands underneath Clarke's thigh as Clarke leaned down and rested her hands on Lexa's chest.

As soon as Clarke gave Lexa a solid nod, Lexa went to work. She held up Clarke's weight and jerked her hips up. They both moaned. Lexa was able to thrust deeper than ever before from this position. Lexa grunted, there was no way she was going to last.

Lexa bent her legs at an angle and thrusted inside of Clarke at a fast pace. Clarke's center made contact with the base of Lexa's dick each time, making Lexa whine. Her dick was coated in Clarke's arousal as Lexa pumped her hips in and out of Clarke. The blonde was looking at her with dark eyes. Her hair was tickling Lexa's face and they both stayed still, with only Lexa’s hips moving constantly.

Lexa couldn't lie, her arms were starting to get tired from having to hold up Clarke's weight and thrust into her. It was worth it as Clarke was letting out the deepest and sexiest moans that Lexa wasn't going to stop. Instead, she just worked harder. She wanted Clarke to feel amazing. Lexa didn’t think she was doing all that bad. Clarke had a death grip on her boobs, but Lexa didn't mind.

"You're doing amazing, babe." Clarke moaned. Her eyes were closed and her face was scrunched up in pleasure.

“Uhh. Uhh.” Lexa grunted in response, too focused on rutting into her.

"Oh, god." Clarke cried. Lexa's hips faltered when she felt Clarke clench around her. Lexa’s mouth
dropped open releasing a low whine. Clarke started releasing her juices around her dick, but that didn't stop Lexa. The brunette drilled her hips into the blonde creating a wet thwack sound around Clarke's bedroom.

“Hmph. Ahh.” Lexa whimpered as she pumped her hips into the blonde. Lexa's dick was getting soaked again as Clarke let out high pitched moans.

“Ahh. Fuck, Lexa. Just like that.” Clarke moaned breathlessly with her face scrunched up.

Lexa knew Clarke was done for. Clarke went silent before she released a soft groan and started clenching around Lexa's dick. Lexa thrusted into Clarke as she rode out her orgasm. Lexa was breathing harshly and her dick was hard as a rock when Clarke removed herself from it.

Clarke leaned down to kiss Lexa as she blindly reached for her dick. The second Clarke wrapped her hand around it and tugged, Lexa exploded all over her hand. Lexa bit her bottom lip as she released a whimper.

"Fuck, Clarke." Lexa cried as Clarke continued to jerk her off, making sure she got every drop of cum out of Lexa. Lexa gently placed a hand over Clarke's, silently begging her to stop. Lexa loved it, but it was too much as her dick was sensitive.

Clarke slowly unwrapped her hand with a tiny smirk. She quietly laid down next to Lexa and reached for her hand.

"That was so good." Clarke sighed. Lexa could feel sweat forming on her brow. Clarke had a thin layer of sweat forming on her forehead, but that didn't stop them.

They were in New York by themselves. Clarke's parents weren't here. Lexa's mom wasn't here. Clarke's coworkers weren't here and Lexa's friends weren't here. There was no way they were going to sleep right now, even though it was one in the morning. Lexa said she was going to make good use of this bed and she proved it for the whole night.

It was unstoppable. They were both drawn to each other. There were many things that they needed to discuss. Like the reason Lexa was in New York with Clarke, but that could wait.

Clarke leaned down and stroked Lexa's dick, "Wanna go again?"
"You would like that, wouldn't you?" Lexa smiled slyly.

Clarke looked down at Lexa's dick that was still hard and gave it a nice long stroke.

"Something tells me you would like it too."

Lexa snuggled further into her pillow and sighed. Lexa was going to ask Clarke where she got such warm pillows, when she heard giggling. Lexa popped one eye open and then the other. She was getting ready to move her head, when she realized she was laying on top of someone.

"Morning, babe." Clarke's sultry voice rang through her ears. Lexa lifted her head up. Her eyes widened when she discovered she wasn't laying down on Clarke's pillows, but her boobs. Lexa blushed and sat up.

"Have a good dream?" Clarke asked with a smirk. Lexa rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and looked over to Clarke.

"I think so?" Lexa asked confused. She couldn't remember what she dreamt about. But she did replay the sweet, hot moments they had before they went to bed. Clarke’s moans were still playing through her head.

"I can feel your dick on my thigh." Clarke giggled making Lexa groan. She quickly tried to move out of Clarke's space when the older girl caught her wrist. Clarke tugged it making Lexa look over at her confused.

"Come up here." Clarke whispered.

Lexa's eyes widened when she realized what Clarke wanted her to do. She didn't hesitate as she quickly climbed up Clarke's body, careful not to hurt her and rested against her stomach. The whole not communicating and just doing things was seriously making this whole thing hotter. Clarke offered her a smile before she pushed her boobs together. Lexa stared down at them in awe.

"Are you sure?" Lexa asked with her eyebrows raised. Clarke nodded as she spit in her hand and came up to stroke Lexa's dick.
"I'm definitely sure." Clarke said smoothly. Lexa nodded and got more comfortable. Clarke guided her dick in between her breasts. Lexa moaned as her dick was buried in between Clarke's breasts and if Lexa really didn't want to experience the first time fucking Clarke's breasts, she would've came all over Clarke's neck.

"I don't want to hurt you," Lexa whispered as she reached down and cupped Clarke's cheek. "You're so beautiful."

"It's okay, baby. I'm fine." Clarke said seriously. Lexa nodded as she slowly pushed her hips forward, thrusting into the valley of Clarke's breasts. It was a different sensation from Clarke's mouth and center, but it was definitely enough. Lexa had woken up with morning wood and was more than ready to find release. She wanted to find it with Clarke and only her.

She pushed through Clarke's breasts again as Clarke held her delicious mountains together. Lexa was driving through those mountains.

It didn't take long for Lexa to find release. Clarke's boobs were doing it for her and Lexa found herself sliding easily through them. Her dick felt so good gliding through Clarke. Clarke would squeeze her boobs every time Lexa pushed through them. Clarke was letting out tiny whimpers beneath her.

Lexa's body ran hot as did Clarke's. She felt as if they were both on fire. The brunette had her eyes closed as she started moving her hips frantically into the valley of Clarke's boobs. She could feel her release coming.

“Ah, this is so hot.” Clarke moaned out. Lexa couldn't find the words to respond so she nodded quickly in agreement. This whole situation was hot. Lexa knew she wasn't going to last long.

This was probably the shortest she had ever lasted with Clarke, but she couldn't help it. This was hot and Lexa was wound up so tight, that she wasn't all that surprised it only took one more thrust into Clarke for her to cum. Lexa let out a loud moan and released herself onto Clarke's chest and neck. Clarke was moaning lowly underneath her and even brought a hand up to help Lexa ride out her orgasm.

When she was done, Lexa removed herself from Clarke and leaned down for a kiss. Their kiss got interrupted by Clarke's cell phone ringing.
Lexa laid back quietly as she listened to Clarke talk excitedly to her assistant, Harper. Lexa’s cum still coated the upper half of her body, but Clarke focused on talking to her assistant.

When Clarke was done with the phone call, Lexa looked at her expectantly.

"She's ready for me. We can come in. We should shower first." Clarke explained as she looked down to her chest.

Lexa nodded and got up.

"You excited?" Lexa asked as they walked into the bathroom.

Clarke was beaming again as she skipped to the bathroom. Lexa couldn't wait. She watched Clarke when they entered the city and she was glowing. She couldn't wait to watch Clarke in her actual element. Lexa can admit it turned her on a bit to see Clarke so passionate about something. The smile that Clarke was giving her gave her answer away.

"Fucking ecstatic, babe." Clarke giggled and Lexa found herself smiling for her. She was glad Clarke could smile with every thing that was going on. She didn't know exactly what she was getting herself into. She was getting ready to head into Clarke's work with her and couldn't quite believe it.

She didn't know what she was getting herself into, but she was so ready to find out.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

I just want to clear up that I'm not taking this story down or giving up on it. I know I used to update like every other day, but I am planning out the rest of the chapters of this story and then I have to write them. That takes time so please bear with me. I won't have you guys waiting a month for the next update. You know I would never do that (for this story at least).

I hope you enjoy!

After they ate their breakfast, Lexa walked around the counter to give Clarke a hug. Clarke buried her head in Lexa's neck without saying a word. There were many unspoken things lingering between them and Lexa wasn't sure when or if they’d talk about it.

Lexa pulled away from the hug, and leaned down to kiss Clarke softly. It was longer than Lexa intended, but she couldn't move away from Clarke's lips. She didn't even think a bullet heading towards her would stop her from kissing Clarke.

Lexa smirked as she flipped the table on Clarke. She captured her bottom lip in her mouth and sucked. Clarke let out a loud moan as Lexa sucked harder. Clarke trailed her hands down Lexa's back and cupped her butt making Lexa whimper into the kiss. She supposed she deserved that as it was usually the other way around with Clarke sucking the lip and Lexa grabbing the butt. Lexa was enjoying the role reverse though. She didn't allow herself to think about her feelings, instead focusing on kissing Clarke. Clarke squeezed her butt once more before she pulled away.

"Easy there, Romeo. We have to go." Clarke said in a daze.

Lexa smirked, but respectfully backed away.

Lexa waited by the door as Clarke gathered the things she would need. They left her penthouse, hand in hand.

Lexa wasn't used to all the people that brushed past her as she made her way down the street with Clarke. Clarke guided Lexa through the crowd like it was nothing. Like she was used to it which she probably was. She knew exactly where to go and how to squeeze past people.
They stopped at a tall building, with the logo: Arkadia Inc. in the middle of all the chaos. Lexa heard Clarke sigh and looked back at her.

"You ready?" Lexa asked softly. Clarke let out a grin and Lexa had her answer.

"Yes!" Clarke cried softly tugging on Lexa's hand making their way inside.

Lexa was ready. She couldn’t wait to see Clarke in action. She was already turned on with the dress Clarke was wearing. She looked so good and Lexa couldn't wait to see her boss people around.

Clarke felt like she was floating on cloud nine. She was getting ready to walk into her company’s building after months of being away. This was her heaven. This was the reason she kept going. Her family and her company. There was someone else that kept her going too and that person was holding her hand.

Clarke shook her head, pulling herself out of her thoughts and pulled Lexa with her as she walked inside.

The doors were unlocked, but all the lights were off.

"Is anyone here?" Lexa asked quietly, but Clarke was already looking around in confusion as she closed the door behind her.

"I don't kn-"

"Surprise!" Clarke let out a scream. She turned around in surprise as she was met with her crew.

It was Saturday, so not everyone was here, but the people who mattered and who she saw everyday were. Clarke let out an excited squeal when the lights turned on. The first person she saw was Harper and immediately rushed over to the blonde.

Harper had her arms out waiting as Clarke fell in them. Clarke sighed as Harper squeezed her tightly.
"I missed you so much." Harper said seriously. Clarke nodded because she felt the same. She had spent everyday with her assistant. She had been there through it all and it sucked she had to leave, but Harper understood.

"You look good!" Harper praised. Clarke gave her a little twirl, which had both girls giggling. She was wearing a black and white dress with heels.

"And who is this?" Harper said with a delighted smile. Lexa had been standing back, letting Clarke have her moment with her friends. She walked over to them slowly when Clarke motioned for her.

"I'm Lexa," The basketball player said with a dorky smile, making Clarke smile. "Lexa Woods."

"Well, aren't you just the cutest thing?" Harper asked smoothly making Clarke glare at her. Harper missed the daggers Clarke was throwing at her.

"Thank you." Lexa said with a grin. Clarke looked back at Lexa, who had a twinkle in her eye. Clarke continued to glare at her. Unlike Harper, Lexa knew the look, shrugging her shoulders sheepishly.

"Come on, Clarke. We have a lot of work to do." Harper said.

“We've missed you, Clarke.”” Nathan said pulling her in for a quick hug. Nathan was just the man she wanted to see.

Clarke hugged him back with a smile. There was something she wanted to do and needed Nathan’s help with it. He was her go to with making her designs.

Clarke rolled her eyes when she spotted her boss. She gave him a quick nod, which he smiled to. She really needed to speak with her boss, or former boss. Whatever he was at the moment. Clarke still needed to talk to him.

Everyone walked upstairs, Lexa by her side the whole time. Clarke was grateful for it. She could see Lexa taking it all in and the blonde was excited to share this with her.
When they made it upstairs, and into the modeling room, Clarke was met with one of the models, Ashley. Clarke set her bag down on the table with her sketch pad.

Nathan quickly went back to work and was taking pictures of Ashley. She was wearing trousers and a blazer. After Monroe and Dax greeted her, they all went back to work. Kane had left them after a while. Clarke caught Lexa's eye as she pulled her over to the side.

"Are you liking it so far?" Clarke asked lowly. Lexa was still looking around at the setup, making Clarke smirk.

"This is awesome." Lexa breathed out.

"I need to speak with Nathan about something. Will you be okay on your own? There's food over there if you want. Help yourself." Clarke said as she picked her sketch pad up. Lexa smiled happily. Clarke knew food would win Lexa over.

"I'll be just fine." Lexa said walking away from Clarke, over to the food bar.

Clarke giggled and went over to Nathan. She pulled him away over to the corner.

"What's up?" Nathan asked as Clarke pulled her sketch pad out. Clarke looked around, jaw clenching when she noticed Harper talking to Lexa. Lexa wasn't looking at her, which Clarke was grateful for.

Clarke flipped through her sketch pad until she got to where she wanted to show Nathan.

"I have other designs too, I could go up with you to help make them, but I want this one made first." Clarke asked shyly as she handed over the book to Nathan.

Nathan was looking at it in shock.

"You drew this?" He breathed.
"It was just a late night thought one day, so I jotted it down." Clarke blushed, but Nathan shook his head.

"It's amazing, Clarke," Nathan said seriously. "I'll head up now and make it, then we can discuss it with the team."

"Thank you."

Nathan offered a smile in response. He headed upstairs as Clarke went over to Harper and Lexa, who were giggling about something.

"What are we talking about?" Clarke asked pointedly. Both girls giggled before Lexa responded.

"Nothing." Lexa said seriously. Clarke glared at her.

"Seriously, it's nothing." Lexa said as she raised one hand. The other hand was holding a drink.

"I'm sure," Clarke drawled out. "I need to go upstairs to start working." She informed both girls who nodded in response.

"Lexa, I would have you come with me but umm..." Clarke trailed off, not sure how to respond. She didn't want the girl to see her design. Not yet. She wanted to go make sure it was perfect first.

"It's okay, I can just hang with Harper." They both laughed again.

"What are you two talking about?" Clarke asked again, annoyance coloring her tone. She wanted to stomp her foot like a child, demanding attention.

Lexa gave her a sigh, still laughing.

"Nothing," Lexa said again, making Clarke finally give up. She was getting ready to turn around
when Lexa spoke again. "Clarkey bear." She cooed making Clarke's eyes widened. She immediately shot a look at Harper.

"You promised you would never tell anyone!" Clarke hissed making Harper burst into laughter. Lexa couldn't help, but join her.

"You two are so immature!" Clarke hissed again as she walked away from the two giggling girls.

"How's it going?" Clarke asked, stepping into the sewing room quietly. Nathan was the only one in here. Clarke closed the door and stepped further in.

"Pretty good. Check it out." Nathan said as he motioned Clarke over. Clarke let out a small gasp when she looked at the work Nathan had been doing.

"Now, that is amazing," Clarke breathed. "He's going to love it." She continued.

"I can make more. Your whole family can have one." Nathan offered.

"Could you make three more?" Clarke asked shyly. She was expecting Nathan to look at her weirdly and he did. Clarke didn't know what to say, but Nathan picked up on it.

"Sure," He responded. "And the number twenty-five?" He asked. Clarke had the decency to blush.

"It's a special number." That was all Clarke supplied. Nathan gave her another silent look, but Clarke shook her head. Nathan sighed going back to work.

When Nathan and Clarke finished putting together her designs, they went back downstairs and called the crew over.

Everyone gathered around the table, even Lexa.
Clarke was nervous. It had been a while since she had done this. All eyes were on her as she moved out of the way. They didn't have much time. She opted not to show the drawings, just the clothes. The jersey was saved for last.

She showed them a coat, a black pair of heels with diamonds on the front, a long, black dress, a pair of jeans, and a couple of shirts she'd been working on. She held her breath for the last item.

Clarke caught Lexa's eye more than once. She saw Lexa had smiled at every design. Clarke was nervous for this one, but she tried not to show it.

"The last item is very special to me," Clarke said shakily. Something she had never done. "It means a lot and I don't want to sell it. Not yet." She husked as she revealed the item.

She heard Lexa gasp and Clarke tried to keep it together.

She held out the jersey with the number twenty-five on it. It had the same colors as Lexa's jersey, but her dad's name written on it instead of Lexa's.

The room was quiet, before Dax slowly started clapping his hands.

"I love it!" Dax praised. Clarke let out a sad smile.

"It's beautiful." Clarke didn't have to look over to know who said that. She knew her voice like the back of her hand. It was barely audible, but Clarke still heard it.

Everyone heard it.

"Thank you." Clarke said locking eyes with Lexa. Lexa nodded and so did Clarke.

"Well, let's get to modeling!" Harper said happily as everyone stood up. They handed Ashley the clothes as Nathan got to work taking pictures.

"We won't have enough time for a fashion show." Harper said quietly watching Nathan work.
"I know, but at least I came back with something. It should hold you guys over for a bit." Clarke said with seriousness.

Clarke watched Nathan take pictures. Ashley modeled all the clothes perfectly until the jersey. Clarke was in deep concentration as she watched Nathan take the pictures.

Something wasn't right.

No matter what lighting Ashley was in, no matter what angle Nathan took pictures, it wasn't right.

Clarke knew what it was when she looked back at Lexa, who had been standing back respectfully. Clarke motioned for her to come over and of course Lexa did.

"I want you to model it." Clarke said before she could take it back. It made sense, it was Lexa's number and jersey. The only difference was her dad's name on the back. Clarke knew only Lexa should model it.

"Really?" Lexa asked with surprise. "I don't model." Lexa said confused making Clarke chuckle.

"There's nothing to it. You'll do great." Clarke said. She didn't give Lexa any time to respond as she called Nathan's name.

"Let's have Lexa to model it?" Clarke asked sweetly. Nathan agreed and looked over to Lexa.

"She could pass as a basketball player." Clarke bit her lip to keep from blurring out that Lexa was actually a basketball player. She looked over and saw Lexa smirking. It would be their secret. Just like her age.

Ashley walked over, taking off the jersey. Clarke saw Lexa look away respectfully. Clarke was used to it, and didn't bat an eyelash. Ashley was a good model, but didn't have an athletic build like Lexa. The jersey hung off her body awkwardly. It seemed to have caught everyone off guard when she showed them the jersey. Clarke normally didn't design athletic clothes.
Lexa was wearing a blue shirt. She looked over at Clarke questioningly.

"Should I take my shirt off here?" Lexa asked unsure. Clarke nodded.

"Yeah. You can." Lexa nodded before taking her shirt off. She grabbed the jersey out of Clarke's hand and put it on. Clarke couldn't lie, it looked a thousand times better on Lexa.

"Just go over to Nathan. He'll tell you what to do. I'm here if you need anything." Clarke said encouragingly.

"If you could just stand right there." Nathan pointed to a spot. The background was dark colors. Lexa did as she was told.

Clarke stood back with a proud smile. She couldn't quite believe Lexa was modeling one of her designs. Her muscles were poking out deliciously in the jersey. Clarke wasn't the only one who'd noticed.

"She is so hot." Harper whispered. Clarke clenched her jaw. How did Harper not see this?

"Is she single?" Harper asked. Clarke didn't want to answer. She wanted to say no, but knew that was a lie. Technically, Lexa was single.

"She is." Clarke muttered.

"I wonder if I should ask her out."

Okay, that was crossing the line.

"You can't do that." Clarke said, watching Lexa move in the directions Nathan was telling her. She had her hands in her pockets, not looking at the camera.

"Why not?" Harper asked confused. "You said she was single. Isn't she just your friend?" She asked.
If Clarke didn't love Harper, she would have bit her head off. Clarke took a few calming breaths.

"She is single, but you can't ask her out." Clarke said through gritted teeth.

"Are you calling dibs on her? Does she know how you feel?" Harper asked. Clarke shook her head. She didn't think Lexa knew the depth of them.

"She's so hot. Why can't I have this one?" Harper asked.

Clarke blew up.

"Because she's mine!" Clarke yelled. Harper's eyes widened in shock.

Lexa looked up when Clarke yelled. Everyone had heard what she said. Lexa blushed when Nathan told her she was done. They didn't have to take many pictures because they weren't planning on selling it.

"Everything okay?" Lexa asked warily, looking at Clarke. Clarke's eyes were still wide as saucers. Harper nodded, but kept her eyes on Clarke.

Clarke felt eyes on her, but she shook them off. She grabbed Lexa's hand and lead her up to her office.

"Clarke, what was that?" Lexa asked as they walked into her office. Clarke shut the door and locked it for good measure. It was spacious. Everything was a mixture of white and gray. There was a couch off to the side of the room that Lexa walked over to it.

"Harper kept hitting on you." Clarke said lamely. Lexa knitted her eyebrows together.

"Okay?" Lexa asked slowly.
"Just forget it." Clarke huffed and folded her arms.

"Clarke, what's going on?"

"I wanted to slap her." Clarke confessed making Lexa's eyes widened.

"I thought she was your friend."

"She kept giving you bedroom eyes. I know you're hot, but god." Clarke saw Lexa smirk before she got up and walked over to her.

"Clarke Griffin," Lexa gloated. "Are you jealous?"

Clarke huffed out a laugh, puffing out her chest, "I am not jealous."

"I didn't even notice." Lexa said quietly. Clarke gave her a look that said otherwise.

"I didn't," Lexa pressed. "I only had eyes for you." She said sweetly making Clarke smile.

"Really?" Clarke asked in disbelief.

"Yes, just for you, Clarke." Lexa said as she leaned down and connected their lips. Clarke moaned into the kiss. She hadn't kissed Lexa all day. Lexa's lips were so soft against hers.

Clarke didn't know what came over her. She wanted this even though her office was not the ideal place. She gently pushed Lexa onto couch with the younger girl under her.

Clarke quickly straddled her hips. She wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck and kissed her with everything she couldn't say.

When Lexa licked her bottom lip, Clarke quickly granted her access. She was desperate to taste her.
"Wait. Clarke, can we do this here?" Lexa asked as she pulled away. She was panting and was looking up at her with dark green eyes.

"Yeah. The door is locked. I know no one will come looking for me." Clarke brushed off her question.

"Have you done this before?" Lexa asked with a knowing smile.

"Not with anyone that mattered." Clarke whispered. Lexa gasped beneath her, but nodded. Lexa quickly lifted up Clarke's dress until it was bunched around her waist. Clarke lifted herself up from Lexa's lap and Lexa quickly unbuckled her belt and pulled her pants down.

Clarke looked down at her dick. It wasn't at its full height yet, but it was getting hard. Clarke loved Lexa's dick, it was so big and thick and she couldn't wait to suck it. She slid off the couch and settled between Lexa's legs. Lexa's chest was heaving as she looked down at her. Clarke offered her a smile before she softly took the head in her mouth.

Clarke heard Lexa let out a deep groan that was music to her ears. She couldn't get enough. She knew this was risky and they didn't have much time. She quickly started bobbing her head up and down.

"Ahh." Lexa whimpered as Clarke felt Lexa's hand gently on the top of her head. Lexa's hips couldn't keep still beneath her. Clarke took Lexa's length in her mouth over and over again until Lexa stopped her.

"Wait. Clarke, come up here." Lexa said. Clarke pulled away and looked up at her.

"Get on top of me so I can eat you out." Lexa said with lust in her eyes. Clarke moaned at the suggestion. They kept most of their clothes on as Lexa laid down completely on the couch. Clarke hovered over her mouth and sunk down. Clarke was right in front of Lexa's dick. She couldn't believe they were about to sixty-nine in her office.

"Ready?" Lexa asked. Clarke nodded quickly. She was so ready.
"Yes."

The second Clarke said that, she felt a warm tongue lick through her folds. Clarke whined before leaning down to take Lexa's dick back in her mouth.

Clarke wrapped one hand around Lexa's thigh, while the other was holding her up.

Lexa licked through her folds many times. Her tongue was so warm and soft, Clarke loved it. She loved when Lexa ate her out because she was so good at it.

Clarke couldn't resist teasing Lexa's balls. She loved them. They were the perfect size and leaned down to take one in her mouth. Lexa immediately jerked her hips up making Clarke smile. Her smile was quickly wiped off, when she felt Lexa suck her clit. Clarke moaned deeply as the younger girl pushed a finger inside of her. Clarke focused on Lexa's dick while Lexa fingered her. Clarke was so turned on, she was sure Lexa's finger was drenched. She could hear her arousal as Lexa thrusted her finger in and out.

Clarke bobbed her head up and down as she took Lexa's length like a pro. Her dick stretched her mouth and poked the back of her throat, but that didn't stop her. She twisted her head, licked and sucked until she felt Lexa groaning beneath her. Lexa added another finger making Clarke tighten her thighs around Lexa's head. They were both so close.

The second Lexa curled her fingers in her and sucked her clit in her mouth, she came. Clarke let out a low moan as she came all over Lexa's face.

Clarke stayed in her position as she rode out her orgasm. She took a few moments to gather herself before she leaned back down and sucked the tip of Lexa's dick. She reached down and fondled her balls. Lexa grunted and jerked her hips up. Clarke continually squeezed her balls.

"Clarke!" Lexa breathed out harshly. Clarke smirked because she knew Lexa was about to cum.

Clarke licked the head of Lexa's dick as her other hand came down to stroke it. Clarke kept Lexa's hips in place, but she could feel her writhing beneath her.

"Baby." Lexa moaned. Clarke's stomach fluttered, but she didn't have enough time to think about it. Clarke gave Lexa one more tug before her cum came shooting out everywhere.
Lexa was groaning beneath her as she arched her back. Clarke kept jerking her off, making sure to get every last drop. Some of it landed on her face and hair as she could feel it.

When Lexa’s hips finally stilled, Clarke got off her.

They fixed their clothes quickly. Lexa had just finished buckling her belt, when Clarke grabbed a hold of her neck and kissed her. Lexa kissed back desperately and rested her forehead against hers.

"Clarke.." Lexa started out quietly.

"I know," Clarke sighed. "We need to go to the store and after dinner, we should talk." She explained gently.

Lexa nodded eagerly. Clarke could understand why. She knows she's been hot and cold with Lexa. She couldn't help it. She didn't know what to do. It was pointless though as nothing she did would fill the hole in her heart with Lexa's name written on it. This was deeper than either of them had anticipated and now they really needed to talk about it.

Clarke knew it was overdue. She felt like she could speak more freely in New York. She needed to tell the student everything she was feeling for her. It was nerve wracking to think about. They were lying to everyone here and back in Maryland, but she liked it. She liked them not knowing Lexa's real age because at least here, she could be free.

"Okay." Lexa whispered.

They left Clarke's office after cleaning up. They headed back downstairs to see the pictures Nathan had taken. They were perfect. Clarke was sure this was what they needed to hold them over for a while.

"These are beautiful." Monroe sighed. Clarke nodded as did the rest of her crew. Harper pulled her aside after they looked at everything.

"I'm sorry about before." Harper winced. Clarke sighed. She shouldn't have blown up like that. She
didn't know what Lexa was doing to her.

"It's okay."

"You should've just told me. I mean, you normally introduce them if they are your partner or not." Harper continued.

"I know."

"I can see the way you look at her. I said those things on purpose." Harper explained sheepishly. Clarke snapped her head up to look at her assistant with disbelief.

"You didn't." Clarke muttered in shock.

"Anyone with eyes can see, Lexa is hot. I did mean it at first, but I realized my mistake. Is she the special person?" Harper asked.

Clarke sighed again. She didn't want to lie to Harper. Sure, they were lying about Lexa's age and what they were, but she didn't want to lie to Harper about this.

"Yes, she is." Clarke admitted. Harper nodded in understanding.

"Well, I hope it works out. I feel like there's more to it than what meets the eye. But, by the way she looks at you. I would say she feels the same." Harper said with a shrug. She sounded so nonchalant, but it made Clarke's heart race. She hoped so.

"Thanks, Harp." Clarke whispered.

"You're welcome." Harper whispered back.

“T'll be back tomorrow. I should probably talk to Kane before I leave.” Clarke sighed. Harper nodded in understanding.
Before they left, and Lexa wasn't looking, Clarke asked Nathan for the pictures that he took of Lexa. Once again, Nathan looked at her weirdly, but didn't say anything as he handed them over.

Clarke smiled as she exited her company's building with Lexa on her arm.

Lexa was carrying the bulk of the groceries. Clarke had claimed she took just as many bags as she did, which wasn’t true. Lexa rolled her eyes and giggled. She clearly took more bags, but it was okay. Lexa didn't mind.

Clarke was going to cook dinner before they talked. Lexa wasn't sure what was going to come of it, but knew it needed to happen.

After they put all the groceries away, (Clarke showing Lexa where everything goes), Clarke started on dinner while Lexa watched.

Clarke was making chicken pot pie from scratch. Lexa was beyond excited for it.

Halfway through Clarke's cooking (Lexa had been occupying herself by watching TV in the other room), Lexa came back into the kitchen.

Clarke was wrapping things up. Lexa knew if she had offered to help, it would have only slowed Clarke down. Lexa walked up behind her and started massaging her shoulders. Lexa smirked when Clarke stopped what she was doing and let out a deep moan. It made the hairs on the back of Lexa's neck stand up.

"Almost done?" Lexa murmured into her ear as she kissed it. Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke's waist as the blonde melted into her.


Lexa backed away so Clarke could finish. She knew while the food was cooking they were going to talk. It smelled great and couldn't wait to eat, but knew they needed to talk first.
Lexa waited until the food was in the oven and Clarke had cleaned up the kitchen. She waited with bated breath until Clarke turned around to face her with uncertainty in her eyes. Lexa was scared too. This talk could make them or break them.

"Do you want to start now?" Lexa asked quietly. There was a lot to talk about, Lexa wasn't even sure where they would begin.

"Yes," Clarke sighed before walking over to Lexa. "Let's talk."
Lexa listened to the tick of Clarke’s timer as they sat side by side. They had moved to the living room as their dinner cooked. Lexa looked around the room nervously while Clarke was sitting with her legs crossed on the couch and facing her.

"Where do you want to start?" Lexa asked quietly as she looked at Clarke.

Clarke shrugged as she got more comfortable. She took a huge breath as she stretched her legs out and put them in Lexa's lap. Lexa smiled, rubbing her legs up and down.

"I like what we are doing," Clarke finally said after silence got to be too much. "I know I’ve told you that I don’t hook up with people. That’s true, but I don't think that is what we were doing. I’m hoping it’s more than that." She explained. Lexa didn't know what to expect out of this conversation, but it certainly wasn't this.

She wasn’t complaining though, because Clarke was finally opening up about how she feels. She didn't fault Clarke for acting the way she did in Maryland. There was too much on the line.

"We’ve been having mind-blowing sex and it's been amazing. I know we swore it was only going to be a one time thing," Clarke breathed out. "But it was so much more than that."

"Really?" Lexa asked under her breath.

"Yes, Lexa." Clarke replied.

"Me too, we've been having sex and I thought it was more than a one time thing too. It's clear we aren't going to stop so maybe we shouldn't." Lexa said boldly. She continued rubbing Clarke's legs, giving her something to do.

"Maybe we shouldn't." Clarke echoed her words. Lexa's heart was beating out of her chest. What was going to happen?
"So, are we together?" Lexa asked awkwardly.

Clarke chuckled, but she was silent for a moment.

"I know we wouldn't be able to actually be together," Clarke started off softly. "But I already told you, I would date you."

Lexa took a moment to respond, soaking this all in.

"So, does this mean I can ask you on a date? Would we just be dating?" Lexa asked confused.

"I don't want to see anyone else. I just want you." Clarke said making Lexa blush.


"Well, you should. Because I'm delightful." Clarke joked to diffuse the tension.

"You are very delightful," Lexa agreed as she took a nervous breath. "So delightful that I want to take you out on a date." She said all in one breath. Lexa heard Clarke gasp.

"Really?" Clarke asked with wide eyes.

"I want to wine and dine you." Lexa said with a smirk.

"This is all I've wanted." Clarke whispered. Lexa nodded because she could understand what Clarke was saying. She just wanted to be with the teacher all the time.

"Me too. I know a place in Maryland. It's past the beach so no one would know where it is." Lexa offered.

"That sounds good to me."
"I know things will be different back at home, but I'm glad I got to experience New York with you."
Lexa said.

"I'm glad you got to see it."

"I understood before, but now it just makes it clearer. You are very talented, Clarke. You have so much to lose. I don't want to ruin that."

"What I said the other day was out of line and I'm sorry. You make me feel things I thought I wouldn't again. It's scary." Clarke sighed.

"It's been a long time since I've done this," Lexa explained as she rubbed up Clarke's leg. They were so smooth and soft. "But I want to do this with you. I think it's safe to say we are in this together."

"We have to make sure we don't go down, Lexa. I mean it." Clarke said making Lexa nodded firmly.

"Of course. You go down. I go down. We are in this together."

Clarke offered Lexa a smile, which Lexa returned. This talk went a lot better than Lexa expected. She was sure there was going to be crying and the slamming of doors. They sat and talked it out like grown ups. Maybe it was because Clarke was a grown up and kept Lexa in line. There was so much on the line, Lexa knew this, but she wanted to be with the teacher. She couldn't believe they were dating now.

"Again, I'm sorry about before. It's hard having someone you can't have and want to be with."
Clarke apologized again.

"I get it, Clarke. It's okay. We both know what we are doing and I don't think we could stop if we tried," Lexa said. "There's one more thing I want to talk to you about."

"What's that?" Clarke hummed.
"The jersey." Lexa said quietly.

Clarke sighed. Lexa was shocked when Clarke revealed it but quickly regained herself. Lexa immediately loved the idea. She loved that her jersey was made with Jake's name on it. She knew the older man had taken a liking to basketball because of her. It was sweet of him to do and knew he would love it.

"I couldn't stop thinking about it ever since you first met him." Clarke said softly.

"It was a brilliant idea." Lexa praised with a smile making Clarke smile as well.

"Are you going to show it to him when we get back?" Lexa asked curiously.

Clarke scooted closer to Lexa so that their shoulders were touching.

"Yeah. If that's okay with you." Clarke said as she placed a warm hand on the back of Lexa's neck. Clarke squeezed her neck softly.

"Yeah, that's fine." Lexa shrugged as she leaned in to give Clarke a kiss on the cheek.

"What do you want to do tomorrow?" Clarke asked as she leaned into Lexa. Lexa had never been to New York. She'd always seen it on TV or in movies, but she'd never actually been. She knew there was a lot to do in New York and didn't know where to start.

"Could we go to Time Square?" Lexa asked with bright eyes. Clarke chuckled at her.

"If that's what you want, babe. We can go shopping as well." Clarke said with her own little glint in her eye.

"Oh god," Lexa groaned. "Why do I feel like I'm going to be dragged around for hours?" She giggled.
Clarke gave her an innocent look, "Maryland is nice, but it has nothing on New York's shopping outlets. I'm dying to go!"

Lexa was the one laughing now at Clarke.

"We can do that for a few hours and then we need to go back to my work and tie up some loose ends." Clarke said as the timer went off.

"This was a very nice talk, babe." Lexa said as she stood up. Lexa gently lifted Clarke up with her and gave her a small kiss.

"Definitely. I can't believe we are dating now." Clarke giggled as she kissed Lexa harder. They pulled away a second later before they both walked into the kitchen to eat.

After they finished eating, Clarke washed the dishes, while Lexa dried them. They stood side by side working together. They traded shy smiles every once and awhile. Everything felt new, different even. They had a label to what they were doing. They both reveled in it.

When they finished doing the dishes, (Lexa was really loving the domesticity of all this), Lexa went to put the food away, while Clarke cleaned the counters.

“Wanna take another bath?” Clarke husked as she turned the water off. Lexa turned around and thought that Clarke didn't even have to ask.

“Of course.” Lexa said with a smile as she slipped her hand in Clarke's as they walked upstairs.

They got undressed quietly. Lexa gave Clarke a soft kiss as she filled the tub up and added bubbles.

“You're so beautiful.” Lexa whispered as she waited for the tub to fill. Clarke was completely exposed and Lexa loved it. She loved that she could see Clarke naked. Lexa loved that she didn't have to be hard in the company of Clarke. Her member played a huge part in being alone with girls, because it usually led to sex. Lexa loved that she could be flaccid around Clarke. Lexa wasn't embarrassed about it, Clarke didn't mind at all. They were enjoying being naked around each other. Lexa absolutely loved it.
“So are you.” Clarke smirked. Lexa blushed as Clarke hopped in the tub.

“Come on, babe.” Clarke motioned her in. Lexa was getting ready to get in the tub, when she thought of something.

“Do you have any candles?” Lexa asked. Clarke smiled when she realized what Lexa was trying to do.

“In the cabinet under the sink.” Clarke told her. Lexa walked over to get the candles.

Lexa could've easily lit two candles, but she lit six before placing them all around the bathroom.

“You better not burn my penthouse down.” Clarke said seriously, but had a playful look in her eye.

Lexa walked over to turn the lights off, before walking back over to the tub.

“Doesn’t it look better now?” Lexa asked. The bathroom was dark and intimate, but the candles provided enough light. Clarke sighed happily and sunk further down in the tub.

“It does.”

Lexa stepped in the bath with Clarke and sat down. She laughed at all the bubbles that were around them.

“You really like your bubbles, huh?” Lexa smiled.

“Just like you apparently like your candles.” Clarke countered. Lexa smiled, pleased. There was no place she would rather be.

They washed up and blew bubbles at each other. When they were done getting clean, Lexa tugged on Clarke’s wrist.
“Come here.” Lexa said lowly. Clarke gave her an innocent look as she climbed in her lap.

Their skin slipped against each other, but they both smelled amazing.

Lexa didn't say anything as she softly grabbed the back of Clarke's neck. Clarke looked in her eyes before she smiled.

“I'm so happy you are here with me.” Clarke said quietly. Clarke was so close to her, every breath she took tickled Lexa's face.

Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke's butt, pushing her forward. They both moaned when their breasts pressed against each other.

“Me too.” Lexa said.

They both leaned in at the same time, softly connecting their lips. Lexa sighed into the kiss as she wrapped an arm around Clarke's waist. Her other hand gripping her butt.

They didn't rush this kiss like before. Lexa was happy to just sit here and kiss Clarke. She didn't know where this kiss would go, but it was gentle than most of their kisses.

When Lexa pulled away from the kiss to change the angle, Clarke chased her lips the whole time. Lexa smirked as she kissed Clarke deeper this time. Clarke wrapped her arms around her neck and pulled her close.

Lexa went to pull away again, when Clarke bit down on her lip. Lexa whimpered as Clarke pulled her bottom lip into her mouth.

“Clarke.” Lexa groaned as she moved her hands up to palm her breasts.

Clarke was breathing hard on top of her, but never once broke the kiss. Lexa didn't want her to.
Lexa could feel herself getting harder by the second. She needed to pull away before it escalated.

Clarke caught her bottom lip again, biting down on it, before she slipped her tongue in Lexa's mouth.

Lexa shook her head. She wasn't going anywhere. She wasn't going to pull away. It had been a long time since she had dated anyone, but she was ready to date Clarke.

Lexa would stay here in the bath for however long Clarke wanted. Clarke was kissing the life out of her, Lexa wasn't going to pull away anymore. She allowed Clarke to bite and suck her lips. She let Clarke do whatever she wanted to her.

They were dating now and Lexa was more than ready to take the next step.

Time square was overwhelming for Lexa who had never been. Clarke didn't seem phased at all. She breathed in the city like it was the very air keeping her alive. Lexa couldn't get over how much Clarke glowed when she was in the city. It was a beautiful thing to watch.

There were people everywhere, something Lexa wasn't used to, being from a small town. It didn't bother her really, she just wasn't used to it.

The city was lit up with so many billboards. Too many to count.

"I've been on a couple of them." Clarke commented as they slowly walked through the city.

"Really?" Lexa asked excitedly.

"Yup. It was amazing. Me and my crew came down here just to watch it." Clarke informed the basketball player.

"That's so cool, Clarke."

Lexa was loving her morning. Clarke had made them breakfast in bed. They took a nice long shower
together, even managing to keep it innocent. There was a lot they needed to do today, so they wanted to get going. Lexa loved that she could be with Clarke and not have it be sexual. Lexa loved that she could just be around the older girl and was enjoying her time with Clarke.

"Are you enjoying it?" Clarke asked as she rested her head on Lexa’s shoulder. Lexa softly kissed the top of her head as she nodded.

"It's beautiful."

Lexa looked at the numerous signs, as well as the overwhelming amount of shops and people. They all looked happy and were smiling with their loved ones. Lexa loved the atmosphere that Time Square had to offer.

"We can do some shopping." Lexa said after a moment. Clarke lifted her head off her shoulder and squealed.

"Come on!" Clarke said happily.

Lexa chuckled at Clarke. She was dating this dork now.

What was supposed to be a few shops turned out to be way more than that. Lexa should've known this as Clarke dragged her from store to store.

Clarke exclaimed, "I just have to have these!" Over and over again. Lexa rolled her eyes, but smiled the whole time.

Lexa had bought a few things as well. Some new shoes, a new jacket and a couple of Nike shirts. Clarke was right though, New York had a much better selection. They grabbed some food close by that was to die for according to Clarke, before they headed back home.

Their time in New York was winding down. Lexa knew they would have to go back to Maryland. Lexa knew there were a lot of things waiting for them.

Once they got back to Clarke's place, they started packing everything up.
It was sad and silent as they packed their stuff up. Lexa didn't want to go. She loved their bubble they had in New York.

"I'm almost done. We can pack the car up and then head to my company." Clarke suggested. Lexa nodded as she stuffed her clothes into her bags.

"Babe! It's not going to close like that." Clarke chided as she walked over to Lexa's suitcase. It was a mixture of clean and dirty clothes as she kind of threw everything in, hoping for the best.

"It's fine." Lexa grunted as she struggled to close it.

"It's not going to close." Clarke repeated as she kneeled on the ground and unzipped the bag.

Clarke started reorganizing her bag, even touching some of her dirty clothes.

"Clarke! Those are dirty." Lexa exclaimed. Clarke chuckled at her darkly and gave her a look.

"Oh, please. I've sucked your dick balls deep. I don't care if these are dirty." Clarke said nonchalantly, but Lexa choked on her spit. Clarke could be so blunt sometimes.

Lexa didn't respond. She watched as Clarke neatly put everything in her bag and closed it. Lexa raised her eyebrows at her as Clarke smirked.

"Come on." Clarke said gently as they both got up off the floor.

"You can stay here or come in. Whatever you want." Clarke said as she parked her car. Lexa thought for a moment, before deciding to give Clarke this time to be with her crew.

"You go ahead. Just don't forget I'm out here, though." Lexa teased.

Clarke rolled her eyes, but brought Lexa in for a sweet kiss.
"Ten minutes, tops." Clarke promised as she got out of the car and walked inside.

Lexa sighed. This trip to New York was exactly what she needed. She didn't know what was waiting for her back home. She had her phone off for most of the trip. She had wanted to block everything out. She didn't want to think about her mother, her dad, or even her adorable half-brother.

She wished she could stay longer here with Clarke. There were a lot of places she didn't get to see. Lexa didn't know why, but she got the feeling that this wasn't going to be her only time coming to New York.

Clarke took heavy steps up the stairs. She needed to talk to Marcus before she left, and wanted to say goodbye to her crew. They all agreed to meet inside, but her crew hadn't arrived. Only Marcus was here.

Clarke rode the elevator up to Marcus's office and knocked on the door.

"Come in." Marcus called as Clarke opened the door.

"Hello, Clarke." Marcus said warmly. Clarke walked in and sat down in front of his desk.

"Can you please promise me you'll take care of my team while I'm gone?" Clarke asked. She wanted to get straight to the point.

"I will." Marcus said. Clarke squinted her eyes at him.

"You crack under pressure. Cage will not take over my company. I don't want him to ever step in here again." Clarke said darkly.

"I can't control that." Marcus sighed.

"As my boss, I thought you could." Clarke sneered.
"I won't let him try anything. I can promise you that." Marcus said gently. Clarke didn't believe him.

"Can you just hold it over until I come back?" Clarke asked desperately.

"When will that be? We aren't doing so well without you."

"I don't know, Kane. Just please, keep my company alive." Clarke said.

Marcus leaned back in his chair and sighed.

"I will, Clarke. I won't let Cage do anything." Marcus said seriously. It made Clarke feel better. Her emotions were all over the place, being back here. She didn't want to leave, but knew she had a long drive ahead of her.

"I need to get going." Clarke said somberly.

"We'll miss you, Clarke. Good luck with your dad." Marcus said gently.

"Thank you, Kane." Clarke said as she got up. She extended her hand. Marcus chuckled as he shook it.

By the time Clarke left Marcus’s office, her crew arrived. They all hugged Clarke one by one.

"We'll miss you." Dax said. They were all gathered around in a group hug.

"Hurry back." Monroe cried. Clarke nodded. She'd definitely make a trip back up here soon.

"I will." Clarke said. She waited a few minutes and when it was clear that no one was going to let her go, she spoke again.

"I need to go if I want to get back in time." Clarke chuckled. Her crew finally let her go.
"Good luck with everything." Harper said softly. Clarke nodded. She knew what Harper was referring to.

Clarke walked out of her company with tears in her eyes. She didn't want to leave them, but she wanted to get home to her dad. Clarke walked down the steps to her company with a sad smile on her face. At least, she got to see her crew again, she got to be back in her city and she got to be here to experience it with Lexa.

She knew things weren't written in stone with Lexa, but at least they were going back to Maryland together. That was all Clarke had wanted. Lexa was meaning more and more these days. It didn't take Clarke by surprise that she wanted to be around the girl all the time.

Clarke knew she was leaving behind her crew and company, but at least she had Lexa by her side.
Lexa wasn't all that happy when they pulled up at Clarke's apartment. They were back in Maryland which meant they would have to hide again. It had her missing New York even more.

"I'll see you tomorrow morning?" Clarke asked, watching Lexa move her bags to her car.

"I guess so." Lexa frowned sadly. It sucked she couldn't just stay with Clarke, but knew she needed to head home though.

Clarke rubbed the basketball player’s back up and down trying to soothe her.

"I'll see you tomorrow." Clarke husked. A shiver went down Lexa's spine. Lexa was absolutely in love with Clarke's voice. She loved that it was soft and sweet at times, but also had that huskiness that drove Lexa crazy.

"Of course, babe." Lexa said turning around to give Clarke a kiss.

"Meet me in my classroom tomorrow morning or come by during your free period." Clarke suggested. Lexa's stomach fluttered in response. She couldn't wait to spend more time with Clarke.

"Okay." Lexa said softly. She leaned down once more to kiss her before backing away.

"I should get going." Lexa said.

It was late. She wasn't sure if her mother would be home or not, but figured she would find out when she got home.

"I'm just a phone call away." Clarke said sweetly. Lexa smiled at her.

"I'll definitely be calling you." Lexa flirted before removing herself reluctantly from Clarke. She gave her one last kiss before getting in her car and driving away.
Lexa's face paled when she spotted her mother's car in the driveway. Normally, she would still be at work. Lexa was nervous getting out of her car. She slowly got her bags out, preparing for the worst. She didn't know how this was going to turn out. She didn't even want to see her mom, but knew it was inevitable.

Lexa walked in holding her breath, closing the door quietly and walking in. When she turned around, her mother was standing there. She looked calm for the most part, which helped put Lexa at ease, however, she was sporting a frown.

"Where have you been?" Indra grumbled. Lexa blew out a deep breath, setting her bags down.

"At Anya's." Lexa lied smoothly, clenching her jaw. She needed to make it believable.

"And you didn't think to call me?" Indra cried. Lexa wasn't sure her lie worked or not, but went with it.

"I had nothing to say." Lexa shrugged and she saw her mother frown again.

"I've been trying to give you space. Anya told me you stayed with her for the weekend. The least you could've done was tell me where you were." Indra said.

"I had nothing to say." Lexa repeated.

"Alexandria!"

"Don't call me that!" Lexa said angrily. "You had no right!"

"He's going to hurt you again. I don't know how you can't see it."

"I haven't been able to see it because you've been keeping him from me." Lexa remarked.
"I won't apologize." Indra said stubbornly.

"Well you should and until you do, you and I have nothing more to say to each other." Lexa said seriously.

"I'm still your mother." Indra reminded her. Lexa bent down to pick her bags off the floor.

"Okay, I respect that. I'm going upstairs to shower. I need to go to bed." Lexa muttered. She was exhausted and very full from dinner with Clarke. She didn't want to talk to her mother anymore about this. She just wanted to sleep.

"Lexa.." Indra tried to speak, but Lexa turned her back on her. Something she hadn't done in a long time.

"Goodnight, mother." Lexa said dramatically as she walked up the stairs. She heard her mother sigh, but didn't cave. She knew she was being stubborn. She needed to go upstairs, but all she wanted was the comfort and support of her mother.

"So, how was it?" Anya asked curiously as they gathered books out of their lockers.

Lexa woke up late, something she never did. She’d slept past her alarm. Her mother was already gone before she woke up. Lexa texted Clarke saying she wasn’t going to make it for their morning meeting. The blonde laughed and told her to just stop by during her free period. Lexa would definitely be doing that.

"Amazing. New York was amazing." Lexa sighed, closing her locker and leaning against it.

"You really like her, don't you?" Anya asked with wonder in her voice.

Lexa was going to answer Anya, when she saw her.

She was walking down the hall with the flurry of students, but Lexa still noticed her. She heard her heels and saw her blonde hair. She was on the opposite end of the hallway and all Lexa wanted to do
was walk over to her, but didn't want to draw any attention to them. She stayed where she was
knowing she couldn’t, not here.

Clarke’s gaze was towards Lexa, but her eyes were looking up. When Lexa looked up, she
understood. There was a clock hanging above her head, Clarke was playing it safe, because the
teacher didn't want to get caught. Lexa locked eyes with those bright blue eyes making her heart rate
increase, before Clarke looked away. Lexa could still see the smile in them. When Clarke was finally
out of sight, Anya cleared her throat loudly.

"Wow," Anya said stunned. "I already have my answer." She teased. Lexa shoved her playfully.

"Shut up." Lexa grumbled awkwardly.

"You completely zoned out to make major heart eyes towards her!" Anya protested.

"Would you keep your voice down?" Lexa hissed looking around, but luckily no one was paying
any attention.

“Come on, we’re going to be late.” Anya said walking down the hall. Lexa followed her, happy that
she had told Anya about Clarke.

Lexa knocked softly on Clarke's door as it was closed, but the blinds were open. Lexa saw Clarke
look up and smile brightly at seeing her. Lexa couldn't help, but smile back.

Clarke motioned for her to come in. Lexa did so, closing the door and the blinds.

"Hey, babe." Lexa greeted happily. Clarke smiled at her, getting up from her chair. The blonde
placed a quick kiss to her lips making Lexa hum.

"Hey, baby." Clarke replied sweetly. Lexa loved that they could do this at school, even if it was only
behind closed doors. She loved that her relationship with Clarke had grown so much.
"How was your talk with your mom?" Clarke asked, sitting on the edge of her desk. Lexa nervously played with the strings of her hoodie. She avoided Clarke's eyes as she spoke.

"It didn't go so well. I barely let her talk." Lexa said quietly. Clarke sighed as Lexa walked closer to her.

"What are you going to do?" Clarke asked.

"I don't know, Clarke. I don't know what to say and I can't say anything without getting mad." Lexa scolded herself.

Clarke let out another sigh, extending her hand. Lexa quickly grabbed a hold of it, allowing herself to be pulled into the teacher. Lexa sighed as she melted against her.

"That's understandable. You probably need more time." Clarke whispered into her neck.

"I don't want to deal with it." Lexa frowned deeply. There were a lot of things she could say right now, but decided against it.

"Can we talk about something else?" Lexa asked, raising her eyebrows slightly.

"We don't have to talk at all." Clarke rasped with a smirk. Lexa smiled at her getting the hint.

She leaned down, capturing Clarke's lips with hers. It was innocent and sweet. Lexa was sure if there was tongue action, she would have locked the door before having her way with Clarke. She knew that couldn't happen so she kept it short and sweet. Lexa pulled away with a sigh.

"When's this date of ours?" Clarke asked curiously rubbing Lexa's back.

"Friday, after my game. I'll shower, don't worry and then I'm taking you away." Lexa giggled, snuggling into the teacher.

"I can't wait. Where are you taking me?" Clarke asked with sparkling eyes.
"I can't tell you. It's a surprise. It's a bit of a drive, but totally worth it." Lexa said with a happy sigh.

"We wouldn't have to hide." Clarke said giddily.

"That's the plan, I don't want to hide on our first real date."

Lexa couldn't wait to spoil the woman. She hoped it was a fantastic date that she had planned. She knew it was too cold to do anything outdoors, but still hoped her idea was a good one.

"Don't wear a dress. Wear jeans." Lexa instructed. Clarke gave her a pout.

"I'm telling you, you're not going to want to wear it." Lexa clicked her tongue.

"Now, you have to tell me." Clarke begged. Lexa just laughed before leaning in to kiss her forehead.

"Sorry, babe." Lexa muttered.

"We have another thirty minutes until the bell rings." Clarke said, resting her arms out behind her. Lexa smirked because she already liked where this was going.

"What ever shall we do until then." Lexa murmured, placing a hot kiss to Clarke's lips.

"I'm sure we'll think of something." Clarke whispered seductively before leaning up to kiss Lexa.

"I think we will." Lexa said before licking her way into Clarke's mouth.

Lexa smiled seeing Clarke enter the gym. She was wearing her usual skirt attire and looked wonderful. Lexa was happy that Clarke was here unlike last time where she avoided her. She shouldn't have given Clarke the cold shoulder before they went to New York, but so many things were going through her mind, she didn't know what to do. She also needed to focus on the game.
She couldn't wait for their date after the game. She couldn't wait to escape their town for a bit and spend some more alone time together.

Lexa felt lighter knowing that Clarke came to support her. Lexa tried not to look back at Clarke, only making eyes when no one was watching. Clarke would smile at her softly and cheer when she scored.

If the other team thought they were going to win with Lexa's girl sitting in the stands, they were sadly mistaken.

Lexa dominated, with Clarke cheering her on the whole time.

"Wonderful game, babe." Clarke praised before Lexa could even utter a word. Lexa had called Clarke before she left her house. She wanted the blonde to know she was on her way, so she could be ready. It was quite the drive and Lexa wanted to get going.

Lexa kicked herself for showing up to their first date without flowers. Clarke didn't seemed bothered by it, but Lexa hated that she didn't have much time to get any.

"Thank you, baby." Lexa gushed as she brought the blonde into a hug. Clarke wasn't wearing a dress, courtesy to Lexa's words. She was wearing tight fitted jeans and a purple blouse. Clarke's hair was up in a bun, but there were a few strays. Her makeup was minimal, but she still looked gorgeous.

"You look amazing." Clarke muttered against her neck.

Lexa was wearing black skinny jeans with a white dress shirt. She didn't want to get too dressed up for what she had planned later on.

"Are you ready to go?" Lexa asked. Clarke pulled back with a smile.

“Of course.”
Lexa opened Clarke's door for her before rounding her car and getting in. They buckled up before Lexa sped off, and Clarke grabbed a hold of her hand. Lexa smiled softly as they headed out of Clarke's parking garage.

It was an hour drive to get where Lexa was taking Clarke. Lexa figured it would be worth it. She was ready to eat some good food and spend time with the blonde.

"How much longer?" Clarke asked for about the fiftieth time. Clarke kissed up Lexa's arm until she got to her elbow. Lexa desperately was trying to focus on the drive, but couldn't help looking at Clarke.

"Just a few more minutes, actually." Lexa answered. She was distracted, but still mostly focused on the road.

Lexa pulled up into a small Italian restaurant, just on the outskirts of their small town. She knew no one they knew would be here even though it was a great place to go.

Lexa quickly rounded the car to open Clarke's door. Clarke was looking around with a smile on her face. The restaurant was lit up in pretty colors.

"Is this okay?" Lexa asked quietly. It was Friday night, so the place was a little busy, but it was perfect for the both of them.

"It's perfect." Clarke gushed, pulling Lexa in for a quick kiss. Lexa wrapped her arm around Clarke's waist, leading her inside.

They were seated in the back, with a few couples around them. Lexa loved that they blended in with the romantic atmosphere.

After their waiter took their orders, they relaxed in their booth.
"I've been thinking." Lexa breathed, looking around.

"Oh, yeah? About what?" Clarke asked, resting her chin in her hands and looking at Lexa. Lexa's breath hitched because Clarke looked marvelous in front of her.

"My dad." Lexa said quietly. Clarke's eyes widened. Lexa had surprised herself by saying that. She didn't ever talk about him. Only to Anya and now Clarke.

"We don't have to talk about him if it will bring down the mood." Lexa said quickly as she looked up at Clarke.

"No," Clarke answered. "We can talk about him. It won't bring down the mood. I'm happy to talk about him with you." She said honestly.

Lexa nodded, playing with the napkin the silverware came in.

"You know you actually have to talk if you want to talk about your dad." Clarke said lightly, trying to make Lexa more comfortable.

Lexa sighed in relief when she saw their food come out. They thanked the waiter, before they were plunged into silence again. Clarke waited for Lexa to speak.

"I've been thinking more and more about it." Lexa said quietly. Clarke took a sip of water as she looked at Lexa expectantly.

"He's my dad, Clarke," Lexa breathed. "I'm mad at him for leaving me. I'm mad he has another family. I'm mad that he's giving Aden the childhood I wished I had, but he's still my dad."

"So, you want to give it a shot?" Clarke finally spoke. Lexa shrugged because she hadn't thought that far ahead.

"Possibly. My mom and I haven't been doing good. I miss her. I don't know what to do." Lexa said helplessly.
"Maybe you should sit down and really talk to her. Lay everything out, and after that, maybe you will know what to do. I still have your dad's number. I'll give it to you when you are absolutely ready." Clarke said, taking a bite of her chicken.

"You're right. I need to stop avoiding this. It's going to be hard to keep doing that. I'm not ready, but you're right, I should talk to my mom first." Lexa sighed heavily. Her relationship with her mother was going downhill fast, which was something Lexa never thought would happen.

"I'll be here for you through it all." Clarke said with absolute sincerity in her eyes.

"I know you will," Lexa smiled, happy she could talk to Clarke about this. "Do you miss New York yet?" She asked to get rid of some of the tension.

"Oh, my god. Yes." Clarke whined. She knew Lexa was trying to change the topic, but was okay with it. Clarke was just happy Lexa had confided in her. She'd be happy talking about anything with Lexa.

"I'm really glad you went with me. It's not even about the sex. I was just so happy to take you on that journey. It's crazy to think about how much we've grown already." Clarke said, taking another bite of her food.

"I know. I feel like I'm more mature around you. I act different and I really do feel like I'm growing up." Lexa confessed. It didn't freak her out as much as she thought it would. She knew she had grown a lot in the past month, most of it had to do with Clarke.

"You are very mature and I love hanging out with you." Clarke said with a tiny smile.

"I can't believe we're dating now." Lexa gushed, taking a sip of her water.

"I know. It's a little crazy, but I'm so happy we are." Clarke said honestly.

They stared at each other with dopey smiles plastered on their faces. They took a moment to eat before Clarke respectfully cleared her throat.
“Do you think about smoking a lot?” Clarke asked wiping her mouth on her napkin.

Lexa sighed playing with her glass of water.

“I won't lie, I do. I haven't in awhile and I'm proud of myself for that. Sometimes I just crave it, but there's other things that help distract me.” Lexa shrugged, throwing Clarke an innocent smile.

“You are allowed to smoke, Lexa. I just know for me personally, I don't want to. I just can't bring myself to do it. I know I have before, but for right now, I'm okay.” Clarke said.

“I feel like sex became our cigarette.” Lexa said honestly. She felt foolish for saying it, but it was true. They had channeled their addiction into each other, or at least, Lexa did. She knows they haven't been jumping each other every minute of the day, but they have been sleeping with each other a lot more.

“You might be right. That wasn't my intention. I have sex with you because I want to and because I care about you. I already told you I don't just hook up with people. You weren't just a random person either.” Clarke ranted. Lexa smirked, looking at older girl.

“Same goes with me.” Lexa admitted. Clarke’s eyes shone in the romantic lighting of the restaurant.

“Would you ever consider quitting your job?” Lexa asked after a moment. Clarke raised her eyebrows in surprise.

“I haven't really thought about it. I already quit being a fashion designer, but my job is technically still there.”

“Do you like being a teacher?” Lexa asked.

“Yes. I love it. It's not what I want to do with the rest of my life, but for right now, I do.” Clarke answered honestly.
“Well,” Lexa sighed dramatically. “I'm glad you became one because I don't know how else we would've met.” She said seriously.

“Me too. I don't want to quit because I really do like it. I know what I'm doing, and I know the consequences. I guess I'm just giving it a big middle finger right now.” Clarke giggled softly.

“You are so pretty.” Lexa sighed out in awe.

“Thank you.” Clarke said as she smiled.

They went back to eating and dinner went smoothly after that. Lexa often stared at Clarke while she ate. She had to pinch herself multiple times, because this was really happening. She was on a date with Clarke. She couldn't be happier. She listened to Clarke talk and smiled at how cute she was.

Lexa could stare at Clarke for the rest of her life, and she would never get tired of the sight.

When dinner was over, Lexa pulled Clarke's chair out for her as she got up. They thanked the waiter before walking out the restaurant hand in hand.

They stopped outside of Lexa's car as Lexa looked at Clarke nervously. She didn't know if Clarke would like what she had planned.

"There's one more thing I wanted to do tonight.” Lexa said nervously as she shoved her hands in her pocket.

"There's more to this date?" Clarke asked with a happy smile.

"I was thinking we could go ice skating. It's an indoor rink. That's why I didn't want you to wear anything fancy." Lexa said shakily.

"I love ice skating!” Clarke exclaimed. Lexa smiled and mentally fist bumped herself.

"My dad used to take me when I was a kid. We loved it. My mom would often come, but she was
nowhere near as good." Clarke said with a small smile. Lexa kissed her cheek before she opened her door.

"I haven't been in a long time." Lexa informed the blonde.

"I'm sure you’ll do just fine." Clarke said while Lexa drove to the ice skating rink, happy she picked something Clarke loved.

Clarke looked around with awe in her eyes. She looked so happy looking around the arena. There were a couple families here, as well as a few couples. Clarke was happy they could blend in with them.

"Ready to go?" Lexa asked with her skates on. Clarke nodded eagerly as she took Lexa's hands in hers.

They skated around happily with each other. They both kept up with each other, neither one of them falling. They chatted, danced and laugheded with each other for the rest of the night. They traded a few kisses when they could. Lexa didn't think she could get any happier than this, with Clarke on her arm, kissing her whenever she wanted.

"You did good, babe. Major brownie points. You could get lucky tonight." Clarke joked.

"I will get lucky tonight." Lexa corrected her with a laugh.

"What makes you so sure?" Clarke chided.

"Because you can't resist me." Lexa watched the grin break out on Clarke's face. It was so contagious that Lexa smiled back.

"You're right." Clarke said simply. Lexa smirked, because she was right.
They spent another hour skating around with each other, before they decided to call it quits.

"I was thinking we could go back to your place to make hot chocolate." Lexa said as they left the ice skating rink.

"Is that some kind of code for sex?" Clarke asked settling into her seat. Lexa blushed, cranking her car on.

"I was being serious, but it can be if you want." Lexa shrugged.

Clarke looked over at her, tilting her head. Clarke's gaze was intense, but Lexa didn't dare look away.

"I'm glad we went out on a date. I loved it, really." Clarke said earnestly.

"Me too. It was nice. We should do it again." Lexa suggested.

"Should we?" Clarke hummed moving closer to Lexa.

"We should." Lexa said staring down at Clarke's lips.

"You're lucky you're so hot." Clarke groaned before she brought Lexa in for a kiss. They broke the kiss a minute after, with lustful eyes.

"Let's go make that hot chocolate." Clarke said lowly. Lexa didn't need to be told again, she quickly sped off to Clarke's place.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

Some sin occurs, just a fair warning
Enjoy!

“So, thanks for not inviting me to New York.” Raven said sarcastically as Clarke poured them another glass of wine.

“How did you even-”

“The fact that you were M.I.A the whole weekend and besides, Abby tells me everything.” Raven said lightly.

Clarke sighed, because of course her mother had told Raven. It wasn't like Clarke was trying to keep it from Raven exactly. She didn't want the topic to come up though, because of what had happened in New York.

“I wanted to see Harper and everyone else. I’ve missed New York.” Clarke said.

“You went by yourself?” Raven asked with a pout.

Clarke could lie and say she did as she wasn’t sure if she wanted to tell her the truth or not. Clarke took a sip of her wine, giving her some time to reply.

“I didn't go by myself.” Clarke finally answered. Raven raised her eyebrows at her. The shorter girl huffed when her best friend didn't answer.

“Are you going to elaborate?” Raven asked annoyed. Clarke chewed her bottom lip looking at her best friend. Clarke didn't know if she wanted to spill her secret, but it was eating her alive. She loved spending time with Lexa in New York. She also loved the date they had two weeks ago. It was amazing.
Maybe Clarke shouldn't lie anymore and finally come clean.

“Remember Lexa?” Clarke asked. Raven squinted as she wasn't familiar with the name.

“Insanely hot basketball player. Number twenty-five?” Clarke asked to ring a bell.

“Oh, yes! The one you introduced me to. The one you were ogling, but wouldn't admit. I remember now,” Raven said slyly taking a sip of her wine. “What about her?”

Clarke put her wine glass down on the table as she played with the hem of her shirt.

“Clarke-”

“She went with me.” Clarke said quickly, before she could take it back. Clarke watched Raven scrunch her face up in confusion.

“Why would Lexa go with you? Isn't she like seventeen?” Raven asked.

“Eighteen.” Clarke muttered, without answering Raven’s former question. Raven still looked confused, before her eyes widened in realization. She stuttered out a breath before she gaped at Clarke.

“Oh, tell me it's not true!” Raven exclaimed. Clarke winced, but nodded.

“You and Lexa? Clarke! She's a student!” Raven yelled.

“I know she is!” Clarke yelled back.

“So, then why are you-”
“Can you let me explain?” Clarke asked over Raven.

Raven took a deep breath and sat back on the couch. She motioned for Clarke to start talking.

“I thought it was going to be a one time thing. I initiated it. It was very physical until we recently talked everything out. We are dating now.” Clarke smiled at those words, but it dropped when she looked at her best friend. Raven was frowning.

“Dating her?! Clarke, you could lose your job. This could get back to your boss there and here and yet you brought her to New York with you? Are you crazy?” Raven stressed.

“I know. It was a dumb move, but I have feelings for her, Rae. They aren't going away. I tried that already.” Clarke said seriously.

Raven watched Clarke with a close eye. Clarke didn't blink once and Raven knew.

“You're being serious.” Raven hissed. Clarke knew what she was saying was ridiculous, but it was true. She had feelings for Lexa.

“I really like her, Rae. Her graduation is only months away, and she’ll no longer be my student.” Clarke explained.

“And then what, you two live happily ever after?” Raven grumbled. Clarke sighed picking her wine glass back up.

“I don't know,” Clarke shrugged as she took a sip of wine. “But I want to be with her. However I can. Please, do I have your blessing?”

Raven titled her head to the side, still wondering if she was hearing her right.

“I know I’ve already met her, but I want to meet her again. I gotta see if this is legit and if she's good enough for you.” Raven said with a serious expression.
“I can make that happen.” Clarke promised.

“Good, we should hang out this weekend.” Raven suggested.

“That early?” Clarke asked.

“Unless you have other plans.” Raven shrugged.

“No, I'm just asking. Yes, that should work. I need to talk to Lexa first before I can say for sure.” Clarke said.

The two were stuffed after dinner so they continued to talk on the couch. They both had finished their wine. Clarke reached for the bottle to pour another glass for them with a happy smile on her face as she finally told Raven her secret relationship.

Lexa had just gotten out of shower after finishing practice. She was one of the last ones to get in and out of the locker room. She had wanted to stay back and work on her free throws. A part of her was also avoiding going home because she didn't want another awkward encounter with her mother. Lexa wondered how her relationship was getting so bad between them. Lexa felt terrible, but couldn't help herself.

Lexa was getting ready to grab her stuff to leave, when her phone vibrated.

**Baby (:**

7:30 PM

*Are you still here?*

Lexa knitted her eyebrows looking around, although she didn't know why. No one else was here.

**Lexa**

7:31 PM
Lexa felt her stomach drop in the best way as she quickly gathered her stuff. She was glad she showered as she headed up to Clarke's classroom. She wasn't worried about being caught, because it was after school so no one was around. Lexa felt weird walking up the stairs to Clarke's room. Only half the lights were on, and the hallway was almost pitch black.

Lexa knocked softly on Clarke's door, before she heard her voice.

"Come in." Lexa poked her head through the door and looked at Clarke.

"Hi, babe. Come on in." Clarke said. She was wearing her usual blouse and skirt. They didn't have a chance to see each other this morning, because Lexa slept in again. Lexa felt bad about it, but they saw each other during her free period at least.

Lexa sat her stuff down by Clarke's desk after she closed the door.

"What are you doing here so late?" Lexa asked sitting down on the desk.

"I had some artwork I needed to grade. It's taking longer than expected. Almost done though." Clarke said as Lexa leaned down to kiss her.

"Hungry?" Clarke asked.

"Yeah." Lexa nodded. She was going to go home and eat before Clarke texted her.
Clarke slide over a bag that Lexa didn't notice when she walked in.

"I went to get dinner for us during your practice," Clarke said shyly. "I already ate. Help yourself."

Lexa grinned at Clarke before leaning in and kissing her again. Lexa got off the desk and helped herself to the food.

"Alright, done!" Clarke exclaimed looking at Lexa. The basketball player was doing some homework while Clarke graded the art.

Lexa didn't say anything. She shoved her books in her bag before she got up. She walked over to Clarke as the blonde stood up as well. Clarke moaned before their lips were even pressed together. Lexa kissed Clarke desperately as Lexa sat her on the desk.

Clarke smirked into the kiss and hummed. Lexa groaned because she was becoming more aware when Clarke had something up her sleeve.

"What is it?" Lexa asked sucking kisses into Clarke's neck. The blonde sighed beneath her and looked at the clock.

"We have an hour before the janitors reach the second floor," Clarke moaned. "I want to suck your dick."

Lexa groaned at that. She moved away so she could pull down her sweatpants.

"Wait, not like this. Sit in the chair." Clarke breathed, pushing Lexa into the chair. Lexa looked at her weirdly, but did as she was told. Lexa knew the outcome would be amazing, no matter what.

"Lower the chair all the way." Clarke instructed as she went to lock the door, the blinds were already closed thankfully.

Clarke walked over to Lexa and crouched down in the space underneath her desk. Lexa eyes shined
in realization of what Clarke was trying to do.

"Pull your boxers down." Clarke said rolling the chair closer to her. Lexa moaned as she quickly pulled her boxers down to her ankles. Her semi-hard dick flopped out as Clarke was completely hidden under the desk. Lexa could rest her arms against the desk and it would look like she wasn’t doing anything wrong.

Oh, but she was. She was getting ready to get her dick sucked by a teacher who was hiding under the desk.

Lexa sat back so she could see Clarke in action. She fit perfectly under the desk. Clarke didn't waste anytime guiding her dick to her mouth. Lexa bit her lip as Clarke's mouth surrounded her dick. Lexa moaned as Clarke sucked it into her mouth.

"You gotta be quiet, babe." Clarke rushed out letting go of her dick. Lexa nodded, quickly guiding Clarke back to her dick. Clarke quickly went back to work to get Lexa off.

Lexa was loving all the new and hot situations they kept finding themselves in. Lexa knew that there was a lot on the line right now with Clarke doing this. Clarke was sucking her dick under the desk. Lexa knew they could get caught, but would never tell her to stop.

This was all Lexa wanted. There was never a minute where she didn't want Clarke. She always wanted her. The fact that they were in her classroom with her sucking her dick, made Lexa's eyes roll to the back of her head. She listened to the slick noises of Clarke sucking her dick. Lexa yelped when she felt Clarke cup her balls.

"You're the best." Lexa groaned out resting her head back. Clarke was bobbing her head up and down, while she had one hand massaging her balls. Clarke let go of her dick with a soft 'pop' as she brought a hand up to jerk her off. Lexa clenched her jaw because there was no way she was going to last much longer. Her dick was throbbing with release.

Clarke locked eyes with Lexa as she licked up her shaft. Lexa's stomach fluttered as she moaned. Clarke held her dick in one hand as she licked it all around. She stopped at the head, sucking it hard into her mouth.

"Clarke." Lexa whined quietly. She brought her hand up to bite down on because she could already feel her balls tightening. Clarke quickly went back to sucking her dick. Her whole body was hidden
under the desk as she rested her hands against Lexa's thighs. Lexa leaned down to see Clarke licking and sucking her dick with hunger. Lexa quickly threw her head back as her body jerked violently. Clarke quickly pulled away before she opened her mouth. Lexa whined as her cum came rushing out her dick into Clarke's mouth. Clarke greedily swallowed every drop.

Lexa rolled the chair back as she covered herself back up. Clarke crawled out from under the desk and wiped at her mouth.

"I don't even have words for how hot that was." Lexa said lowly. Clarke giggled, leaning down to kiss Lexa.

"Come up here," Lexa motioned to the desk as she pulled away from the kiss. "Let me get a taste of that pussy."

Clarke moaned as she quickly got on the desk, taking her underwear off in the process. Lexa thought Clarke looked so hot before her. Her blouse was undone a couple of buttons and her skirt was bunched up around her hips with her heels still on. Lexa couldn't wait to get a taste of her.

Lexa spread Clarke's legs out and bent them at the knees. Lexa rolled her chair closer to the desk so she had better access. Lexa licked her lips looking down at Clarke's center. It was glistening, she was dripping wet. Her clit was hard and throbbing before her. Lexa couldn't wait to wrap her lips around it.

Lexa didn't waste anymore time before leaning down and running her tongue through Clarke's folds. Lexa moaned softly at how good Clarke tasted before she sucked her folds into her mouth. Lexa gave a long lick through her folds before she came up to stroke Clarke's clit.

"Mmmm." Clarke's moan was muffled as her mouth was clamped shut. Lexa's face felt like it was on fire. She was so turned on as she focused on eating Clarke out.

Clarke softly placed her hand on Lexa's head and arched her back. Lexa repeatedly pulled Clarke's clit into her mouth.

Clarke moaned quietly as she tried to close her legs around Lexa's head. Lexa pulled her legs apart and rested her palms against each thigh, opening Clarke up for her. Lexa rapidly licked through her folds before roughly sucking on her clit again.
"Lexa!" Clarke cried as quietly as she could. She didn't know if it was loud or not, but couldn't help herself.

Lexa licked down until her tongue lapped over Clarke's entrance. Lexa slowly pushed her tongue inside. Clarke felt like the air was being knocked out of her as Lexa thrustted her tongue inside of her. Clarke managed to close her legs around Lexa's head, before the basketball player pushed them open again. Lexa would thrust her tongue in and out, and then swirl it around. The brunette placed a hand on Clarke's stomach to keep her in place as she continued her assault. Lexa brought her other hand up to rub Clarke's clt as she slid her tongue inside her.

"I'm gonna cum." Clarke whined quietly. Her chest heaved in anticipation of her orgasm. Lexa nodded against her as she picked up the pace. Clarke jerked her hips into Lexa's face as Lexa rubbed fast circles around her clt.

Clarke's body went still before it violently shook underneath her. Lexa lapped up the juices that were spilling out of Clarke. The blonde bit her lip as she rolled her hips into Lexa's face.

When Clarke was finished, Lexa pulled away and stood up. She leaned down and connected their lips before pulling down her pants again.

"Turn around." Lexa instructed. Clarke nodded before she stood up on unsteady legs.

"Put one leg here." Lexa said as she pointed to the desk. Clarke nodded in understanding before she placed her leg horizontally out on the desk.

Lexa pulled her boxers down as she pushed down on Clarke's hips. Clarke lowered herself some more as she rested her arms out in front of her. Lexa stroked her dick a few times before she slowly sunk into Clarke. They both released a sigh as Lexa buried herself in Clarke.

Lexa stayed still for a minute before Clarke nodded, silently telling her she was ready. Lexa placed both hands on her hips before plowing into her. Lexa knew they didn't have much time left, but couldn't stop her hips from repeatedly slamming into Clarke's. Clarke whimpered with each thrust.

"You have no idea how much I needed this," Lexa breathed, biting down on her lip as she humped Clarke from behind. "You're such a slut for my dick. Can't even wait until we get home for me to fuck you."
"Your dick is so good," Clarke whispered into her neck. Clarke kissed the underside of Lexa's jaw. "You fuck me so good." Clarke groaned.

Lexa's skin was smacking against Clarke's softly as she worked to get them both off. Lexa bit her lip to prevent any noise from coming out. Lexa was sure she would last longer than this. The whole situation was hot, Lexa was rapidly approaching the edge.

"I'm close." Lexa whispered into Clarke's neck.

"Me too." Clarke moaned. Lexa pulled back from Clarke, slamming her hips into her. She looked down at her dick sliding in and out of Clarke. It was shining with Clarke's arousal. Lexa picked up the pace. She knew time was escaping them.

Clarke was the first to break. She came around Lexa's dick as she spasmed in her arms. Lexa held onto her tightly, but could feel her own orgasm near. Lexa quickly pulled out of Clarke, spilling her load onto her butt.

Lexa was breathing hard as she pulled her pants up. She grabbed the tissues off Clarke's desk to wipe her up. Clarke adjusted her clothes before leaning in to kiss Lexa.

“Wanna hang out?” Lexa asked as they cleaned up. Clarke giggled at her as she gathered her stuff up and got dressed.

“Will your mom worry when you’re out all night?” Clarke asked.

“What makes you think I will be gone the whole night?” Lexa raised her eyebrows. She groaned at the mischievous look Clarke gave her.

“Just a feeling.” Clarke shrugged innocently.

“I can just tell her I'm staying at Anya’s.” Lexa answered.
Clarke thought it over for a minute, before nodding.

“Okay.”

Lexa put her sports bag and backpack in Clarke's room before going back into the living room. Lexa wanted to hang out with Clarke, but she also wanted to tell her something. She knew they were dating now, and wanted to be honest with Clarke.

“Baby, can you come sit down?” Lexa asked. Clarke was standing near the couch, sorting through her mail.

“What is it?” Clarke asked curiously sitting beside Lexa.

“I want to tell you something.” Lexa said quietly. Clarke looked worried, but waited for Lexa to talk.

“I told Anya. It was after we saw my dad. I had to tell someone and I trust Anya. She'd never tell anyone.” Lexa rushed out. She looked up to gauge Clarke's expression. Clarke was sporting a frown and Lexa was worried she messed up.

“Really?” Clarke asked, reaching out to tuck a few stray hairs behind Lexa's ear.

“I couldn't help it. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Please, don't be-”

“I told Raven.” Lexa's eyes went wide when Clarke cut her off. She didn't know if she heard right.

“You told Raven?” Lexa asked dumbfounded. Lexa was sure Clarke wouldn't tell anyone.

“She was a little mad and confused, but I told her. I was actually going to tell you before we went to bed,” Clarke explained as she rubbed Lexa's neck. “She wants us to hang out this weekend.”

Lexa's face paled. She didn't know what would come of that.
“She’s probably going to torment me or something!” Lexa squealed in horror. Clarke laughed wholeheartedly beside her.

“Oh, I’m glad you think it’s funny.” Lexa pouted.

“She just wants to talk to you. See if you are good enough. You make me really happy so I’m sure you will have no problem.” Clarke said casually.

Lexa grinned as she looked to Clarke.

“I make you happy?” Lexa asked with a smile.

“Of course you do, babe. You have nothing to worry about.”

“Can Anya hang out with us? I want someone around, just in case.” Lexa said warily.

“Raven won't hurt you. Not on my watch, but yes. She can hang out with us. We are probably going to go to Raven’s place. She lives in a townhouse.” Clarke explained. Lexa nodded because it sounded like a solid plan. She was happy that Anya was going to actually meet Clarke.

“Wanna go to bed?” Lexa asked with a devious smile.

“Why do I feel like we aren't going to sleep?” Clarke asked slowly.

“Because we aren't.”

Clarke smirked, “You would like that, wouldn't you?”

Lexa stood up, grabbing Clarke's hand. The blonde was already removing her clothes as they made their way to the bedroom.
“Something tells me you would like it too.”
Lexa's eyes connected with brown before they shifted back to blue. Lexa thought this would be a great idea, but they were all staring at each other like they were foreign objects. Lexa didn't even know how to look at Clarke properly. They had all gotten into Clarke's car, to drive over to Raven's (who was waiting for them with a shit ton of pizza apparently). They had picked up Anya and were about to be on their way, but they were all looking at each other awkwardly.

"Nice to finally meet you, Anya." Clarke said, breaking the silence, and craning her neck to see the other basketball player. They had wanted to have this exchange outside of her house, but Lexa knew that other students lived in Anya's neighborhood.

"You too, Ms. Griffin." Anya said politely. Clarke waved her off before she started her car.

"Please," Clarke stressed. "Just call me Clarke."

Lexa looked back at her best friend and smiled encouragingly. She really hoped this evening would go well and that Anya would take a liking to the teacher.

"Okay, Clarke." Anya said slowly. Anya didn't say Clarke's name the way Lexa did which had Lexa looking at Clarke, who was smirking, already knowing what Lexa was thinking. It was their little secret. Lexa had such a distinct way of saying Clarke's name (the blonde would admit, it completely turns her on).

Lexa decided to keep her hands to herself for the duration of the drive. Every mile they got closer, Lexa's nerves got higher.

She was dreading meeting Raven officially, but a huge part of her wanted to because she wanted to prove that she was good enough for Clarke and that she would try and give her the world. She deserved it and so much more, it would be next to impossible as they were a secret, but still wanted to try.

Lexa was happy they wouldn't have to hide at Raven's. She was even looking forward to getting to know Clarke's best friend on a more personal level even though part of her wanted to turn the car around.
Lexa almost puked when she saw they were pulling into Raven’s neighborhood. She looked back at Anya feeling a calm wash over her. Lexa was glad Anya was with her. Lexa smoothed down her shirt after getting out the car.

“Wow. I don't think I've ever seen you so scared.” Clarke teased, walking up to the basketball player. The blonde wrapped a hand around Lexa's neck, preparing to bring her in for a kiss, when Clarke remembered who was with them. Clarke awkwardly cleared her throat before backing up.

“Don't stop on my account.” Anya encouraged with a smile. Lexa grimaced because this whole thing was becoming even more awkward and the night hadn't even begun.

“If this gets to be too much, we can leave.” Clarke said seriously, but none of them had time to decide, before the door to the house came flying open.

“Are you guys going to stand there all night?” Raven quipped, placing her hands on her hips. “Get in here!”

Clarke was the first to move. She walked up the steps to hug her best friend. Lexa looked over to Anya, who was gaping at the Latina. Lexa elbowed her with a questioning look. Anya cleared her throat softly gathering herself.

“You remember Lexa,” Clarke said gesturing to the basketball player. “This is her friend, Anya.” Clarke introduced as the two girls made their way into the house.

“It's nice to meet you, Anya.” Raven said politely, shaking her hand.

“Lexa.” Raven sneered with a scowl on her face.

Lexa visibly swallowed hard, her hands became sweaty and her nerves were getting the best of her at the moment.

“Raven.” Clarke warned lightly, but Raven didn't listen to her.

“Why don't we go in the kitchen and get the pizza. You two sit.” Raven said, motioning to the couch
before grabbing a hold of Lexa's arm and dragging her into the kitchen. Clarke protested, saying they should all sit down, when Raven shot her a glare.

“If I only take a few minutes.” Raven assured her sweetly. Clarke wanted to laugh at the terrified look on Lexa’s face, but she watched on helplessly instead, following her best friend’s instructions and sitting on the couch. Anya sat on the loveseat, wondering what she got herself in to.

Lexa stood in uncomfortable silence, watching Raven get out four plates. She rocked on her heels looking around Raven’s kitchen. She immediately noticed pictures of Clarke and Raven on her fridge. Lexa smiled, Clarke was flashing the camera a huge grin, one picture was them on a beach wearing bikinis and another that was taken in New York which looked like a fashion show and Lexa immediately knew it was Clarke's.

“That's when she really made a name for herself,” Lexa was beyond creeped out because Raven’s back was still turned to her, yet she knew what she was looking at. “God, I can't tell you how many times she went to the bathroom beforehand. Big people were there and they were the ones who discovered her. It was her first big break and I had never been more proud.”

Lexa wanted to hurl when Raven turned around to her with threat shining in her eyes. Raven squinted at her as she talked.

“My best friend has been through alot,” Raven said, casually leaning against the counter. “She went through a hell of a break up and then I come to find out, she's sleeping with a student.”

“It's more than that.” Lexa said lamely.

“I love her.” Raven said sincerely making Lexa's eyes widened. Raven had the decency to blush.

“Not like that,” Raven rushed out. “She's my best friend and she's going through a lot. I don't need you ruining that.”

“She makes me happy. I think the same goes for her.” Lexa said.
“What are your intentions with her?” Raven said, folding her arms.


“I like that answer,” Raven pointed a finger at her. “You are in my good books.”

Lexa let out a goofy smile when Raven handed her a plate of pizza. The second Lexa went to grab it, Raven yanked her in.

“I want to make something perfectly clear,” Raven gritted out. Lexa's eyes widened slightly in fear. “You hurt her. You deal with me. I'll break some bone in your body to make sure you can't play basketball anymore. That clear, lover girl?”

“Yes.” Lexa squeaked out. Raven smiled viciously as she let her go.

“Glad we have an understanding. Let's get back out there.”

Lexa immediately agreed. She didn't want to be in here with Raven anymore. Raven was pretty small, but she was tenacious.

"Everything go okay?” Clarke asked taking her plate from Lexa. Lexa nodded sitting down next to Clarke. She felt a thousand times better being back in the company of the blonde.

Raven smiled innocently at them before passing a plate to Anya.

"So, when's your graduation?” Raven asked sitting down next to Anya. Clarke huffed out a sigh.

"The end of May. I think prom is at the beginning of May." Lexa answered. Anya nodded along in agreement before she started eating.

"It's only November. That's a long ways away." Raven pointed out subtly.
"Raven." Clarke astonished.

"What? I am simply stating. We can't even drink around them." Raven pouted. Clarke frowned, because she knew Raven was right.

Anya liked that she was sitting close to Raven. While the two lovebirds were wrapped up in each other, Anya made eye contact with Raven.

Raven looked back at her with wide eyes, not knowing what to say to her. So, they didn't say anything, just kept staring intensely at each other.

They ate in silence before Raven excused herself to the bathroom.

Anya left the room shortly after because Clarke and Lexa had started making out. Anya wandered upstairs because she could still hear the smack of their lips together and it was grossing her out.

"Whoa!" Raven yelped coming out of the bathroom. Anya turned around in surprise not realizing she was standing in front of the bathroom.

"Sorry." Anya apologized. Raven was getting ready to head back downstairs, when Anya stopped her.

"You don't want to go down there," Anya warned with a grimace. "They won't stop sucking face." She gagged. Raven sighed heavily.

"Oh, great," Raven said sarcastically walking to the top of the stairs. "No sex on the couch! If you are going to do it, I would prefer you go to the guest room! Keep it PG-13 kids!" Raven yelled at the top of her lungs before looking back at Anya.

Raven looked her over in curiosity, "What do they feed you at your high school? Why are you so tall?" Raven asked as she squinted at Anya.
"Well, I play basketball too." Anya said proudly. Raven scoffed, offended.

"So, what? Are you saying because I'm short, I can't play basketball?" Raven asked with a glare.

"No," Anya shook her head. "That's not what I'm saying and I-" Anya stopped short, when she realized the playful glint in Raven’s eyes.

"You’re very pretty." Anya said leaning against the wall. Raven mirrored her position, before throwing her a look. They were a safe distance away from each other at the moment.

"Look, I'm not Clarke, although I have nothing to lose. I don't go for younger. Especially not someone in high school."

"I'm eighteen." Anya said.

"Great, you're legal. Still won't change the face that I-" Raven cut herself off abruptly.

"You what? Won't sleep with an eighteen year old?" Anya asked.

"That's exactly what I'm saying. What makes you think I'll sleep with you?" Raven hissed. Anya sighed pushing herself off the wall.

"I know said you wouldn’t, but you wouldn’t consider it even for a second?" Anya challenged.

"Not even for a millisecond." Raven husked out. Anya stopped walking when she was right in front of the Latina.

"Humor me." Anya breathed out staring down at Raven's lips.

"I will do no such thing." Raven tried keeping Anya at a distance. Anya smirked when Raven wrapped her hand around her bicep.
“Damn. You’re muscular.” Raven said shocked.

“It’s amazing what I can lift,” Anya shrugged. “You’re pretty small. I’m pretty sure I could lift you up.” She continued. Anya smiled internally because Raven looked up at her with conflict shining in her eyes.

“They aren’t going to stop any time soon and we have all night.” Anya said.

“Why are you so smooth? You’re beating me at my own game.” Raven muttered under her breath.

“Because you’re so goddamn beautiful.” Anya said honestly.

Anya must have said something right, because the next second, Raven’s lips were on hers.

Anya immediately grabbed a hold of Raven and pulled her in. Anya smirked when she picked her up and made Raven squeak. Anya softly slammed her against the wall, sliding her tongue in her mouth. Anya was holding Raven up by her thighs, when Raven’s tongue met hers. Raven bit down on Anya’s lip, before pulling herself away.

“This is wrong,” Raven rushed out, enjoying the feeling of being lifted and kissing the younger girl. Her eyes were half lidded and wanted more, but knew this was wrong. “My best friend is downstairs.”

“I could come back later tonight.” Anya suggested.

“Wow. You sound a little desperate.” Raven tried to make light of the situation.

“I’m trying to make you comfortable. If you don’t feel right doing it with your friend in the house.” Anya said.

“Fine.” Raven huffed out a breath. Anya’s eyes widened when Raven agreed with her. She didn’t think she would agree.
Anya contained her excitement when Raven put her number in her phone.

"You can come back tonight. I'll keep my door unlocked." Raven said. They locked eyes briefly before they heard Clarke and Lexa call them back down.

Anya smiled the whole way downstairs while Raven did her best to hide hers.

Sunday afternoon Lexa could be found in the hospital with Clarke. Lexa held Clarke's hand the whole way up to Jake's room. Abby was in a surgery, so they had some time. Lexa was excited to see him, but her smile was wiped off when she saw the state he was in.

He was bald, and pale. His eyes were barely open. He waved weakly when they walked in. Lexa clenched her jaw as she greeted him. He was alone and Clarke went over to hug him.

"Hi, daddy." She said softly. She set her bags down on the couch as Lexa sat down in the chair by his bed.

"Hey, guys." Jake said with as much strength as he could. Lexa glanced at Clarke and saw how she was trying to keep her tears at bay.

"How are you today?" Clarke asked sitting down on his bed. She stroked his head while Lexa sat back, watching them.

"I've been better." Jake joked. Clarke smiled sadly before she spoke.

"You know how I went to New York?" She asked softly. Jake nodded weakly.

"I was tired when you told me about it, but I remember." Jake muttered.

"I made you something. I waited until Lexa could come with me to show you." Clarke was getting ready to get up, when Lexa stopped her.
"I'll get it." Lexa said as she rushed over to the bag.

Even in his weak state, Jake's eyes still glowed.

"Is it a drawing of the city?" Jake asked happily. Clarke chuckled as she grabbed the bag from Lexa.

"Not quite." She smirked as she got out the jersey. Clarke took a deep breath, getting off the bed. She stood with Lexa before she showed her dad.

Lexa stood with her hands behind her back, flashing Jake a small smile.

"I made this for you while I was in New York," Clarke said, showing her dad the jersey. "The number 25, is Lexa's number. I made it for you dad."

Clarke's voice got shaky towards the end, but Lexa wrapped an arm around her waist. The movement didn't go unnoticed by Jake who grinned.

"I love it!" Jake said with enthusiasm. "It's so beautiful. Did you make them for the whole team?"

"No, dad. Other than you, I made mom and I one, but that's it." Clarke answered. Jake nodded, still happy that his daughter made him a jersey.

"It even has my name on it." Jake gushed.

"It does!" Clarke said handing Jake the jersey. He took it with weak hands.

"We can watch some basketball now." Jake suggested reaching for the remote. Lexa clenched her jaw again, she could feel her own eyes stinging with tears, and didn't know why. Lexa was sure, Jake hadn't watched any sport until he met her. He had taken a liking to basketball because of her.

Lexa kept her tears at bay as she sat back down by Jake. They spent the whole evening watching
Lexa barely had anytime to see Clarke on Monday. She met Clarke in her classroom and they had a quick make out session, before Lexa had to leave.

Lexa didn’t have time during her free period either because she had an English test she needed to study for. She was able to stop by for a few minutes, but Clarke looked like she was running on no sleep. She had yawned multiple times in the five minutes Lexa went to go see her.

"Rough night?" Lexa asked with a smirk, pulling the teacher in for a hug.

"Something like that." Clarke yawned into her neck. Lexa giggled wrapping her arms tighter around Clarke.

"Come over tonight." Clarke said pulling out of the hug.

"You sure?" Lexa asked.

"Yeah, after your practice. The door will be unlocked. Come over. Please." Clarke repeated. Lexa flashed her a cheeky smile.

"Okay."

"Get out of here, beautiful." Clarke said lightly stepping away, even though she didn’t want to.

"Bye, babe."

"See you tonight."

Lexa headed over to Clarke’s as promised. After Lexa finished up practice, she showered and went to the store to buy ingredients for dinner. She was going to attempt to make Clarke dinner, (she
Lexa entered Clarke's apartment quietly setting her stuff down by the couch. She then set the bags of groceries on the counter before making her way to the bedroom.

"Clarke, it's me." Lexa called out. She didn't want to frighten the teacher with her presence. Lexa opened Clarke's door when the blonde let out a loud groan. Lexa chuckled taking her jacket off before quietly slipping in behind Clarke.

Lexa immediately groaned as well seeing Clarke was only wearing a thong and a tank top.

"You alright?" Lexa asked rubbing her arms up and down.

"Migraine." Clarke grunted. Lexa frowned holding Clarke tighter.

"It's not as cold as before." Lexa pointed out.

"Heater." Clarke uttered pointing to the corner of the room. Lexa smiled burying her head in Clarke's hair. She smelt amazing, like cinnamon.

"You know there's a way to cure this migraine of yours." Lexa whispered trailing kisses across Clarke's shoulder. Lexa smirked when she heard Clarke let out a small moan.

"Believe me baby, I would, but I'm beyond exhausted." Clarke said with a loud yawn. Lexa frowned because she noticed the bags under Clarke's eyes. She only wanted to help.

"What did you do last night?" Lexa asked amused, only to get another yawn in response.

"Nothing." Clarke said quickly. Lexa frowned again, because Clarke was already drifting off to sleep.

Lexa stayed there holding Clarke until she was asleep. She gave the older girl a kiss on the cheek before slipping out of bed. She had some homework she needed to do, and still wanted to cook the
blonde dinner. It was the only dish she knew how to make, spaghetti and meatballs with garlic bread.

Lexa looked back at Clarke sleeping one more time before leaving the room. She did her homework before deciding to call Anya.

"Hello?" Anya greeted into the phone.

"Hey. You left so fast after practice, that I didn't get a chance to say goodbye." Lexa said walking into the kitchen.

"Sound like someone you know?" Anya quipped. Lexa chuckled putting a pot of water on the stove to boil.

"I'm cooking dinner for Clarke tonight. She has a headache."

"Wow, already making her dinner? Try not to kill her." Anya teased.

"I won't! Anyways, what are you doing?" Lexa asked. She stopped what she was doing when Anya didn't answer.

"Nothing." Anya said slowly, like she didn't know what she was doing.

"You aren't doing anything?" Lexa asked, continuing to pour water in the pot.

"I'm just chilling. Why?" Anya asked.

"I'm just trying to have a conversation with my best friend. It's easier because now I can actually tell you what I'm doing." Lexa confessed.

"I'm glad you did," Anya sighed. "But listen, I gotta go."
"Okay," Lexa said confusedly. "Bye, then."

"Yup. Uh-huh. See you tomorrow, bye." The line went dead after that with Lexa staring her down at her phone in confusion. She shook her head and went back to cooking dinner.

When she finished, she lit candles all around the living room and placed a few on the dinner table before going to get Clarke.

The blonde was just waking up, when Lexa entered the room.

"I smell food." Clarke said. She looked way better than she did when Lexa first got here. It had been a couple of hours and Lexa was glad Clarke got some sleep.

"I cooked you dinner. Madam?" Lexa said in a fake accent holding out her hand. Clarke grabbed a hold of it with a grin.

"Oh, but, of course." Clarke gushed, batting her eyelashes before standing up. Lexa looked down to her bare legs and bit her lip.

"I'm sorry, what are the dress arrangements?" Clarke asked in a British accent.

"What you're wearing is fine. Hell, if you want to come naked, that would be acceptable too." Lexa said lowly.

"I think I'll just stay like this then. Let's go because I'm hungry." Clarke dropped her accent dragging Lexa out the room. Lexa watched her butt bounce with each step.

"That was seriously amazing," Clarke praised standing up and rubbing her belly. Lexa smiled happily while cleaning the table off. "And guess what?" Clarke asked.

Lexa put the dishes in the sink before turning around to Clarke.
"What?"

"I'm not tired." Clarke cooed. Lexa frowned for a second, before catching on.

"Really? Not even a little bit?" Lexa asked walking over to the older girl.

"Nope. That nap was greatly appreciated and now, I think I could stay up all night." Clarke shrugged.

"Which wouldn't be a good idea because you were a zombie today." Lexa said firmly.

"Fine, but come on. I see you lit some candles." Clarke said yanking on Lexa's wrist and making her sit down on the couch before going to her stereo in the corner.

Lexa's heart dropped when she realized what was about to happen.

Clarke put on ‘Dance For You’ by Beyoncé. Lexa's eyes bugged out when Clarke sauntered over to her.

Lexa's chest heaved when the song began and Clarke started moving her hips to the beat. Lexa swallowed hard watching Clarke walk over to her. She worked her hands in her hair while thrusting her hips towards her. Lexa let out a moan when Clarke turned around dropping down in her lap. She started rocking her hips into Lexa's center and then started bouncing up and down in her lap before wrapping her arms around her neck.

"I know I won't ever eh-ever give you up and I want to say thank you in case I don't thank you enough." Clarke sang along to the lyrics and Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke's hips as they moved.

"Clarke. This is so hot."

Clarke body rolled into Lexa before she got up. She slowly took her tank top off, before throwing it at Lexa.
Clarke dropped to her knees and spread Lexa's legs open. Lexa whimpered watching her pull her shorts down. Lexa stepped out of them, leaving her in her boxers with her dick hard.

"Words can't describe how bad I want you to fuck me." Clarke's voice was so low, Lexa's dick twitched at the sound.

"Your lap dance was amazing, but maybe we could go shower?" Lexa asked. She knew she already had, but she wouldn't mind another, especially with a naked Clarke accompanying her.

Clarke smirked at her before getting up. She didn't say anything while turning the music off and removing her under garments. She gave Lexa a look while heading to the bathroom. Lexa quickly shot up from her seat and raced after her.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Clarke groaned holding onto the railing in her shower. Lexa stood behind her, pumping her hips into her. Clarke's hair was wet and stuck to her face as Lexa was taking her hard and fast from behind. Clarke scrunched her face up trying to brace herself. She had a death grip on the railing with one hand and the other was around Lexa's wrist.

"God, baby. Your pussy is so tight. It's so good." Lexa drawled out rutting into her. Lexa had one hand on her hip and the other on the railing hearing her skin smack against Clarke's.

Lexa's whole body tingled while drilling her hips into the blonde. They had already washed each other up before Lexa couldn't take it anymore. Clarke was already bending over when Lexa quickly slid into her.

Lexa removed her hand from the railing, standing straight up. She reached down tentatively grabbing a hold of Clarke's butt cheek. She let it go before softly smacking it. Clarke clenched around her, letting out a loud moan. Lexa did it again, harder this time. She landed another smack and this time making Clarke throw her head back crying out.

"Oh, fu-uck, Lexa! Do it again." Clarke begged. Lexa's eyes widened when her dick painfully twitched in Clarke. Lexa smacked Clarke again and again.

"Oh, god. Yes!" Clarke mewed out. "Please, don't stop!"

Lexa shook her head, before realizing Clarke couldn't see her.
"I won't, baby. You're so hot." Lexa groaned out slamming her hips in Clarke. Lexa reached around, rubbing circles around Clarke's clit as she smacked her ass again.

"Lexa!" Clarke painfully clenched around Lexa. Lexa rubbed her clit faster feeling the blonde repeatedly clench around her.

"I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum!" Clarke squeaked out.

Lexa bit her lip jerking her hips in Clarke once more, before the blonde came around her. Lexa whined as she continued to pump her hips into Clarke. The blonde was groaning underneath her, before Lexa abruptly pulled out. Clarke immediately turned around, getting on her knees. Lexa couldn't think straight as she pumped her dick. Her eyes were shut so tight, she saw black spots forming behind her eyelids. Lexa's hips stuttered as her cum came rushing out. Lexa yelped as cum landed all over Clarke's face.

Clarke hummed delightfully as Lexa emptied herself on her. Lexa gave her dick one last stroke before letting go. It flopped while helping Clarke to her feet.

"That was amazing." Lexa groaned.

"I know, high-five?" Clarke asked holding her hand out. Lexa snorted out a laugh as they cleaned themselves once more.

"I'm not going to high-five you." Lexa shook her head. Clarke pouted washing her hair again.

"Not even if I suck your dick and play with your balls?" Clarke sung playfully.

Lexa immediately brought her hand up and Clarke smiled.

Clarke smacked her hand against Lexa's before they got out the shower. Lexa put on clean clothes before cuddling up in bed with Clarke.
"I do believe you promised to suck my dick." Lexa murmured into Clarke's hair. Lexa was already drifting off to sleep holding Clarke.

"Hmm," Clarke mumbled. "Can I take a rain check?"

"I thought you weren't tired." Lexa smirked.

"Someone just wore me out in the shower." Clarke husked back. Lexa smiled hugging Clarke tighter.

"Goodnight, babe."

"Night, baby."

They both fell asleep, not hearing Lexa's phone buzz repeatedly in her gym bag.
Chapter 31

Lexa woke up to someone squeezing her breasts. Lexa popped one eye opened, and then the next. Lexa squinted as the sun was shining through the curtains. She had thought she was dreaming, but when she opened her eyes again, Clarke was hovering above her.

"Good morning, my beautiful babe." Clarke cooed, a bashful smile on her face. Lexa smiled before she leaned up to kiss her.

"Can't we just stay in bed all day?" Lexa asked pulling away.

"We have to be at school in an hour. You need to get up." Clarke informed her.

Lexa pulled Clarke in for another kiss, slowly slipping her tongue in. Lexa let out a whine, when Clarke's tongue caressed hers.

"Can you suck my dick?" Lexa whispered between her lips, her face heating up at the thought.

"You want me to suck your dick?" Clarke asked pulling away from Lexa's lips. Clarke ran her hands up and down her sides, before cupping Lexa's bulge.

"Yes! It's all I can think about." Lexa whimpered laying down on her back.

Clarke started planting sloppy kisses down Lexa's neck, working her way down Lexa's body as Lexa lifted her hips. Lexa pulled her boxers down, and Clarke grabbed the base of her dick. Lexa moaned feeling Clarke's breath tickling her hips. The blonde was getting ready to wrap her lips around the head of Lexa's dick, when they heard a buzzing sound.

"Was that your phone?" Clarke asked looking around the room. Lexa's eyes widened before quickly throwing the covers off rushing to her phone, she saw a bunch of missed phones calls from her mom.
"Oh, my god!" Lexa exclaimed. "She's going to kill me!"

"Is it your mom?" Clarke cringed looking at the basketball player.

"Yes! I'm so dead!" Lexa whined as Clarke got up.

"Call her back. I'll go make breakfast." Clarke said. She kissed Lexa on the cheek and walked out the door.

Lexa stared down in horror, like her mother would come jumping straight out of the phone. Lexa's heart thudded in her chest when she called her mother back.

"Hey, mom." Lexa breathed out casually.

"Where have you been?" Indra yelled into the phone. Lexa winced, taking the phone away from her ear for a second.

"At Anya's." Lexa lied.

"Oh, really? Because I called Anya last night and she said you weren't with her." Lexa's eyes widened, realizing she didn't have an alibi. There was no point in trying to lie to her mother now.

"Fine," Lexa sighed heavily. "I'm with my girl."

"You've lost your mind, child," Indra gritted in the phone. "First, staying out all night with a girl and second, for not calling. I don't give a damn if you're upset with me. I was worried sick when you didn't come home and then not answering your messages! You better be home tonight or else I am grounding you for the rest of your life!"

Lexa was stunned into silence, swallowing hard. She nodded her head dumbly to what her mother was saying.

"Okay, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I'll be home tonight." Lexa promised.
"You better. Have a good day at school, I love you. I want to meet the girl that has you out all night."

"Yeah, you will soon," Lexa cringed knowing she was lying to her mother. "I love you too. I'm sorry." Lexa said before hanging up.

She sighed, but was glad she didn't need to go home before school. Lexa knew only one outfit was left in her gym bag, and was beyond grateful that it was clean. They were work out clothes, but Lexa didn't mind. She quickly washed up before heading to the kitchen for breakfast.

Clarke was standing in the kitchen sipping coffee while listening to soft music.

"How did it go?" Clarke was looking at the newspaper, but quickly put it down upon seeing her.

"She threatened to ground me for the rest of my life if I don't come home tonight." Lexa said. Her face was pale like she'd seen a ghost.

"I wanted you to come see my dad." Clarke pouted.

"I still can. She doesn't get home until ten. That's plenty of time and I don't have practice tonight." Lexa explained. Clarke nodded before handing Lexa a plate of food.

Lexa took it before placing a kiss on Clarke's lips.

"Thanks, babe." Lexa said happily sitting down to eat.

"I'm gonna go get ready." Clarke dismissed herself. Lexa nodded as Clarke kissed her forehead before heading to her room.

"So, thanks for covering for me last night." Lexa sneered walking towards Anya. Anya's eyes widened staring at her best friend.

"I'm really sorry. I realized my mistake when I said you weren't with me. Your mother was already
so mad, I couldn't take it back. How bad was it?

"She threatened to ground me for the rest of my life if I'm not home on time tonight, but I want to go see Clarke's dad first."

"You already met the parentals?" Anya asked in shock.

"Just her dad. I met her mom, but she knows I'm a student. Her dad doesn't." Lexa explained while opening her locker.

"Still, must be pretty serious for you to meet her dad. I heard he has cancer." Anya said softly.

"He does," Lexa sighed getting her books out. "It's a sore subject for Clarke. I try to be there anyway I can. He doesn't have much time left."

"I'm so sorry, Lex." Anya said.

"Don't be sorry for me." Lexa said closing her locker. Anya smiled sadly when the bell rung.

"So, what were you doing last night?" Lexa asked with a hint of curiosity.

"Nothing." Anya casually shrugged.

Lexa side-eyed her, not believing her at all.

"What did you do last night? Or should I say the past two nights?" Lexa smirked. Anya's eyes widened and Lexa knew she caught her.

"Nothing, seriously."

"Who is she? Come on," Lexa leaned in slightly. "I told you I'm dating a teacher."
"And I'm glad you did. I wasn't doing anything last night so drop it." Anya gritted. Lexa continued to smirk, knowing her best friend was lying, but dropped it like she asked for now.

"If you say so." Lexa hummed as they headed to class.

"We could have a quickie before we go. You can suck my dick." Lexa rushed out in between heated kisses. They both met up after school in Clarke's classroom. They drew the blinds closed and locked the door. They had been heavily making out for the past couple minutes.

Lexa reached down between them to unbuckle her pants when Clarke stopped her. The teacher planted one last kiss to Lexa's lips, before pulling away giggling.

"What's with you and the dick sucking?" Clarke chuckled gathering her stuff up.

"You promised you would suck my dick if I gave you a high five. I gave you a high five, yet I don't see you sucking my dick." Lexa frowned throwing her backpack on.

"I will suck your dick, but not right now. We are going to see my dad first." Clarke said seriously.

"So, when we go get home?"

"No," Clarke giggled out. "You need to go home and see your mom."

"You're stalling, I knew I shouldn't have given you a high five." Lexa grumbled.

Clarke bit her lip before walking over to Lexa.

"I promise, I'll suck your dick so hard and so good, every time you think about it, you'll cum in your pants. I will do whatever you want. Just name it," Clarke sweetened her deal by placing a soft kiss to Lexa's lips. "Sound good?"
"Yes. Perfect." Lexa squeaked nodding quickly.

Lexa left her classroom first, hurrying down the hall before anyone could see her. She smirked because she could hear the sound of Clarke's heels right behind her.

Lexa felt her mood drop the second Clarke pulled into the hospital parking lot. They quickly walked inside before Clarke spotted her mother, making her quickly push Lexa in the direction of her dad's room. Lexa was quick to disappear before Abby neared.

"Hey, mom." Clarke greeted pulling her mother in for a hug. Her mother felt too thin in her arms and her shoulders were sagging.

"Hey, sweetie." Abby said pulling away. Clarke knew something wasn't right because her mother wouldn't meet her eyes.

"What's wrong?" Clarke asked quietly. Her voice was shaky waiting for her mother to speak.

"Is dad.. is he..?" When Clarke failed to finish her sentence, Abby quickly snapped out of it.

"No," Abby reassured her. "But it's only a matter of days." Clarke blew out a breath as tears stung her eyes.

"D-days?" Clarke stuttered.

"Yes, we just got word today. I didn't want you to be distracted at work, so I waited until you got here."

"Can I be alone with him?" Clarke asked as her lips trembled.

"Of course." Abby whispered. Clarke hugged her mother once more, before dashing off to see her dad.
"Dad!" Clarke said, barging through the door.

Clarke shook her head seeing her dad watch basketball with Lexa. He had a warm smile on his face. He looked completely fine to Clarke. The blonde sighed walking over to hug her father.

"I love you." Clarke said in his ear.

"I love you, too, kid." Jake said back with a small smile.

"I'm gonna use the bathroom." Lexa excused herself as Jake locked eyes with his daughter.

"Come sit down." Jake patted the bed softly. Clarke swallowed hard before sitting down.

"Mom already told me," Clarke mumbled. "Is it true?"

Jake sighed wrapping his arms tight around Clarke.

"It is."

Clarke brought her hand up to cover her mouth, her vision blurring with tears.

"I'm sorry," Jake said looking over to his daughter. "I'm sorry I won't be able to walk you down the aisle or be there for your wedding day. I'm sorry I can't be your superhero right now. My body is giving up. It's-"

Clarke just cried harder. Her dad was saying goodbye.

"Shh." Clarke hushed with a sob.
"I failed you. Oh, god- Clarke. I failed you and your mother. I won't be there for your wedding and I won't be able to pick on you anymore. I'll miss everything."

"Dad.." Clarke chuckled out sadly.

"You are my baby girl. My sweet girl. My love, my heart and soul and I love you so much." Jake whispered.

Clarke nodded. She opened and closed her mouth multiple times, before hearing the bathroom door open.

Lexa looked up startled at the scene before her.

"Clarke, are you okay?" Lexa asked rushing over to her. Lexa immediately wrapped her arms around Clarke, and the blonde easily fell into them. She allowed herself to cry as she felt her dad rub her back affectionately.

"I'm fine. I'm okay," Clarke squeaked out as she got up. "I'm gonna go pick up some dinner for us, okay? I'll be right back."

"Okay." Lexa looked confused, but allowed Clarke to leave the room. Lexa sat back and noticed Jake's eyes were rimmed red.

"Do you love her?" Jake asked locking eyes with her once Clarke left. Lexa visibly paled stumbling over her words.

"I could," Lexa answered as honestly as she could. "I could really love her one day."

"I see the way you look at her." Jake said. Lexa blushed because she didn't think it was that obvious.

"I've always wanted someone to look at my daughter like that. I know it may sound weird, but I don't have much time left. I was so worried after her break up with Niylah, but then you came along. I don't think I've ever seen my daughter smile so much or look so happy." Jake said with a smile.
"I care about your daughter very much." Lexa admitted.

"Take care of my baby girl for me," Jake wheezed through a pained expression. "She means everything to me and I would do anything for her. I can't now. But I would or I would die trying. Make sure she doesn't fall apart. If she pushes you away, please don't leave. That's when she needs you the most. I have never loved anyone more than I love Clarke, besides her mother. Take care of my girls, Lexa. I'm begging you."

Lexa watched in horror as Jake stopped what he was saying, bursting into a fit of coughs. Lexa yelped standing up.

"Should I get the nurse?" Lexa asked frantically.

"No," Jake coughed out. "I'm fine." Lexa relaxed as his coughing slowed down. She sat back down slowly.

Lexa couldn't utter a single word to Jake and didn't get the chance as Clarke barged through the door with food.

"I'm back." Clarke said as cheerfully as she could, but Lexa saw her eyes were red. Lexa knew the blonde had been crying. Jake smiled at the sight of his daughter.

Clarke handed a carton of food over to Lexa. Lexa looked back at Jake warily, before taking it. He nodded subtly.

"You guys eat. I'm okay." Jake said quietly. Clarke kissed her dad on the forehead before they went to sit down at the table.

The room was too quiet for Lexa, but she wasn't up for conversation at the moment.

Clarke looked like she was wrapped up in her own head and it wasn't long before Jake fell asleep.
Lexa thought about Jake's words over and over again. Her heart ached because this wasn't a dream. She couldn't wish this way. It was happening. She couldn't pretend like it wasn't.

This beautiful, wonderful man was going to die, and she didn't even get to see him live.

Lexa felt sick to her stomach, but she didn't want to draw attention to herself. She was too wrapped up in her thoughts to even have a conversation with Clarke.

They traded small smiles when they could, but it was hard to do with the atmosphere of the room.

"We should probably go. Let him rest." Clarke said getting up. Lexa wordlessly got up too, before walking over and hugging Clarke.

"I'm sorry." Lexa whispered because she didn't know what else to say.

"You have nothing to be sorry for." Clarke muttered kissing Lexa slowly. Lexa immediately deepened the kiss, taking solace in Clarke's lips. Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck tightly, trembling against her.

"It's okay, Clarke. I'm right here." Lexa whispered backing away from the kiss. Clarke rested her head on her shoulder.

"I'm glad you are."

Lexa looked back at Clarke, who had been silent, looking out the window the whole ride home. Lexa sucked in a breath, before finding the courage to speak.

"Do you still have my dad's number?" Lexa asked with a lump in her throat. Clarke whipped her head around to look at Lexa.

"I do. Why?" Clarke asked skeptically.
Lexa didn't know if she was making the right decision or not. She felt haunted. She could still hear Jake coughing in the background and something shifted. She didn't know if she was doing it for the right reasons, but she would try. It wouldn't hurt to try.

"I think I might want it." Lexa said hesitantly. Clarke didn't know what Jake had said to her, but she knew he had. She also knew that Lexa wasn't ready to convey that information yet.

"Are you sure? Lexa, you don't have to make this decision right now."

"But I need to." Lexa said back.

"Why? Why now?"

*Because your dad is dying*

*Because I'm losing shape of reality*

*Because you look so beautiful right now, and I think I might be making the right decision*

*Because I could be making the wrong decision*

Lexa didn't know how to answer the question. She stayed silent, before Clarke huffed. She searched around in her purse before pulling out the slip of paper.

"Here."

Lexa stared at the tiny piece of paper, wondering why she even said anything. She flickered her eyes back up to Clarke, before slowly taking the piece of paper.

"I will be here for you, no matter what. Whatever you need. I'll be right here. I'm not going
anywhere. I mean, I can't stay outside your house because that'll be weird and I-

Lexa cut Clarke off with a sweet kiss. She pulled Clarke into her, before pulling away.

"You're a dork." Lexa giggled.

"And you're beautiful."

"I think that's you."

"I should go." Clarke said.

"Okay."

"What will you say?" Clarke asked.

"I don't know," Lexa said honestly. "I'm not going to call him right this second, but I think I will soon."

"Okay. Whatever you decide, I'll be here. Call me if you need anything. Bye, babe." Clarke said as she kissed her cheek.

Lexa smiled sadly before getting out of the car.

Lexa felt like she was floating through space when she looked back at Clarke once more. That quickly faded away, when she turned towards her house again knowing what was waiting for her inside. Her dad's number in her pocket was weighing her down as she walked inside.
Chapter Notes

I'm uploading this chapter early and I'm putting a WARNING on it.

I think you can all figure out why. I've hinted at this since the beginning of the story. I strongly recommend that you don't skip over this chapter because you will be confused for the chapters ahead.

Lexa wondered how she’d found herself in this position hiding behind the dumpsters of Skaikru Memorial. It was Tuesday night after her basketball practice. Clarke was standing a few feet away from her, talking to her mom. Lexa’s heart was beating out of its chest waiting in suspense. She was sure Abby couldn't see her, but didn’t want to chance taking a peek.

Lexa could make out a few things over the sound of cars passing by.

"He’s sleeping, but you can go on up. I have a surgery I need to get to. I've been with him all day." Abby said.

Lexa smiled hearing Clarke's voice.

"Okay, thanks mom. Let's go inside." Clarke said. Lexa blew out a breath as they walked away.

"Of course." Abby said after hugging her daughter.

Everything had been going according to plan until Clarke saw her mother coming outside. They both panicked because her mother would see her if she hid in Clarke’s car as they had just pulled in.

Clarke had quickly pushed Lexa in the direction of the dumpsters. Lexa immediately started shaking her head, but after a stern look from Clarke, and with Abby rapidly approaching them, Lexa realized there was no other choice.
Lexa smirked when she heard the sound of heels approaching her.

"Okay, okay," Clarke whispered. "She's gone." Clarke wasn't looking at Lexa. She had her eyes on the entrance watching her mother head back inside.

Lexa slowly got up brushing herself off.

"You sure?"

Clarke looked back at the entrance once more before locking eyes with Lexa.

"I'm sure." Clarke nodded firmly. Lexa softly slipped her hand in Clarke's as they walked upstairs to see her dad.

Jake was awake when they entered his room. He was gazing out the window and slowly craned his neck towards the door when it opened.

"Hey, dad."

"Hey, Jake."

They had greeted him in unison making him smile.

"Hey, guys." Jake rasped out. He didn't miss that they were holding hands. They untangled from each other as Lexa closed the door before sitting down.

"So, I have to ask." Jake stated with a small smile. Lexa saw Clarke roll her eyes.

"Oh, yeah? What's that?"

"Are you two together or what?" Jake asked. Clarke chuckled and Lexa's eyes widened.
"Yes. We are." Clarke answered.

"I knew it. I just had to make sure. You guys are so secretive with it. But it's okay, you have my blessing. Lexa is perfect for you." Jake praised.

Lexa locked eyes with Clarke smiling sadly. Lexa could still hear Jake's words ringing in her ears. Lexa couldn't help, but feel sad. She knew she was lying to the man, but it felt good that she was. She felt terrible for lying, but she wasn't about her feelings for his daughter.

Lexa still felt weird about what Jake had said the week before. Lexa knew she would do everything in her power to keep her promise, she owed it to him.

"Well, I'm glad you think so. I don't plan on letting her go anytime soon." Clarke said in playful tone, but her eyes showed she meant it. Lexa smiled softly at her. Clarke looked back at her with soft eyes.

"Gosh, why don't you two get a room or something?" Jake teased making Lexa blush.

"Lexa has a game tomorrow." Clarke mentioned. Jake lit up at the mention of basketball.

"Oh, really? I hope you win!"

"Thank you, Jake. I hope we do too." Lexa said politely.

Lexa felt better now that she could kiss Clarke on the cheek and hold her hand whenever she wanted. She was glad that Jake was okay with it and that she had his blessing because she hoped that she would be around for a really long time.

There was nothing she wanted more.

“Are you happy?” Clarke blew out a breath at the question. Clarke came back the next night to spend some time with her dad. She was extremely sad that Lexa wasn't there with her because of her game, but was happy to spend some alone time with her dad.
“Dad.” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Oh, come on,” Jake whispered. “Humor me.”

"Yes. She makes me happy," Clarke admitted locking eyes with her father. "She makes me happier than anyone I’ve ever been with. She makes the bad days better and keeps me on my toes. I am happy, dad. I just wish you weren’t in this situation."

“That makes me so happy!” Jake said relieved.

"What about you? When you look back on it? Was it worth it? Are you happy?"

"Yes," Jake breathed out. "The happiest day of my life was when I married your mother and having you. You are my pride and joy and I will always love you. Remember that."

"Don't you do that," Clarke warned shaking her head. "Don't say your goodbyes now."

"I have to. I don't know when it will happen." Jake uttered.

"You aren't going anywhere, you hear me? You are going to stay right here and we’re going to talk all night. You can’t leave me right now. Not like this."

Clarke could hear it faintly, but tried to block it out. This couldn't be happening right now because she wasn't ready. They were going to sit here all night and talk like they normally did. They had to.

"I'll try." Jake sighed.

Slowly, but surely, her dad's heart monitor started beeping before dropping. Clarke watched in horror as her dad started gasping for breath. Clarke stood up, knocking her chair over in the process.
"Dad?" Clarke called, but her dad didn't answer. He was spluttering and trying to take deep breaths, but Clarke knew it wasn't working. He was running out of oxygen.

"Dad?" Clarke called again softly shaking him.

"No, dad," Clarke cried. "No, I told you, not like this. I told you we would sit here and talk all night. Don't do this to me now. Don't give up on me now. Dad? Dad?!"

Jake wasn't responding at all. Clarke quickly hurried out the door.

"Please! Someone help! My dad isn't responding to me!" A nurse quickly shot up from her seat and rushed into the room. A whole team of nurses rushed into the room as Jake fought to live.

“Clarke, get out of here,” One of the nurses said. “Go get your mom.”

Clarke was shaking her head, she wasn't going anywhere.

“No.”

“Clarke!” The nurse snapped urgency laced in her tone.

Clarke sighed heavily, tears streaming down her faces. Clarke looked down at her dad, she didn't want to leave him. Clarke shook her head because she didn't know how all of this was happening so fast.

“I'll be right back dad! I love you!” Clarke called desperately, leaving the room. Her dad gasping for breath haunting her thoughts the whole time. Clarke sprinted down the halls trying to find her mom. She sighed heavily when she spotted her in the lobby, talking to a patient's parents.

“Mom!” Clarke knew it was rude to interrupt her mother's conversation, but didn't care right now.
Abby turned around and saw the disheveled look on her daughter’s face and she knew.

Abby dropped the clipboard that she was holding, another surgeon quickly taking over. Abby cried out rushing down the hall to her husband’s room with Clarke hot on her heels.

There were too many things happening all at once. Too many people running around her father’s room. Clarke stood back in horror as Abby yelled out demands.

Clarke shook her head and thought about all the wonderful memories she had with her father. She remembered how she left to go New York for the very first time with Raven. It was a heartbreaking experience. She had cried the whole way there. She also called her dad every thirty minutes.

Clarke felt like her entire world got knocked off its axis, when she heard her dad’s heart rate monitor flatline. Abby let out a broken sob, no matter how many times they tried to restart his heart, it didn't work.

Clarke cried out, sinking down against the wall. She didn't know how this happen. They were having a nice conversation and now he was… he was…

Clarke knew there were nurses trying to get her up, but Clarke stayed where she was. Abby stood with her hands on her hips with her head down. The only thing Clarke could her was the flatline of her dad’s heart rate.

“Call it,” Abby mumbled. The nurses looked at the two Griffin women, warily. It was eerily quiet and when it was clear no one was going to speak, Abby spoke again. “Call it.” She said in a firm tone.

“Time of death,” One of the nurses spoke up, looking down at his watch. “Seven twenty.”

Clarke buried her head in her hands, those words piercing through her heart, cutting her open.

“Thank you.” Abby muttered sadly.
“Clarke, come on, sweetie. Get up.” Clarke recognized her mother's voice and got up with her help.

Clarke's lips trembled as Abby brought her in for a hug. Clarke let out a heart breaking sob.

“He's gone!” Clarke cried into her mother's shoulder.

“I know he is. I know. It's okay. I'm here.” Abby whispered repeatedly in her daughter's ear. Clarke held her mother tighter. She couldn't even get her thoughts together.

Clarke knew this day was going to come, she just didn't think it was going to be today.

She needed Lexa.

Lexa allowed herself to shut everything out, changing into her uniform. She put her basketball shorts on before her socks and shoes. She tied her hair into a bun before putting her jersey on. Lexa smiled to herself looking into the mirror. She was ready.

Lexa was happy they were in the lead, although her head wasn't in the game. She felt off, but she didn’t let it show her performance. She had people cheering for her which made her happy. Her mother had told her earlier that she wouldn’t be able to make it tonight.

It was halftime and Lexa was taking a water break. She knew she shouldn't have checked her phone, but wanted to make sure Clarke was okay. She knew the blonde was spending time with her dad.

There were a bunch of missed calls from Clarke, but there was also text messages on her lock screen. It was the last text she must have received from Clarke.

Lexa dropped her water bottle letting out a heart wrenching sob as she read over the message Clarke had sent her. Her vision blurred as tears immediately started forming. She shook her head rapidly, hoping that what she was reading wasn't right. When the words wouldn't leave her lock screen, Lexa knew it was true.

Lexa wondered how this could happen when she was in the middle of a game. She figured the world
was just evil like that.

Anya rushed over noticing the distress state her best friend was in.

"What's wrong?"

Lexa didn't say anything. She continued to stare down at her phone as what she read ripped her apart, piece by piece.

The gym was in chaos with so many people in it, but Lexa couldn't hear anything, but the ringing in her ears.

Lexa looked around the gym. Her coach was looking at her in confusion. Her teammates had their eyebrows furrowed as well. Hell, even the other team knew something wasn't right.

Lexa looked at the scoreboard: 68-30. Lexa knew the game wasn't over, but she didn't care.

She was leaving. She had to.

"I'm leaving." Lexa said gathering her stuff up.

"Lexa, we are in the middle of a game!" Anya exclaimed.

"I don't care!" Lexa roared before throwing her gym bag over her shoulders.

"Lexa, what's going on?" Anya asked scared.

"He's... he's.."
Anya gasped as she brought her hands up to cover her mouth.

"Oh, Lexa.." Anya sighed.

"I have to go, An," Lexa said seriously. "I have to go see her."

Anya immediately started nodding.

"Leave," Anya said. "We got it covered."

Lexa wanted to break down, but held her head high as she left the gym. Her coach kept calling her name, and everyone else including the other team looked flabbergasted as their best player just walked off the court.

She didn’t spare any of them a glance and ignored her coach. Lexa quickly pulled her phone out and dialed Clarke's number.

It took a couple rings for her to pick up, Lexa leaned against the brick wall. It was freezing outside, but Lexa didn't care.

"Is it true?" Lexa asked the second Clarke answered.

Clarke didn't have to say anything, because her sobs were enough for Lexa. Tears immediately started falling out Lexa's eyes as she started panting.

"Oh, god, Clarke," Lexa cried out. "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

"I know you are in the middle of a-" Clarke cut herself off with an agonizing cry. "Game," She squeaked out. "But could you- could you-" Clarke didn't finish the sentence before breaking down again.

"I'm on my way." Lexa rushed out wiping her tears. She quickly said bye to Clarke before racing to her car in order to get to the hospital and be with Clarke.
Her texts still vividly in her mind.

**Baby (:**

7:30 PM

*He just passed away, please come, I need you*
Lexa cursed at every single red light. She hated seeing pedestrians laughing and smiling because how could they be? She kept hitting the red lights, but when they turned green, she floored it. She slammed her hand on the wheel because she wanted to get to Clarke as quickly as she could.

Finally pulling up to the hospital, Lexa quickly put her car in park and raced inside.

The first person Lexa spotted was Raven.

"Raven!" Lexa called desperately, rushing over to her.

"Lexa!" Raven called back. "Where's Anya?" She asked, looking behind her.

Lexa looked at her in confusion, before answering.

"She's finishing the game for me." Lexa answered, starting to make her way to Jake's room.

"Wait!" Raven exclaimed. "You can't go up there."

"Why not? Where's Clarke?"

"All of Clarke's family is there, including her extended family. You can't walk in there right now. They will question you and you know it."

"Where's Clarke?" Lexa asked irritated.

"Stairwell. Just past his room. She told me to go get you. I promise I will get them all out soon, so you and Clarke can have a moment alone before he-"
"Okay." Lexa cut Raven off. She didn't want to hear it right now. She just wanted to get to Clarke.

Lexa found her exactly where Raven said. She was hunched over, with her hands covering her ears, sitting on the steps. Lexa closed the door to the stairwell, and took cautious steps towards her. Lexa could feel her heartbeat in her ears.

"Clarke?" Lexa asked so quietly, she barely heard herself. Lexa's adrenaline was still pumping from the game, and this just added to it.

Clarke didn't answer, just wrapped her arms tighter around herself.

"Clarke?" Lexa called louder this time, making her way over to her.

Clarke snapped her head up, locking eyes with Lexa. She was looking at her like she didn’t know her for a second. Lexa crouched down in front of her, softly taking her hands away from her ears.

"He's gone. He's gone," Clarke muttered. "He's gone and he's never coming back."

Lexa let out a silent sob, crawling closer to Clarke.

"I know. I know." Lexa whispered, slowly wrapping her arms around Clarke.

"You came." Clarke said, not hiding the surprise in her voice.

"Of course I came."

"You were in the middle of a game."

"I don't care about that." Lexa felt weird saying that. Basketball was the most important thing to her, but she didn’t care right now, not with Clarke crying in front of her and not with Jake-
Lexa couldn't even bring herself to think about it.

"Thank you," Clarke whispered. "Thank you for coming."

Lexa offered her a slight nod, resting her head against Clarke's. The blonde was in distress. She kept muttering things to herself, that made it hard for Lexa not to break down too.

"He can't be gone. We were talking and it was so nice. He can't be gone. I thought I'd have more time. I thought I would." Clarke kept muttering that over and over again, Lexa wondered if she should interrupt her.

Lexa stayed silent, and just listened to Clarke rambling. She didn't know what to do. She'd never been in this kind of situation before, but wasn't going leave Clarke. She could never.

"What am I going to do? I watched him die. I watched him-"

"Clarke!" Lexa shook Clarke, trying to get her to calm down.

“I love him.” Clarke cried into her shoulder. She wrapped her arms around Lexa’s neck pulling her in. Lexa was uncomfortable with Clarke’s death grip around her neck, but didn't dare move. She let Clarke lean on her.

“I know and so does he. He's in a better place where he can rest easy." Lexa said soothingly into her neck. She felt Clarke nod against her, continuing to cry.

"What am I gonna do? And all my family is up there. You won't be able to come up with me." Clarke mumbled.

"Raven said she would get them to leave for a bit, so we can say goodbye in private."

“What do you want to do?” Lexa asked after a moment of silence.
Lexa should've known she wasn't going to get an answer. Clarke let go of her and rested against the railing.

“I already miss him. Now I have to go back up there and I don't want to without you.” Clarke answered after a few moments of silence.

“Then we'll wait it out here, until Raven comes to get us, okay? We'll stay right here.” Lexa said grabbing a hold of her hand and squeezing it.

"Can you kiss me?" Clarke asked as she turned her body to face the basketball player. "Please, Lexa. I want you to-"

Lexa cut Clarke off by slowly leaning in. Clarke was there in an instant, her smell invaded Lexa’s senses before Clarke’s lips claimed hers.

Lexa whimpered into the kiss as Clarke tilted her head, deepening the kiss. Lexa could taste the saltiness of Clarke's tears, but didn't pull away. She heard Clarke moan into the kiss and run her tongue along Lexa's bottom lip.

Their tongues met in the middle of something Lexa was sure was desperation and sadness. Lexa was tasting more and more of Clarke's tears, but the blonde didn't move away.

Clarke leaned her body into Lexa's, grabbing the back of her neck.

Lexa moaned at the frantic smacking of their lips. It was a weird kiss because it was so hot and desperate, but they both somehow knew that it wouldn't go any further than this.

Clarke's lips trembled against hers, making Lexa kiss her harder. She swallowed every sob that was aching to come out. Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke's waist and pulled her even closer. Lexa was about to pull Clarke in her lap, when the door to the stairwell came flying open.

"They're leaving!" Raven exclaimed. Her eyes were red, and Lexa knew she had been crying too.

They broke apart, chests heaving and lips swollen. They were quick to get up to follow Raven out
the door. They didn’t speak as they wanted to get up there quickly, before one of Clarke’s relatives came back.

A part of Lexa didn't want to go because she didn't want to face it. Maybe she was a coward, but she had a huge ache in her chest that wasn’t going away anytime soon. She held Clarke's hand the entire way there, hoping her mother wasn't around.

"I can stay out here and give you guys some privacy. I'll be on the lookout in case someone comes." Raven said.

"Thank you, Rae." Clarke said gratefully. Raven offered them a small smile before motioning for them to go in.

Lexa took a deep breath before following Clarke in.

Lexa immediately broke down the second she saw his lifeless body, his pale skin and his blue lips.

He really was gone.

"Oh, god." Lexa wepted. Clarke squeezed her hand in hers as they walked further into the room.

Clarke was a mess beside her, as she gasped for breath.

"Shh. Shh." Lexa cooed, bringing Clarke in for a hug. Lexa would do everything in her power to keep her promise to Jake. She was going to take care of Clarke.

Clarke broke away from the hug a few seconds later, rushing over to her dad's side.

"I love you so much," Clarke said, stroking his cheeks. "You were the best dad in the world. I came running the second I found out you were sick, and it may have just been the best decision I've ever made. I love you and you will always be with me."
Lexa stood back watching Clarke say goodbye to her dad. She went to the bathroom to clean herself up. Lexa walked over to Jake slowly before Clarke came back.

"I'll keep my promise. I will," Lexa said quietly. "I'll take care of her and Abby, if she'll let me. I won't let her lose herself and I will love her one day, but I think I'm already there."

Lexa's eyes widened, realizing what she just said, but didn't take it back. She meant every word, but couldn't ponder over it because Clarke came out the bathroom.

"Alright. I think I'm-

"You gotta go!" Raven hissed, busting through the door. "Abby is headed this way. If you leave now, she won't see you."

Lexa looked at Clarke in fear.

"You stay. I'll go."

"No!" Clarke shouted. "I don't want to be without you."

Lexa knitted her eyebrows together, but nodded. Raven looked at them strangely, but didn't say anything. They all rushed out of the room. Clarke throwing one more look towards her dad.

"Tell my mom I went for a walk or something." Clarke said over her shoulder.

"Alright." Raven said as the two made their way out of the hospital.

They headed towards Lexa's car quietly.

"Where do you want to go?" Lexa asked.
"Anywhere. I just want to be with you." Clarke answered.

Lena unlocked her doors before sliding in the car. She had no idea where she was going, but would drive for however long Clarke wanted.

Clarke had stayed silent for most of the ride, which didn't surprise Lena. She didn't know what to say, so she turned the radio up and they drove around listening to the soothing music.

An hour into the ride, Lena's phone buzzed. Lena was too preoccupied watching the road, so she asked Clarke if she could answer it.

"I don't know your passcode." Clarke said, looking down at the phone.

Lena had never given anyone the passcode before. Her own mother didn't even know it, but she didn't hesitate to give it to Clarke.

"4-4-3-1." Lena said with a smirk, glancing over as Clarke unlocked her phone.

Lena was nervous, but she didn't have anything to hide.

"I feel like since I know yours, I'll have to tell you mine." Clarke joked.

"You don't have to." Lena assured her.

"7-5-6-2."

"Well, that's going to come in handy." Lena flashed Clarke a brief smile. She was glad they could still joke with each other, despite the events that occurred.
"It's Anya. You guys won." Clarke informed her. Lexa pressed her lips in a thin smile.

She knew she had a lot of explaining to do about tonight, but had no idea how she was going to get out of it. Never in her high school basketball career had she walked out on a game.

"That's great. I'm glad." Lexa said. She tried to smile, but couldn't bring herself to. She grimaced as Clarke locked her phone again.

"Pull over." Clarke said suddenly. They were on an abandoned road. Lexa knew she was far from home. She pulled over on the dirt road, and looked to Clarke.

"Can we just... stay here for a while? My family is going to be here for a bit, while we figure out the funeral arrangements and I just need some space." Clarke explained. Lexa nodded, putting the car in park.

"Of course. We can stay for as long as you want."

"My two cousins are going to be staying with me while they’re here. I don’t know when we’ll be able to spend time together."

"That's okay, Clarke. Spend some time with your family."

Clarke nodded, but didn't say anything.

"What are you going to do after this?" Lexa asked quietly. They both knew, but Lexa wasn't ready to hear the answer.

"I could go back to New York. I could stay here. I don't know." Clarke whispered.

Lexa sighed, expecting the answer. She looked outside, before turning to Clarke.
“Come on,” Lexa said, opening her door. “Let's go do something romantic like gaze at the stars.”

“Lexa, it's freezing out.” Clarke reminded her with a slight chuckle.

“I guess we'll just have to cuddle then.” Lexa said with a smirk.

“Alright, we can go.” Clarke said with a tiny smile.

It lasted five minutes before they both rushed back to the car, noses red and hands freezing cold. The stars were shining brightly in the sky and looked beautiful, but they could admire them in the heat of Lexa's car.

“We could go through a drive thru?” Clarke questioned. Lexa immediately nodded because she hadn't eaten dinner yet.

After they got their food and ate, Lexa's mom called. She told her that she needed to get home and Lexa sighed, but would obey her mother.

Lexa frowned because she didn't know when she'd be able to spend time with Clarke. With her cousins staying with her, Lexa didn’t know when she would get another moment alone with her.

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow?” Lexa asked. She dropped Clarke off before heading back home.

"Yeah."

"Are you sure you are up for that?"

"I don't want to sit around and think about it. Yes."

"No one is forcing you to go." Lexa said seriously.
"I know. Goodnight, Lexa." Clarke said, hopping out the car.

"Goodnight, Clarke." Lexa whispered, watching Clarke disappear inside.

The stares that Lexa got when she walked into school were intense. Just like when everyone knew they lost a game, everyone knew that Lexa walked out of the game yesterday.

Lexa avoided most of them, but couldn't escape to see Clarke because she wasn't here yet. The blonde texted her saying she was skipping first period which Lexa understood. She didn't want Clarke to come in at all, but the blonde was adamant on coming to work today, Lexa just let her be.

Lexa glared at her peers who were giving her dirty looks.

"So much for being the best player on the team. Can't even finish the game." A student sneered. Lexa wanted to keep walking, but the comment hit her hard.

They had no idea what she was going through and for them to say that, was out of line. Lexa had so much pent up aggression in her, that she turned on the student.

He was a scrawny kid, wearing glasses with his books clutched to his chest. He couldn't have been older than a sophomore. He swallowed hard when Lexa turned around.

"What did you just say?"

The kid was getting ready to open his mouth, when Lexa knocked his books out of his hands. The guy yelped, which drew the attention of other students.

"Well, it's true!" The kid yelled. Lexa saw he was getting ready to pick his books up when she kicked them to the other side of the hall.
"Who the hell are you to come at me like this?" Lexa taunted, walking towards the guy.

"We were all rooting for you and then you just vanished. That's not sportsmanship."

Lexa bit her tongue because she wasn't going to tell this stranger why she left. No one, but Anya knew why she left and that was how she intended it to stay.

"You don't even deserve to be on the wall!"

Now that, was taking it too far.

Lexa rounded on the kid, and pinned him up against the lockers as the other students yelled: "Fight! Fight!"

Lexa drew her hand back and was preparing to knock him out, when she heard her.

Over the chaos of the students yelling, Lexa heard her voice.

Her deep, raspy voice immediately caught her ears, and at first, Lexa thought she was dreaming. Lexa took a glance back, and saw her.

She didn't call her name because that would draw the attention of her peers.

"Break it up! Now!" She yelled, making her way towards them.

The crowd dispersed instantly after seeing a teacher arrive.

Most of the students had left the scene, but Lexa still had the boy pinned to the lockers.

"Lexa, let him go!" Clarke growled. Lexa wrapped her hand around his neck and squeezed.
"Lexa!" Clarke called out desperately again. The boy spluttered, trying to breathe.

"Don't you ever," Lexa sneered. "Call me out like that again. Got it, pretty boy?"

The kid nodded frantically, trying to get out of Lexa's hold.

Lexa held tight for a few seconds more, before releasing him. The boy immediately scurried away.

"There's nothing to see! Get to class!" Clarke yelled making the rest of the students scatter.

"That was unnecessary." Clarke chastised, walking up to Lexa.

Lexa fixed her clothes before looking at Clarke.

"Thought you wanted to take first period off?" Lexa asked confused.

"Yeah. Either I get it together and come to work or drown in my sorrow." Clarke said sarcastically.

"Clarke.."

"They were looking at me like I'm going to break at any moment and maybe I will. I just wanted a distraction and I wanted to see you." Clarke explained quietly as they walked down the hall.

"I can't even wear your jacket like I want because people will recognize that it's yours." Clarke whined. She was wearing leggings and an oversized hoodie. Her hair was down in waves, and Lexa thought she looked absolutely stunning.

Lexa's emotions were all over the place and she sighed because she couldn't embrace Clarke liked
she wanted to.

"I'm sorry."

"Can you come over later?" Clarke asked in a hushed voice.

"Yeah, I can. I need to get to class though, I don't want to be late."

"Okay, bye."

They couldn't hug or kiss. There were still students trickling around. They kept a respectable distance between them because they couldn't even walk close to each other like they wanted. All Lexa could do was offer Clarke a half smile, before heading to class.

"Coach is pissed at you." Anya said approaching Lexa.

“I know. I have plans to talk to him, but not right now.” Lexa gritted.

“Do you need a hug?” Anya asked quietly. Neither one of them cared about the students loitering around. Lexa was hurt, and couldn't think of anything better.

“Yes.” Lexa sighed. Anya was quick to wrap her up and Lexa held her tight.

Any pulled away after a moment.

“Thank you.” Lexa said quietly.

“Some people are starting to talk about it.” Anya informed her. Lexa already knew because of the kid this morning.
“I know. Listen, I think I'm just gonna go home.” Lexa said. It was the end of the day and she wanted nothing more than to get out of here. Anya waved sadly at her before Lexa dashed out the doors.

Lexa sighed angrily once she got home. She had gotten a text from Clarke saying she couldn't come over because her cousins weren't going to her mother's like they planned.

Lexa threw her backpack down, grabbed her basketball and headed down to the park.

Her heart ached the entire way there.
"Hello, Lexa?"

Lexa sighed at the deep voice floating through the phone. She had no idea how to explain what happened at the game on Wednesday. It was a day she never wanted to relive as it was one of the worst days of her life.

Lexa cursed because she didn't want to lie. She didn't want to explain where she was, or what she was doing that night. It was a day that would haunt her forever.

She was going to lie and she needed to sell it for her coach to believe her. She had to.

"I'm sorry about the game on Wednesday." Lexa said quickly. She needed get it over with, so she could hang up and wallow in her self pity.

This time, she heard her coach sigh deeply.

"You better have a damn good reason why you walked out like that without a word."

Of course, Lexa could've told him the real reason that she left. Clarke needed her, and Lexa wanted to be there. It was the first time she walked out of a game since she started playing. She would take full responsibility, but wouldn't blow their cover.

She wouldn't allow it.

So she chose to lie, because she had to. She would protect Clarke.

"I have a brother, Aden. He was in the hospital." Lexa said mustering up a bold voice. She was trembling inside, thinking she was going to hell for lying.
"Oh, Lexa," Lexa smirked despite herself, knowing her lie worked. "I'm so sorry. Is he okay?"

Lexa kept her acting going, this time letting her voice tremble.

"He's fine for now. It was some type of allergic reaction. I was so scared, I had be there. I'm really sorry."

"Well, I'm glad he's okay. I can't be mad at you when it's a family emergency, just next time tell me instead of just walking out, okay?" Finn asked.

Lexa wondered if he would still be supportive if he knew she ditched the game to comfort the girl he was crushing on.

"Of course, coach. I'll see you at practice tomorrow." Lexa replied.

"Of course, see you then."

Lexa was quick to hang up the phone, just in case her coach somehow knew she was lying. She was paranoid, knowing she didn't cover her tracks as well as she could've.

Lexa just hoped tomorrow would be better.

It wasn't.

They had practice and it ran smoothly except for her teammates, who kept giving her weird looks, besides Anya. Lexa ignored them and focused on playing.

Finn had called them for a meeting after practice was over. He had a serious look on his face, and Lexa wondered if it might have something to do with her.

It didn’t. At least, not directly.
“As some of you may know,” Finn said somberly. “Ms. Griffin’s dad, Jake, passed away last week. The funeral is coming up soon and I would like my team to come with me to show our support. Most of the faculty are going as well and I hope you will all decide to come.”

The words crushed Lexa, every word breaking her heart. Lexa schooled her emotions as best she could and didn't utter a word, but her teammates still looked to her as the captain.

Lexa cleared her throat, composing herself before speaking.

“We’re going. All of us. No excuses. Wear your jerseys.” That was all Lexa could muster up, but her teemed listened like usual.

They hit the showers after being dismissed.

Clarke didn't show up to watch practice like she sometimes did. It brought Lexa's mood down tremendously as Clarke had barely been at school, having called in a sub. There was nothing to help Lexa get through the day. She felt like a piece of her was slowly dying inside without seeing Clarke everyday.

Maybe that was how Lexa found herself at her desk, staring down at a piece of paper after getting home from practice.

Lexa was amazed how she could be so scared of numbers on a piece of paper. (It was scary when those numbers formed her father's phone number). A part of Lexa felt like she was ready, but didn’t know why she was stalling.

Lexa and her mom had been getting along the past week. They even managed to sit down and have dinner together without her storming off. Lexa would like to call that progress.

Maybe it was because she was tired. She had a hard time sleeping at night, because every time she closed her eyes, she would see Jake's lifeless body.

It shook her to her core, and would keep her up all night. She had been walking the halls of school like a zombie. Anya was the only one who knew what was going on while everyone else just stared.
Lexa didn’t know why she was putting added stress on herself right now trying to deal with her own dad. Lexa felt different. Everything felt different.

At first, Lexa couldn't put her finger on it until she realized what it was.

Jake Griffin was no longer on this earth, and it was different without him.

It could be the reason why she was trying to find solace in the father who’d abandoned her. She knew it wasn't the best tactic, but she felt lost. So lost, she felt like she was floating in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

As if Clarke knew what going on, she’d texted her, saving her from making a decision she wasn’t sure she was ready for.

**Baby (:**

*9:00 PM*

_Come over. My cousins went to my mom's for the night._

The message was simple, but needed right now. Lexa rushed to put the piece of paper back in her night stand, saving it for another time when there wasn’t an aching sadness in her heart.

Lexa didn't reply, instead quickly gathering an overnight bag, and rushing off to Clarke.

She got there in record time, speeding the entire way to her apartment.

She raced up the stairs and knocked on the door. She only had to knock once before the door came flying open, which meant Clarke had been waiting for her.

Clarke stood in the doorway in sweats and the brunette’s jacket. Her hair was pulled back in a messy bun and her eyes were rimmed red.
She’d been crying.

Lexa closed her eyes, finally feeling a little at ease at being in Clarke's company. She opened her eyes before walking into the apartment.

Clarke closed the door behind her. There was stuff lying everywhere, evidence that more than one person was staying here.

Lexa was glad Clarke finally got a night to herself, because that meant she could come over and see her.

They went straight to her room without uttering a word. Lexa put her stuff down on the left side of the bed- her unspoken side whenever they shared.

Lexa barely had enough time to take her shoes off, before Clarke's lips were on hers.

Desperate, hot and deep.

Clarke kissed her harder, pulling her in deep by wrapping her arms around her neck. Lexa fumbled against her lips for a second, before pulling it together.

They pushed and pulled against each other until Lexa pinned Clarke underneath her on the bed. Lexa licked down the column of Clarke's neck, sucking every inch of skin she could, before connecting their lips again.

They were so intertwined- you couldn't tell where one body started and the other ended. Lexa pulled away from the kiss, sucking Clarke's earlobe hard. Clarke let out a deep moan clawing at Lexa's clothes, desperate to feel her skin against hers.

Lexa was quick to remove her clothes. Clarke did the same before they slipped under the covers. They didn't take it further than that as neither were in the right frame of mind.

Lexa held Clarke with her head resting on Lexa's chest. Lexa looked up at Clarke's ceiling, letting a few tears slip out.
“Finn wants us to come to the funeral,” Lexa spoke quietly. “I don't have to go if-”

“That's absurd,” Clarke cut her off, lifting her head up from her chest. “I want you there.”

“What if I didn't have an excuse though, like I do with the team?” Lexa asked, rubbing her hands up and down Clarke's arms.

“I would've figured it out somehow because you deserve to say goodbye to him too. He adored you.” Clarke's bottom lip trembled as she spoke.

“Thank you.”

“I'm glad you're going. I don't know what I'd do if you weren't there.”

“Me too.” Lexa whispered, placing a soft kiss to Clarke's forehead.

They kissed some more after that. Clarke climbed on top of her as they made out. Lexa enjoyed it, just like every other time. She moaned deeply at every swipe of their tongues.

Lexa allowed herself to lose herself in the kiss. She wanted to escape from all of this, but knew she couldn't.

And as if Clarke knew what she was thinking, she pulled away.

"We should go away." Clarke sighed against her lips.

"It's creepy how you do that." Lexa joked, pulling away from Clarke.

She remembered earlier, when she was getting ready to call her dad, and Clarke had texted her. She was just thinking about wanting to get away from all this, and Clarke suggested they should.
Clarke giggled in confusion, but Lexa didn't elaborate.

"To New York?" She had questioned before Clarke could question her.

"No," Clarke answered. "I was just thinking of going to a hotel, maybe for the weekend. I just want to get away with you after the funeral. I was thinking that weekend, but if you're having issues with your mom then I'll understand."

"I should be okay. My mom works all weekend."

"Do you have a game?" Clarke asked.

"No. We only have one on Friday," Lexa said. "I would love to get away with you."

"Me too," Clarke turned around, looking at her nervously. Lexa raised her eyebrows in question. "I want to show you something."

“Okay.” Lexa said slowly.

“Remember when you came over and I was really exhausted?” Clarke asked.

“How could I forget? You gave me a lap dance and then we had amazing sex in the shower.” Lexa recalled with a smirk.

“I was making jerseys.” Clarke confessed around a breathy chuckle.

“For my team?” Lexa asked confused.

“Yup. They all have my dad’s name on it, but instead of your number, it’s the numbers of your teammates. I already talked to Finn about it, it’s for your game after the funeral, I was wondering if
“Yes.” Lexa said immediately.

“You didn't even let me finish.” Clarke giggled.

Lexa rubbed up Clarke's leg, reveling in how smooth they were.

“I'm sorry. Go ahead and finish.” Lexa said softly.

“Well, would you be willing to wear them? Finn was going to talk to you guys this week about it.”

“I would love to. Can I see them, please?” Lexa said with a smile.

Clarke got up in all her naked glory, walking over to her closet. Lexa watched with dark eyes as Clarke walked back over to her.

Her breasts swayed with every step, and her butt bounced as she sat down on the bed. Lexa absolutely loved how curvy Clarke was. Lexa told herself not to look down, but who was she kidding?

Lexa chanced a look down at Clarke's center. She cursed herself for the way her breath became erratic. It was calling her, Lexa was sure it was. She had zoned everything out and only focused on the tiny patch of hair leading down to Clarke's-

“Lexa!” Clarke called, swatting her in the process.

“I'm sorry!” Lexa shrieked. “I was momentarily distracted by how beautiful you are.”

“Charming.” Clarke hummed, standing up from the bed.
“I think you should sit.” Lexa said darkly.

“Oh, yeah?” Clarke taunted, with her hands on her hips. “Why’s that?”

Lexa was about to answer, when Clarke started pulling out all the jerseys.

“Babe!” Lexa exclaimed. “These are amazing!”

“Thank you,” Clarke said shyly. “I hope your team likes them. I was going to show up at practice this week and hand them out.”

“That would be awesome, plus I’d be able to see you.” Lexa said, sliding an arm around Clarke's waist and pulling her back on the bed.

“You would like that, wouldn't you?” Clarke asked with a smirk, leaning down to place a sinful kiss to her lips.

“Something tells me you would like it too.” Lexa rasped, kissing her way down Clarke's body.

Lexa immediately perked up when she heard the familiar sound of heels against hardwood. Lexa tried not to look her way when she walked over. Clarke was carrying the cardboard box that she had showed her last week.

The team gathered around when they saw her approaching. Most of them had sad looks on their faces. Lexa locked eyes with Clarke as she stopped in front of them.

“Hi, guys. I just want you to say thank you from the bottom of my heart that you guys are doing this. The support means a lot.”

“Of course, Ms. Griffin. You have all our support. We are very sorry for your loss.” Lexa smirked internally by how professional she sounded. Clarke looked surprised that she spoke up, but she was the captain after all.
“I have all your numbers and you can get yours when you leave.” Clarke instructed. They all nodded respectfully. Lexa was surprised by how cooperative they were being. It helped put her at ease.

Lexa watched Finn continue to stare at her. Clarke glanced back at her coach where they smiled awkwardly at each other. Lexa clutched the towel around her neck tighter.

“Here. Number twenty-five.” Echo smirked, throwing the jersey and hitting her in the face. Lexa caught it easily, averting her eyes when her coach looked at her.

“Thank you all again.” Clarke repeated. They all smiled appreciatively at her.

“Of course.” Anya flashed her a tiny smile.

The rest of her team started gathering their stuff to leave.

Lexa hated to leave Clarke in the company of Finn, but needed to hit the showers with her teammates.

Lexa caught Clarke's eye once more before walking out the gym.

The next two weeks were busy for both Clarke and Lexa. Lexa had focused all her attention on basketball while Clarke focused on the funeral arrangements.

The funeral came quicker than either of them wanted.

It was a beautiful ceremony. Lexa showed up in her jersey along with the rest of the team.

Lexa glanced at Clarke far more than she should've, but couldn’t help herself. She knew she should be careful with all of Clarke's relatives around plus people from school.

Clarke was wearing all black. A black hat, dress and heels.
Lexa noticed Clarke didn't hold back her tears, crying non-stop. It was heart-wrenching to watch. Lexa knew she couldn't comfort Clarke, not with everyone around, but that didn’t stop her from wishing she could. Raven nodded indicating she would take care of her which Lexa was grateful for.

Lexa watched with tears in her eyes as Clarke talked about her father. She laughed as she recounted memories ranging from childhood to teenage to adulthood. Lexa wished she had teenage memories with her own father.

Lexa listened to most of Clarke's family say really nice things about Jake.

Lexa teared up more than she could count. Abby had looked her way, recognizing her. Lexa offered her a polite nod and to her surprise, Abby waved back.

A lot of teachers were at the funeral so Lexa knew she had to be careful. She was thinking about the promise she made Jake during the whole thing.

Finn made heart eyes at Clarke the entire time, but Clarke hadn't noticed. Lexa reveled in it.

Lexa wasn't the only one stealing glances throughout the ceremony. They were getting ready to lower him to the ground, when Lexa slipped away. Clarke gave her a weird look, but Lexa nodded, conveying that she trust her on this.

Lexa knew she was missing some of the ceremony, but needed to do this. She felt like Jake would greatly appreciate it, but Lexa had to wait until everyone was gone in order to do it.

When Lexa came back, Clarke was one of the last people there. She was staring down at her dad’s coffin somberly.

As everyone filed out after the funeral ended, Lexa walked up to Clarke. Lexa knew she didn't have much time. She had to say her goodbyes quick.
“In peace may you leave the shore,” Lexa whispered sadly, tears running down her face. Clarke looked at her in confusion, but stayed silent, letting Lexa have her moment. “In love may you find the next. Save passage on your travels until our final journey to the ground. May we meet again.”

She didn't say anything as she quickly threw his jersey over the casket.

"Goodbye, number twenty-five."

Clarke was already a mess of tears, and she just cried harder when Lexa did that.

Everyone was long gone, even Abby and they knew they didn't have much more time.

Lexa couldn't mourn him the way she wanted to. It would confuse everyone as to why Lexa would be bawling over a death of a man she didn't know.

But she had known him, and missed him already.

“Is that okay?” Lexa asked quickly.

“Yes,” Clarke had noticed her family lingering around. “We have to go.”

"I know," Lexa sighed. "I know."

They walked away from each other, heading to their separate cars. Lexa was glad that no one bothered her.

She wanted to go home and focus on the basketball game that was coming up, but her head was nowhere near ready to play. She wanted to give this game her all, for Jake and Clarke.

Lexa couldn't help but feel empty driving away from Clarke.
Lexa was in a mess of tears, pulling her jersey on. She whimpered at the name staring back at her: *Jake Griffin*.

Lexa didn’t know she could feel an aching sadness like this. She didn't know how to fix it. She knew Clarke and Raven were going to be at the game, and that gave her a bit of pep in her step.

She frowned the whole way there, and when she parked her car, she made sure her appearance looked okay.

Her eyes weren't as red as before, and the drive over helped clear her head. She shook her head, telling herself to pull it together.

She didn't feel like herself when she walked into the gym. Clarke was already there. Lexa was starting to think that knowing when Clarke was around was becoming her sixth sense.

She was sitting closer than ever before. Lexa could see her sparkling blue eyes as she set her stuff down.

“Would you do the honors of talking before the game?” Finn asked. Lexa flicked her eyes to Clarke briefly before looking back at her coach.

He wanted her to talk about Jake? Lexa knew she would be introducing why they're wearing the jerseys and why this game meant so much to them, but she didn't know she would say anything about Jake.

She could see her team preparing and they were ready to win.

“Okay.” Lexa said dumbly. She hadn't talked about this with Clarke. The blonde was having an animated conversation with Raven.

“I'll go get Ms. Griffin.” Lexa wanted to chuckle. If only he knew.
Lexa hid her smile as Clarke walked up to her.

Lexa was relieved that Finn went to go talk to her other teammates, leaving her alone with Clarke.

“Thank you.” Clarke husked. Lexa made brief eye contact before looking away.

She hated that she couldn't embrace Clarke like she wanted. All she wanted was a hug from the blonde, but figured she would be able to after the game.

“Do you have anything special you want me to say?” Lexa asked, stuffing her hands in her shorts.

“No,” Clarke shook her head. “The fact that you guys are doing this. I know it sounds dumb and-”

“It's not dumb,” Lexa said firmly. “We’re happy to do this. I want this game to be about him and it sucks because all I want to do is hug you.”

“I know, but we’ll have the whole weekend to ourselves and we can-”

“Alright. Everyone is ready.” Finn rushed back over to them. Clarke immediately stopped talking, and they both nodded.

Lexa glanced back at Clarke once more, before stepping on the court. Lexa had been doing this for so long, but this time feel different.

She had never lost anyone close to her. Only her grandparents, but she never knew them.

Lexa's heart broke when Finn handed her the mic. Clarke locked eyes with her as she addressed the crowd.

“Hello, my name is Lexa Woods and I'm the captain of the Grounders Varsity basketball team.” Lexa spoke, looking around the gym. She made brief contact with Clarke who nodded at her subtly. Lexa took a deep breath before continuing to speak.
“Recently, we lost a very good man. He left this earth too soon to an ongoing battle with lung cancer. I never had the chance to meet him, but I know he was an extraordinary human being. I love playing basketball for the thrill of it and because I love it. Tonight, I'm not playing for me. I don't care if we win or lose. I just hope that Ms. Griffin's father rests in peace. Thank you to everyone who came out tonight and I hope you enjoy the game.”

Lexa handed the mic back to Finn. She noted that Clarke had started tearing up during it. Her initial reaction was to run over to her, but knew she couldn't. The crowd erupted in applause and Lexa smiled sadly.

She looked down at the name of the jersey once more as they prepared to start the game.

The second Lexa heard the whistle, something snapped inside her. She knew she wasn't here to win, she just wanted to play in the honor and glory of Jake Griffin.

That didn't stop them from winning though. Lexa noticed how Clarke held back her smiles watching her play.

Not a single shot was for her, it was for Clarke and Jake.

Lexa knew that this win was for him.

Lexa had told Anya where she was going for the weekend and asked if she could cover for her. Anya nodded and Lexa quickly hugged her goodbye.

Clarke's cousins were going to stay with Abby for the next two days, which they were both grateful for. They wanted to leave quietly.

It wasn't long before Lexa drove to Clarke's place. The blonde changed out of her dress into comfy clothes.

Clarke was going to drive since she knew where the hotel was that she made reservations at. Lexa was finally able to hold Clarke. She wrapped her arms around her before placing a kiss to her lips.
They walked hand in hand down to her car.

Lexa grabbed Clarke's bag, placing it in the back with hers before getting in the car.

“Are you okay?” Lexa asked.

Clarke had a distant look on her face. It took Lexa three times to call her name before she snapped out of it.

Running away was never the best idea, but Lexa liked to think they weren’t, they were just taking a mental break. They wanted to spend some alone time together. They both knew Clarke’s family would hover over her, so they wanted to leave before anyone could question it or get Clarke to stay.

Although the look on Clarke’s face said otherwise, she uttered the words Lexa so desperately wished she could believe.

“I'm okay.” Clarke nodded locking eyes with Lexa briefly before driving out of her parking garage. “I'm okay.”
The hotel Clarke booked was absolutely beautiful. It towered over them as the concierge took their luggage. They were staying on the twenty-fifth floor. The irony certainly wasn't lost on Lexa.

It was a gorgeous room with a short hall way leading into the room. There was a small living area and a door off to the side that led to the bedroom, she guessed. There was a small balcony that overlooked other hotels in the area. Lexa loved the scenery.

The concierge put their luggage down, bidding them a farewell.

Lexa waited, hands behind her back for Clarke to make her way to her. Lexa wasn't sure what Clarke wanted or needed. There wasn't much you could say to a woman who just buried her father. But, Lexa would be whatever Clarke needed.

“We can go to sleep or order food.” Lexa suggested, taking off her jacket.

Clarke tilted her head to the side looking at her. She had that look in her eye that made Lexa swallow hard.

“I don't want to go to sleep or order food.” Clarke croaked, slowly taking her shirt off.
Lexa's eyes widened, but she stayed rooted in her spot.

When Clarke finished removing her shirt, she quickly reached around to undo her bra. Lexa bit her lip locking eyes with Clarke's breasts. They swayed when she reached down to take her sweatpants off.

“Well,” Clarke breathed out impatiently. “Are you just going to stand there?”

Lexa stood there, eyes half-lidded and lips parted. She could already feel herself growing hard.

Lexa knew what Clarke was doing, but they didn't talk about it. Lexa rushed over to Clarke, desperate to feel her skin on hers.

Lexa picked Clarke up while the blonde held her close.

Lexa kissed every each of exposed skin that she could. She wrapped her lips around her nipple, causing Clarke to moan.

Lexa kicked open the bedroom door before slamming it closed and throwing Clarke down on the bed. Lexa quickly got rid of her clothes. Two weeks of not having intimate encounters, made neither one of them want to stall any longer.

As soon as Lexa removed her boxers, Clarke was on her knees in a flash. She grabbed a hold of Lexa, guiding her to her mouth, and sucking her to her full length.

Lexa stared down at Clarke in awe. Her mouth dropped open as Clarke bobbed her head up and down. Lexa threw her head back as Clarke grabbed a hold of her balls.

Lexa was wound so incredibly tight, that she ripped Clarke away from her dick, and threw her down on the bed again. Lexa ran her dick through Clarke's folds before quickly pushing inside. She didn't give Clarke time to adjust, and slid all the way in.
Lexa was the first to moan, hitting that spot deep inside Clarke. Clarke was breathing harshly, and Lexa didn't wait for her nod. She immediately started pushing her hips into Clarke.

Her dick jerked painfully inside of Clarke as she pumped into her. Clarke had her hands above her head, gripping the bed sheets. Her knuckles white, and her eyes glazed over with desire.

They didn't break eye contact at all. Lexa kept her eyes locked with Clarke's as she drove them both towards the edge.

Lexa leaned down to kiss Clarke, who kissed her back instantly. Clarke placed one hand on the back of Lexa's neck before they pulled away from the kiss. Lexa rested her forehead against Clarke's, letting out a soft moan.

She could feel Clarke clenching around her and knew the blonde was close.

Lexa almost stopped her movements, when she saw tears forming in Clarke's eyes.

“What's wrong? Do you want me to stop?” Lexa asked.

“No,” Clarke moaned, letting a tear fall. “Don't stop, Lexa. Please, don't.”

Lexa was unsure of what to do. Her hips kept driving into Clarke's, but now Clarke was bawling and Lexa started to panic.

“Clarke, I can-”

Neither one of them had time to do anything as Clarke painfully squeezed Lexa's dick, sending her over the edge. Clarke let out a sob and Lexa didn't know if it was from pain or pleasure.

“Lexaaa!”

Lexa kept going, powering through Clarke's orgasm, even with her squeezing her painfully. Clarke was deliciously tight around her that had her picking up the pace. Clarke cried out with every thrust.
She still had tears in her eyes, but her face was scrunched up in pleasure. If she wanted Lexa to stop, she would've said something by now. Even through the haze of her thrusts, Lexa made sure she could keep going.

Clarke nodded frantically and the words she moaned out, made Lexa's hips falter.

"I want you to cum inside me." Clarke panted out. Lexa stopped for a second, before plowing her dick into her again. Lexa looked down with shocked eyes, shaking her head.

"It's going to be a lot." Lexa moaned unsure. She had never cum inside any girl before. The thought terrified her, but it turned her on instantly.

"I want your cum deep inside me, baby, please."

They locked eyes, this whole encounter had been intense. They knew the repercussions of their actions, but didn't care.

Lexa started nodding because she could feel her orgasm nearing. Lexa buried her head in Clarke's neck as the blonde wrapped her arms around her neck. They were molded together, every inch of them touching, but Lexa's hips were still driving into hers.

Lexa grunted in Clarke's ear, but didn't move from her spot. She placed soft kisses to Clarke's neck until she felt it.

"I'm gonna cum!" Lexa screeched, pulling herself up to her elbows.

Lexa bit her bottom lip as she felt herself cum inside of Clarke. Clarke's walls were hugging her tightly, milking her for everything she had.

Clarke gasped beneath her, gripping on to the bed sheets as Lexa let out ropes of cum into Clarke.

"Fuck." Clarke moaned as Lexa filled her up.
"There's more." Lexa rushed out before squeezing her eyes shut as more of her cum came rushing out.

"Wow." Clarke breathed once Lexa was done. She slowly pulled out of her and moaned at her creamy white substance flowing out of Clarke. Lexa could see that Clarke was trying to hold it all in, but some spilled out.

"Are you okay?" Lexa asked, resting on her knees.

"I'm fine."

"Clarke.."

"I'm fine, Lexa." Clarke said as she slowly got up, heading to the bathroom.

Lexa sighed before getting up and getting dressed. She made her way to the bathroom and groaned when she saw her cum leaking down Clarke's thigh.

"Babe.."

Clarke sighed, stopping what she was doing. She leaned against the counter, hanging her head.

Lexa was quick to walk up to her. Clarke moaned when Lexa pressed up against her. She slowly wrapped her arms around her, holding her close.

Lexa placed hot kisses to the side of Clarke's neck as the blonde wrapped a hand around her arm.

"I don't know what to say." Lexa sighed in her ear. Clarke stayed silent and Lexa continued her assault, sucking desperate kisses into Clarke's neck.

Lexa bit down, and Clarke didn't stop her. Lexa sucked until she saw a bruise forming, Clarke
moaned with each suck.

Lexa rocked her hips into Clarke, biting down one more time before pulling away.

“You're so beautiful and it’s okay to be sad.” Lexa said.

Clarke swiftly turned around in her arms, tears streaming down her face.

“I can't stop crying.” Clarke scolded herself.

“It's okay. Why don't we go lay down, maybe get some food?” Lexa asked. She sighed in relief when Clarke agreed.

Clarke finished cleaning herself up before heading back in the room with Lexa.

Clarke barely ate. She picked at her food until she pushed it away from her and got into bed. Lexa finished her meal, before crawling in bed with Clarke.

Lexa didn't say anything, wrapping her arms tight around Clarke.

“They have an indoor pool.” Clarke muttered, kissing down Lexa’s arm.

“Would you like to go?” Lexa asked.

“I would.”

“Would that make you happy?”

“No,” Clarke said. “But it would be something.”
“What are you doing?” Anya asked. She had called Lexa after breakfast. Lexa was beyond relieved that her best friend knew what was going on. Lexa loved that Anya didn’t question it.

“Just about to head to the pool. You?”

“Nothing.” Anya answered.

“You're doing a lot of that these days.”

“Oh, shut up.” Lexa knew Anya had rolled her eyes with that statement.

“Thanks for covering for me.” Lexa said, slipping her trunks on.

“Of course. No problem. When are you coming home?”

“Tomorrow night. We were going to stay longer, but Clarke needs to get back in order to say goodbye to her family.”

“Oh, okay. Guess I'll see you then?”

“Of course. I'll see you when I get back.” Lexa promised.

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

Lexa hung up the phone before grabbing her towel.

“Ready?” Clarke asked. She was wearing a bikini and Lexa was so ready go swimming with her.
“Yup.”

Lexa jumped up and down when she saw that no one was in the pool. She held the door open for Clarke, smacking her butt before walking in. Clarke threw a dirty smirk over her shoulder as they settled in two pool chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves.” Clarke sung, heading towards the pool.

Lexa followed her, staring at her butt the entire way.

Clarke swam around for a bit while Lexa stayed in the shallow end. Lexa could see a ghost of a smile on Clarke, and was happy that she was enjoying herself.

“Come here, babe.” Clarke called.

Lexa slowly swam to the deep end of the pool. Clarke immediately cupped her, and squeezed. Lexa let out a yelp, not expecting that action.

“There's no one around.” Clarke repeated as they both looked around.

“Yup. No one.” Lexa said in a high pitched voice.

“Ever had your dick sucked in a pool?” Clarke asked with a smirk.

“I can't say I have.” Lexa swallowed hard.

“Get up on the ledge.” Clarke instructed and Lexa obeyed. She hopped up on the ledge as Clarke made her way in between her legs.

Clarke pulled her trunks down mid thigh. Lexa's heart thudded in her chest because Clarke never ceased to amaze her. Lexa's dick was flaccid as Clarke ran her hands over it.
Clarke offered her a small smile before sucking her into her mouth. Lexa bit her lip, watching Clarke's movements.

Clarke licked and sucked until Lexa was standing at her full height.

“God, you're so big. I'll never get over it.” Clarke said, releasing Lexa's dick. She wrapped a hand around it and Lexa smirked down at her.

Clarke pumped her dick a few times before sucking the head in her mouth again. Lexa let out a small moan as Clarke licked over her slit.

Lexa groaned as some pre-cum came out. Clarke used this as lubricant, jerking her dick fast.

“Clarke.” Lexa moaned. Her whole body was heating up. Clarke had a hand running up and down her thigh.

Clarke bobbed her head up and down, moaning with each suck. Lexa tried to keep her hips still, but to no avail. She jerked her hips up, and Clarke choked slightly on her dick.

Lexa couldn't help but let out a groan. Clarke went back to sucking her dick, when Lexa looked up.

Her eyes widened and fear took over.

“Clarke.” Lexa tried to get her attention, but her name rolled off her tongue, hot and desperate.

They were getting closer so Lexa shook Clarke.

“Clarke.” Lexa hissed this time. Clarke let go of Lexa's dick with a wet pop.

“What?” Clarke asked, lust making her voice lower than normal.
“There's someone coming!” Lexa shrieked. Clarke turned around and saw a family approaching the doors.

“Shit!” Clarke yelped. “Cover yourself up. I'll go get the towels.”

Lexa nodded, quickly pulling her trunks over her boner.

Clarke threw her the towel just in time for the family to walk through the doors. Lexa was breathing hard, trying with everything in her to make sure she wasn't showing.

“Come on. I'll walk in front of you.” Clarke said quietly.

They smiled politely at the family before quickly making their way out the pool.

They were both doubled over in laughter as Lexa guided them to the stairwell.

“Oh, my god!” Lexa giggled, looking over to Clarke who had a grin on her face.

The stairwell was humid and dark. Lexa awkwardly made her way up the steps before Clarke stopped her.

“There's no one here.” Clarke purred.

“Oh, no!” Lexa started shaking her head. “There is no way I'm doing this here.”

“Why? Scared?”

“Clarke,” Lexa chastised. “We were five seconds away from getting caught in the pool.”
“Who takes the stairs? No one will come,” Clarke said, pulling down her bikini bottom. “Except me.”

Lexa groaned, closing her eyes tightly. She knew this wasn't a good idea, but Clarke was literally bent over the railing, Lexa was a fool to say no.

“We are going straight to hell for this.” Lexa said lowly, pulling her trunks down, releasing her dick. She pumped it a few times before lining it up with Clarke's entrance.

“I already have a first class ticket, baby.” Clarke said breathlessly as Lexa slid into her.

“Can I get one to?” Lexa asked.

“Fuck me right and you just might.” Clarke smirked as Lexa bottomed out into her. Lexa threw her head back, drilling her hips into Clarke. She grabbed a hold of her hips, taking her hard from behind.

Lexa could hear Clarke's muffled groans as Lexa was having a hard time silencing hers.

She had never been this adventurous with any girl before. Lexa couldn't get over the fact that they were having yet to another hot sexual encounter. This made Lexa move her hips fast, smacking them into Clarke.

“Hmmph. Fuck.” Clarke moaned quietly, both of her hands had a death grip on the railing.

Lexa knew she should probably slow down. Their wet skin was smacking against each other, echoing around the stairwell.

Lexa couldn't stop though. Clarke was gushing, and moaning with each thrust. She knew the blonde was close. She wouldn't stop until both of them were satisfied.

Lexa angled her hips up, thrusting inside of Clarke.

“Ohh!” Clarke let out a loud moan. “Just like that, baby.”
Lexa grunted in response. Words were completely lost of her. This situation was so hot and Lexa was still worked up from before that she could feel her orgasm coming.

“Are you close?” Lexa rushed out.

“Yes.” Clarke purred.

Lexa nodded, even though Clarke couldn't see her. Lexa held Clarke tight as the blonde reached her orgasm.

“Oh, my god! Lexa!” Clarke whined. Lexa panted behind her, reveling in the way Clarke was squeezing her.

“I need to pull out.” Lexa moaned.

“No, cum inside me.”

Lexa whimpered at that. Clarke was still riding out her orgasm, and Lexa's dick twitched inside of her as she released herself.

Lexa stayed in Clarke until both of them were finished. Lexa pulled out of Clarke and bit her lip when she saw a trail of cum flowing out of her.

They quickly fixed their clothes and hair before continuing their walk upstairs as if nothing happened.

“Does it feel weird?” Lexa asked.

“Not really. I feel really full when you do it. I like it.” Clarke blushed, knowing what Lexa was referring to.
Lexa nodded, taking in the information. She was still amazed by it. Clarke was the only girl she’d ever cum inside of, and was loving it. She was glad she got to experience it with her.

They walked up to their room silently, which was a terrible idea. They were too high up, and they were only halfway up the stairs.

Clarke was oddly silent beside her. Lexa took her hand, and squeezed it. Lexa caught Clarke’s smile as they continued to walk.

When they entered the hotel room, Clarke told her she was going to take a shower. Lexa nodded and dried off. She put some clean clothes on before turning on the TV to see if any basketball games were on. Lexa settled down in bed when she heard Clarke's phone buzz.

Lexa bit her lip, staring at the bathroom door. She could still hear the water running and wondered if she should look.

Curiosity got the better of her. She stood up and walked over to the nightstand.

Lexa felt terrible for going through her phone, but it kept buzzing. She quickly punched in Clarke's passcode, her heart beating with each number she punched in.

Lexa's heart dropped when she saw the messages.

Niylah
11:25 AM

I'm really glad you contacted me

Niylah
11:15 AM

Great! I'm glad. I'll see you when you get back

Lexa knew that Clarke wasn’t in greatest mind set right now. But why the hell was Niylah texting
Lexa was so caught up in reading the text messages that she didn't hear the water turn off or Clarke enter the bedroom.

“Lexa?” Clarke called.

Lexa turned around, anger in her eyes. Clarke looked at her, eyebrows knitted in confusion.

“What’s wrong?” Clarke asked slowly. Lexa let out a soft chuckle.

“Want to explain to me why Niylah’s texting you?”

Lexa watched, sadness apparent behind the anger as Clarke widened her eyes. She looked guilty like a kid caught with their hand in the cookie jar. Clarke stood on the other side of the room, gaping at her.

“Lexa..” Clarke breathed out.

“Why is she texting you?” Clarke still stood there, gaping. Hurt ran through Lexa at her guilty gaze.

Lexa knew she caught Clarke off guard with this, but she also knew she’d caught Clarke in a lie and that was what hurt the most.

Clarke opened and closed her mouth multiple times, but nothing came out.

“I- I’m sorry!” Clarke squeaked.

Lexa looked at her in disbelief before throwing the phone on the bed, and walking out.

“Wait! Lexa!” Clarke called. Lexa turned around, but Clarke still didn't say anything.
Lexa groaned in frustration, walking out the room and slamming the door behind her.

Lexa wasn't even sure she wanted to hear what Clarke had to say. Lexa was hurt because it was clear that Clarke was still in contact with her ex, and had been caught red handed.

Lexa didn't even know Clarke was planning to go back to New York. She had no idea whether she was overreacting or not, but knew, she didn't want to be in the same room with Clarke right now. Especially if she wouldn't explain what was going on.

Lexa walked down the hall to the kitchen. She threw open the fridge and downed half a bottle of water, wishing it was something stronger.

The fact that Clarke hadn't come out of the room yet was still gnawing at the back of her mind.
Chapter 36

Lexa was pacing back and forth in the front room, the only sounds she could hear, was the air blowing out the vents and her shoes scuffing against the hardwood. It wasn't long before the door to the bedroom finally flew open.

“Lexa-” Clarke yelled out, but stopped realizing Lexa was standing right in front of her.

Clarke looked surprised that Lexa was still in the room. Lexa had thought about leaving multiple times, before thinking about her dad. She still remembered the devastated look on her mom’s face when he’d left. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get that look out of her mind.

Lexa didn’t want to be like her dad. She knew she could've easily walked out like a coward, instead of talking it out with Clarke.

Lexa wasn't sure what was going to come of this conversation, but she knew it needed to happen.

Even though Lexa was mad, she didn't have it in her to walk away, especially after the funeral. Lexa stayed rooted in her spot, staring at Clarke expectantly. Clarke gathered herself, clearing her throat. She had no idea where to even begin.

“Are we going to actually talk about this or you just going to stand there and act like you’re innocent?” Lexa asked.

She knew it was a low blow from the hurt look on Clarke's face. Lexa wanted to take it back, but she stood her ground. She raised her eyebrows in a challenge, waiting for Clarke to explain.

Clarke sighed heavily before speaking.

“I've been saying the entire time that I'd be going back to New York after it happened.”

“You could've mentioned it this past week since we’ve seen each other every day!” Lexa sneered.
“I'm sorry! I know I should've told you sooner. So much has been happening lately and Niylah-”

Lexa growled at the name of her ex. She really didn't want to hear this. Lexa shivered, closing her eyes. She saw her dad yelling at her mom, and her mom begging for him to stay.

Lexa was trying hard not to let her anger get the best of her, but it was hard when she thought about Clarke talking to Niylah behind her back.

“I don't want to hear about how you and Niylah plan to meet up.” Lexa rumbled.

“It's not like that. She just wants to see me after everything that’s happened.”

“Maybe she shouldn't have broke up with you when you moved back here to be with your father, then maybe she’d know.”

“You can't seriously think something will happen between us.” Clarke said softly, taking slow steps towards Lexa.

“I would never go behind your back like this and talk to one of my exes. Jesus, Clarke. I stopped it all for you!” Lexa roared, backing away from Clarke. She walked to the other side of the room, taking deep breaths to calm herself down.

“Stop what?” Clarke asked confused.

“Sleeping around. Messing around with different girls. I completely went off the market for you!” Lexa shouted. “This isn't easy at all. We always have to sneak around. I couldn't even comfort you during the funeral.”

Lexa finally felt relieved that she confessed that. She knew she raised her voice and she shouldn't have, but couldn’t help it. She had so much aggression in her, it was hard for her to keep it all in.

Lexa finally calmed herself down. Her pulse wasn't thumping in her ears anymore. She felt lighter now that Clarke knew. Clarke was looking at her with sympathetic eyes.
“You think I don't know that?” Clarke breathed out. “This will never be easy. Even when you're out of high school.”

“So, you're trying to escape it?”

“No!” Clarke said. “I'm not trying to get away from you. I just need to be back in my city. It’ll help, I know it will. Maryland is great, but this town is too small and I want to get away from it for a little bit, but that doesn't mean I want to get away from you.”

“It was easy with her, wasn't it?” Lexa asked, placing her hands on her hips.

“I didn't have to sneak around and hide my relationship, so yes it was.” Clarke answered honestly.

Lexa clenched her jaw and nodded slowly.

“So, of course you want to go back to New York and take the easy way out. Of course you want to see your ex.”

“Lexa, that's not what this is about.” Clarke shook her head.

“How should I know? You haven't exactly been sane.” Lexa fired back.

Clarke stopped in her tracks, hurt flashing in her eyes.

Lexa let out a long sigh, “I didn't mean that.”

“Sure you did.” Clarke pressed her lips in a thin smile.

Lexa took a moment before speaking again. She hadn't meant to say those words. No matter how mad she was, she hated hurting Clarke's feelings.
“How long will you stay?” Lexa asked.

“I haven't decided yet.” Clarke answered.

“What's going to happen to us?” Lexa asked quietly. She was scared of the answer. She had no idea what was going on between them or what was going to happen.

“Nothing will happen. Niylah won't be a problem.” Clarke shrugged.

“Oh, I'm glad you're so nonchalant about the whole thing.” Lexa sneered. “How did she even find out?”

“Because she won't be a problem, Lexa,” Clarke sighed in annoyance making Lexa huff. "I don't know how, but she did. We do have mutual friends. She texted me to see if I was okay and I said I wasn't and that I wanted to go back to New York. She asked if we could meet up.”

Lexa sighed deeply and sat down. Clarke took her chances, sitting right next to her.

“I'm not mad you want to go back to New York, Clarke. I can't dictate what you want to do. I can't tell you who to hang out with. I would never do that, but I'm mad you didn't tell me. Were you ever going to tell me?” Lexa asked.

“I just..” Clarke sighed. “I didn't know how to tell you I was leaving.”

“So, you just decided to keep that information to yourself?” Lexa asked sarcastically.

“I realized how much it was going to hurt you and I'm really sorry. I know I should've mentioned it.”

“When are you planning on leaving?” Lexa asked.

“The end of the week maybe. I think Raven is coming with me. I know you have school and can't
come, but that doesn't mean I don't want you there with me. I'm going to miss you, but I have to leave.”

Lexa sat back putting a pillow in her lap.

"So, what if she wants to get back together with you?" Lexa asked.

“I'm sure she won't. I'm a mess. You said it yourself.” Clarke chuckled sadly.

Lexa sighed deeply before taking Clarke's hands in hers.

“I didn't mean that. I was angry and I should've never said that.”

“But it's true. You know I haven't been in the right mindset since it happened.”

“We’ve been having amazing sex so it's okay.” Lexa teased.

“Of course it would be.” Clarke rolled her eyes. Lexa leaned forward, placing a soft kiss to Clarke's cheek, before tucking a few strands of hair behind her ear.

“I'm sorry.”

“No, Lexa. I'm sorry,” Clarke said. “I should've told you the second I was planning on going back.”

“I don't want you to leave,” Lexa whispered. “What if she does try something? I trust you, but I don't trust her.”

Clarke sighed. "I'll tell her I have a wonderful, talented, smart, beautiful, caring, compassionate girlfriend and she can suck it.”

Lexa's eyes widened when she heard the last part of what Clarke said.
"Girlfriend?" Lexa squeaked out in disbelief.

“Yes, Lexa!” Clarke cried. “I want you to be my girlfriend. I'm not saying this because my dad just died or to get you to calm down. I'm saying this because I don't want anyone else, but you. I don't want Niylah and I can promise you nothing will happen with her. You know all I want is you and if you need more time, I understand, but I want this with you, Lexa.”

“You want to be my girlfriend?” Lexa asked slowly, still not believing what Clarke was saying.

“I do,” Clarke nodded in confirmation. She scooted over to Lexa and wrapped her arms around her. She placed a sloppy kiss to the underside of Lexa's jaw. “If you'll have me. I can't get enough of you and I'm sorry about before.”

“It's okay. We’re both grieving,” Lexa said. “I’d love to be your girlfriend by the way.”

“I don't want to leave on a bad note and I'm not saying this to tie you down while I'm gone. My feelings for you are through the roof and I don't think they're ever going to stop. I really like you, Lexa and I know I sound like a teenager, but it's true.”

“Well, that's okay because I really like you too.” Lexa said with a goofy smile.

“I'm sorry I didn't tell you.” Clarke whispered, playing with Lexa's hair.

“It's okay, Clarke. I'm sorry for the way I acted.” Lexa said.

“Don't be. You had every right to feel the way you did. I wasn't honest and I'm truly sorry. I never wanted to hurt you, but Niylah won't be a problem, I promise.”

“I trust you, Clarke and besides, you're mine now.” Lexa said with a smirk.

“I am and I don't want to be anyone else’s.” Clarke said around a yawn.
“Tired?” Lexa asked, placing a kiss to Clarke's forehead.

“Yes. I think I'm going to lay down for a bit.” Clarke said through another yawn. Lexa frowned, but nodded.

“Okay.”

Clarke gave her a long kiss before disappearing to the bedroom.

Lexa fist pumped the second she left. She was glad that their fight was resolved. Lexa could never be mad at Clarke for wanting to go back to New York, she understood. She just wanted to know about it. She hoped things would go well for the rest of the weekend because they only had one more night left.

Lexa sighed, relaxing further into the couch. She turned on the TV to basketball.

Clarke emerged from the bedroom a few hours later. She looked well rested and energetic. Lexa was glad, Clarke looked like she was running on no sleep this whole trip. Lexa knew Clarke wasn't sleeping at night and had no idea how to help her.

Clarke sat down on the couch, cuddling up to her before wrapping a blanket around them.

Lexa was in the middle of a game between the Lakers and Boston Celtics. She was rooting for the Lakers.

Lexa smiled softly when Clarke leaned against her.

“Hey.” Clarke greeted quietly.

“Hey.”
Clarke snuggled into Lexa further, playing with her hair before speaking up.

“It was easier with Niylah,” Clarke spoke softly, running her hands along Lexa's thigh. Lexa waited patiently for Clarke to continue talking. “But it was also stressful and emotional. She would've never done this.”

“Done what?” Lexa asked.

“Stayed,” Clarke bit her bottom lip. “She would always walk away when things got tough, but I loved her and I was willing to make it work.”

Clarke placed a kiss to her cheek before speaking again.

“I don't even know how to explain how much you mean to me. These past couple of months have truly been amazing. I like being around you and we already established this is more than sex. I'm sorry it'll never be easy.”

“I can't do the little things, no matter how much I want to. I can't bring you coffee in the morning. I can't kiss you goodbye before I head to practice. I can't even be seen with you for more than five minutes before people start to whisper.”

“I know, baby, I know.” Clarke nodded in understanding.

“I just want to be with you.” Lexa sighed helplessly finally locking eyes with Clarke.

Clarke sighed heavily resting her head on Lexa's shoulder.

“You are with me. We can be together right here in this hotel room. We’ve had a lot of fun in them.” Clarke whispered. She lifted her head kissing the underside of Lexa's jaw before turning back to the screen. Lexa wrapped an arm around her, snuggling further into her.

“We have, haven't we?” Lexa said with a smirk, before it dropped. “I'm sorry for yelling.”
“Don't be.”

“No, I'm sorry.” Lexa repeated. Clarke looked at her in confusion before sighing.

“What's going on?” Clarke asked. “You know, up there.” She gestured to Lexa's head.

Lexa paused the game before turning to face Clarke.

“I've never really dealt with this in any of my other relationships,” Lexa confessed. “They were free to do whatever they wanted and vice versa. When feelings got involved, it would get too messy. I never cared about any of those girls, Clarke, but I care about you. I shouldn't have yelled.”

“Couples fight, Lexa,” Clarke reassured her, squeezing her arm. “It's normal for it to happen.”

“I shouldn't have yelled. My dad used to yell at my mom all the time and I hated it.”

Clarke took a deep breath, finally understanding what this was about.

“You're not your father.”

“I act like him. I also have an anger problem like him.”

“I know. I've seen it, but it's okay.”

“No, it's not!” Lexa exclaimed. “My dad never hit my mom, but he would yell at her all the time and I don't want to be like that. I have to find a way to control my anger.”

Clarke scooted closer to Lexa, resting her forehead against hers.

“I wasn't scared, if that's what you're trying to say. I'll never be scared of you because I know you would never do that.”
“I don't ever want to be like him. I want to be able to talk things out and not get mad.”

“I think it's nearly impossible to have a fight with your partner and not get mad. That's what a relationship is about, acknowledge the problems and grow from it. Baby, we can grow from this, you have nothing to worry about because I'm not mad at you.”

Lexa looked at Clarke and saw nothing but sincerity in her eyes. It helped put her at ease.

“Thank you.” Lexa nodded. Clarke kissed her forehead before speaking.

“Of course. Now, let's watch the game.” Clarke suggested before they cuddled back up with each other.

Lexa unpaused the game and knew she already lost Clarke's interest. Lexa thought it was adorable how Clarke was trying to keep up with what was happening. Lexa knew she had no idea and was just pretending.

A few more minutes into the game, Lexa felt Clarke's hand massaging her thigh. She started running her hand up until it got to her bulge. Lexa could see Clarke's smirk out of the corner of her eye, but neither one of them spoke.

Lexa let out a small whine when Clarke tightened her hold on her, but she kept her focus on the game. Her team was in the lead and she wanted it to stay that way.

Lexa moaned when Clarke slipped her hands under her shorts, cupping her. Lexa was flaccid, but her dick jumped the second she felt Clarke's hand around it.

The fact that they weren't talking about it, made Lexa grow hard. Clarke removed the blanket off them, and Lexa pulled her shorts down.

“Remember when I said I would suck your dick so hard you'll cum your pants whenever you thought about it?” Clarke asked quietly.
Lexa moaned, and nodded. Words were completely lost on her.

“And how I'll let you do whatever you want?” Clarke asked.

“Yes!” Lexa squeaked.

Clarke smirked, kneeling on the floor right in front of her. Lexa groaned at the sight of her. She was having a hard time choosing which to watch; the TV or Clarke. (She chose Clarke).

Clarke grabbed the base of her dick, licking up her shaft. They locked eyes before Clarke sucked the tip in her mouth. Lexa spread her legs further apart and Clarke scooted closer.

Lexa threw her head back for a slight second, only enough to enjoy the way Clarke's mouth was surrounding her, and to hear a whistle blow. Lexa shot her head back up and focused on the game.

Lexa bit her bottom lip when Clarke wrapped a tight hand around her and started pumping. Lexa's chest was heaving as Clarke worked to get her off.

Lexa was itching to feel Clarke's skin on hers. She knew her game was on, but she could multitask. She wanted Clarke.

“Take your clothes off.” Lexa moaned.

Clarke pulled away for a brief second, stripping down.

“Come up here and turn around.” Clarke instructed. Clarke straddled her hips, her back to Lexa's front. Lexa whimpered at the position. Clarke didn't give her anytime, immediately sinking down on her.

Lexa thought it was a win-win situation because she could still see the game and Clarke started moving on her. Lexa held her hips as Clarke started bouncing in her lap. Sinking down fast, just to come back up. She rolled and circled her hips continuously, making Lexa cry out.
Lexa scooted further down the couch to give Clarke more access to move. Clarke whined every time her center came in contact with Lexa's hips.

Lexa couldn't stop the groans that flew out of her mouth. Clarke was riding her like a pro and she couldn't think of a hotter position. Clarke's butt bounced with every thrust and it wasn't long before Lexa started helping her out.

Lexa gripped Clarke tight, starting to steadily pump into her. Clarke cried out, clenching around her. Lexa groaned again because Clarke was flooding her dick. Clarke's wet center smacking against her hips echoed around the room.

Lexa had her eyes on the game, but still doubled her efforts. Clarke's moans were increasing in volume and Lexa knew she was close.

“Oh, god.” Clarke whimpered. Lexa was panting behind her, drilling her hips up into her. Clarke was meeting her thrusts desperately. Lexa snaked her hands around, grabbing a hold of her breasts and squeezing. Clarke placed her hands on top of hers, squeezing with her. It wasn't long before Clarke stilled in her lap, releasing her juices on her.

“Oh, fuck.” Clarke groaned, rocking her hips in Lexa's lap. Lexa helped her ride out her orgasm before placing her down on the couch.

Lexa swiftly turned around, settling in between Clarke's legs. Lexa threw one leg over the edge of the couch before pulling Clarke closer to her. Lexa tore her eyes away from the game for a few minutes, a beautiful masterpiece she'd like to admire right in front of her.

Lexa started with her lips, connecting them desperately before licking down her neck. Lexa's mouth watered when she leveled herself with Clarke's breasts, taking a perky nipple in her mouth.

“Inside, Lexa. Inside.” Clarke panted under her. Lexa nodded, jerking her dick a few times before slowly thrusting back in.

Clarke let out a loud moan, trying to close her legs. Lexa held them open and immediately started jerking her hips in her. Her thrusts were rough and fast. Clarke whimpered with each one.

“Fuck, right there, baby.” Clarke whined. Clarke's boobs moved with the rough thrust of Lexa's hips.
Lexa moaned at how hot Clarke looked under her. Her hair was disheveled, eyes glazed over in lust, her head thrown back and legs wide open. Lexa grunted with each thrust. The game long forgotten.

“You're so sexy.” Lexa moaned, leaning down to place a short kiss to her lips. Clarke's mouth dropped open, not forming any words other than her name.

“Lexa!”

Lexa's name fell from Clarke's mouth like a mantra, sending a shiver down Lexa's spine.

“I want to try something.” Lexa abruptly stopped her thrusts and they both moaned when Clarke clenched down around her.

“What?” Clarke asked quickly.

“I want to fuck you against the wall.” Lexa said.

Clarke nodded, delighted by the idea, and quickly got up. Lexa picked her up, placing sloppy kisses to her shoulders. Clarke tightened around her, and Lexa walked blindly until she slammed Clarke against the wall.

Clarke grunted when Lexa shoved herself back in her, immediately going to work. Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa's neck as Lexa buried her face in Clarke's hair. Lexa could hear cheering in the background over the loud moans Clarke was letting out, but had no idea what was going on.


Lexa had a death grip around her hips while plowing into her. Clarke held up most of her weight, making it easier for Lexa. The blonde had her head thrown back in pleasure. Lexa would've looked back towards the screen, but knew it would throw them both off balance.
“Clarke, baby, quick,” Lexa panted out. “Who's winning?”

“Uhh.. Ahh.. the one in the.. fuck... the purple.”

Lexa smirked because her team was still in the lead.

Clarke tightened her hold on Lexa when she bit down on her neck. Lexa didn't stop until she saw a bruise forming.

“Baby, I’m close.” Lexa wailed. The moans Clarke was letting out were turning her on even more.

“Cum inside.” Clarke instructed. Lexa's face heated up at the thought. She went from not cumming in Clarke at all to cumming in her the whole weekend.

Lexa's hips sped up at the thought. Clarke dragged her nails down Lexa's back, she was sure there would be scratches tomorrow morning. Lexa hissed in pain, but didn't slow down.

“I'm gonna cum too.” Clarke whispered in her neck. Lexa was sweating with the effort of holding Clarke up. The blonde had her hair sticking to the back of her neck.

Clarke was the first to break. Lexa held her arms tight around her as she spasmed in her arms. Clarke shouted her name in pleasure before Lexa couldn't hold back anymore. She gave a couple more thrusts before spilling her load in her.

Clarke whimpered at being filled, and Lexa groaned with every drop that came out of her.

When Lexa was finished, she slowly pulled out. She still had a hand wrapped around Clarke's waist to hold her steady.

Clarke pulled her in for a kiss, cupping her cheeks. Lexa kissed her back eagerly before she heard another whistle blow. Lexa quickly pulled away to watch the game.

“Oh, sure. The game is more important than me.”
“It was hot how we didn't talk about it though.” Lexa flashed her a smile.

Clarke was getting ready to respond, when her phone went off. Lexa knew it couldn't have been good with the way Clarke's eyes widened.

“What's wrong?”

“My mom wants to come over!” Clarke shrieked.

They were still in Maryland, but the hotel Clarke had picked out was a good hour away, and with the traffic, closer to two. Lexa had no idea what to do.

“I'm telling her I took a drive and I'm really far away.” Clarke muttered while typing away on her phone. Lexa quickly pulled her clothes back on, wiping some of her sweat off, and headed to the bedroom.

She was gathering her clothes up when Clarke emerged.

“I'm sorry to cut this short.” Clarke said, rushing around the room to get her stuff.

“It's okay. I knew we couldn't hide out forever.” Lexa said, stuffing clothes into her bag. Lexa didn't miss the way Clarke sighed sadly before zipping her bags up.

“Do you have everything?” Clarke asked, wheeling her luggage across the floor.

Lexa checked around the room again. It was spotless.

“I think I do.”

“Okay.”
They wordlessly turned everything off before checking out.

Lexa wasn't thrilled they had to leave. She knew they’d have to eventually, but she wanted more time with Clarke.

She had no idea what the next two weeks would be like and wasn't ready to find out. She didn’t want Clarke to leave. Lexa just wanted to hold the blonde for as long as she could and she couldn't even do that.

“Would you ever tell your mom?” Lexa broke the silence that fell around them in the car. Clarke was speeding down the streets.

Clarke side eyed her before clearing her throat.

“I wouldn’t tell her right now. She would literally have a cow. Maybe once you graduated or something. I know she still won’t be okay with it though.” Clarke said softly.

Lexa nodded because she’d been expecting that answer. The older woman scared her a bit, and having her know would be her own death sentence. Lexa frowned because she was tired of hiding.

They could only get a few hours with each other or sneakily plan weekends together, but they never could stay with each other. It killed Lexa that she couldn't meet Clarke's family, but she knew she couldn't get away with that. She was still in high school after all.

“It just sucks that I can’t go with you when you hang out with your family. I know it would be an awkward situation, but I’d get to be with you.” Lexa spoke.

“I know. I know, it does suck. I don't like sneaking around either, but at least Raven knows. That makes it a little easier.” Clarke said.

“I'm going to miss you,” Lexa mumbled. “I don't know what I'm going to do without you.”
Clarke sighed, reaching her hand out. Lexa quickly grabbed a hold of it and squeezed.

“Me too. I'll call, text, FaceTime. Anything you want.”

“FaceTime, most definitely. Can I sext you?” Lexa asked shyly. Lexa felt a tingle run down her spine when she saw Clarke’s lips curl up.

“If you can handle the fact that we won’t be in the same state. I won't hold back on my nudes or sexting.” Clarke spoke in a low voice.

“Would you really send nudes?” Lexa asked.

“Of course I would.” Clarke responded with a firm nod, a silly smile playing on her face.

“You're amazing. I can't believe you're my girlfriend now.” Lexa said happily.

“Me neither. And I'll be back as soon as I can.”

“Enjoy yourself while you'll there.” Lexa advised.

“I'll try. I'm almost positive Raven’s coming with me, so that'll boost my spirits.” Clarke said.

The conversation fell after that and they rode the rest of the way in comfortable silence. Lexa caught Clarke's eyes many times, and they would kiss at red lights.

It was a bittersweet feeling going home. Lexa knew she had many things to sort out, and figured she’d do them while Clarke was away.

Lexa hadn't been ready a week ago when she tried to call her father, but was thinking more and more about it. She was hoping she'd be brave enough to finally call him. She had no idea what she’d say to him.
Lexa knew she couldn't run from it anymore. She didn't want to. She wanted to close that dark chapter of her past and finally have closure. She knew she would never forget it, but it was time to move on. She didn't want to carry the anger around anymore. She was tired of it.

Lexa wanted to try for Clarke. Clarke was her girlfriend now and Lexa would do everything in her power to keep it that way. Lexa knew she couldn't just snap her fingers and all her problems magically disappear.

Lexa knew she had a lot of apologizing to do with her mom. Lexa felt terrible for the way she’d been treating her. Lexa couldn't help but draw the comparison. She knew she was exactly like her father and the realization killed her.

Lexa would rise above it because she had to. She wouldn't allow herself to be like him. Lexa didn't care if her dad had changed or not, she still remembered how he used to be.

Lexa needed to get her act together because she didn't want to drive her mother away anymore. She made the conscious decision to fix it all, even if it meant coming face to face with her dad again. It was the one thing that had been haunting her for years, but she was going to do it and felt lighter just thinking about it.

Lexa enjoyed the ride home with a small smile on her face, listening to the radio and playing silly games with Clarke as she rushed to get them home. Clarke's hand was resting in Lexa's lap the entire time.
The mood was tense as Lexa quickly kissed Clarke goodbye before going their separate ways. It didn't wipe off the sad look on Lexa’s face, but knew this was how it had to be. She knew there wasn't much she could do about the situation and she needed to leave before Abby showed. She grumbled and dragged her feet against the pavement, heading back to her car.

When Lexa got home, her mother's car was in the driveway. Lexa sighed, throwing her bag over her shoulder and heading inside.

Her mother was in the family room when she walked in. She called her in and Lexa placed her bag down by the door.

“Hello, Lexa.” Her mother greeted. Her back was turned to her. She was working at the desk.

“Hi, mom.” Lexa said quietly.

Indra didn't turn around and it made Lexa feel terrible. She knew her mother didn't want to have another screaming match and neither did she, which was why she was barely saying anything.

“Do you think I could watch TV while you work?” Lexa asked hesitantly. They had done it so many times in the past and she missed it. It had quickly stopped when Lexa found out her mother’s secret.

Indra whipped around in surprise and Lexa offered her a tiny smile.

“Okay.” Indra said after a minute. Lexa could see the ghost of a smile on her face and it made her feel a little better.

She sat down on the couch before turning the TV on.

It was quiet. The only sounds were from the TV and her mother turning the pages in her book.

Lexa didn't like the tension that loomed over them. She had no idea if she should say something or
She didn't know what to say, and that thought made her sad.

“I remember after he left, how sad you were for weeks,” Indra spoke up, her back still turned to Lexa. “I couldn't get you to do anything other than go to school. You were only five years old and already so sad. I had no idea what to do.”

Indra turned around to face her and tears were already welling up in both of their eyes.

“I vowed that I would do anything to put a smile on your face, but the only thing you wanted was your dad. I couldn't do that for you and I wished I could. He had already left by then.”

Lexa wiped her tears, but stayed silent listening to her mother speak.

“The sadness continued and you hardly ever smiled. You had friends, but you constantly asked for your dad. He wanted nothing to do with us anymore and I tried my hardest to shelter you from knowing that. I was giving up hope, until one day I passed by a toy store.” Her mother had a fond smile on her face.

“There was a basketball on display and I got it for you. You stared at it for the longest time before shoving it back in my hands,” Indra chuckled at the memory. “You didn't touch it for weeks. You knew your dad loved basketball and wouldn't go anywhere near it. A couple years later you finally picked it up and I had never been so proud. You've accomplished so much since then. You've grown so much since then.”

Lexa clenched her fists because she remembered those memories vividly. It was like they’d happened yesterday.

“The day you told me you tried out for basketball, I cried tears of joy. It was as if your happiness came back. You got assigned a number and it hasn't changed. The number twenty-five is apart of you, Lexa. Even when you go off to college. I'll always be proud of you and I thought I was doing the right thing by keeping your happiness and not telling you. I didn't want you to keep walking around with a frown on your face, I couldn't take it anymore. I'll never regret it, Lexa, but I will apologize for keeping it from you for so long.”

“I think about calling him a lot,” Lexa admitted in a hoarse tone. “But I can never do it.”
“I won't push you in any direction, but I have his address. I can give it to you if you want. If you don't want it, that's fine too. I'm sorry I've caused you so much pain over the last few weeks. I never thought our relationship would turn out like this.” Indra whispered.

“Well, I haven't exactly been the easiest person to get along with and I'm sorry for that. I miss our relationship too. Basketball truly does make me happy and I don't ever want to stop playing so thank you.” Lexa said.

Indra pressed her lips in a thin smile, but didn't say anything.

“I forgive you.” Lexa said after a few moments of silence.

She heard her mother make a relieved noise and smirked. Lexa got off the couch as her mother stood from her chair.

“I know this doesn't fix everything but I'm glad I have your forgiveness. I miss my baby.”

“Mom,” Lexa chided. “I'm eighteen.”

“And even when you're eighty, you'll still be my baby.” Indra smiled.

Lexa smiled back before pulling her mother in for a hug. She held her tight. She had missed her touch so much. Her mother rubbed her back affectionately before placing a kiss to her cheek.

“I love you.” She cooed in her ear.

“I love you too.”

“I want his address.” Lexa whispered. Indra looked back with questioning eyes, but Lexa nodded in confirmation, even though she wasn't sure at all.

Indra went over to her desk, writing something down on a piece of paper before handing it over to Lexa. Lexa took a deep breath before stuffing it in her pocket.
Indra ran her hands over Lexa's shoulders supportively before smiling sadly. Lexa returned it, although her smile didn't reach her eyes. Indra sighed and went back to work shortly after as Lexa sat back down on the couch.

Lexa couldn't help, but feel like this was how it used to be and how it was supposed to be. They had spent so many evenings like this, and Lexa loved it. She was happy that they could do it again.

Most of the tension had cleared, making Lexa relax back on the couch, enjoying the basketball game.

Lexa couldn't stop the smile that spread across her face.

The week went by in a blur.

Lexa cherished every moment she got to be with Clarke. They still snuck around in the morning before Lexa had class. They had heated make out sessions, conveying everything they couldn't say in words.

Some people were still talking about Lexa's almost fight with the one kid. Lexa saw him once, but he cowered away in fear. It made Lexa smirk triumphantly.

As it approached the end of the week, Lexa knew her time was up.

Lexa had texted Clarke to come over because her mother was at work and knew they would have some time to themselves. She wanted to say goodbye before Clarke had to leave.

It was pouring rain outside and Lexa had just got home from school. She was soaked and wanted to shower before Clarke came over.

Once she was dressed, she went back into the bathroom to blow dry her hair. Lexa was startled when she heard her front door open, but relaxed knowing it was Clarke.

“Lexa! Lexa!” Lexa heard Clarke calling her name, while running up the stairs.
Lexa smiled sadly, emerging from the bathroom just as Clarke walked through the door. She knew this was it.

Clarke was wearing jeans and a dark blue shirt. She looked so beautiful with her hair down.

“When do you leave?” Lexa murmured.

Clarke fluttered her eyes, reveling in how beautiful Lexa looked without make-up on. Clarke sighed walking further in the room.

“Now.” She uttered, walking up to her.

Lexa nodded and blinked. She sucked her lips into her mouth, trying to swallow down her emotions.

"I'm sorry." Clarke husked.

"Don't be," Lexa swallowed hard, forcing herself not to cry. "You have to go back. They're your people. That's why I lo-"

Clarke looked up at her, wonder flashed through her eyes at the words that got caught in Lexa's throat.

Lexa quickly recovered.

"That's why you're you." She said, lips pressed into a thin line. She didn't want to talk about her almost slip up, but it was clear by the look in Clarke's eyes that she knew what she was going to say.

Were they at that point yet? Lexa knew it was way too early to say those words and wasn't sure what she was thinking.
Clarke still had no idea exactly how long she'd be there, and Lexa's emotions were all over the place, knowing that Clarke was getting ready to leave for the week. She offered Clarke a tiny smile because it was all she could muster up.

“May we meet again.” Lexa's voice wavered as she extended her arm out for her.

Clarke took it before locking eyes with her.

Lexa was left speechless when Clarke grabbed the back of her neck and leaned in to kiss her. Lexa pulled away, her eyes flickering between Clarke's. Lexa couldn't help but let a small tear slip from her eyes. Clarke was quick to wipe it away. She reached up with shaky hands, wiping the tear away.

“Do you have time?” Lexa asked.

“I do. I'll always have time for you.” Clarke responded immediately.

It wasn't long before their lips crashed back against each other's. Lexa sighed and panted against Clarke's lips, licking and sucking all the words she couldn't say in the kiss.

Clarke reached up, tugging on her shirt. Lexa broke the kiss pulling her shirt over her head.

They undressed each other slowly, one article of clothing at a time. Their kisses were rushed and hurried, but their movements slow, almost savoring each other. Lexa was remembering everything about Clarke. She already had most of her committed to her memory.

Lexa gently pushed Clarke down on the bed, before climbing on top of her. Lexa leaned back down to kiss her, while rocking her hips into her.

Clarke sucked kisses into her neck, Lexa knew she was leaving bruises for her and she didn’t care. Clarke moved down to her breasts. Licking, sucking and biting until Lexa was panting above her.

Her bulge was pressing against Clarke's thigh and the blonde cupped it.
“I want to go slow.” Clarke whispered. Lexa whimpered and nodded. She pulled away to take her boxers off.

“I want to taste you first.” Lexa said.

Clarke let out a whine before opening her legs for Lexa. Lexa kissed and nipped her way down Clarke's body before settling between her legs.

She trailed feverish kisses up her thighs before getting to her destination.

Lexa locked eyes with Clarke, who nodded. Lexa didn't waste any time running her tongue flat through Clarke. The blonde gasped beneath her. Lexa ran her tongue through her again, lapping at her folds.

Lexa threw Clarke's legs over her shoulder and scooted closer. She licked through Clarke, unraveling her with each lick. Clarke rocked her hips into Lexa before tangling her hand in her hair.

“Lexa.” Clarke sighed.

Lexa swirled her tongue around her bundle of nerves pulling a deep moan from the blonde. Lexa's emotions were high right now, but she forced them away. She channeled it all on making Clarke feel good.

It wasn't long before the blonde surrendered herself to her. Lexa sucked Clarke's clit until she let out a broken sob. Lexa softly licked through her and brought her down. All the blood had rushed to Lexa's dick and she was painfully hard. She kissed her way back up Clarke's body before running her dick through Clarke's folds, gathering up her juices. Clarke moaned beneath her.

Lexa locked eyes with Clarke as she slowly pushed inside. Lexa whined at the way Clarke immediately clenched around her. Lexa leaned down to kiss Clarke, burying herself all the way in.

Their lips stayed together while Lexa slowly thrusted in and out of Clarke. This was the slowest they’d ever gone and it felt different, but Lexa was thoroughly enjoying it.
Clarke wrapped her arms around her and Lexa angled herself to where she could thrust into her more easily. Lexa cried out while pumping her dick deep into her.

Clarke was thrashing underneath her and Lexa did everything to make sure she stayed still. She placed her hands on Clarke's hips, pinning her down on the bed while her dick slid in and out.

“I'm going to miss you so much.” Lexa whispered into her ear. Clarke cried out beneath her.

“Me too, baby,” Clarke moaned. “So much.”

“You feel amazing.” Lexa breathed into her ear.

“You fill me up so well. I fuckin’ love your dick.” Clarke whined.

“I'm gonna fuck you right, baby.” Lexa whimpered, drilling her hips hard into her.

“Yes, baby. *Fuck me.*” Clarke moaned.

Lexa pulled away, resting her arms out before her. She picked up her pace, driving her hips faster and harder into her. Clarke moaned loudly when the bed creaked underneath them.

“Just like that.”

Lexa grunted in response, frantically thrusting in her. Lexa couldn't stop her hips from coming back for more. Lexa was truly addicted and it sucked that the blonde was leaving.

It wasn't just the sex that Lexa would miss. She would miss it all. Being with Clarke was such an eye opening experience for Lexa. She had loved every moment she got to spend with her and would miss her tremendously.

Lexa spread Clarke's legs wider, hitting her most deepest spots. Clarke squeaked beneath her. Her mouth opened wide.
“Lexa!” Clarke purred.

Lexa grunted, continuing to hit that spot deep inside Clarke.

“Lexa!” Clarke cried out again, before quickly pushing Lexa out.

Clarke moaned loudly as her body spasmed around the bed. Lexa watched with bright eyes, as Clarke drenched her sheets in her cum. Lexa was so incredibly turned on, she didn't give Clarke any time to recover.

She slid back into her, pumping her hips forward. Clarke screamed out, but Lexa kept going. She was panting and sweating with effort, but wasn't going to stop. Clarke looked absolutely beautiful under her.

“Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.” Clarke moaned over and over.

Lexa groaned as the front of her thighs slapped against the back of Clarke's. She was giving it her all. She wanted Clarke to remember this before she left. Clarke was gasping for air, while gripping the sheets tight.

Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke's boobs resting against her. She quickly pulled out just to roughly push back in. Her thrusts turning desperate because she could feel her orgasm approaching.

“Clarke!” Lexa grunted.

“I'm going to cum too.” Clarke whined.

Lexa nodded, doubling her efforts before they both came at the same time. Clarke locked around her the same time Lexa shot her load inside her.

They both moaned out each other’s name, holding each other close.
Lexa slowly pulled out and sighed, knowing it was time for Clarke to go. They traded a few more deep kisses, before Clarke had to leave. They got dressed silently and Lexa pulled Clarke in for a hug when they were done.

“Be safe. I'll miss you.” Lexa said. She was glad she didn't slip up this time and say the wrong thing.

“I'll miss you too, baby.” Clarke cooed, pulling her shoes on.

Clarke's hair was a mess and she did her best to tame it. Lexa pulled her hair into a ponytail, before walking over and kissing Clarke on the forehead.

There was more they wanted to say to each other with the way they lingered, but decided against it. There would be plenty more opportunities to say it, and not when Clarke was rushing to leave. Lexa walked Clarke downstairs before pulling her in for one last desperate kiss.

“Call me when you can.” Lexa said.

“Of course I will,” Clarke whispered against her lips. “Bye, Lexa.”

“Bye, Clarke.”

Lexa felt empty watching Clarke walk away from her. She wasn't aware how much time she’d spent with the blonde until now. They had spent so much time together, Lexa moped going back upstairs.

She just hoped this week would go by fast.

It didn't.

Lexa wanted to scream because of how slow the week was going.

Lexa would walk up to the track before school, even though it was freezing outside. Lexa didn't care. She sat down on the cold ground and watched the sunrise.
Lexa was taking Clarke's absence a lot harder than she thought she would. She missed the little things, like talking to her everyday and just knowing she was around. Lexa knew she would walk inside and Clarke would be nowhere to be found.

People were still talking about Jake’s death and how Clarke skipped town because of it. Lexa would grumble, slam her locker and walk off.

Lexa knew her feelings for Clarke were strong. Words couldn't explain how much Lexa yearned for Clarke's touch. They’d been texting each other all week, but it wasn't enough. Not even close.

Phones calls weren’t cutting it anymore. They would talk dirty with each other, but it would always end shortly after it began because Clarke had to go.

Lexa knew Clarke was busy while she was in New York. She also knew Clarke was trying everything in her power to keep in contact with her which meant a lot to her.

Lexa sighed before heading inside to survive yet another day without Clarke.

Lexa smiled at the text message she got Friday before her last class. She hadn't talked to Clarke all day and couldn't stop the grin on her face. She was walking down the hall with Anya, who was teasing her.

Baby (:  
12:50 PM  
Skype me after your game

“Sexting your girl?” Anya smirked, giving Lexa a playful shove.

“Please, I'm not saying anything until you admit that you're sleeping with Raven.” Lexa rolled her eyes, making Anya stop in her tracks. The look on her face confirmed her suspicions, but Lexa wanted Anya to admit it out loud.
She shoved her phone back in her pocket and looked at Anya expectantly.

They were in the middle of the hallway. Lexa was aware of a few freshmen girls staring at her. Lexa flashed them a smile, throwing a wink in for a good measure. She chuckled slightly when they all blushed and walked away giggling.

“So?” Lexa focused her attention back to her best friend.

“Was it that obvious?” Anya grumbled, finally giving Lexa the answer she’d been waiting weeks to hear.

“You're glowing,” Lexa waggled her eyebrows. “Ever since we all hung out that night. You've been… different, but like a good different. Like, I'm getting some kind of different.”

“Okay, I am,” Anya confessed making Lexa smile. “I'm sleeping with her.”

“It's just sex?” Lexa asked.

“Pretty much,” Anya answered. They started walking again so they wouldn't be late for class. “We have sex and then I leave.”

Lexa nodded slowly at that. She remembered the first time Clarke and her had sex and how they swore it was only going to happen once. Lexa chuckled at the memory because they were completely strung out on each other and Lexa didn't want that changing anytime soon.

“Do you want it to be more?” Lexa asked slowly.

“No,” Anya shook her head. “I like what we’re doing. Raven is an amazing girl, but I don't think it would work out. I'm getting ready to graduate and head off to college. I don't know if I want to be tied down and be with someone that much older.”

At Lexa's offended look, Anya was quick to correct herself.
“But that’s different with you and Clarke. Raven needs somewhere who can actually be with her without worrying about a curfew. But you and Clarke… you guys are crazy about each other. You’re in love.”

“No, no!” Lexa winced. They stopped in the hall again, leaning against the wall. It was coincidentally, the sports wall. Lexa couldn’t stop the grin on her face when she remembered talking to Clarke here for the first time. “We’re not in love!”

“Could've fooled me.” Anya smiled brightly making Lexa huff. “You're crazy about her.”

“I almost let it slip.” Lexa sighed heavily. She was still conflicted on what it meant or if she meant it. Was she just caught up in the moment or was she really in love with Clarke?

“Wait, seriously?” Anya giggled. “I was just joking.”

“She was leaving and I thought it was goodbye, I mean we had amazing sex, but I almost let it slip and I don't know if I do or not.”

“Well, only you would know,” Anya shrugged. “When you feel it, is when you feel it.”

Lexa leaned off the wall and finally made it to her last class.

“I guess you're right,” Lexa said. “I'll see you later.”

Anya nodded with a wave. Lexa waved back before disappearing in her classroom.

Lexa listened to the lecture for the most part, but took a bathroom break to text Clarke back.

**Lexa**

1:30 PM

*Of course, babe. I will*
Good luck at the game, number 25, although you don't need it ;

Lexa almost dropped her phone down the toilet when she saw the picture that was attached to it.

Clarke was sprawled out on the bed. She wasn't naked, but she was in a matching lace bra and panties. Lexa gawked at the picture not knowing what to do. Lexa quickly finished using the bathroom before typing her message out.

Lexa

That's just mean. You know I'm still at school!

Baby (:)

Just something to remember me by (:)

Lexa

Oh, I'll definitely be remembering that ;

Baby (:)

Where's that joystick of mine?

Lexa snorted at Clarke referring to her dick as a joystick. She was glad she was the only one in the hall. Lexa walked slowly back to class, even stopping at the water fountain before responding to Clarke.
Lexa

1:40 PM

*I'm sure it'll make an appearance later, but I need to get back to class*

Baby (:

1:42 PM

*Okay, I'll let you go. Call me later. Good luck at your game*

Lexa couldn't help but think that there was more to the message Clarke sent. It felt off for some reason. Lexa couldn't help but want the words ‘I love you’ added at the end. Lexa's eyes widened to the size of saucers before quickly typing out a message to Clarke and shoving her phone back in her pocket.

Lexa didn’t listen to the rest of the lesson. Her thoughts on her basketball game later and the fact that the L word kept swimming around in her head.

Lexa smiled wide when Clarke called her on Skype later that night. She was still on a high from winning the game, even though it was by fifteen points, they still won.

Lexa went to dinner with Anya before heading home and jumping on the Skype call with Clarke. Lexa was excited to actually see her face.

“Hey, babe!” Clarke greeted happily once the call finally connected.

Clarke's hair was pinned up. She was wearing makeup and a dress. It made Lexa miss her even more.

“Hey!” Lexa said happily. “How are you? I miss you.”

“I miss you too. I'm-”

“Thanks for asking about me. You're great.” Lexa heard a voice from the background.
She rolled her eyes at the dramatic woman that came into view.

“Hello, Raven.” Lexa said politely.

“Hi!”

“Will you go away? I'm trying to talk to my girlfriend.” Clarke hissed.

Lexa laughed when she saw Raven throw her hands up in surrender. An excited tingle ran through her at Clarke calling her, her girlfriend.

“Sorry about that.” Clarke said turning around to face Lexa again.

“It's all good. How was the rest of your day?” Lexa asked.

“It was good.” Lexa frowned at Clarke's vague answer. The look on Clarke's face was rubbing her the wrong way. It was a complete one-eighty from their flirting earlier.

“So, when are you coming back?”

“I don't know.” Clarke said slowly. She was chewing on her bottom lip and Lexa knew that was something she only did when she was nervous.

Lexa's heart dropped at the look on Clarke's face. She didn't like it one bit.

“What do you mean you don't know?” Lexa squinted her eyes. She needed to see the blonde. She was going absolutely crazy without her. Anya was great company, but she wasn't Clarke.

“They’re offering me the position to be the boss. Kane is truly trying to screw us over and I will not fall and have the company be under Cage’s name.” Clarke explained all in one breath. Something else Lexa knew Clarke only did when she was nervous.
“So Kane’s giving up that easily?” Lexa asked confusedly. Clarke hadn’t mentioned anything about this when they spoke on the phone earlier.

“This all just happened today actually. That’s why Raven was in here. We were discussing some things.”

“Some things like you wanting to stay in New York?” Lexa asked warily.

“This is all I’ve wanted. This is my company, Lexa. You know that. If Kane gives me the opportunity, I’m going to take it. That’s why I suggested we skype today because I wanted to tell you face to face.”

“How long will you stay?” Lexa asked again.

“Another week. I still have to get back to my teaching job and my mom won’t stop calling me.”

“So, are you going to quit being a teacher?”

“I might. I don’t have to make any drastic decisions right now. I’m just telling you, this is something I would want to do.”

“Clarke,” Lexa let out an annoyed sigh. “You’re already getting publicity for being a designer. If you became head of the company, that directly puts you in the spotlight. People will start digging. People will find out.”

“I’m dating a high schooler.” Clarke finished for her.

“I’ve googled you, Clarke.” Lexa admitted with a slight blush. Dozen of articles came up about who Clarke was or the multiple clothes that she’d design. Lexa would admit that she spent the entire night going through all the articles about Clarke.

The paparazzi was all in her business. There were pictures of Clarke getting food on different days.
There was even a Wikipedia page about her and her past relationships.

Clarke was already in the spotlight and if she were to become the face of the company, Lexa knew it wouldn't end well for either of them.

“Oh, did you?” Clarke smirked. Lexa rolled her eyes because Clarke's flirting wasn't working on her right now.

“Yes, I did,” Lexa said curtly. “There's already so much information about you. Even stuff about...about...”

“I know. That wasn't much of a secret. It was the reason I quit my job. It shook the fashion world and it was truly the hardest decision I've ever made, but I don't regret it. I know I'm on google and I have my own Wikipedia page. I know I have fans and I know people know who I am.”

“They find out you're dating a senior, Clarke and your whole reputation is ruined.”

“You think I don't know that?” Clarke said. “I know exactly what I'm putting on the line by dating you, but I couldn't deny it anymore. I wanted to be with you and we both know this is real.”

“I just don't want to get caught.” Lexa whispered.

“I'll try everything in my power to make sure we don't. If I become boss, I know it'll put me more in the spotlight. I'll make sure you don't come up and I still have time to make my decision. There's a lot of things I need to take care of before I come home.”

“Is one of them Niylah?” Lexa asked darkly.

“Lexa... Why are you acting like this?”

“Because you're staying an extra week and I'm upset!” Lexa raised her voice. She knew she shocked Clarke and immediately tried to calm down. “I just miss you. When you think about it, I was spending all my time with you and now you're gone. And I-” Lexa looked away from the camera as tears spilled out of her eyes.
“Oh, Lexa,” Clarke sighed, finally understanding what was wrong. “Baby, look at me.”

“I am… so sorry. I didn't even- I wasn't- Lexa, I'm sorry.” Clarke said, her voice thick with emotion. “I never meant to make you feel like that. I'm sorry that I just left and haven't come back yet. I'm not walking away from you, Lexa. You have every right to feel the way you do. I'm not there with you and you're dealing with a lot of emotions right now. I didn't even think about your dad.”

“It's fine.” Lexa shrugged.

“No, it isn't!” Clarke exclaimed. “I know you weren't expecting me to stay another week, neither was I. I'm coming back to you. You know I will. You just need to give me a little time.”


Clarke's eyes widened at the question and Lexa shot her a questioning look. Clarke was frozen on the screen, she wasn't moving a muscle. Lexa narrowed her eyes at her before speaking again.

“How did it go?” Lexa pressed when Clarke didn't answer.

“Lexa...”

“Why won't you answer the question?” Lexa grumbled in frustration. “How did it go, Clarke?”

Lexa clenched her jaw while waiting for Clarke to finally answer her.

“She tried to kiss me.” Clarke admitted quietly making Lexa's heart drop.

“I'll kill her!” Lexa roared.

“She didn't!” Clarke yelled back. “Things are just so… complicated. She tried to kiss me and I pushed her away and told her I have a girlfriend. Lexa, you have to believe me.”
Lexa rested her head in her hands. She sucked in a calming breath before looking back at Clarke. Lexa could see the tears welling up in Clarke's eyes and sighed.

“Lexa, Niylah can be very possessive. Yeah, she always wanted an out, but she used to be very controlling,” Clarke spoke before Lexa could. Lexa frowned because she didn't like where this was going. “She could dig and find out stuff, like us dating.”

Lexa's heart pounded in her chest just thinking about it. She didn't know what Niylah was capable of. She didn't know Niylah like Clarke did.

“Do you think she would find out?” Lexa asked with wide eyes.

“I don't know. She's good at that kind of stuff. I have no idea if she could find us out. I didn't kiss her though. I walked away. I wouldn't do that to you.” Clarke said, sincerity laced through her voice.

“I believe you,” Lexa nodded. She rested against her desk chair, playing with some tape. “So, what are we going to do?”

“I don't think we should worry too much about Niylah. I'll be home next week, I promise you that.” Clarke spoke.

“Okay.” Lexa agreed. She was worried, but wouldn't focus too much on it. There were plenty of other things she needed to worry about.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Clarke asked after a moment.

“There's nothing to talk about.”

“I won't think any different of you.”

“Why didn't he want me?” Lexa mumbled. “Why wasn't I enough?”
Clarke stayed silent, letting Lexa have her moment. Clarke's heart ached in her chest at not being able to comfort her.

“I don't know why I can't get over it,” Lexa shook her head, chuckling sadly. “It hurts too much knowing he has another kid and is giving him the world. He didn't give me shit.”

“You owe him nothing.” Clarke said. “Don't feel obligated.”

“I don't, but my mom gave me his address. I don't want to do this over the phone.”

“What do you need?” Clarke asked.

“Just your support,” Lexa said. “I'll tell you how it goes.”

“Okay. I'm praying it'll go well.” Clarke said with a small smile.

“Me too.”

“I smoked last night.” Clarke said suddenly making Lexa's eyes widen. It'd been awhile since she picked up a cigarette. Her body was still itching for them, but she fought against it.

“You did?”

“I know I vowed not to do it anymore, but it's been a very stressful week and you're not here and I just needed… something. It was refreshing. I thought I would feel bad about it, but I can't bring myself to do it.”

“Did it make you feel better?” Lexa asked gently.

“No,” Clarke said honestly. “It's like no matter what I do, I just feel empty.”
“I’m here.” Lexa said supportively. She wanted to chuckle at her words though. She wasn’t physically with Clarke and wouldn’t be for another week. They both shared a sad smile, thinking the exact same thing. “Even if I’m not physically there. I’ll always be here for you.”

“I know. Same goes for me.”

Lexa heard muffle movements before Clarke’s door flew open. Clarke went out of view for a second before rushing back to Lexa.

“I have to go to a dinner meeting.” Clarke said apologetically.

Lexa sighed deeply, but nodded. “I understand. Enjoy yourself tonight.”

“I’ll text you when I get home.” Clarke promised.

“Okay, I’ll talk to you then. Bye, Clarke.” Lexa smiled slightly.

“Bye, Lexa.”

Lexa knew Clarke couldn’t stay on the line forever, but her heart ached when the call finally ended.

Lexa closed her laptop before getting in bed. She switched the TV onto a basketball game, thinking about how Jake would never be around to watch a basketball game with her again. Lexa let out a broken sob at that, burying herself deep into her covers.

There were tears blurring her vision as she watched the game. For the first time, Lexa wasn’t really paying attention to who was winning. She was thinking about Jake, and what they’d be doing if he was still here.

It wasn’t long before Lexa fell asleep, the basketball game ringing loud in her ears.

It was a fancy house, with a pool in the backyard and a fountain in the front. It was gated and Lexa
had to get buzzed in.

Lexa didn't think about what she was doing, she just did it. She knew she would've spent more time pondering over it. After staring at her keys on the kitchen counter for a solid ten minutes, she finally grabbed them and left the house without looking back.

One of the maids answered the call and Lexa almost backed out again, before relaxing. The black cloud looming over her would never go away until she did this.

Until she faced her father.

Lexa drove slowly down the long, gravel driveway. She parked her car before getting out.

Everything in her body was shaking and Lexa didn't know if it was from nerves or anger. Lexa was bummed that Clarke wasn't here with her. The blonde had a way of calming her down instantly.

Lexa didn't breath as she walked up to the front door. She could hear the water splashing around in the fountain and grunted. Of course her dad would be living it up in a fancy new house while her mother worked two jobs and still struggled to make ends meet. That made Lexa bang on the door angrily. It didn't take long before someone ripped the door open.

“Who is-”

Lexa's eyes narrowed, locking onto the woman she saw at the park a couple months ago. She was brunette, with piercing blue eyes. Her hair was up in a bun and she was wearing a dark green dress.

Lexa didn't even have to introduce herself. The second the woman saw her, she knew.

“I don't know how I didn't see it before.” The woman said, recalling the events that happened at the park.

“I was hardly looking at you.” Lexa shrugged, not meeting her eyes. She didn't care about the woman her father fell in love with. She just wanted to get this over with. “My dad around?”
“Nyko!” The woman called out. Lexa's heart leaped when she heard four sets of feet. She could hear his little shoes smacking against the hardwood and Lexa held her breath again.

She saw him first. He looked like he got a haircut and his brown eyes shone in recognition upon seeing her.

Her father was behind him. Lexa looked away when he kissed his wife on the cheek before she disappeared. Aden stayed by Nyko’s side.

Nyko was looking at her in confusion, but neither one of them said anything. The tension was thick between them. Lexa had no idea what she was going to say to him. There were many things that she had prepared to say on the drive over, but they all seemed to disappear as soon as she saw him.

“Hi!” Aden finally snapped Lexa out of her thoughts. She was staring Nyko down and finally looked down at her… brother.

“Hello, Aden.” Lexa smiled slightly before looking her father directly in the eyes. Nyko still looked shocked to see his daughter standing in front of him. He gaped at her and Lexa took a deep breath. “Hello, Nyko.”
Chapter 38

Lexa felt like she was standing under a microscope, being picked and prodded for everything that she was. Lexa was bigger and taller than him, but she couldn't help but feel minuscule under his gaze.

His big brown eyes were boring holes in her face. He was looking at her in curiosity and with his young ignorant bliss, he wouldn't stop staring at her.

Nyko was looking around nervously and Lexa felt very out of place standing in the hallway of his home.

Everything looked clean and sterile and Lexa could see her reflection on the floor. She realized she had a scowl on her face and her hands were balled into fists. Aden wouldn't stop looking at her and Nyko looked like he had no idea what to do.

“Aden, why don't you go find your mom? Lexa and I have a lot to discuss.” Nyko finally broke the suffocating silence around them. The hallway was spacious, but Lexa felt like the walls were closing in on her.

Her chest felt like it was caving in. Her breathing was starting to come in short and Nyko was catching on. That made Lexa get her act together. She stood up straight, clenching her jaw even tighter. She realized that she needed to calm down, but for the life of her, she couldn't. Especially knowing that she was getting ready to be alone with her dad.

“But I want to stay with Lexa!” Aden protested. Lexa was shocked that Aden didn't want to leave her. Nyko had that look on his face again like he didn't know what he was doing.

“Aden, please.” Nyko said firmly. Aden finally huffed and obeyed. He waved sadly to Lexa before walking into the kitchen to find his mom.

“Let’s talk in my office.” Nyko offered. He didn't give Lexa time to say anything before quickly walking to the door across the hall. His footsteps sounded like gunshots to Lexa's ears.

He threw the door open, waiting for Lexa to follow him. Lexa reluctantly walked into his office, trying to control her breathing.
It felt like her heart stopped when Nyko finally shut the door, leaving them completely alone.

“I should buy you some boxing gloves,” Nyko shoved his hands in his pockets, walking over to his chair. Lexa eyed him down the entire time and Nyko didn't break it as he sat down. “You look like you want to hit me.”

“Maybe I do.” Lexa sneered making Nyko exhale deeply.

“What every father wants to hear.” Nyko supplied sarcastically making Lexa scoff.

“You were hardly ever a father to me, so I wouldn't be losing anything,” Lexa shrugged. “Aden seems like a good kid. Try not to screw him up.”

“I don't plan on it.” Nyko shook his head firmly.

Lexa didn't respond. It hurt knowing that Aden was going get what she’d wanted when she was a kid, which was her dad. It hurt too much to look at him. She turned her head to the side, studying the pictures on the wall.

There were pictures of him with his basketball team from years ago. His jersey was number fifteen and he was smiling brightly in all his pictures with his teammates.

Lexa shifted her eyes down, locking eyes on Nyko’s law degree. It was a picture of him and his wife, holding up his degree and suddenly Lexa loss interest in it.

“I never quite made it to the NBA. After I tore my ACL, it was downhill from there. I know a couple players who could still play with it, but it was too hard for me. I had to settle for something else and live with it. I've been living with a lot of things that I wish I didn’t have to.”

Lexa remembered her disdain for basketball at first. She wanted nothing to do with it because she knew Nyko used to play. She thought it was some sort of twisted joke that it was the one thing that kept her sane now. She couldn't fight it anymore. She was interested in it the second her mother showed her, her first basketball.
She couldn't stop thinking about it. She knew basketball was the one thing her dad loved the most. She knew her dad tore his ACL, and it had crushed him. She remembered him leaving shortly after.

Lexa remembered being confused and her mother always making excuses why her dad wasn't around. Lexa grew up and realized that her dad didn't want to be with them. She found out that he had another family down south and it killed her.

Lexa heard a deep sigh and it snapped her out of her thoughts.

“One of them guilt?” Lexa finally asked with her eyebrows raised.

“As a matter of fact, yes. I know you'll never forgive me.”

Lexa didn't say anything. She just looked passed Nyko, to a picture of a toothless Aden. He was only in a diaper and tank top. He was grinning widely at the camera and Lexa couldn't help but notice how much he looked like her.

“How old is he?” Lexa couldn't help but ask. She was curious about her… brother.

Nyko glanced up to where Lexa was looking. Lexa watched in jealousy as a soft smile coated his face.

“Three and a half. He's getting ready to turn four in a couple months.”

“And the wife? She's the one-”

“Yes.” Nyko knew exactly where Lexa was headed. The conversation was awkward on both ends and Lexa felt like she wasn't getting anywhere.

“Your mother told me you're an extraordinary basketball player. I know you'll have the ability to make it to the WNBA. It's in your blood.”
“You've never seen me play.” Lexa responded, folding her arms across her chest.

“I don't need to.”

They were interrupted when Nyko’s door flew open. Lexa was relieved because the tension was sickening.

His wife and Aden were standing in the doorway with a plate of cookies.

“Aden was kind enough to want to bake cookies for you. I never properly introduced myself, I'm Taylor.” Taylor walked in, holding the plate of cookies like a peace offering.

Lexa looked at the plate of cookies before looking Taylor in the eye. Lexa was getting ready to decline when Aden looked at her sadly.

“Thank you.” Lexa said after a minute, reaching for a cookie and making Aden smile.

“Mom, can I show Lexa my room?” Aden asked, looking up at his mom. Taylor frowned at him before placing the cookies on Nyko's desk.

“Lexa and I are still talking, bud,” Nyko piped in. “Maybe some other time.”

The disappointed look on Aden’s face actually made Lexa feel bad. Aden looked hurt that Lexa couldn't see his room, but she knew she had more things to discuss with Nyko.

“I'm sure she'll come by another time to see it.” Taylor said with an encouraging smile, finally making Aden’s face light up.

“It's so cool!” Aden squealed. “I have trucks and dinosaurs and-”

Lexa tried to listen to all the cool stuff Aden was listing about his room, but couldn't bring herself to. It was yet another thing that her dad gave Aden that he didn't give her.
Lexa had *The Little Mermaid* themed room until she was six and finally wanted to change it. Her dad wasn't around while they painted her room a different color and decorated it in posters that Lexa liked.

Lexa smiled and nodded as if she was listening to him. He was talking a mile a minute and Lexa was having a hard time keeping it.

“It even has a-”

“Aden,” Taylor said with a chuckle, finally cutting off the overly excited boy. “You can explain your room later. Let them get back to their conversation.”

“Okay. Bye, Lexa. See ya, dad.” Aden waved before they left the room.

“Bye, Aden.”

Lexa sat back down to face Nyko, who picked up a cookie.

“He really likes you.” Nyko said in amusement.

“Does he know?” Lexa asked, finishing the cookies in another two bites.

“No, I haven't told him yet,” Nyko answered. “I was actually thinking that you could, if you wanted.”

“Really?”

“I want you to be apart of our lives now, Lexa. Of course I mean it.” Nyko said, sincerity coloring his voice.

“It hurts all the time and now you're here in your fancy new house with your wife and son. I was
never part of the picture.” Lexa said, huffing out an annoyed breath.

“But I wanted you to be! For the longest time, Alexandria. That's all I wanted.”

“All my hurt, sadness, anger and aggression has been centered around you and I'm so sick of being so angry all the time. Basketball isn't erasing it anymore. You were a huge part of why I started playing in the first place. It helped me feel connected to you, but now that I'm here in your house, I'm so sick of fighting this and I don't know why I can't get over it!”

“You have every right to feel the way you do. You were my little girl and I regret that I wasn't there.”

“Do you?”

“For a long time, I didn't, until I realized that I'd abandoned my only child. My little girl. I don't even know how to come back from that. You've grown up into a wonderful young adult.”

“I can understand you leaving my mom for whatever reason you had, but you didn't have to leave me in the dust.” Lexa's voice cracked and she couldn't stop the tears from falling down her face.

“You made me feel so worthless of love, for the longest time.” Lexa was full on sobbing now. She was letting out all her emotions that had been bottled up for years.

“You weren't there to watch me ride my first bike! You weren't there for any of my games! You weren't there for my first heartbreak or to teach me about safe sex! You weren't there and I felt so worthless!”

She heard footsteps near her before a heavy hand was placed on her shoulder. Lexa was too tired to push it away.

“I never meant for you to feel like that!” Nyko said. He crouched down so they were face to face with each other. “You are worth of every ounce of love. You deserve it. I'm so sorry, Alexandria.”

“I just wanted you to want me.” Lexa whispered hopelessly.
She didn't stop him from pulling her in for a hug. He still smelled the same and his touch had only gotten stronger. Lexa couldn't help but feel at home for a couple seconds. She didn't pull away from him and actually melted into his hug.

Lexa was remembering all the moments she wished she had her father’s love like the first time she fell off her bike or losing her first basketball game. Of course, her mother was always there for her, but Lexa had wanted her dad too. Lexa felt like the hug was over too soon, but allowed Nyko to pull away from her. He sat down in the seat next to Lexa before speaking.

“I offered her money on multiple occasions. She didn't want it. I'm not saying she couldn't take care of you, but I wanted to start helping in any way I could. She would never let me finish talking and would always hang up. She would never let me get in contact with you.”

Lexa wiped her tears away, but didn't speak. Every time she tried to, a lump formed in her throat.

“We have a lot of years to make up for and I hope you’ll let me. I want to get to know you, Alexandria. I want to be apart of your life, if you let me. I'll let you tell Aden when you’re ready. That should be your choice to make. I think he’ll like you regardless. Just please, please give me another chance.”

Lexa took a huge breath, her heart ached with the words that she was about to say. She felt better after letting all her pent up emotions out and was ready to move on. She was ready to forgive because she couldn't keep carrying this around with her. She was ready to let go of the pain.

“I lost someone special to me. He left the world too soon and I realized I didn't know that much about him. I miss him everyday and I want to do right by him. He's taught me that life's too short. I don't know what's going to happen, but I'm willing to try. I'm ready to let go of the pain and finally move on. I don't know if I'll do it right away, but I would like it if you were in my life too.”

“I'm sorry for your loss,” Nyko muttered. “But I would love to be in your life. We all would. Taylor is willing to welcome you with open arms, but I won't force you to have a relationship with her.”

“I just need some time.” Lexa replied.

“I understand. I would like to call you sometime, if you'll let me.”
“I’d like that.” Lexa said with a small smile.

“Me too.” Nyko mirrored her smile.

“We could do something together soon. If you want.” Lexa shrugged, playing with her shirt nervously.

“I would love to!” Nyko said. “Anything you want.”

“Could Aden come along? He's great at breaking the tension.”

“If that'll make you more comfortable. We can do that.”

“Okay, then. I guess you can call me and we’ll go from there.” Lexa said, getting up out of her seat.

“I will.” Nyko promised and Lexa felt like she could actually believe him.

“I should get going.” Nyko nodded and followed Lexa out the door.

Lexa wasn't surprised when she heard footsteps coming her way. She was actually getting used to it.

“Are you leaving?” Aden asked, appearing in the hallway.

“I am,” Lexa nodded. “It was great seeing you.”

“Are you going to come back soon?” Aden questioned.

Lexa looked back at her dad and for the first time, it didn't hurt. Lexa actually smiled, knowing she would be back one day.
“Yeah, I will, but I need to get going now.” Lexa said, waving goodbye to him.

Lena’s father was caught off guard when he wrapped his arms around her legs. He wasn't tall enough to reach her waist. Lexa stood stiff for a moment before her dad gave her an encouraging smile. Lexa patted Aden’s back affectionately before he pulled away.

“Bye Lexa!” Aden said as Lexa made her way out the door.

Nyko pulled Lexa in for a quick hug before Lexa walked to her car.

Lexa hated that she couldn't stop the smile from forming on her face. She knew there were many unresolved things between her and Nyko, but she felt like they were finally taking a step in the right direction.

Lexa wasn't sure where to go after this, but hoped her father would keep his promise and get in touch. Nothing sounded better than that and with one more look at the front door at Nyko and Aden waving at her, Lexa finally felt like that weight wasn't sitting as heavy on her shoulders anymore.

Lexa woke up to someone softly shaking her. She groaned when someone opened her curtains. Lexa's eyes flew open, thinking it was Clarke.

“Clarke?” Lexa asked groggily.

“Sorry to disappoint.” Lexa groaned loudly at the voice that floated through her ears. She was extremely disappointed it wasn't Clarke's raspy voice.

“Any,” Lexa grunted in annoyance at being woken up. “What are you doing here?”

“Making sure you don't drown in your tears,” Anya said placing a bag on the bed. “I went to Waffle House and picked up waffles. I know how much you love them and you need to tell me how it went with your dad.”
“I do.” Lexa actually felt her mood lift and smiled brightly at her.

“Well,” Anya hummed. “Get out of bed so we can eat.”

They both made their way downstairs. Lexa knew her mother was already at work and felt lighter when she thought about her. She felt terrible about her behavior towards her and was still trying to make it up to her.

“Next week is going to be intense.” Anya said, stuffing her mouth. Lexa groaned in agreement.

“You have to put everything aside or better yet, channel your anger into your game.”

“It’s going to be something.” Lexa commented. “Nothing is more nerve wrecking than having people from colleges watch you play.”

Lexa knew the pressure would be on with scouts at their next game. Lexa had no idea where she wanted to play. She hadn't picked a college and a part of her was holding out for New York colleges.

“We’ll kill it like always. I’ve been looking more into Duke and I really like it.”

They had both sent in applications to Duke. It made Lexa nervous. She knew her grades weren’t the greatest, but if she could get in with a basketball scholarship, she would do anything in her power to make sure she passed her classes. The thought of Anya being there with her made her smile.

“Ontari’s applying too.” Anya's words madeLexa’s smile falter. It was always awkward during practices now because the two hardly talked anymore. Lexa didn't have much to say and Ontari never gave her the satisfaction of starting a conversation with her.

“What about Echo? I mean what if we all got in?” Lexa asked with a smile.

“Duke would need to watch out because we would literally crush it.”
“Someone's cocky, but I like it,” Lexa smirked before becoming serious. “It wouldn't be so bad if I
applied to some colleges in New York?”

“It wouldn't. If that's what you want, then you should go for it, but you're running out of time and
you already applied to a few schools. Clark's amazing, but don't let her shelter you from the rest of
your life.” Anya said honestly, taking a sip of her juice.

“I have a lot of applications to send.” Lexa groaned loudly, burying her face in her hands.

“I know that's why we're partying hard this weekend.” Anya said around a mouth full.

“I'm not up for partying.” Lexa shook her head.


“That's a very good question.”

“How did it go with your dad? You haven't said a word about it.”

“It was okay. We talked about a lot of things and he even wants to call me sometime.” Lexa said
with a tiny smile.

“That's good, right?”

“Yes, it is,” Lexa said with a giggle. “We're gonna hang out sometime and Aden will be there.”

“I know how much this means to you. I'm really happy for you.”

“Yeah, but I'm not getting my hopes up. We'll just see what happens.”

“And I think while we wait, we should go party like old times,” Anya said before getting up and
throwing her trash away. “I'm taking you out. Bellamy wants you to come. Everyone does really. Ever since Clarke, you've dropped completely off the radar.”

“I have not!” Lexa scoffed, but a part of her knew Anya was telling the truth.

“People know you're dating someone and rumors are going around because no one knows who it is.”

“And it'll stay that way.”

“Don't give them anything to talk about. Come out with me.”

“And when I don't show up with my girl?” Lexa asked.

“Just come with me,” Anya repeated, ignoring Lexa's words. “You're not the only one who's missing their girl.”

“I thought Raven wasn't your girl.”

“Well, she isn't, but we’re actively sleeping together and I miss it. We’ve been texting a lot more since she left.”

“Would you really never get with her?”

“She's just… really good in bed and she's so hot, but in all honesty, I've been thinking about it a lot more.” Anya groaned. “I actually miss her. She's really funny and super smart. I like being around her.”

“Gross.” Lexa grimaced getting up and putting their plates in the sink.

“Please, can we just party like we used to for one night? With scouts being at our games and stuff, I really need it.”
“Okay,” Lexa nodded. The more she thought about it, the better it sounded. “We can go.”

“Yes!” Anya shouted. “Beer pong Woods is back!”

“Just for tonight!” Lexa pointed a finger at her.

“I’ll take it!” Anya said quickly.

Bellamy was waiting for them with two beers in his hand and a beaming smile. Lexa rolled her eyes as they walked up the steps to his house.

“Ladies!” Bellamy bellowed. “Greetings. Long time, no see.”

Lexa let out a tiny smile taking the beer bottle out of Bellamy’s hands. She took a long swig of it.

“Beer pong in twenty minutes!” Bellamy said before disappearing. Lexa walked inside with Anya, immediately spotting Echo, and some of her teammates in the corner, including Ontari.

The music was blasting, effectively cutting off Lexa's train of thought. Lexa was actually glad for it. She already finished her beer and moved onto something much stronger.

She could already feel her limbs getting looser when she mixed a Jack Daniel's and coke together before taking a long sip of it.

“Rough day?” Jasper asked behind her. Lexa whipped around at the sound of his voice.

“Something like that.” Lexa husked.

“Want to talk about it?” Jasper asked. Lexa sipped on her drink while thinking it over. Jasper could be really sweet at times. She appreciated it, but didn't even know where to begin.
So, she didn't.

Instead, she slowly shook her head.

“T'm okay.” Lexa nodded.

“Good luck with scouts and everything next week.”

“Thank you, Jasper. You too.” Lexa smiled warmly at him.

“I'm still waiting for those three pointer tips.”

Lexa pressed her lips into a thin smile. She couldn't help but feel a disconnect, with all of this really. It'd been so long since she went to a party. Lexa remembered when she used to party all the time and had stopped because all she wanted to do was spend time with Clarke.

Lexa didn't think it was a bad thing, but she was seeing how much time she actually spent with Clarke. She’d completely wrapped them up in a bubble and they would just be by themselves. Lexa felt out of place right now.

She only had a couple more months before her senior year would be over. She knew some of her friendships had been put on hold. Lexa felt terrible for not being there more for her friends.

Lexa smiled sadly at Jasper, but didn't get a chance to say anything because Bellamy interrupted them.

“Beer pong time!” Bellamy yelled, the music turned down in the process of getting everything set up.

“Just me and you, lover girl.” Bellamy sneered and Lexa wondered when that became her nickname all of a sudden.
“Lexa! Lexa!” The crowd dispersed as Lexa made her way over to the table. Lexa smirked because she always won against Bellamy. The quarterback was only making a fool of himself.

Lexa probably could’ve been blindfolded and still beat Bellamy. They played best two out of three because Bellamy was a sore loser and Lexa still won.

“This is why she is crowned the beer pong champion!” Jasper yelled, getting the crowd all riled up again.

“I want a rematch!” Bellamy demanded.

“No! I’m just going to win that one as well. I’m going to the bathroom. Bye, loser.” Lexa threw the ping pong ball down and walked off. She heard Jasper volunteering to go against Bellamy as she made her way upstairs.

Lexa sighed in relief when she saw that the bathroom was empty. Normally, there would be a huge line and they would all be standing there waiting forever because there was a couple making out in the bathroom.

Lexa smirked because she remembered bringing a lot of different girls to this bathroom and having her way with them.

The thought made Lexa pull her phone out and call Clarke while sitting down on the toilet. They hadn’t talked all day and Lexa wanted to hear her voice. She sighed in disappointed when the call went to voicemail. She typed out a quick message to Clarke before shoving her phone back in her pocket.

Lexa opened the door to the bathroom after turning the light off. She was getting ready to make her way back downstairs when a figure moved in her peripheral vision.

“Hey.” Lexa jumped at the voice, even though she had been expecting it. The hallway was dark, but she could make out her features.

Lexa leaned against the wall with Ontari standing a few feet away. They stood in tense silence, listening to the music playing downstairs.

“How’ve you been?” Lexa asked.

“Pretty good,” Ontari answered. “You?”

“I'm doing okay.”

Ontari nodded slowly and Lexa sighed deeply. She hated that they’d turned out this way.

“I miss hanging out with you. That's all we used to do.” Ontari confessed quietly.

“And then you tried to have sex with me.” Lexa reminded her softly.

“Not my best moment.” Ontari grimaced with a sigh. Lexa let out a sigh too. She couldn't lie and say she didn't miss hanging out with Ontari. They used to have so much fun around each other. Now, they both avoided each other like the plague.

“I do miss hanging out with you.” Lexa admitted softly.

“I can't put my finger on it, but you've changed. Like a lot.” Ontari empathized moving her hands about.

Lexa knew there was a huge reason why she had changed. She wasn't going to tell Ontari that though.

“I guess I have.”

“You used to tell me everything. From what you ate last night for dinner to which girl you were going to hook up with next. I don't know what happened to you. You're hardly around anymore. Your friends miss you. You're a wonderful player. Magnificent, even, but you're just… not there.”
Lexa sighed deeply. Ontari used to be a girl she could tell so much to. She missed their late night gossip sessions. She missed the teasing and sometimes even flirting. She missed having Ontari as a friend and realized she missed her friends in general.

“I know and things have definitely changed. I didn't mean for things to get so awkward between us. I haven't been the greatest friend, I know. I also wanted to give you some space.” Lexa said honestly.

“I guess most of this is my fault,” Ontari shook her head, silently scolding herself. “I know you've been trying to give me space, and I'm glad for that. I want to put it behind us. I miss being your friend. I hate the awkwardness between us. We can forget about everything that happened, I just want to hang out like we used to.” Ontari said, her eyes conveying nothing but sincerity.

“I could've tried harder.” Lexa shrugged.

“We both could've.” Ontari corrected. They both fell into a comfortable silence. It was hard walking on eggshells with the one person she used to be closest to.

“Scouts are coming soon. Are you excited?” Ontari asked after a minute, trying to change the subject.

“I'm just hoping all goes well,” Lexa tried to muster up a smile, but it didn't work. “Anya told me you applied to Duke.”

“I did. How cool would it be if we all went to the same school?”

“I was thinking the same thing,” Lexa smirked. “We could try hanging out. All of us like we used to. Maybe sometime next week.”

“Really?” Ontari asked with bright eyes.

“Yeah. We can have everyone over to my place.” Lexa suggested making Ontari nod happily.
“I'll go tell the girls.” Ontari skipped down the hall giddily making Lexa chuckle.

She figured a day with her friends was something that she needed. Clarke was always on her mind, but she wanted to spend some time not thinking about everything that was going on.

Lexa actually smiled walking down the stairs. She was looking forward to it.

“So, do you think he’ll call?” Clarke's husky voice came through the line. Lexa felt awful because it was the middle of the night. She had called Clarke once she got home from the party about an hour ago. It was currently two in the morning and Lexa didn't think Clarke would answer.

“I mean, I hope he does,” Lexa tried her best not to slur her words together, but knew she was failing miserably. “He sounded very promising when he said it. I think- I think we're going to hang out soon and Aden will come with us.”

“That'll be cute,” Clarke yawned over the phone. “Words can't describe how much I miss you. How's my joystick? Is it okay without me?”

“No!” Lexa whined. “It misses you like crazy. I miss you like crazy.”

“I only have two more days and I'll be home. You'll have me all to yourself.”

“I hope so,” Lexa giggled out. “I'm not letting you leave the bedroom.”

“I'm not sure I would want to.”

Lexa hated the way her hand traveled down her stomach. It was nothing compared to Clarke's touch, but it was something.

“What are you doing?” Clarke's voice made Lexa jump. Her cheeks were bright red, even though she was alone in her room.
“I can’t take it anymore!” Lexa slurred before pulling down her pants.

“Lexa, have you been drinking?” Clarke chuckled. Lexa nodded but stopped when she realized that Clarke wasn’t with her.

“I just want you here. Not even for sex. I just miss your touch.”

“Are you going to touch yourself?” Clarke asked.

Lexa didn’t answer her. She was already sporting a semi-hard on. Lexa spat in her hand before wrapping her hand around the base.

“Only if you touch yourself too.” Lexa breathed over the line.

“Bullshit. I know you're already touching yourself. I can tell by the way you're breathing.”

“Then join me!” Lexa whimpered. She threw her head back for a slight second. She knew she couldn’t be too loud because her mom was home.

Lexa heard rustling over the phone for a minute before Clarke let out a long moan.

“What are you doing to yourself?” Lexa asked, receiving another long moan in return. Clarke’s breathing was all over the place and Lexa jerked herself faster. “Clarke! Tell me.”

“I'm fingering myself.” Clarke grunted over the phone. “But it's not the same. I don't feel as full, but it's still something.”

“I wish I was there to fuck you, Clarke.” Lexa whispered. She scooted further down the bed and bent her legs, pumping her fist tight around her. “I'd fuck you all night.”

“Lexa!” Clarke moaned loudly. “Wait, do something for me.”
“What, baby? I'll do anything.”

“Play with your balls.” Lexa whimpered at the request, but it made her smirk.

“You have a deep obsession with my balls.” Lexa giggled over the phone.

“They're literally the perfect size and they're so hot. I wish I could suck them in my mouth. I wish I could suck your dick balls deep. That's the first thing I'm doing when I get back.” Lexa's eyes widened at Clarke's declaration, but her hand traveled down to her balls that were full of cum.

Lexa groaned when she squeezed and fondled them. She only did it for a couple minutes because it was hard to get herself off when her other hand was keeping the phone in place.

“You would like that, wouldn't you?” Lexa groaned when a bit of pre-cum came rushing out. Lexa slowly stroked herself, listening to Clarke's whines.

“Something tells me you would like it too.”

“How deep are your fingers?” Lexa asked. She was trying to drag this out for as long as she could, but her orgasm was rapidly approaching.

“Knuckle deep, babe.” Clarke's response was high pitched and Lexa knew that Clarke was close too.

“Add a third finger.” Lexa suggested with a smirk.

“Lexa-” Clarke cut herself off with a soft moan. “Don't you think we should wait until I add three fingers? You know, like when we're together?”

Lexa pretended to think about it for a second, before giggling.

“No!” Lexa responded. “Add it now or I'm hanging up.”
“Okay, okay,” Clarke rushed out. “No need to be so dramatic, babe.”

“How does it feel?” Lexa didn't get a response for a long while. She could hear Clarke's concentrated breath and small whimpers over the line.

Lexa smirked to herself because she’d never really had phone sex with a girl before. Sure, she had sexted a few, but she had never done this and was glad her first time was with Clarke.

“It's nothing compared to your dick, but it'll do.” Clarke finally answered.

“You sound like you're enjoying yourself.” Lexa teased.

“You sound like you're enjoying yourself.” Clarke demanded.

Lexa nodded even though Clarke couldn't see her. She had to squeeze the base of her dick multiple times to stop her orgasm. There was nothing hotter than knowing Clarke was on the line, fingering herself because of her.

It made heat pool in her stomach every time she thought about it. It made Lexa work faster in getting herself off and it made her let out a long groan when she finally erupted all over her stomach.

Clarke reached her breaking point shortly after her. She came with a strangled moan that sounded exactly like Lexa's name. They both panted on the line, trying to regain their breathing.

“I keep checking things off my bucket list with you.” Lexa said happily into the phone.

“And I can't help my imagination running wild whenever I'm around you.”

“No complaints from my end.” Lexa assured her making Clarke chuckle.

“I figured as much,” Clarke let out a loud yawn. “I'm sorry if I fall asleep on you.”
“Can we stay on the line until you do?” Lexa asked, slowly getting up and cleaning up the mess she made.

“I would love nothing more.” Clarke murmured into the phone.

When Lexa was finished cleaning herself off, she pulled her boxers back up and settled back in bed. She smiled because Clarke's breathing was already starting to even out.

Lexa knew they had a lot of catching up to do with each other and was happy that Clarke was coming back on Friday. She listened to Clarke whispering out good night before the line filled with her light snores.

Lexa smiled before laying down herself and falling asleep with Clarke on the line the entire night.

It was the evening before Clarke was headed home with Raven. She was waiting patiently for Harper to arrive at her penthouse. Raven was out with Nathan for a couple hours and Clarke figured this was the perfect time to come clean.

Raven and her fought about whether she should come clean about dating Lexa or not. Clarke didn't want to tell the whole crew, but she wanted Harper to know the truth because she was one of her best friends.

Raven understood where Clarke was coming from, but she thought it would be best if Clarke didn't say anything at all.

The secret was eating Clarke alive. She needed to tell Harper and respected her opinion. She didn't know if this was the best decision or not. She hadn't even talked to Lexa about it, but she was running out of time.

She was going back to Maryland soon and didn't want to leave until Harper knew the truth. Clarke knew it could jeopardize her position and wanted Harper’s take on it.

Clarke sighed heavily when her doorbell went off. She smoothed down her skirt before answering the door.
“Hey, girl!” Harper greeted happily, pulling Clarke in for a hug. “I bought the expensive wine!”

Clarke chuckled at how happy Harper was. It was the one thing Clarke liked best about her.

“I hope chicken salad is okay?” Clarke asked as they made their way into her kitchen.

“Of course!” Harper responded.

“Thanks for agreeing to meet me.” Clarke smiled slightly as they got their plate of food.

“No problem.” Harper responded while pouring them a glass of wine each.

“Today was rough so here you go.” Harper said handing Clarke a tall glass of wine. Clarke sighed appreciatively before sitting down.

Clarke started eating, trying to buy some time on how she was going to tell Harper.

Harper was going on about her day as if they didn't spend the whole day together. When Harper noticed that Clarke wasn't engaging in the conversation like she normally did, she stopped talking.


“You know I value your opinion tremendously, right?” Clarke asked. Harper nodded slowly, not sure where this was going.

Clarke took a huge gulp of wine before speaking again. She had no idea if Lexa was going to be okay with her telling Harper everything, but she needed her assistant to know.

“Well, I have to tell you something that could threaten my position and me becoming boss.”
“Are you crazy? Are you out of your mind? What the hell are you thinking?” Clarke cringed, as Harper’s voice got higher. The questions were coming at a rapid pace, and Clarke was having a hard time trying to answer them.

“Well-”

“This isn't good! This is terrible! If anyone and I do mean anyone, were to find out about this, your whole reputation would be ruined.” Harper was biting her nails, vigorously shaking her head and kept going off on a tangent.

It was starting to stress Clarke out. The mood in the kitchen immediately shifted and Clarke hated it. Harper was barely making eye contact and she kept muttering things under her breath.

Clarke didn't know what to expect after telling Harper, but the way Harper was pacing back and forth, was making Clarke panic.

“Harper, please stop!” Clarke shouted, finally catching Harper’s attention. Harper stopped pacing, squinting her eyes at Clarke.

“You could lose your position, Clarke. You could go to jail! What the hell?” Harper screeched. Clarke winced because she should've been expecting this. Clarke could see how upset Harper was and sighed.

“I don't know and I fought like hell to try and stop it-”

“You shouldn't have even started it in the first place.” Harper interrupted Clarke, throwing a pointed look her way.
“I couldn’t stop it!” Clarke defended herself.

“You didn’t try hard enough!” Harper shouted back. They’ve had a lot of arguments before, but Clarke knew this was going to be the worst one.

“Because I didn’t want to, Harper.” Clarke responded quietly.

Harper let out a deep sigh, resting her hands against the counter. Clarke took a sip of her wine before walking over to her.

“I don’t know what to do and I don’t want to end things. I want to become the boss, but I don’t want anyone finding out about Lexa. It’s all so confusing and I just needed to tell you.” Clarke murmured behind her. She placed a soft hand on Harper’s shoulder, gently turning her around.

Harper was still trying to search for a sign that Clarke was lying, but Clarke didn’t break eye contact at all.

“It’s been going on this whole time? When she came to New York too?” Harper asked with a disappointed look.

“Yes,” Clarke confessed which made Harper jerk away from her. “Harper, I'm sorry I didn't tell you!”

“How exactly do you think this is going to work out, Clarke?” Harper narrowed her eyes at her. “You think you can become boss and not have the paparazzi find things out about you? They already have! If they find out about this, you’ll be fired and then what? Would it really all be worth it?”

Clarke couldn't lie. She knew what Harper was saying was true. There were many things on the line right now and Clarke had never been so confused. She had no idea how this whole thing would turn out and her head hurt even thinking about it. She just wanted to be somewhere far away, with Lexa.

“Does your mom know? Did Jake-“
Clarke winced at her father’s name. There wasn’t a day that had gone by where she didn't think
about him. She knew it would never get easier and if she was being honest, it was only getting
harder without him around. She couldn't stop the ache in her heart and by the guilty look on Harper’s
face, she knew exactly what Clarke was thinking.

“I'm sorry. I shouldn't have-”

“No, it's okay,” Clarke cut her off. “He knew how special she is to me, but he never questioned her
age because he thought she was the same age as me. It was nice not having to hide around him and
just be with her. I can't do that anywhere else.”

Clarke couldn't stop the tears that escaped. She didn't think she could miss someone so much. Harper
pressed her lips in a thin smile before rushing over to Clarke.

“I'm sorry.” Harper mumbled, pulling Clarke in a hug.

“I care about her so much!” Clarke cried. “I don't know how things will end.”

Harper didn't say anything, she just held Clarke tighter.

“I know you're at a rough point in your life, but you have to stop.”

Clarke quickly wiped her tears and pulled away from Harper in disbelief.

“I'm not going to stop!”

“Clarke, please think about this. I know you're hurting and I know-“

“You don't know anything!” Clarke growled. Harper looked taken back and Clarke used this to her
advantage.
“What about Monroe?” Clarke challenged. Harper faltered slightly and Clarke smirked. “I see the way you look at her. I know you feel something for her.”

“We aren’t together and besides, we work together. I don’t know what she has to do with this.” Harper responded immediately.

“But I know you care about her,” Clarke reasoned, sitting down at the table. Harper followed suit and they stared each other down. “The one thing I admire most about you, Harper, is your compassion and your ability to protect the ones closest to you. Harper, I would protect Lexa to my dying days. I wouldn’t let anything happen to her.”

Harper stayed silent for a moment, trying to detect any signs of weakness. When Clarke held her head high and raised her eyebrows, Harper sighed.

“Okay, let’s talk hypothetically for a second.”

Clarke waved her hands in front of Harper, silently telling her to keep talking.

“If someone were to ask about Lexa in an interview. What would you do?”

“I would lie because I have to,” Clarke said seriously. “I meant it when I said I would do anything for her, Harper. If I have to lie, then I would do it.”

“You’re being serious.” Harper muttered after a minute.

“I’m not going to break up with her. She means a lot to me and... I think I’m in love with her.” Clarke blurted out, making Harper’s eyes widen. Clarke’s eyes were wide too because she hadn’t realized that was what she’d been feeling this entire time. She was dumb not to, but was very cautious about her relationship, because one wrong move and the entire thing could blow up in her face.

Was she really in love with Lexa or was she just saying that? Clarke shook her head because she already knew the answer, but didn’t have any time to ponder over it because Harper let out a nervous chuckle.
“Now, I know you're being serious. You don’t just throw around the L word.”

“You and I both know I don't use it lightly.” Clarke nodded slowly, taking a bite of her salad. She still couldn’t believe she said that out loud, but wasn’t quite ready to take it back yet.

“The thought of her being in high school never even crossed my mind when she was here.”

“I know. That's why we didn't say anything about it and besides the whole crew was there. You know I love our crew, but I can't have this getting out.”

“You know you can trust me. You sure know how to blindside me though.” Harper grunted, but flashed Clarke a playfully smile.

“What am I going to do?”

“As your assistant, I'll do whatever I can to protect both of you. You'll be exposed to the whole world, Clarke. One wrong move and we all go down.”

“So, you’re okay with it?” Clarke asked hesitantly.

“I never said that,” Harper mumbled. “But I know how stubborn you are and I know you take the L word seriously. If you’re really in love with her, I know I won’t be able to stop it.”

“We’ve been hiding this entire time. I’m sure we can make it a few more months.” Clarke said hopefully, looking at Harper to see what she thought of it.

“I hope you can because it won’t just be your ass on the line.” Harper said, finally finishing off her salad and wiping her mouth. Clarke did the same and placed the napkin on her plate.

“Thank you for understanding, Harper.”

“Tell me about her.”
Clarke looked up, hope shining in her eyes. She sighed deeply because she knew this was Harper’s way of letting her know she had her back. Clarke couldn’t stop the smile on her face when she talked about Lexa. The L word was lingering in the back of her head and with each word she said about Lexa, her feelings were becoming clearer and clearer.

Clarke didn’t let that affect her. Instead, and much to Harper’s annoyance, Clarke spoke about Lexa the rest of the night.

“So, I’ll see you soon?” Harper asked, pulling Clarke in for a hug.

“Yes, most definitely.”

“I think we still have some things to cover, but nothing a phone call can’t handle.” Harper added before pulling Raven in for a hug.

Clarke tried not to roll her eyes. She knew Harper was going to check in with her a lot now since she told her what was happening.

“Of course you are.” Clarke muttered under her breath.

“Just trying to be the best assistant and friend I can.” Harper lightly punched Clarke in the arm as Raven gathered their bags.

“Thanks for dropping us off.” Raven said, trying to defuse some of the tension between the two girls. She knew Clarke had told Harper everything. Even though the dirty blonde said she was okay with it, the journey to the airport was the awkwardest thing Raven had ever endured.

“Bye, guys. Love you.”

“Love you.” Clarke and Raven said in unison before they couldn’t stall anymore and had to head to their flight. They waved to Harper the whole way as they made their way inside and getting on their
Clarke couldn’t suppress her smiles. She called Lexa earlier that morning letting her know that she was on her way home. Clarke didn’t think she could miss anyone the way she missed Lexa, and of course, her dad. Clarke frowned at the thought before shaking her head. Now wasn’t the time to think about her dad. She knew she would start crying any second if she did.

Clarke listened to Raven snore during her naps on plane and ramble about how much she hated turbulence when she was awake.

Clarke enjoyed it all, knowing she was getting ready to see Lexa again.

Lexa knew she wasn't an artist. She didn’t have an artistic side to her at all. She could admit she was talented, but that was only when it came to sports.

Lexa couldn't help, but be proud of her decorating skills.

She went out and bought a bunch of flowers. Most of them were placed around Clarke's apartment. There were rose petals littering the hallway to Clarke's bedroom. The lights in the apartment were off, the only lighting was from the candles Lexa had lit.

There was pizza waiting for them in the kitchen. The blonde had called saying she was twenty minutes away.

Lexa couldn't contain her excitement knowing that Clarke was going to be home any minute. Lexa still felt weird that she was in the teacher's apartment without her, but that quickly faded knowing Clarke was going to show up any second now.

Lexa couldn't keep still. She paced all around the apartment. She ate a variety of snacks and downed two water bottles. The basketball player was nervous at finally being able to see Clarke again.

It had been a long two weeks, and Lexa wanted Clarke to tell her everything.

There were also a few things she wanted to talk to Clarke about. She finally got a hold of her and
told her how it went with her dad. Clarke was happy for her and Lexa couldn't contain her smile.

Lexa jumped up from the couch hearing the knob turn. Lexa walked down the hall as Clarke opened the door. Lexa smiled wide when Clarke came into view.

Clarke gave her a warm smile before throwing her luggage down. Lexa wasn't prepared when Clarke started running towards her, jumping into her arms.

Lexa grunted before quickly wrapping her arms around Clarke's thighs so she wouldn't fall.

"Baby!" Clarke squealed in her neck. Lexa shut the door with her foot before spinning Clarke around in circles.

"Clarke." Lexa sighed out happily in her hair before leaning up to kiss her. Clarke's lips were cold, but Lexa didn't mind. She kissed them until they were warm.

"I smell pizza." Clarke said, pulling away from their make out session and sniffing the air.

"That's because I ordered it." Lexa answered. She put Clarke down before the blonde rushed into the kitchen.

"You know me so well." Clarke gushed before opening the box. Lexa chuckled at the blonde's antics. She had missed her so much.

“How was New York? Was everything okay?” Lexa asked curiously as she picked up a slice herself.

“Yeah, everything’s the same as I left it. Things are going well for now. I hope they can stay like that, but I don’t want to talk about work right now.” Clarke leaned in, placing a sloppy kiss on Lexa’s lips. The brunette grimaced before wiping off her saliva.

“I’m glad things are good. You haven’t missed much around here.” Lexa waved her hands around vaguely.
“I missed you.” Clarke said with a slight pout.

“Yeah, I missed you too.”

They stood around eating a couple slices before Clarke extended her hand. Lexa took it instantly, and Clarke gently guided her to the bedroom.

They both got settled in bed. Lexa blew out the candles in the living room before lighting a few around Clarke's room.

Lexa stripped out of her clothes before getting in bed with Clarke. The older girl pulled her closer, planting a kiss on her lips. Clarke was giving her serious bedroom eyes, it made Lexa’s skin crawl in the best way, seeing how dark Clarke’s eyes were.

“I missed you so much.” Clarke whispered. Lexa moaned against her as she climbed on top of her.

“I want you,” Lexa whined into her neck. “I've been struggling without you.”

"Oh, really?" Clarke asked innocently. "How so?"

Lexa offered her a sheepish shrug, not wanting to relay the information.

"I don't know."

"Tell me." Clarke nipped at her bottom lip before pulling away. Lexa held her weight up by placing her hands by Clarke's head.

"I may have... masturbated more than once." Lexa said with a blush. Clarke's eyes went dark at the information.

"You did?"
"It helped... relieve some stress." Lexa answered.

"You're so awkward right now. It's really cute." Clarke cooed.

"No, it's not." Lexa grumbled, hiding her head in Clarke's neck. She placed a few kisses up across her collarbone before pulling away.

"So, let's talk." Lexa said getting off Clarke.

"What makes you think I want to talk right now?" Clarke asked locking Lexa in place by rubbing her hands up and down her back.

"Because I know you," Lexa replied. "You have that look in your eye and if we're about to have sex, I want to talk about whatever it is you need to tell me."

At Lexa's words, Clarke let her go. The blonde sighed deeply before sitting up.

"It's totally going to ruin the mood.." Clarke trailed off. Lexa stayed silent, preparing her heart for whatever Clarke had to tell her.

Lexa waited in suspense for Clarke to speak.

"Oh my god!" Lexa exclaimed. "Baby, just tell me before I have a heart attack."

"At the end of the school year, I'm going to move back to New York. I enjoy my teaching job, and I don't want to influence your decision on where you go to college at all, but that's when Kane is resigning. There's going to be a press conference and everything about me taking over." Clarke ranted. She moved her hands about while she talked, and Lexa just stared at her. “I also told Harper about us.”
Lexa jerked herself away from Clarke and stood up.

“You told Harper?” Lexa exclaimed and started pacing around the room. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I trust her and I know she won’t tell anyone. She wasn’t happy about it, but I just... had to tell her.” Clarke finished weakly, making Lexa glare at her. When Lexa wouldn’t stop pacing around the room, Clarke grabbed her wrist. Lexa tried to fight out of her hold, but Clarke softly yanked her down to the bed.

“Lexa, look at me.” Lexa was staring straight ahead at Clarke’s wall and refused to make eye contact with her. Clarke sighed, but continued to talk.

“I'll be here for the rest of the school year, so I won't leave my students hanging. Plus I’m not ready to leave you either. Marcus is giving me his position, and I'm going to take it. I wanted to talk to you about this face to face. That's why I stayed an extra week, so I could negotiate my deal."

"What's going to happen to us?" Lexa finally asked. Clarke took her hands, and placed them on her heart. She locked her blue eyes with Lexa's green ones. Lexa could feel Clarke's heart thumping loudly in her chest.

"Do you feel that?" Clarke asked. Her voice was barely above a whisper, and Lexa nodded.

"My heart beats so fast around you. I can't stop it. I can't tell you what's going to happen to us, Lexa. I don't want you to feel like you have to go to New York with me. Your family is here, Lexa, so is mine, but my mom knows I have duties in New York. I have never been so happy with anyone as I'm with you. I don't want to be without you. We can figure it out." Clarke said.

"And if we can't?" Lexa asked. She didn't know why she was being so negative, but she couldn't help it. Clarke was going to leave again.

"Hey," Clarke broke her out of her thoughts, knowing what the basketball player was thinking. "I'm not leaving anytime soon. I'm not going to leave you again, Lexa. Words can't describe how much I missed you. I don't want to break up or anything like that. We can figure it out. We have time."
"I don't want to break up either." Lexa muttered, mustering up a small smile towards the blonde.

"We can talk more about this later," Clarke promised, her eyes conveying she was being serious. "Right now, I want you." Clarke said while rustling around in the bed.

Lexa's dick hardened realizing the blonde was undressing herself. Lexa quickly threw the covers off and took her boxers off.

"I want you too." Lexa all but moaned, crashing her lips against Clarke's. The blonde laid back down once she was fully naked pulling Lexa on top of her.

There were many unspoken things between them. Lexa couldn't help but think about her almost slip up before the blonde left. They hadn't talked about it at all, which Lexa was grateful for. Lexa had no idea if Clarke knew how she felt about her, but Lexa knew her heart only beat for Clarke.

Lexa's hands trembled as they ran down Clarke's sides. Lexa fumbled her way through her movements, her hands awkwardly brushing against Clarke's body.

"Lexa," Clarke said. "We don't have to."

"No. I want to," Lexa sighed. "I'm sorry."

Lexa leaned down to kiss Clarke again before pulling away, sighing deeply.

"Lexa."

"I don't know why I'm being so awkward. I'm scared!" Lexa said scooting away from Clarke.

“Of what?” Clarke asked softly.

“Of losing you, Clarke. I don't want to lose you. I can’t.”
“You're not going to lose me, Lexa.” Clarke promised her.

“I.. you.. you just mean so much to me.” Lexa said weakly. Clarke flashed her a soft smile before pulling her in. She placed a sweet kiss to the underside of Lexa's jaw.

“Can I show you just how much you mean to me?” Clarke ran her hands dangerously low on Lexa's stomach.

“Please.” Lexa sobbed out. Clarke pulled her in for a hungry kiss before gently pushing Lexa down on her back.

“I'm gonna suck your dick.” The words alone were enough to make Lexa cum, but she held off. Lexa couldn't help but push Clarke in the direction of her dick, she wanted it so bad.

“Please, suck my dick.” Lexa begged helplessly, jerking her hips up trying to find Clarke's mouth.

Clarke placed a hand on her hips before licking her shaft. Her dick twitched and Lexa let out a deep moan.

Lexa cried out when Clarke sucked the tip in her mouth. Lexa opened her legs wider so Clarke could rest comfortably in between them. The blonde wrapped a firm hand around the base of her dick, before taking in inch by inch of Lexa. Lexa gripped the sheets tight, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. Clarke's mouth felt amazing on her. She never wanted the blonde to stop.

“Faster, baby. Please.” Lexa moaned. Clarke squeezed the base of her dick before bobbing her head up and down. Lexa let out a loud groan listening to Clarke suck her off.

“You feel so good. I love it when you suck my dick.” Lexa rambled rocking her hips lazily into Clarke's mouth. The blonde opened her mouth wide, letting Lexa fuck it.

Lexa was a moaning mess. She frantically jerked her hips into Clarke's mouth, reveling in the moans Clarke was letting out, before stopping abruptly.

“I'm gonna cum.” Lexa warned in a high pitched voice. Clarke moaned before wrapping a hand
around her shaft and pumping. Lexa groaned with each stroke until her body went stiff. Lexa's mouth dropped open letting out a deep groan as her cum squirted into Clarke's mouth. The blonde loudly gulped down her load before pulling away.

Clarke wiped the back of her mouth before pulling Lexa in for a desperate kiss.

“I want you,” Lexa mumbled between their lips. “I don't care how or which way. I just want my dick deep inside you.”

Clarke moaned against her lips before laying down. She rested against the pillows before spreading her legs wide, inviting Lexa in. Lexa quickly shuffled in between them. She leaned down planting open mouthed kisses to Clarke's hot skin, before positioning herself.

Lexa couldn't wait any longer. Clarke was spread wide before her, chest heaving and her gaze dark. Lexa slid all the way in before stopping. Clarke let out a whine before nodding.

Lexa instantly started moving, pumping her hips skittishly into Clarke. She couldn't help the fast pace she set out for them. Her movements were frantic and quick. Her moans were deep and loud. Clarke clawed at Lexa's back, and the brunette knew she was trying to leave marks. Lexa didn't care. She worked fast between Clarke's legs, bringing her to the edge.

Clarke whimpered with every hard jerk of Lexa's hips. Lexa was thrusting so hard that the bed moved with them, and her skin slapped angrily against Clarke's.

“Yes! Yes, Lexa.” Clarke's moans only made Lexa work faster. She bent Clarke's legs before pulling her closer. Lexa hit all Clarke's deepest spots with the new angle, making the blonde cry out in pleasure.

Lexa was embarrassingly close, but the moans Clarke was letting out, pushed her even closer to the edge. Lexa was so turned on, and she knew the blonde was as well.

Lexa slid through Clarke with ease, rutting into her with purpose. Lexa wasn't sure what she was trying to convey behind her thrusts, but she was. She just wanted Clarke to know.

“Lexa! Lexa! Oh, my god. Oh, fuck. Fuck, Lexa. I'm... so close-” Clarke was moaning things neither one of them could comprehend in their haze of desire.
Lexa held Clarke close while she worked them both off. Lexa could feel that Clarke was going to lose it any second now. It made Lexa whimper against her skin.

“Cum for me, baby.” Lexa whispered in her ear. She watched in amazement as Clarke let out a broken sob before tightening around her.

“Lexaahh!” Clarke was gushing around her, covering Lexa's dick in her cum, but Lexa kept moving. She was so close and couldn't stop. Clarke screamed out in pleasure as Lexa kept jerking her hips in her. Lexa was so close. She could feel it.

“I'm gonna cum again!” Lexa cried. Clarke nodded encouragingly, letting out deep moans.

Lexa planted her hands down by Clarke's side before stopping abruptly. She held onto Clarke's thigh tightly before releasing herself in the blonde. Clarke gasped beneath her as Lexa grunted, spilling every drop inside Clarke.

Lexa pulled out slowly, watching her cum slowly leak out of Clarke. Lexa rested against Clarke’s chest, the blonde pulling her closer.

“I have no words for that.” Clarke husked against her.

“We have all weekend together.” Lexa sighed happily tightening her hold on Clarke.

“We sure do. I'm not letting you out of my sight.” Clarke teased.

“I have no problem with that.” Lexa said before they both dozed off to sleep.

They woke up a few hours later. It was almost midnight and Lexa went into the kitchen to get them some more pizza.

"Hey, Clarke. What do you-“ Lexa stopped her sentence when she spotted Clarke lounging around on her bed wearing a nightgown. Her legs were drawn up and she was sketching in her notebook.
She was also wearing thick rimmed glasses and looked absolutely breathtaking.

Lexa's breath was taken away walking further into the room. Her eyes only focused on Clarke and her question long gone.

"What is it babe?" Lexa's stomach erupted into butterflies. She felt like she was stuck in time and didn't want to leave this spot where she was looking at Clarke. She wanted to stay here and stare at Clarke forever. She wanted to map out every inch of her face.

How was Lexa lucky enough to be able to see Clarke in the way she was allowing her? Lexa knew she hadn’t done this with any other girl. She knew she only used them for her own pleasure before leaving them behind. Lexa couldn’t ever imagine leaving Clarke behind.

All Clarke was doing was sitting in bed, with her sketch book sitting in her lap, but Lexa swore with everything in her, Clarke was forever taking her breath away with how beautiful she was.

Lexa couldn’t believe she was this lucky to have experienced all she had with Clarke. They had grown so much from being with each other and Lexa couldn’t fathom the fact that she was actually in a relationship- and not with a girl. With a wholeheartedly woman who could have anyone in this world, but Clarke choose her and Lexa felt like she couldn’t get any luckier.

“Lexa?” A raspy chuckle broke Lexa out of her thoughts, making Lexa shake her head softly. She could feel the words on the tip of her tongue, but she held them back with everything in her.

Lexa didn’t know if this was the right time or if she was just caught up in the moment. She had been feeling this way for quite some time now and her feelings were only getting stronger.

Clarke had both her eyebrows raised and Lexa finally snapped out of it. She realized how creepy she was being, just staring at her and not saying anything.

“Are you drawing anything important?” Lexa asked as she walked over to Clarke’s side of the bed.

“Not really,” Clarke frowned, looking down at the half hazardous sketch before locking eyes with Lexa. “Why?”
“Just wondering.” Lexa said, softly taking the notebook out of her lap and climbing on top of her.

Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa’s neck and pulled her in for a kiss. The way Clarke wrapped her lips around her bottom one, made Lexa let out a soft moan before pulling away.

The lamp that was on the bedside table, captured how blue Clarke’s eyes were and Lexa had the sudden urge to mutter those three words to her again.

Was it the right time? Would Clarke even feel the same way? Lexa had no idea because she had never fallen in love with anyone, the way she was with Clarke. Lexa felt like it punched her in the gut, in the sweetest way.

Lexa buried her nose in Clarke’s hair, breathing her in. She knew she could whisper the words in her ear, but instead she got off Clarke’s lap and pulled her boxers down. Clarke’s eyes widened at the move, but she was already scooting down the bed.

Clarke quickly stripped out of her night gown as Lexa climbed on top of her.

“That’s so glad you’re back.” Lexa whispered against her skin, placing sweet kisses up her neck. Clarke grabbed a fistful of Lexa’s hair and pushed down on it.

“That’s glad I’m back too.” Lexa chuckled as Clarke kept pushing down on her head. Lexa licked her way down Clarke’s body before settling in between her legs and focusing on the task at hand.

She forced herself not to think about how their words sounded a lot like something else and how they channeled those words into their actions the entire night.

Lexa had always dreamed about this day. Where scouts would finally be here to watch her play. To determine what college she would go to. Lexa had waited for this day for so long.

So, she was confused why she wasn’t as happy as she always dreamed. She was currently lounging around in Clarke’s apartment, just hours before her big game. Lexa’s emotions and adrenaline were running high. She didn’t know if she could do this. Just the thought of it, made her want to vomit.
Her hands were constantly sweaty and Lexa had no idea if she could actually go through with this. She didn’t know if she could play in front of these scouts. She still hadn’t made up her mind about where she wanted to go.

A soft pat on her shoulders, snapped her out of her thoughts. She looked up to see Clarke hovering over her with a frown on her face.

“Are you okay? I’ve called your name like three times.” Clarke was still sporting her frown as she came to sit next to Lexa. She put her legs in Lexa’s lap and the brunette scooted closer.

“I’m just thinking about my game tonight.” Lexa said softly.

“You’ve been excited for it all week. What’s going on?”

“What if something happens? What if I don’t play to the best of my abilities? What if one of them actually want me to come play for them?” Lexa was voicing all of her concerns and Clarke rubbed the back of her neck supportively.

“I know you’re going to do a phenomenal job. You’re going to have a great performance. You always do,” Clarke muttered, leaning forward and placing a lingering kiss to Lexa’s forehead. “Do you want me to be there?”

Lexa frowned and looked at Clarke in disbelief.

“Why wouldn’t I want you there?” Lexa asked confused.

“I’m just asking because if I’m too much of a distraction, then I’ll stay home.”

“I can’t do this without you,” Lexa said immediately, grabbing hold of Clarke’s hand and squeezing it. “I want you there. Always.”

“Well, then I’ll be there. Always.” Clarke repeated and the look in both of their eyes conveyed
something much deeper, though neither one of them decided to speak about.

Lexa stayed wrapped up in Clarke’s arms until it was time for her game. Until it was time to finally make a decision.

She channeled her confusion into a great game that was going to make history. It was a record winning: 140 to 70. Lexa knew she had turned a lot of heads with her performance and it made her smirk.

Her mother showed up with embarrassing banters, but it made Lexa, and the whole team for that matter, smile.

Lexa also thanked Clarke for being there because she was like her lucky charm. She knew she had impressed the scouts and knew she was getting further and further to the point of no return.

To the point where she was going to have to make a decision that could make or break her future.

Lexa leaned her head against the side of her house, her mouth around a cigarette and she breathed in deep.

Some of her friends were inside while the others were out here smoking with her. Anya kept side eyeing her and she knew it was only a matter of time before she came over.

Lexa didn’t know why she didn’t want to talk about one of the greatest performances, she’d ever had. She didn’t want to talk about her highest scoring game throughout her entire high school career. Lexa didn’t want to talk about how everyone kept congratulating her.

She called Clarke on the way home and told her she was inviting some friends over. They both agreed that Lexa would spend the day with her tomorrow. Lexa tried her hardest not to cringe when Clarke congratulated her on her performance tonight.

Lexa had never been so confused in her entire life and she knew it was starting to show. She wasn’t all that surprised when she felt a presence beside her. She didn’t need to look to know who it was. Lexa just took another drag of her cigarette before putting it out.
“Why won’t you talk about what happened?”

“There’s not much to talk about. I played tonight and had wonderful offers and I have no idea what I’m doing.”

“You’ll make a decision and I’m sure it will be the right one.”

“California is all the way on the other side of the world, Anya.”

“There were other scouts there that want you to play for them. Duke was one of them.”

“And what if that doesn’t work out?”

“And you think California would?”

“I have a better shot at getting in. They were really interested in me. Having a chance to play at Stanford would be like a dream come true.”

“What happened to New York? I thought you wanted to go somewhere there.”

“I don’t know anymore.” Lexa said quietly and her hands were itching for another cigarette, but she opted for a cold beer instead.

“Does Clarke know that?” Anya asked quietly.

“She’ll support whatever I do.” Lexa shrugged and her head was starting hurt with all the options she had.

“Well, the girls and I decided that we’re just going to stick with Duke. We aren’t trying to influence your decision, but we should be getting our acceptance letters soon, which means you would to. What happens if you get accepted?”
“Then, I really will decide where I want to go. Until then..”

Lexa was interrupted by her phone buzzing. She pulled it out with a smile, thinking it was Clarke. Lexa almost spit her beer out when she saw who was calling.

“It’s- it’s my da- it’s Nyko!” Lexa exclaimed making Anya widened her eyes.

“I can get everyone inside so you can be alone.” Anya suggested, already gesturing for their friends to go inside.

“Thank you.” Lexa called over her shoulder. She pulled her jacket tighter around herself, feeling a sense of comfort before answering the call.

“Hello, Lexa?” Her Dad greeted over the line, making Lexa smile. “I know it’s late, but I was just calling to see how your game went?”

“It went well. We won and I have decisions I need to make.” Lexa replied, trying to keep her voice steady.

“You sound like me during my senior year.” Nyko replied and Lexa let out a soft chuckle.

“I’m not really sure what to do.” Lexa said softly.

“Well, where are you trying to play?”

“Honestly, in New York,” Lexa said. She was wondering how she was having a conversation with him without holding anything back. She knew their relationship was nowhere near fixed, but it was nice to talk to her dad about it. “But realistically, Duke.”

“Duke is a wonderful school!” Her dad roared proudly.
“More or less, all of my friends are trying to go there and I already applied.”

“So, then what’s the problem?” Lexa could rely to her Dad about her relationship, but she didn’t want to get into the complexity of it and a part of her just wasn’t ready to talk to her dad about things like that.

“Nothing,” Lexa lied. “I just need to figure it out.”

“Well, I’m sure you will,” Nyko said. “But I was also calling to ask if you wanted to hang out next weekend.”

Lexa’s heart pounded in her chest because she wasn’t expecting that. She could tell Nyko was nervous, with the shaky breaths he was taking. Lexa knew it was short notice, but this was everything she’d wanted. She had just won a very important basketball game and now her dad was calling her afterwards asking to hang out.

Lexa didn’t know if she was ready to do this. If she was ready to hang out with her dad for the first time in years. She knew Aden would be there and was relieved that they would have someone there to diffuse the tension.

Her father was waiting patiently on the line and Lexa was starting to panic. Everything was happening so quickly, that Lexa didn’t know what to say.

“It’s okay if you don’t-“

“No, I want to!” Lexa quickly cut him off. “I just wasn’t expecting that.”

“Well, I would like to see you and between you and I, Aden won’t stop talking about you,” Nyko chuckled. “We could see a movie or go bowling or both. Anything you want.”

“Bowling sounds nice.” Lexa suggested which made Nyko hum.

“I had a feeling you were going to say that. That’s all Aden wants to do. So, bowling next Saturday night?”
“Yes, I would like that.” Lexa hummed into the phone.

“Okay, well I’ll see you then. Bye, Lexa.”

“Bye, Nyko.”

Lexa hung up the phone, with a small smile on her face. She didn’t know if this was the right thing to do so soon, but she figured it was worth a shot. She picked her beer back up and went back inside to enjoy a night with her friends.

“Just the girl we were looking for!” Echo shouted over the music, which Ontari turned down a bit.

“Who? Me?” Lexa pointed to herself with a lazy smile. She felt good after smoking her cigarette and her dad finally calling her.

“Yes, you!” Echo nodded enthusiastically. “Look around the room. We’re all here, just like old times!”

Lexa couldn’t lie and say it didn’t feel good to have her teammates and friends all standing around in her kitchen, enjoying themselves. It made her smile even more.

“We want to make a toast. That’s what Echo’s trying to say.” Anya explained with a slight eye roll.

“Thanks for stealing my thunder, you thunder stealer!” Echo stuck her tongue out at her and Lexa laughed at the girl’s antics. “But, yes, we want to make a toast: we all agreed that no matter what happens from here on out, that it has been an honor to play with you, Lexa. You’ve taught us so much throughout high school and we all wish you nothing but the best. We only have a couple more months of school left and we made it! So, to friendship, college and most important, Lexa!”

“To Lexa!” The girls all cheered, holding up those cups and clapping.

Lexa hadn’t been expecting that speech, and her eyes teared up a bit, but she held up her cup too.
“To me!” Lexa questioned more than stated which made the girls laugh. They all gulped down their drinks before wandering off and doing their own thing. Lexa was more than grateful that her mom was working a double shift and she had the whole house to herself.

Lexa grabbed herself a slice of pizza before quietly following Anya down the hall. She was leaning against the wall, her thumbs moving at rapid speed.

“Who’s that?” Lexa snuck up behind Anya, making her jump. Lexa knew exactly who it was, but it was funny watching Anya squirm.

“Just Raven.” Anya said rather indifferently, making Lexa smile.

“It’s pretty late! Is this a booty call?”

“She’s just checking to see how I’m doing.”

“I thought you guys didn’t do that.” Lexa said slowly, leaning against the wall.

“She’s been…. clingy lately. I think it’s because of the whole college thing. She texts me more than usually and we’re having sex like-“

“No! No! Do not finish that sentence!” Lexa squealed, rushing to put her hands against her ears.

“Okay, okay. I won’t.” Anya chuckled out. “I don’t want to leave, though. I’ll spend the day with her tomorrow. Today is about us and friends and figuring out our future.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Lexa smiled again time that day.

“Come on,” Anya waved her down the hall after shoving her phone in her back pocket. “I’m almost positive that Echo will streak for us if we pay her.”
Lexa didn’t need to be told twice. She quickly followed Anya down the hall.

“I’m in!”

It was finally the day that Lexa was going to hang out with her dad. They hadn’t talked that much on the phone during the week, which bummed Lexa out, but they agreed it would be easier if Lexa just drove herself to the bowling alley.

Lexa thought it was a great idea because she would have a source of transportation if she wanted to leave. She hoped it didn’t come to that, but Lexa never knew what to expect with her Dad.

Her mother made her breakfast and made sure that Lexa was comfortable enough to do this. Lexa loved how protective her mom was being, and after the twentieth time of reassuring her that she would be fine, her mom kissed her on the cheek goodbye.

Lexa drove to the bowling alley with her emotions high and her guard even higher. She wasn’t sure what was going to happen during their hang out, but she hoped it wouldn’t be awkward.

Lexa was totally wrong.

The whole thing was the entire definition of awkward. Awkward glances, conversations and pauses. Lexa wanted the ground to swallow her whole because no matter what, she had nothing to talk about with her dad and the questions he would ask, Lexa wanted to respond: well, you would’ve known if you had been there.

They were currently sitting around a small table across from their assigned bowling alley. There were a couple other families here, scattered through the place. Lexa was grateful that they had played a game already, it made things less awkward and tense.

Lexa knew she wasn’t on the best terms with Nyko, but this was getting ridiculous. All of Nyko’s attention had been on Aden since she got here. She had to sit back and watch him showering him with attention while she was left in the dust. It was a feeling Lexa was all too used to.

She could tell that Nyko was trying to engage in conversation with her, but he was doing a terrible job. It didn’t help that Aden would butt in every five minutes.
Dad, remember that time we-

Do you want some fries, Dad?

Dad, I want to-

Dad, can you buy me this?

Dad, look!

Lexa loved spending time with Aden, but it kept reminding her about how many times she just wanted to have her dad around the way Aden has him now.

It didn’t help that Nyko was barely saying anything to her or even making eye contact. Lexa sat across the table, chewing her fries slowly, staring Nyko down. Her heart was breaking with every passing second.

This was a huge mistake.

“So, did you figure out where you want to go for college?” Nyko finally broke the silence around them, besides Aden babbling every other minute.

Lexa wanted to scream because she hadn’t figured out anything yet and time was ticking.

“I haven’t.”

“Well, I’m sure you’ll make the right choice.” Nyko encouraged with a tight lipped smile.

“Dad, can we go play games?” Nyko looked like he wanted to object, but Lexa couldn’t handle it anymore. She slammed down her drink, catching Aden’s attention.
“I’m sorry,” Lexa shook her head. “I thought I could sit here and be okay with this, but I’m not. I’m trying to keep my composure because Aden is here, but you can’t try to fit 13 years into a two hour hang out session and this proves it because your attention has been on Aden this whole time. Nothing has changed.”

“No!” Lexa spoke over him. “I’m going home and you can spend the day with Aden.”

Lexa didn’t know if it was all the built up tension from spending time with her dad or the green eyed monster called jealousy that had her saying those words, but she didn’t take them back. She didn’t want to be here anymore and she didn’t care if she was making a big deal out of it. She would always be second best with her dad and she was getting sick of competing.

Lexa gathered her things and didn’t even bother saying goodbye. Her heart fell to the floor and she knew there was only one person that could pick it up.

“Wait, Lexa!” She heard Nyko call after her but she didn’t look back. She didn’t have the heart to. “Lexa, please come back!”

It hurt like hell not looking back at her dad and getting some type of reassurance that this whole thing wasn’t a mistake, but Lexa kept walking. She let out a sob and quickly wiped her tears away as she stormed out of the bowling place. She quickly hopped in her car and she already knew where she was going before her mind caught up to her.

Lexa could still hear her dad’s voice calling for her. It made her grip the steering wheel tighter after wiping her tears away angrily. She hated that she couldn’t get a hold of her emotions. She knew this wasn’t going to be a good idea, but she went along with it because she just wanted to be around her dad. Her dad had barely uttered two words to her and Lexa felt like an idiot for staying as long as she did.

As much as it pained her to admit, she should’ve said no when her dad asked if they could hang out. It was clear that it was too soon and Lexa didn’t know when the right time would be to fix their broken relationship.
Lexa felt a sense of calm wash over her as she pulled up to the beach. When Clarke wasn’t answering her phone or door, Lexa called Raven and she told her where she was.

She was sitting in the sand, a sketch pad in her lap, but Lexa could tell she wasn’t drawing.

Lexa knew that Clarke didn’t know she was here and was glad that hardly anyone was around. She took a deep breath, breathing in the sweet, but salty smell of the ocean before locking her door and heading towards Clarke.

“Hey!” Lexa’s voice cracked slightly, but she held her head up high. She smiled sadly when Clarke whipped her head around to look at her.

“Lexa!” Clarke quickly stood up and made her way over to her.

“Raven told me you were here and I just… wanted to see you.” Lexa said as she grabbed a hold of Clarke’s waist to pull her in.

“Yeah,” Clarke said softly, looking Lexa in her eyes. “I just wanted to be alone for a bit.”

“Oh, well I can leave,” Lexa offered, even though they both knew she wasn’t going anywhere.

“No, no,” Clarke grabbed a hold of Lexa’s wrist. “Please stay. What happened?”

“I couldn’t do it,” Lexa shrugged. “The whole thing was a mess to begin with. We couldn’t settle on a topic of conversation and he would ask things about my past and it would just make me angry. His attention was on Aden the entire time and I just-“

Lexa blew out a breath before burying her head in Clarke’s shoulder.

“Maybe it was too soon?” Clarke asked gently, rubbing the basketball player’s back.
“I think I messed up,” Lexa muttered shyly in her neck before pulling away from Clarke. She took her shoes and socks off even though it was chilly out. “You know when I get really mad and block out everything?”

Lexa waited for Clarke to nod before continuing.

“I’m all too familiar with that.” Clarke teased lightly making Lexa roll her eyes.

“Anyways, I told him I was going to leave and I knew nothing that he said was going to change my mind. I just wanted to get out of there because I felt like I couldn’t breath. I just wanted to be with you.” Lexa finished softly, holding her hand out and pulling Clarke in for a deep kiss.

“I always want to be with you.” Clarke said, a little breathless from the force of the kiss. “I actually have something I want to tell you and I’m not saying this because my dad is gone and my life is spiraling out of control. This is the *only* thing keeping me grounded.”

“What is?” Lexa asked in confusion.

“You and me. Our relationship,” Clarke gestured between them. She took a few hesitant steps towards Lexa, before holding her hands out. She let out a soft smile when Lexa entwined their fingers. “I’ve been doing a lot of thinking while being out here.”

“About what?” Lexa asked softly. She was gazing at Clarke gently, listening to every word she said.

Lexa waited patiently for Clarke to speak. The blonde was rocking on her heels and her eyes looked so blue in the sunlight. Lexa was getting ready to say something, before Clarke finally opened her mouth.

“I love you.”

Lexa’s eyes widened immediately and she almost broke her neck, trying to look at Clarke. Lexa gasped and placed a hand over her heart, looking at Clarke in disbelief.

“You- y- you-” Lexa was stumbling over her words like some intoxicated adolescent. She couldn’t
form a coherent thought and Clarke let out a soft giggle.

“I’m tired of trying to hide it. I don’t want to. We already have to hide enough as it is and I want you to know that I’m in love with you.”

“Clarke-” Lexa said, but a lump immediately formed in her throat.

“It’s okay.” Clarke cooed, cupping Lexa’s cheek.

“You love me?” Lexa’s bottom lip quivered, still trying to process the three words. It was the same three words that had been haunting her for weeks and Clarke finally said them to her.

“I do.” Clarke said seriously, nodding along with her words.

“I love you, too.” Lexa breathed, letting a tear fall. Clarke was quick to wipe it away and place a soft kiss to her cheek.

Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke and her knees almost buckled when Clarke whispered ‘I love you’ in her ear. Lexa whispered it right back in her neck before they pulled away from each other.

“Ugh, I promised myself I wouldn’t cry!” Clarke scolded herself with a shaky laugh.

“Today has been terrible and you always find a way to make them better. It’s one of the reasons I love you. God, Clarke, I love you so much.”

“Yeah, me too.” Clarke placed another kiss to her lips.

“Can we just stay here for a while?” Lexa asked after a few minutes. The waves crashing into the shore was exactly what Lexa needed after the day she had. Well that, and Clarke.

“Of course we can.” Clarke said before she sat down and of course, Lexa followed her. (She always would).
Lexa scooted unbelievably close to Clarke, she was practically sitting on her, not that the blonde was complaining too much. They stayed out there for as long as they could, before the cold forced them inside their cars.

Clarke drove back to her place with Lexa following her. Both of them wearing smile the whole ride home.
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

There is a time jump in this chapter. This chapter starts in December and the rest of the chapter is in March. I really just wanted to make that clear, so you guys aren’t confused. Also, I hope the ending isn’t too confusing and if it is, I’ll be happy to answer any questions over on my tumblr, rebelguitargirl.

Please don’t worry about the ending, all the questions you might have, will be answered next chapter.

Thank you for those who have stuck by this story. I’m so sorry for how long it took me to post this. I’m hoping to have chapter 41 up very, very soon.

I hope you all enjoy!

Lexa grimaced at the horrendous music blasting around Clarke’s apartment. Lexa loved the cold weather and not having school because of the snow, but she hated, absolutely hated the holidays.

Lexa smiled as she looked out the window. It was late afternoon and snow was falling heavily outside. She chuckled because Clarke had been walking around all day with her Santa hat on. Clarke had tried multiple times to get Lexa to wear one, but Lexa declined every time.

She was never really a big fan of the holidays. It was always tense and awkward without her dad around. Her mom had enough money to afford a few gifts, but it was never the same. Nothing was the same after Nyko left.

Lexa was trying to be more open about it. Clarke had been in a good mood all day, mostly because there was no school tomorrow. Her good mood had resulted in having sex all over her apartment, something that Lexa was certainly not opposed to.

The second half of the day consisted of cheesy Christmas songs and Clarke baking. A little while after, Lexa somehow got roped into watching a couple Christmas movies and now Clarke was making her famous Pot roast.
Clarke's apartment was decorated in fairy lights and Christmas themed silverware, table cloths and paper plates. Lexa couldn't complain because Clarke told her she had a surprise for her later. Lexa was almost positive it was her dressing up as Mrs. Claus and she couldn't wait to take Clarke to the North Pole.

“So,” Clarke drawled out. Her back was to Lexa as she worked in the kitchen. “What are you getting me for Christmas?”

Lexa stood frozen in her spot. Clarke hadn't looked back at her and Lexa panicked. She had no idea what Clarke wanted.

“What do you want?” Lexa answered smoothly.

“I'd take anything from you.” Clarke shrugged. Lexa smiled as she walked up behind Clarke, and buried her face in her neck.

“So, can't I just show you my joystick and call it a day?”

“Okay, let me rephrase the question,” Clarke hummed and melted into Lexa's arms. “What are you going to get me that's kid friendly? I have three presents, two will be kid friendly and the other is just plain dirty.”

“What is it?” Lexa giggled in Clarke's ear.

“Oh, you'll find out.” Clarke flashed Lexa a flirty smile. Lexa leaned down to kiss Clarke and backed away.

“I'll get you something nice, don't you worry.”

“Why do I feel like I need to be worried?” Clarke asked warily, but she had a playful glint in her eyes.

“I'll probably get you some coal and call it a day.”
“You do that and I won't give you your third gift and I know you'll like it.”

Lexa started setting the table as Clarke put the finishing touches on dinner.

It was a nice Sunday evening and Lexa told her mom she was staying at Anya’s. She hated that she was still lying to her mom and using Anya as a cover, but she wasn't in the place to tell her mom yet.

“And I'll get you something you'll love.” Lexa said with confidence, but on the inside, she had no idea what she was going to get Clarke.

Lexa still had time to pick out a gift for Clarke. She paid close attention to the dresses and accessories Clarke wore on a daily basis.

Lexa wanted to get her a bracelet, but Lexa wanted something bigger than that. She had enough money saved up and didn't mind spending it on her girlfriend.

As the weeks wore on, Lexa was running out of time and she was getting desperate. Lexa finally had to call in the big guns, she had no other choice.

“Every girl likes shiny things. Get her a bracelet!” Bellamy exclaimed, making Lexa roll her eyes.

“I agree. Or a necklace!” Jasper added.

“You think I called you guys over here to suggest something I haven't already thought of?” Lexa hissed and Bellamy huffed out a laugh.

“I've suggested clothes, jewelry, shoes and purses. She won't make up her mind!” Anya huffed behind them.

“Well, what does she like?” Jasper asked.
“Yeah, this would be better if we knew who she was.” Bellamy said slyly. Lexa shared a look with Anya and cleared her throat.

“That wouldn't make a difference.”

“I really think you're dating a nerd because no one knows who you're dating.”

“And I intend to keep it that way.” Lexa smiled proudly.

“Buy her some lingerie and have her model it for you.” Bellamy said after a minute. Lexa couldn't help but think about it. It would be insanely hot if she got Clarke to do that for her.

She still remembered the night Clarke had dressed up as Mrs. Claus, they’d stayed up all night exploring each other’s bodies. The thought made her smile until she felt a pillow being thrown in her face.

“So, do I have you sold? You completely zoned out on us. I'm surprised you're not sporting a boner.” Bellamy teased.

“Shut up!” Lexa growled playfully.

“Just get her something thoughtful. It’s the thought that counts, right?” Jasper asked and Lexa frowned.

“Yeah, you’re right, Jasper.”

“I know.” Jasper said with a cheeky smile. “Now, can we please order some pizza?”

“I second that!” Bellamy said as he made himself comfortable on the couch.

Lexa went into the kitchen to order food for the four of them, before enjoying a relaxing evening with her friends.
It was the day after Christmas and Lexa found her way up the familiar track, carrying her presents the entire way.

Lexa loved spending the entire day with her mom, her aunt Luna and uncle Titus. She hadn’t been able to see Clarke at all yesterday, which bummed her out. Clarke was with her family the entire day and Lexa wished she would have made an appearance. Lexa knew if they weren’t in the situation that they were in, then she would’ve been able to spend the whole day with Clarke, but knew that was probably never going to happen.

It made Lexa sigh as she quickened her pace up to their spot. A thin layer of snow covered the track and crunched underneath her winter boots.

She smiled at the sight of Clarke leaning against the bleachers, cigarette in hand. Her head was tilted up, blowing the smoke out and her gaze fell on her once she was near.

“Hey, babe.” Clarke smiled lazily at her, bringing her in for a kiss once she was close enough.

“Hi, baby.” Lexa smiled into the kiss before she pulled away.

“I brought you presents!” Lexa said happily, which made Clarke chuckle. “Also, can I have a puff or two?”

Clarke wordlessly handed over her cigarette before she reached in her pockets to get out her presents.

“Oh, was I supposed to go small?” Lexa asked around the cigarette.

“No, no,” Clarke assured her. “And you still have another gift coming your way tonight.”

Clarke handed over the first gift and Lexa smiled softly at her. Lexa passed over the cigarette and opened the tiny black box.

“You’re not proposing to me, are you?” Lexa asked with a smirk.
“You wish.” Clarke scoffed with a tiny giggle.

“Clarke.” Lexa sighed once she opened the box to reveal a nice, shiny necklace.

It was half of a heart with the words For on it. Clarke reached in her other pocket and pulled out a similar box.

“You have the words For on yours and I have the words Ever on mine,” Clarke explained, suddenly getting emotional. “Because I know our love is going to be forever Lexa, no matter what happens between us. You’ll always be so important to me and I can’t wait to see where we end up.”

"Clarke, it's beautiful. I love it. Thank you." Lexa spoke with a smile, leaning in to give Clarke a kiss.

“Oh, I almost forgot. I got you something else!” Clarke said as she started reaching around in her pockets. She pulled out an envelope and handed it to Lexa.

Lexa opened it and pulled out two little pieces of paper with excitement.

“You got me tickets to the Wizards game?” Lexa shouted happily. She jumped up and down in her spot.

“I did,” Clarke said with a smile. “It’s for after graduation and I figured we could go together.”

“Of course. Of course!” Lexa was still jumping up and down and planted a sloppy kiss on Clarke’s lips. “Okay, you’re turn.”

Lexa stopped and handed over her gifts to Clarke, suddenly shy about it.

“I wonder what you got me.” Clarke laughed as she pulled out the tissue paper.
“It’s an art book that challenges you to draw things.” Lexa explained as Clarke pulled out the book. She smiled knowing it was the perfect gift for Clarke with the way her eyes lit up.

“Thanks, babe.” Clarke pulled her in for a kiss before seeing what else was in the bag. Clarke pulled out a small white box with her name imprinted on it.

“Wow, fancy,” Clarke commented as she twirled the box around in her hands before opening it. “A diamond bracelet?” She breathed.

“Turn it around.” Lexa instructed softly and Clarke did.

Tears immediately pricked Clarke’s eyes as she read the imprint: Rest In Peace, Jake Griffin. June 16th, 1965- November 2nd, 2017.

“Lexa, it’s gorgeous.” Clarke let a tear fall before quickly wiping it away. “I love it. Thank you.”

“Of course,” Lexa smiled warmly. “There’s still one more present in there.”

Clarke quickly put on her bracelet, with Lexa’s help, before reaching in the bag for her last present.

“Yes,” Lexa smiled back. “I’m officially giving it to you, so now you have a piece of my clothing at all times.”

“It smells just like you.” Clarke sighed happily, taking a whiff of the fabric.

“Thank you so much for these.” Clarke whispered against Lexa’s lips, before kissing her.

“You’re welcome.” Lexa nodded, standing right next to Clarke. She looked up at her school that was covered in the snow that had fallen overnight.
“It’s crazy how I’m going to be leaving this place soon,” Lexa looked at the old building in front of her. “I had a good run and I’m so glad you applied to be an art teacher.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed your high school experience. College is even better.” Clarke said with a lopsided smile.

“You think we can get through that?” Lexa asked quietly, taking the cigarette out of Clarke’s hand. “You think we can survive the distance? Realistically, I’m probably going to go to Duke.”

“With me taking over the company, I could probably buy a private jet and fly you in whenever I wanted.” Clarke waggled her eyebrows at her.

“Someone’s cocky.” Lexa muttered around the cigarette.

“We can make it work,” Clarke said seriously. “I have faith in us, Lexa.”

“Me too.”

They were both quiet for a moment, enjoying each other’s company. Lexa hated that they had to sneak around, but Clarke had relatives at her apartment and Lexa’s aunt and uncle were still in town.

“This spot right here is where I started to fall for you,” Clarke spoke softly, breaking Lexa out of her thoughts. “I remembered how wrong it was to have feelings for a student, but I couldn’t stop them. I looked forward to the mornings because I knew you would be there. I’m so in love with you Lexa, that it scares me, but I’m so grateful to have you in my life. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Lexa said as she placed a kiss on Clarke’s cheek. “Always.”

“Always.” Clarke agreed, linking her fingers with Lexa’s.

“Where do you think we’ll be in five years?” Lexa asked curiously as she leaned against the bleachers. She took a puff of the cigarette before handing it off to Clarke.
“Happy,” Clarke answered around the bud of the cigarette. She leaned her body against the basketball player and gazed into her eyes for a moment. “I think we’ll be happy, free and in love. You’ll just be finishing college and I hope that I can run this company by myself. We’ll look back on this moment and we’ll smile because we made it. I hope to god you’re in my future forever because I’m so in love with you, Lexa.”

“I like that answer.” Lexa said after a moment, trying not to get too emotional. She had already grown so much because of Clarke. She couldn’t wait to see what the future held for them.

“Why don’t we go in your car and make out for a few hours?” Clarke asked with a mischievous smile.

“Can I touch you inappropriately?” Lexa asked as they started gathering their stuff and heading down the track. Lexa was glad because she was starting to lose feeling in her ears.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” Clarke’s infamous words fell out of her mouth as they reached Lexa’s car. Lexa looked Clarke up and down before flashing her a dirty smile.

“Something tells me, you would like it too.”

“What is so important, I had to leave the comfort of my comfy bed and be hauled half an hour away?” Clarke questioned, though she was sporting a smile as she walked up to the booth her friends were in. It was a new year and Clarke couldn’t wait for all the things this year had to offer.

“Hello, Octavia and Raven and hello to you.” Clarke punched the man in the arm.

“Ouch!”

“So nice of you to join us. You know, your friends have missed you.” Clarke empathized as she sat down next to Raven.

“I know, I know. I’ve been gone for a while and well...” Roan abruptly stopped talking when he felt Raven kick him in the shin.
Raven was shaking her head subtly and sighed in relief when the waiter came to take their orders.

“That’s why I wanted to have this brunch,” Roan spoke. “To catch up with my girls and Octavia. Sorry, I don’t know if I can refer to you as my girl yet. We just met the other day.” Roan said as he turned towards Octavia, who took no offense to it.

“The other day?” Clarke asked. “Why wasn’t I invited?”

“I think you were with your mom.”

“I could’ve canceled.”

“I didn’t want you to cancel. I feel awful for not being there and well…” Roan was cut off again, when Raven kicked him hard in the shin.

“Okay, can someone please tell me what’s going on?”

“Nothing!” Raven said quickly when she saw Roan open his mouth.

“I’m leaving.” Roan confessed, looking at Clarke with sad eyes.

Clarke gasped and looked around the table, knowing that everyone knew this but her.

“You’re leaving?” Clarke whispered, trying to understand what was going on.

“They offered me a job in England for a couple months. I would already have an apartment waiting there for me. I’d be crazy not to jump on this. I’ll be back around March, I think.” Roan stopped talking when the waiter placed their food on the table before walking off.

“I know we haven’t seen much of each other over the last couple months. I’m sorry I was out of town when it happened. Work has me in and out of Maryland and I’m sorry. I’m so sorry for not being there for— I’m just really sorry for not being here.”
“It’s okay, Roan. I understand, especially once I go back to work in New York. You have to do what you have to do, and I’ll never fault you for that.”

“I’m going to miss you girls so much. Who’s going to be my wing women?” Roan pouted, while stuffing food into his mouth.

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out. You’re really easy on the eyes.” Raven said and Clarke laughed.

“Just make sure you have loads of fun and send us lots of pictures.”

“I will.”

“This is a once in a lifetime opportunity and it’s only for a couple months, you’d be crazy not to go. I’ll drag you to the airport if I have to.” Raven muttered around her coffee.

“It’s just so sudden and I’ve already been gone for a while and now, I’m leaving again.”

“I won’t be alone, I have Clarke and Octavia.” Raven added.

“I’ll make sure I keep an eye on both of them.” Octavia agreed as she cut up her pancakes.

“I knew I was going to like you.” Roan nodded in approval, sipping on his drink.

“You’ll make sure to stay in contact, right?” Clarke asked to make sure and Roan nodded immediately.

“You know I will.” Roan said softly.

“Then, have the best time of your life. Please.” Clarke said, but couldn’t stop the sad smile on her face. She knew she hadn’t seen Roan at all in the past few months, but that was because he was working. There was no denying that Clarke was going to miss him. She knew she was keeping a
huge secret from him, but felt like it was too risky to tell him, especially with Octavia sitting right next to them. She hated it, because she usually told him everything.

“Thank you. This is pretty cool, huh?” Roan asked with a small smile.

“So cool.” Octavia said, breaking the heavy tension around them.

They fell into easy conversation after that and when brunch was over, they all gathered around for a group hug. Roan was leaving in a couple of days and Clarke held onto him tightly.

She quickly wiped her tears after saying bye to them and walked back to her car, her heart heavy in her chest.

With the holidays out of the way, prom was the only thing seniors were talking about, and what colleges they were getting accepted to.

Lexa had already gotten accepted into Duke and she told Clarke and her friends about it. Clarke was so supportive of it and Lexa was glad, but something just didn’t feel right. Even though Clarke was happy for her, Lexa could tell there was something bothering the blonde.

Lexa never questioned it because she had no idea how to even approach the subject. Lexa had already applied to NYU and was waiting for a response. She hadn’t told Clarke about it, just in case there was a chance that she didn’t get in and as much as the blonde said it didn’t bother her, Lexa knew Clarke wanted her closer.

When February hit, Clarke had surprised her with a getaway weekend for Valentine’s Day and completely took her by surprise. Lexa had told Clarke over and over again that she shouldn’t have spent so much money on the five star hotel they stayed at. The room service was absolutely amazing and Lexa showered Clarke with love the whole weekend.

It beat last year’s Valentine’s Day by a landslide. Lexa was fighting with one of her off and on hookups, they didn’t get a chance to enjoy each other’s company. Not that Lexa even wanted to be near the girl, and now whenever they passed each other in the hallway at school, they looked the other direction.
Lexa smiled fondly of the wonderful weekend they had last month. She was enjoying a nice, peaceful afternoon in the middle of March, when she heard her mom come up the stairs.

“Lexa!” She called out, making her way towards her room. Lexa took her earbuds out just as her mom entered her room.

“Hey, kid.” Her mom knocked softly on the door. Lexa let out a soft smile and closed her laptop.

“Hey, mom. What’s up?” Lexa asked as Indra walked further into the room.

“This came in the mail for you and I thought you might want it.” Indra said, sitting down on Lexa’s bed.

Lexa looked at the envelope with wide eyes. She looked up to her mom, not knowing what to say.

“I don’t know what’s in New York or why you want to go so bad, but I’m sure you got in.” Indra spoke softly, wrapping her robe tightly around her.

“I- um- I-“ Lexa stumbled over her words, still staring at the envelope in her hands.

“It’s okay, honey.” Indra reassured her, staring softly at her daughter. “Well, aren’t you going to open it up?”

Lexa knitted her eyebrows, before fumbling to get the papers out. A part of her still felt embarrassed at being caught. She’d went through all the colleges she was going to apply to with her mother, but failed to mention that she was applying to NYU.

Lexa was glad that her mother didn’t question her too much about it and focused on opening the papers. Her heart was pounding in her chest. She knew she still had a decision to make and a part of her didn’t want to know whether or not she got accepted.

She had no idea why her heart dropped out of fear instead of excitement when she read over the words.
“I got accepted.” Lexa didn’t even recognize her own voice right now. She felt like she was in a completely dark room and the letter she was holding was the only light.

This was what she wanted this whole time so she could be with Clarke. So, why wasn’t she acting like she was excited? The only thing that was running through Lexa was dread. Like maybe she shouldn’t have applied to NYU.

Her mom sat across from her, her face blank.

“Isn’t that a good thing?” Her mom asked confused. Lexa shook her head, and nodded at the same time.

“I just didn’t think-“

“Why did you apply to New York University? We never discussed that.”

Lexa knew her mom had every right to question why her daughter randomly decided to apply to a school in New York. Her mom even knew she had applied to Stanford.

“I didn’t think- I didn’t think I would-“

“Did you apply just to see if you got in?”

Lexa wished she could tell her mom the real reason why she applied, but she wasn’t going to. She so desperately wished she could because she needed some of her mom’s advice right now.

“Yeah,” Lexa breathed out a laugh. “You know, if all else fails, I would have this school to fall back on.”

“I don’t want to influence your decision but Duke is a great school for you. And don’t even get me started on Stanford, but I will support whatever decision you make even if it’s NYU.”
“You don’t have to worry about that, mom. It was just a backup school.”

“Alright,” Indra patted the bed. “Let’s talk.”

“Mom..” Lexa chuckled out. “What makes you think I need to talk?”

“A mother knows, baby. I can see it in your eyes.”

Lexa knew she was terrible at hiding how she was feeling, especially with her mom. Lexa was thinking a million things, but nothing at all. She had no idea why she wasn’t happy that she got into NYU. She knew Clarke was going to be in New York after graduation, but maybe-


“I don’t want to leave you, mom,” Lexa finally confessed with a terrified expression. “No matter what, all these schools are nowhere close to home.”

“Oh, sweetie,” Indra rushed out. “I’m alive and healthy. Don’t worry about me. You need to make this decision for yourself.”

“What if it’s not the right one?” Lexa asked. “All these schools accepted me and I don’t know what to do.”

“Where would you like to go?” Indra asked after a moment.

“Duke,” Lexa answered without a second thought. “I want to go to Duke and have that college experience with my friends.”

“But…” Indra drawled out and Lexa sighed heavily.

“Stanford is a once in a lifetime and NYU-“ Lexa immediately clamped her mouth shut. She almost mentioned Clarke and knew their relationship was nowhere near ready to be exposed. Even if Lexa was graduating soon, she knew her mom wouldn’t approve of her relationship with the older
“NYU is a really great school too.” Lexa finished weakly.

“There’s something you aren’t telling me, Lexa Woods,” Her mom hummed out. “And I can't figure it out.”

“It’s nothing, mom. Really.” Lexa tried to reassure her and think it worked for the most part.

“You’ll make the right decision,” Indra said confidently after a beat, a fond smile on her face. “You always do.”

“Like I did with dad?” Lexa asked in a soft tone.

“He hasn’t exactly made it easy. He asks about you and I tell him how you are.”

“You have every right to. I agreed to it. Just for now.”

“You know,” Indra hummed. “You never really told me what happened that day.”

“Because I’m embarrassed.”

“Sweetie, you can tell me anything.” Indra reassured her with a encouraging smile.

Lexa thought about her relationship with Clarke and how she was older than her. She wanted to tell her mom so bad, but knew nothing good would come of it. She knew her mom would freak out and probably even try to press charges against Clarke, even though Lexa was legally an adult. Lexa thought about it for another minute and decided, she was never going to tell her mom about her relationship with Clarke.

It didn’t sit right with her, because she usually told her mom everything and it hurt knowing she was keeping a huge part of her life a secret.
“It was right after my big game,” Lexa recalled shakily. “He called and asked if we can hang out. I knew it was too soon, but I agreed because he actually wanted to do something with me and it made me feel wanted. When I got there, he asked me questions about my childhood that made me so angry because they could’ve easily been answered if he had stuck around. I just wanted to hang out with my dad.”

“Oh, honey.”

“I don’t know if I’ll ever belong with him. I don’t know if I’ll ever have a relationship with him because we’re just so broken. I don’t know how to fix it and it doesn’t help that I’m going away for college.”

“You know where you belong?” Indra asked and Lexa smiled because she knew what was coming next. “Right here in my arms. Come here.”

Lexa didn’t care how old she was, nothing beat her mother’s hugs and she fell into her arms easily.

“Just give it more time. You don’t owe anything to him right now.”

“He hardly even paid attention to me. His attention was on Aden the whole time.”

“I know that if you could go back in time,” Indra was talking in a soft tone and Lexa knew she was about to say something she didn’t want to hear. “You would’ve wanted all of your dad’s attention. If he had stuck around and Aden would’ve grown up here, he would’ve had to share that attention.”

Lexa sighed heavily, waiting for her mom to get to the point. She knew her mom wasn’t just talking right now, she was trying to get Lexa to understand something. Lexa didn’t know it at the time, but it was something she needed to hear.

“I know you missed that time frame when you were young to have your dad’s attention, I’m not saying this to hurt you, but I know how you can get when you’re mad. Aden is just a little kid and you’re eighteen years old, getting ready to go off to college. You’re older than him. You’re wiser than him and he needs that extra attention and guidance that I gave you when you were that little.”
“So, that just makes it better? That he still can’t understand that he has two kids and not one. I’m the ugly step sister and Aden is the golden child.”

“That is not what I am saying.” Indra quickly said.

“It sounded a lot like that.” Lexa shot back.

“Watch your tone with me, young lady,” Indra warned. “This situation is never going to get better, if you’re constantly slamming doors and refusing to listen to what I have to say. It’s a mess right now and you’re not even talking to your dad. All I’m saying is, you can’t be mad at Aden for being a kid. You just can’t. I won’t let you. If you want to be mad at someone, be mad at me. For depriving you of seeing your father for so many years. For creating this mess. For destroying your relationship with him.”

“Mom!” Lexa cried out, wiping the tears that were falling down her face.

“And you want to know something?” Indra didn’t wait for her daughter to respond. She just kept talking. “You can’t hate me for it and that kills you because I know you’re hurt and you were mad for awhile, but that—”

“That’s not true. I could never hate you.”

“I know.” Indra said knowingly.

“Maybe I was jealous,” Lexa finally admitted it out loud. “I just wanted his attention for an afternoon, but I also wanted Aden there as a buffer.”

“I just don’t want you to give up too easily. Take this time to sort out what you want and then maybe you could talk to him again.”

“Okay.” Lexa said with a small smile.

“Okay?” Indra questioned, a small smile coating her face too.
“Okay.”

“It smells great in here.” Lexa said as she walked into the kitchen, rubbing her stomach. It was a couple days after her talk with her mom and she was hanging out with Clarke after school. She had just finished her English essay, and walked over to wrap her arms around Clarke. Clarke was sitting down and Lexa ran her fingers through her hair a couple times.

“The pizzas should be done any second.” Clarke said, looking up from her magazine.

“So, I want to talk to you about something.” Lexa said, sitting down across from Clarke. Clarke closed her magazine at the serious tone in Lexa’s voice and gave her, her undivided attention.

“Prom is coming up soon and I just wanted to know-” Lexa paused, giving Clarke enough time to process the question that she was getting ready to ask her. Much to Clarke’s disappointment, that question never came.

“I just wanted to know if you were going to chaperone?” Lexa questioned, playing with the paper plates in front of her.

“I haven’t really talked to Jaha about it. I mean, maybe.” Clarke answered as best she could, completely thrown off by the question. She could’ve sworn, Lexa was going to ask her to prom, but maybe she was wrong.

“Okay, cool!” Lexa said enthusiastically. “So, then maybe I’ll be able to see you there. Like we could sneak off to the bathroom for some fun.”

Lexa wiggled her eyebrows and Clarke had to put on the best fake laughter of all time. (She thought she deserved an Oscar for it).

“That would be something, wouldn’t it?” Clarke realized she was still laughing louder than she needed to, and covered it up with a few coughs.

“Yeah, I think it would be great. We would be in the same building the whole time. I know we can’t
dance together, but still, at least you’re going to be there.” Lexa said as she got up to get a drink. Clarke got up too, to check on the pizzas that were almost done.

Clarke nearly jumped when she felt Lexa’s body against her. She knew by the way she was softly thrusting against her, that something was getting ready to happen. Clarke couldn’t stop the pit forming in the bottom of her stomach and didn’t know if it was from arousal or fear.

Clarke didn’t have time to figure it out, before Lexa’s lips were on hers. She started at the base of her neck, hitting the spot Clarke loved, before making her way up her neck.

Clarke caved in and turned around, meeting Lexa’s lips halfway. She moaned at the way Lexa was thrusting into her, before a loud buzzer broke them apart.

“The pizzas are done.” Clarke said breathlessly, hurrying to get them out the oven.

The second she closed the oven, Lexa’s lips were back on hers. The basketball player backed her up against the counter and Clarke wrapped her arms around her neck.

“Wait, wait, wait.” Clarke breathed out. Lexa was showering her neck with kisses as she unbuttoned her shirt. “We should go to my room.”

“Or we could just stay right here,” Lexa tightened her grip around Clarke’s waist, breaking away for a second to pull down her pants. “It’ll only take five minutes.”

“I last a lot longer than five minutes.” Clarke scoffed playfully in her ear.

“What a coincidence. So do I.”

“Barely.” Clarke snorted and laughed fully when Lexa attacked her sides.

“That’s not funny! Sometimes I can’t help it.”

“Whoever lasts longer doesn’t have to do the dishes tonight?” Clarke asked after a moment.
“Deal.” Lexa quickly said, getting to work. She hiked Clarke’s skirt up her legs before connecting their lips again.

“Bend.” Lexa mumbled out between rushed kisses. Clarke bent her knees slightly and Lexa teased at her entrance. She dipped her hand into the waistband of Clarke’s underwear, but didn’t move it.

Clarke was trying to get Lexa to touch her in any way that she could. She tried to pull her hand down further into her underwear, but Lexa wouldn’t budge. She tried to jerk her hips up, but Lexa ripped her hand out of her underwear.

“Lexa!” Clarke growled out in frustration, making Lexa smirk.

“Okay, Okay,” Lexa whispered. “But I’m only touching you because we are limited on time.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that’s the reason.” Clarke rolled her eyes, but was quickly silenced when Lexa’s hand was back in her underwear. Lexa was grinding against the side of her, tugging at ear and Clarke knew she was trying to pull out all her moves.

Clarke almost groaned when she heard a knock at her door a few seconds later, but Lexa didn’t hear it.

“Lexa,” Clarke moaned, trying to get her attention. Lexa wasn’t listening at all, finally dipping her fingers into wet heat. Clarke bit her lip from letting out the moan she wished she could. “Lexa!”

Lexa easily slid through her, and Clarke even opened her legs further before remembering what was happening.

“There’s someone at the door!” Clarke hissed when Lexa finally circled her clit. Lexa was rubbing with such a divine rhythm, it broke Clarke’s heart that she had to stop her.

“I’ll make sure they leave.” Clarke said, indicating that Lexa needed to move her hand. They both whined at the loss, before Clarke pulled it together and looked through the peephole of her door.
“Shit!” Clarke cursed when she realized who was at the door. “Shit!”

“What’s wrong?” Lexa asked in confusion.

“Shhh.” Clarke brought a finger up to her mouth. “Lexa, get all your stuff together. Don’t leave anything behind and hide under my bed.”

“Clarke-“

“Shhh.” Clarke hissed. “My mom is here. I won’t be able to explain this.”

Lexa immediately started nodding and quickly gathered her things, tripping over her feet.

They were both completely caught off guard when they heard the knob start turning.

“I forgot I keep an extra key under the mat. Get in the closet.” Clarke pushed Lexa in the direction of the closet right behind them. “Don’t make a sound.”

“Clarke-“

“Not a sound, Lexa.” Clarke warned before gently closing the closet door, just in time for Abby to throw open her front door.

“Jesus, what were you doing?” Abby questioned. “Why didn’t you answer the door?”

Clarke was getting ready to answer when she heard a few hangers knocking together in the closet. Clarke coughed loudly before clearing her throat.

“Sorry,” Clarke said around another loud cough. “There was something in my throat.” Clarke said more towards the closet than Abby.
“Are you okay?” Abby asked, looking around Clarke’s apartment.

“I’m just fine. Come on. Let’s not spend all our time in the hallway. I was just making pizzas.”

“I just wanted to stop by because I- I just wanted to see you.”

“It’s okay, mom. You can stop by anytime.” Clarke meant those words, even if that meant shoving Lexa in the closet. She felt bad about it, but she had no other choice.

“Tell me how you’re feeling.”

“Mom..” Clarke let out a hollow chuckle before she realized that her mother was being serious.

“I’m fine, mom.”

“Okay,” Abby nodded and then paused for a second. “Now, tell me how you really feel.”

Clarke felt extremely exposed right now. She knew Lexa was hiding in the closet and she knew that she would be able to hear everything that she was saying, but Clarke knew if she wanted to get Abby out of there as soon as possible, she needed to cooperate.

“I just feel so empty,” Clarke breathed. “All the time.”

“I understand that. I feel like that too.” Clarke tried to hide her groan because her mom was taking her shoes off, which meant that she was going to be here for a while. “Are you seeing anyone?”

“I don’t need a therapist, mom.”

“No, I mean like are you dating anyone?” Abby clarified, sitting down at the dinner table.

“I- I’m not.” Clarke lied, looking at the counter Lexa literally had her pushed up against just
moments ago.

“You should get laid,” Abby said suddenly, making Clarke’s eyes widen. “Someone around here should and you know it’s not going to be me, so it has to be you. You need to get laid.”

“Mom!” Clarke said in complete mortification.

“What? I’m just thinking out loud here. It’s been awhile since Niylah,” Abby spoke freely. “You should get back out there.”

“I have been… out there.” Clarke defended herself.

“What? With Finn? You told me you said no when he asked you out.”

“My dad was dying. I didn’t want to focus on that.”

“Yeah, but you could’ve-“ Abby stopped talking, and Clarke had no idea why a rush of fear went straight through her.

“Whose bag is that?” Abby asked with a frown, pointing to the black bag on the floor.

Clarke turned around slowly, trying to buy her some time on how to explain this to her mom. Clarke thought she should just come out and say it, but they didn’t get this far for nothing.

“It’s Raven’s,” Clarke lied, keeping her face as straight as she could. “It’s a new bag of hers.”

“Your neck.” Abby pointed to the bottom of her neck. “Were you attacked by a vacuum?”

Clarke knew she didn’t need to look at what her mom was talking about. Lexa always had a way of leaving marks on her.
“Mom-“

“Is there someone here?” Abby gasped with a smile. “Is that why you made two pizzas and perhaps, why there was noise in the closet? Hangers don’t just move by themselves.”

“Sometimes they can.” Clarke said lamely.

“So, there is someone here? Guy or girl? I need to know and they need to come out of that closet.” Abby said while getting up.

Clarke hopped up and yanked on her mom’s wrist.

“Mom, please. Don’t do this right now. We aren’t even serious and you know how overwhelming you can be.”

“Well, of course I am. You’re my little girl. Of course I’m going to be protective of you.”

“Mom, please.” Clarke begged, not letting go of her mom’s arm, knowing the second she did, she would go straight to the closet.

“You really don’t want me to meet them?” Abby asked as she yanked away from Clarke and folded her arms.

“Not like this. Promise me, you’ll walk past that closet and not open it.”

“That’s like asking a little kid not to eat a whole tray of cookies you put right in front of them.”

“Mom, please!” Clarke knew it was a terrible mistake to let go of her mom. She should’ve kept her ground, but the second Abby was set free, she made her way straight towards the closet.

Clarke’s heart dropped through the floor as Abby opened the closet door.
“Lexa?”

Anya just finished buttoning up her shirt. She threw her watch back on before glancing over her shoulder.

“I guess I should get going.” Anya said, buttoning her pants up.

Raven was laying against her pillows, with the sheets scrunched around her. She was looking at Anya with soft eyes and reached her hand out.

“Or you could stay for a minute so we can talk.” Raven said quietly.

“We never do that.” Anya replied with a skeptical look.

“Yeah, I know, but there's something I want to tell you.”

Anya continued to look at Raven warily. She had no idea what Raven wanted to talk about. Anya hoped it wasn't about their relationship, if she could even call it that, because she wasn't ready for that talk yet.

“What's up?” Anya asked, sitting down on the bed beside Raven.

“Well, I'm sure you know that Clarke is going back to New York,” Raven said and waited for Anya to nod. “Octavia got a job offer out there to run a bar. She would make triple what she's making now and she would be crazy not to jump on that. Which she is.”

“Okay?” Anya drawled out, not seeing where this was going.

“I'm going to New York with them, Anya. I'll be working for Octavia for a while because the pay would be really good until I find another project.”

“You're going to New York?” Anya breathed. She didn't know why, but she felt like her heart sunk to the floor. She forced herself not to show her emotions, even though her heart felt like it was being ripped out of her chest.
“They’re my family and there's not much for me to do here. All of my friends would be out there and yeah, my mom’s here, but I can visit her whenever.”

“You're really going?”

“I wanted to see how you felt about it.”

“I don't care what you do. You're free to do whatever. I'll be going off to college soon, so maybe we should just-”

“Anya!” Raven spoke over her. “I'm not breaking up with you or whatever. I just-”

“How are we going to make that work?” Anya asked in disbelief. “Technically, I would be in North Carolina and you would be in New York. Do you even want it to work?”

“I don't know,” Raven said softly. “I like what we’re doing. I don't really have an answer.”

“And neither do I. So, if you want to go then you should. I won't tell you, you can't and if that's what you're waiting for, then I'm sorry, Raven. I'm not that kind of girl.”

“So, we just forget everything that's been happening? All the time we’ve spent together?” Raven asked.

“It's whatever you want to do.”

“Can you please look at me?” Raven begged, softly yanking on Anya's wrist. Anya finally looked up into Raven’s eyes and couldn't stop the tears from falling.

“I obviously don't want you to leave, but it would be so selfish of me to tell you to stay. Especially, when I’ll be leaving for college. I don't know what you want me to say, Raven. I don't want to lose you, but I won't ask you to stay.”
“I won't think any different if you did,” Raven murmured, placing a kiss to Anya's forehead. “I just think it's time to start living my life and I don't want to do that in Maryland. It's a great area, but New York is where I want to be, with my family and friends.”

“Then you already have your mind made up.” Anya tried to offer Raven a smile, but it didn't quite reach her eyes. Raven finally broke and let a few tears slip out.

“What does this mean for us?” Raven asked after a minute.

“I have a few more months until I graduate and I have no idea what I want to do with my life besides play basketball. I don't know if I want kids or anything like that. You're twenty-five and I know you want to settle down with a family. I don't think I can give you that.” Anya said while wiping her tears.

“I don't have to go by the rule book, An.”

“Well, don't you want kids? How would I even afford that and go to college?”

“No one said I wanted them right now. Yes, I would like one before I'm thirty, but I don't have to have one right this second.”

“I don't want to lose you, Raven. It makes my heart hurt just thinking about it, but I don't know how it'll work out between us.” Anya said honestly.

“Would you want us to work out?” Raven asked.

This whole situation was weird. Anya didn't just sit around with Raven and talk. They would have sex, lasting multiple rounds before Anya left for curfew. They didn't talk about their feelings or what their future was going to look like. This whole conversation was scaring the hell out of Anya. She had no idea how they were going to end up and was afraid to find out.

“I would like if we did. If we somehow powered through the distance and any obstacles in the way, but I don't want to hold you back from finding someone who wants the same things as you.”
“I know you wouldn’t, because that’s just who you are.”

Anya sighed, resting her forehead against Raven’s bare arms. She placed a soft kiss there, before looking up at Raven.

“I don’t know how I was going to make it work, but I was going to ask you to prom. Just for the hell of it. I know you probably don’t even want to go and I know you wouldn’t be able to pass as a high schooler, but what’s the point of prom if I can’t spend it with the girl I want.”

“Oh, Anya.” Raven breathed, cupping her face in her hands. “The gesture is very sweet…”

“But you can’t go with me,” Anya finished for her bitterly. “I know.”

“I don’t even know how we would make that work. Clarke would have an excuse because she would be one of the chaperones, but I have no business being there.”

“It’s okay, Raven,” Anya waved. “I’ll just go with my friends, but at least now you know, I would’ve asked you.”

“Prom was an experience,” Raven said with a snort. “Clarke and I were so drunk, we were puking all night and vowed never to drink again, but now look at us.”

Anya laughed at the confession, but her smile didn’t reach her eyes, something Raven picked up on.

“You should go. Experience prom with your friends and have fun,” Raven said, before smirking. “And when you’re gone partying with your friends, my door will be unlocked.”

“Well, that gives me something to look forward to.”

“Is Lexa going to ask Clarke?” Raven asked after a minute.

“I’m not sure,” Anya frowned. “She hadn’t mentioned anything about it, but it’s just around the corner, I’m sure she will.”
“I’m sorry I can’t be there.”

“It’s fine.” Anya said, but that didn’t stop the ache in her heart. Her friends were great, but she didn’t want to have this experience with just anyone. She wanted to have it with Raven.

Anya was getting ready to say more, when her watch started beeping.

“If I don’t go now, I’ll be late for curfew.” Anya said in a rush, combing her fingers through her hair.

“Give me a kiss before you leave.” Raven puckered her lips and Anya placed a chaste kiss to them before rushing out the door, that ache in her heart never leaving.

“I mean, she completely bypassed the question. I was almost certain she was going to ask me and then bam! She didn’t!” Clarke exclaimed downing her tequila shot. She was enjoying a relaxing night out with her friends as March came to an end.

Roan had just gotten back the other day and Raven thought it would be perfect for them to all go out together like old times.

“How many of those have you had?” Raven asked with concerned eyes.

“Just a couple,” Clarke said, before Octavia walked over with a whole round of shots. “Yes! You are the best!” Clarke shouted as she grabbed two shots off the tray.

“It’s what I do.” Octavia shrugged before walking off.

“Did you want her to ask you?” Raven returned back to their previous conversation.

“It would’ve been nice to have been asked, but I don’t know if I would’ve said yes.”

“Okay, can someone please tell me what we’re talking about?” Came a deep, scruffy voice right next to them.
“Roan! When did you get here?” Clarke asked happily, making the man roll his eyes.

“I just got back from my trip from Europe and you’ve asked me that about five times. Raven’s right, how many have you had?”

“You’re growing out your stubble and your hair.” Clarke played with the little bun on top of his head.

“Yeah, turns out, British women love the man bun and you’re avoiding the subject.”

“Lexa. We’re talking about Lexa!” Raven supplied loudly.

“Shh!” Clarke hissed. “You never know if Octavia is around. I mean, she owns the place. She could go anywhere she wants. Just pop up like a ninja. But she’s short so like a midget ninja.”

“I’ve missed drunk, Clarke!” Roan said, taking a sip from his beer.

“And we’ve missed you. So many things have happened since you left for your business trip.”

“I know. I know, I’m sorry,” Roan apologized. “I can’t believe you guys are leaving me to go back to New York. I can’t believe you’re both dating students.”

“Shh!” They both said in unison, looking around the place, but no one was listening.

The second Roan got back, Raven couldn’t keep her mouth shut about everything that was going on between the two of them. Clarke was hesitant to tell him, but he didn’t seem that bothered by it.

“They’re graduating in two months!” Raven defended them, and Clarke hummed in agreement.

“I just wanted to be asked to prom. She doesn’t even want to ask me to prom!” Clarke said sadly, downing her shot of tequila.
“Anya was going to ask me, but I pretty much ruined it by telling her I can’t just show up.”

“Wow,” Roan said stunned. “I went overseas for three months and I’m still single.”

“Stay single.” Clarke nodded, trying to ignore the ache in her heart.

“Be single.” Raven nodded. “Being in a relationship isn’t all it’s cracked up to be.”

“Speak for yourself.” Clarke took the shot out of Roan’s hand and chugged it. It made her feel good for a second, before the pain came back.

“Okay, can you answer this damn thing? Your mom is blowing up your phone.” Roan handed the phone over, but Clarke didn’t take it.

She just reached for another shot and murmured. “I just wished she would’ve asked me.”

“There’s still time.” Raven said hopefully, but Clarke shook her head.

“I think I have to end things and I don’t have the willpower to do it.”

“Okay, now I’m really lost.” Raven said, trying to understand the slurs coming out of Clarke’s mouth. Raven sighed because she should’ve seen it before. Clarke wasn’t drinking to have a good time, she was drinking because something was wrong.

“What happened?” Raven asked softly and Clarke had to try her hardest to hold it together. It didn’t help that her mom kept calling her. Clarke didn’t want to think about that night at all, not ever. It was the worst night of her life and she couldn’t believe she was about to relive it.

“Where do I even start?”
Clarke knew no amount of running would get her to the closet fast enough. Why the hell did she let go of her mom? Why did she allow her mom to get away from her?

The only thing Clarke heard was the loud smack of her shoes against the hardwood floors to catch up to her mom, but it was too late.

She had already opened the door. She had gasped and placed a hand over her heart. She had looked at Clarke with complete and utter disappointment.

“My mom found out about us.” Clarke muttered, she was five drinks passed not caring who heard. Her heart was completely broken and had no idea what to do.

“Wait, are you being serious?” Raven asked over the music.

Raven wished she would’ve seen it earlier, before Clarke was well on her way to getting drunk. The girl was knocking back shot after shot, she had no idea how she hadn’t seen it.

Raven looked at the distant look on Clarke’s face. How her eyes weren’t really focusing on one thing. How her shoulders were just a bit too tense. Whatever happened that night, Raven knew it couldn’t have been good.

Clarke just sighed and nodded.

“Lexa?” Her mother had questioned, but the only thing Clarke could hear was the loud beating of her heart. She knew by the look on her mom’s face that tonight wasn’t going to end well.

“Clarke, can you please tell me why the star of the basketball team is standing in your closet?” Abby asked quietly, although Clarke knew she was already starting to piece things together.
Clarke looked at the terrified expression on Lexa’s face and back to her mom’s disappointed one. There was no denying that Lexa was the one hiding out in her apartment. There was no denying that Lexa was the one she was hooking up with.

“Mom, I can explain this.” Clarke said lowly, unconsciously balling her hands into fists.

“Do I need to kill someone, tonight? Because I will and it’s so obvious that she’s taking advantage of you. Out of the closet. Out of the closet right now!”

Lexa looked at Clarke and waited for her to nod. Lexa all but leaped out of the closet and hid behind Clarke.

Abby didn’t say anything. She glared at Lexa and stared at Clarke expectantly.

“Well,” Abby huffed. “Someone tell me what the hell is going on here.”

Clarke knew there was no way out of this, knowing she would have to tell her mom everything that had been going on. Clarke never thought this day would come, because she wasn’t going to let it.

She wanted to laugh at the irony of the situation. Lexa was standing behind her, gripping her sides for dear life and Abby was in front of them, mean-mugging them.

“She’s my girlfriend and I’m in love with her.” Clarke thought the best way to go about this was to be honest. She knew her mom wasn’t one for the games and would want to hear the truth.

“No,” Abby shook her head. “I won’t believe that. I won’t allow it. I don’t accept it.”

“Mom-“

“Are you going through some kind of mid-life crisis because then we really will need to get you into therapy. How could you be so stupid? How could you ruin your life like this?”

“Clarke, you’re my daughter. Of course not, but that doesn’t mean I approve of this. I won’t approve of it. I think you’re just confu-“

“Mrs. Griffin-“

“You only speak when spoken to!” Abby hissed and pointed a finger at the girl. “Until then, shut up!”

“Mom, please don’t talk to her like that.”

“Oh, right,” Abby mocked, placing her hands on her hip. “You’re in love with her.”

“I am,” Clarke answered calmly. “We’ve both been extremely careful about it-“

“Up until now. Where you had her hiding in your closet!”

“I didn’t know you were going to come over.” Clarke shouted.

“How long has this been going on?” Abby squinted her eyes at them. “Before the funeral? Before the basketball game? After the basketball game? I need a time frame to understand at what point Lexa took advantage of you.”

“She didn’t take advantage of me!” Clarke said. “It happened the first time you met her and it’s been happening ever since.”

“I’m going to kill her!” Abby growled, charging for Lexa, who let out a squeal. Clarke would’ve laughed at how high Lexa’s voice had gotten, but her mom was making her way toward her.

Clarke quickly stopped her as Lexa ran into the kitchen.
“I just need one hit!” Abby grunted, trying to get out of Clarke’s hold.

“Mom, please stop!” Clarke pleaded, pinning Abby to the wall. “Please, mom. Please, I love her.”

“Stop saying that!”

“She makes me very happy and has been there for me-“

“Of course she’s been there for you. She’s just trying to get in your pants so she can brag about it to her stupid little friends!”

“She’s not like that and if you would take a moment to calm down, you would be able to realize that!” Clarke hissed angrily. She waited a few minutes until Abby calmed down.

“Can we please just talk this out, like adults?”

“I don’t know. We’re the only adults here.”

“Lexa is legally an adult too.” Clarke said softly, letting go of her mom. Abby smoothed down her clothes and they both walked into the kitchen.

Upon seeing Abby approach her, Lexa grabbed the closest weapon near her, which happened to be a spoon.

“If you would just hear me out for one minute. I’m not trying to take advantage of your daughter. She has helped me grow in ways you wouldn’t understand. I admit, at first, it was because of the sex, but then I got to know her and-“

“See, what did I tell you?” Abby asked in anger. “She’s only using you for sex! I’m going to kill her!”
“Lexa, I just calmed her down!” Clarke groaned as Lexa dashed out of the kitchen and into Clarke’s bedroom, Abby hot on her heels and Clarke chasing after them.

“Are you guys even talking right now?” Roan asked. “I mean, you and…”

“Lexa.” Raven offered gently.

“Right, you and Lexa.”

“Uhm, not necessarily.” Clarke spoke sheepishly, but the alcohol flowing through her system made her open up a bit more. “It’s been two weeks since my mom found out and she’s been doing everything in her power to keep us away from each other. I honestly think she scared the life out of Lexa that night.”

“I mean, I understand that. What if it was the other way around?” Roan asked quietly, actually thankful for the loud music so no one could hear the conversation they were having. “I don’t think you would even be here right now.”

“Roan’s right,” Raven sighed. “You would probably be behind bars.”

“Guys!” Clarke whined.

“What? You know it’s true. Your mom is just looking out for you.” Raven defended the both of them.

“But anyways, what happened next?” Roan asked eagerly. “Did she kill Lexa?”

“Just about.” Clarke chuckled faintly at the memory.

By the time Clarke had gotten to her bedroom, Abby had grabbed a hold of Lexa and had her arm wrapped around Lexa’s neck. Her girlfriend was trying to get out of her hold, but was also trying
“Mom, you put her into a choke-hold? What is wrong with you?”

“This is ending now, Clarke. I don’t care if you’re in love with her. There won’t be a future for you if she’s in it. She’s going to get you in trouble. She is too damn young for you.”

“How did you learn to do this?” Clarke asked amazed, trying to break them apart.

“I’ve been taking boxing classes. Something you would know if you weren’t too busy boning students!”

“Student. As in singular. As in only one and let go of her before you kill her!” Clarke tried desperately to tear her mom off of Lexa.

“No!”

“Mrs. Griffin!” Lexa pleaded, tapping against her arm, but Abby just tightened her hold.

“What did I tell you? I told you not to speak unless spoken to!”

“Can’t breath.” Lexa spoke weakly.

“Good!”

“Mom!” Clarke said horrified, gathering up enough strength to push her. Clarke had pushed her so hard, Abby stumbled over her feet and Lexa was set free. Lexa quickly took in a huge breath, rubbing at her sore neck before running behind Clarke again.

“She’s crazy!” Lexa exclaimed with wide eyes.
“Mom, you are acting like a child right now! We’re the adults!” Clarke gestured between her and Lexa. “And you’re the child!”

That seemed to get Abby to calm down. She relaxed her shoulders and took a deep breath.

“I’m an adult.” Abby said, fixing her hair and smoothing down her clothes.

“Then, please, act like it.” Clarke chuckled out.

“You had your turn to take your anger out on Lexa. Now, you get to hear her out. Let’s go in the family room.” Clarke was speaking like there was no room for negotiations, and there wasn’t. Her mom just put Lexa into a chokehold, the least she could do was hear them both out.

“Fine.” Abby said and Clarke knew she was practically forcing herself from not pouncing on Lexa again.

They made their way through the apartment quietly. No one dare spoke until they were all seated. Abby had her arms folded across her chest, lip curled up in disgust.

Clarke softly nudged Lexa and the brunette got the hint and started rambling on.

“The first time I truly talked to your daughter, I knew I wanted her in my life. There were a lot of things going on in her life and I knew she was like a little lost puppy. She had a sense of the world, but had no idea how to tackle it or what her next move was. Maybe I’m not the one for your daughter, but I think I am, because I love her in ways you can’t understand.”

“That’s it?” Abby asked while staring her down.

“I won’t apologize for the way I feel.” Lexa said stubbornly.

“Let me tell you how this is going to go.”
“What do I even say to her?” Clarke slurred, looking at her friends desperately. “I wouldn’t be surprised if she never wanted to see me again. You guys weren’t there, my mom completely dictated the whole thing. Our whole relationship. What do I say to her after that?”

Clarke picked up another shot, but didn’t bother downing it. At this point, the shots weren’t helping at all.

“And I know if I try to even see her, my mom has this sixth sense and she’ll know and would someone turn off my fucking phone?” Clarke gestured at the offending device that wouldn't stop buzzing.

“She’s not going to stop until you talk to her.”

“I have absolutely nothing to say,” Clarke grumbled. “She’s ruining my relationship... She ruined my relationship.”

“How did she do that?”

“Zero contact is going to happen here!”

“I object to that!” Clarke rejected through gritted teeth. “Can you calm down for just one second?”

“I won’t be calm a second from now. I won’t be calm a minute from now. I won’t be calm an hour from now or a day or a whole damn year! If I found this out, who’s going to be next? Her mom? Who could press charges against you?”

“I don’t really think-“ Lexa tried to chime in.

“You don’t know that!” Abby quickly cut her off. “You guys have no idea the consequences of your actions and of course you don’t because neither one of you are using your brain! This relationship ends now. I will not sit back and watch you destroy my daughter like this.”

“I’m not going anywhere.” Lexa spoke up bravely. She hadn’t had a minute to clear her head. She
was just focused on whether or not she needed to get away from Abby again.

“Are you sure about that?”

“I really wish you wouldn’t threaten my girlfriend like that. The only person who can actually make me smile since dad died.”

“Oh, don’t play that card with me, Clarke,” Abby scoffed at her. “I’m not going to change my mind.”

“It’s a relationship as in two people. So, you can’t just come in here and snap-“

“I sure as hell can!” Abby corrected her. “Because I am your mother and you will do as I say.”

“I’m a grown woman!” Clarke countered.

“Who’s in a relationship with a child.”

“I’m eighteen-“ Lexa stopped talking after Abby slowly glanced her way. Lexa quickly closed her mouth and continued to listen to the arguing match between the two Griffin women.

She should’ve seen this coming. She should’ve made sure she had all of her things gathered, but she didn’t have enough time because Abby barged through the door.

Lexa knew there was no way Abby wasn’t going to open the closet after Clarke revealed that there was someone in there. Lexa knew she was the last person Abby had expected to see in her daughter’s apartment. It made her feel guilty. She had went basically the whole school year without people finding out, instead only telling her best friend.

Lexa couldn’t believe Abby was sitting across from them, threatening them left and right. Lexa knew no matter how this night ended, it wasn’t going to be good.

“... Do you understand?” Abby had finished her speech. Lexa felt terrible because she hadn’t
listened to a single word.

“Understand what?” Lexa asked confused.

“Were you not listening to a word I said?” Abby asked impatiently. Lexa didn’t say anything, fearing that if she had said no, Abby would put her into another choke-hold.

Clarke placed a hand on Lexa’s thigh, the saddest expression on her face.

“What did I miss?” Lexa asked quietly.

“She doesn’t want us to see each other anymore.” Clarke nervously tapped against Lexa’s thigh.

“But, you can’t do that. Clarke, she can’t do this, I’m not just going to leave because she says so.”

“Oh, great,” Abby threw up her hands. “She’s one of those delinquents that doesn’t follow the rules. It doesn’t surprise me since you’re sleeping with my daughter. Which isn’t going to happen anymore.”

“If you would just give me a minute-“

“I’m not going to give you anything besides five seconds to get the hell out of here! You’re not going to see my daughter anymore.”

“Clarke-“ Lexa looked at Clarke for help, but knew she wasn’t going to with the way she wasn’t looking at her.

“Clarke.” Lexa said softly, begging, pleading. Anything to get Clarke to look at her.

“Lexa, I think you should go. We’re just running in circles at this point.”
“Yeah, leave.”

Clarke stopped talking to look pointedly at her mom.

“Please, go. We aren’t going to get anything solved tonight.”

“Don’t do this. Don’t let her win.” Lexa shook her head.

“I’m not letting her win, but there’s nothing you can say to her to make her change her mind. Go. Please.”

Lexa looked at Clarke for a couple seconds, seeing how tired Clarke was. Her eyes were rimmed red and her shoulders sagged. Abby was sitting on the opposite couch, sitting upright and just waiting for Lexa to mess up.

“Okay. I’ll go.” Lexa nodded, even though every fiber in her being was telling her to stay. She knew she wasn’t going to get through to the older Griffin and sighed.

She sighed heavily as she gathered all her things together. She couldn’t even hug Clarke goodbye, because Abby was giving her that look again. The one she had before she put her into a chokehold.

Lexa didn’t even bother waving bye to them. She just held her head high and walked out of the door. She walked away from the woman she loved.

“I hope you’re happy.” Clarke wiped her tears away.

“I’m very happy.” Abby sighed out, relaxing against the couch as Clarke stormed into the kitchen, wondering what the hell she just did.

“Wow. I’m so sorry, Clarke.” Raven put a hand over Clarke’s.

“I just shooed her away like some bug. I had no other choice. I knew my mom wasn’t going to leave
me alone that night. I knew I wasn’t going to win this and I bet Lexa hates me,” Clarke groaned before deciding to finally down her shot. “She’s never going to forgive me for not standing up for her, but I had no idea what to do.”

“You were playing smart, Clarke.” Roan reassured her. “You needed to because I don’t think Lexa would’ve survived another choke-hold.”

“I’m glad you’re finding this so humorous.” Clarke said once she noticed Roan’s smirk.

“I can’t believe Abby actually put her in a choke-hold.”

“I thought she was going to kill her.” Clarke shook her head, but couldn’t stop the small smile from forming.

“So, now what?” Raven asked.

“I have no idea,” Clarke sighed. “I have absolutely no idea, but it starts with turning off my phone.”

Clarke had just finished clearing off the easels her students had used for fifth period. She had a little break before her last class of the day and was going to spend it grading artwork.

She hadn’t had any contact with Lexa and had no idea where she was right now. Clarke thought it was for the best and as she sat down to grade, she wondered how they ended up here.

Clarke couldn’t believe she let them end up like this. She couldn’t believe her mom just came in and took over. She knew it was going to happen and this was the exact reason why she didn’t want to tell her.

She should’ve tried harder. She should’ve lied, but even if she did, Abby still knew someone was in the apartment because the hangers had clanged together.

Clarke shook her head to clear her thoughts. She had thirty minutes to get through as many artworks as she possibly could.
She was completely startled when there was a soft knock at the door. Clarke immediately smiled, knowing it had to be Lexa. She had no idea what she was going to say to her, but Clarke was glad that Lexa was here. Clarke had missed her so much.

Clarke quickly stood up and smoothed down her skirt. She couldn’t contain her excitement as she opened the door. Her face completely fell when she saw her mom standing before her.

“Well, don’t look so excited.” Abby smirked as she walked into the classroom. “Expecting someone else?”

Clarke tried not to scream as she practically slammed the door closed.

“How did you even get in here?”

“The sad widow wanted to see her daughter.” Abby explained lightly as she walked around the classroom. “I always did wonder how you became so artistic. Your father and I couldn’t draw to save our lives.”

“That’s not funny, mom.” Clarke said, regarding Abby’s former statement.

“I wasn’t being funny. I’m sad your father is dead. I’m a widow and I wanted to see my daughter.”

Clarke closed her eyes as Abby explained herself. When she opened them, it didn’t stop the ache in her chest at her words.

“Why are you here?” Clarke asked. “Afraid I was with Lexa? Don’t worry. We aren’t speaking.”

“Clarke, I’m doing this for you own-“

“I’m going to say something and you're going to listen to me. You’re not going to interrupt me at all and if you do, then you can get out because I was in the middle of doing something. Do you understand?” Clarke asked, finally trying to stand her ground.
“Fine.” Abby said simply, gesturing in her direction.

“Dad knew about Lexa,” Clarke admitted. Abby looked like she was about to say something, but Clarke looked at her pointedly. “And he loved her, mom. I had never felt so free. He didn’t know about her age, but he still liked her and for those couple of hours that I was with him, I felt free and in love with Lexa. I felt like we could just be, without being judged.”

“That’s because he didn’t know. If he would’ve known-“

“I don’t think he would act the way you are.” Clarke finished for her. “He wouldn’t keep me away from the person I love.”

“Do you hear yourself?” Abby spat. “Look at where you are, Clarke. You’re in a high school and I’m standing in your classroom and you’re telling me you’re in love with a student. This isn’t okay.”

“I don’t care if you accept it. My feelings aren’t going to go away.”

“This school year is almost over and you’ll be going back to New York. I’m sure Lexa is getting some sort of basketball scholarship, who knows where. How is this going to work?”

“I don’t know yet, mom.” Clarke answered. “But I’m going to make it work. I don’t care what you have to say about this anymore.”

“I see.” Abby hummed. “I guess I’ll see myself out.”

“Mom-“

“Do what you want, Clarke.” Abby shrugged, but Clarke wasn’t dumb enough to fall for it.

“Mom-“
“I can’t believe you let a child brainwash you!” Abby turned around and faced her daughter. “If your company finds out about this, you can kiss your job as boss goodbye. They would end you, Clarke. *Lexa,* is ending you.”

“I won’t let them and I won’t let her. I won’t let anything happen to her and you’re going to leave her alone. I’m not going to keep talking about this with you.”

“As long as you keep trying to see her, you sure as hell will.” Abby sneered.

Clarke sighed and leaned against her desk. She folded her arms across her chest and wished her mom would just leave her alone.

“This isn’t over.” Abby said.

“I’m sure it isn’t.” Clarke rolled her eyes. “But I can make my own decisions.”

“You clearly can’t because if you could, you would have used your better judgement to know that falling into bed with a student will never end well. Great, your mom knows. It beats another student finding out or even the principal. You can’t act like I’m the worst person on the planet when all I’m trying to do, is keep you safe.”

Clarke knew what her mom was saying was true, which just made her more mad. She thanked god that she only had ten minutes until her last class and her mom needed to go before she got caught up in the mob of students.

Clarke didn’t say a word as she quietly walked over to her door and opened it. Abby scoffed but got the hint.

“Thanks for stopping by, mom. Please, don’t come back.”

“You’ll realize it sooner or later,” Abby muttered. “And I’ll be here waiting with a box of tissues when she breaks your heart. You can’t possibly think an eighteen year old knows what she wants right now.”
“Thanks, mom.” Clarke spoke over her. “You can leave now.”

Abby didn’t say anything as she passed Clarke and walked out of the building. Clarke slammed her classroom door in frustration and went to go prepare for her last class of the day.

Clarke was in the middle of watching reruns while sipping on a glass of wine. It was the perfect way she wanted to relax on her Friday night after the long, stressful week she had. She didn’t manage to accidentally run into Lexa once. Clarke even went as far as waking up earlier and going to their spot, but Lexa never showed up.

Clarke sighed because she could only blame herself. She brought this upon herself and she was paying for it.

Clarke should’ve known her mom was going to show up halfway through her relaxing. Clarke was on her third glass of wine and already felt calmer, when she heard a round of knocking on her door. She figured she could handle her mom in her tipsy state and got off the couch to answer the door.

What Clarke wasn’t expecting was Lexa to be standing in the hallway, holding up a box of pizza.

“Hi.” Clarke wanted to break down as soon as she heard Lexa’s soft voice. She closed her eyes and leaned against her door.

“You’re not supposed to be here.” Clarke whispered, her eyes still closed.

“I had to see you,” Lexa breathed. “It’s been two weeks, Clarke and I miss you.”

The first thing Lexa’s voice brought Clarke, was peace. She still had her eyes closed, hanging onto Lexa’s words, but it was short-lived. The second thing Lexa’s voice brought Clarke, was pain, knowing that she shouldn’t be here.

“I miss you too, but you should go.” Clarke didn’t open her eyes. She couldn’t bare to see the pain written across Lexa’s face.
“Is this really how you're going to let us end?” The hurt was clear in Lexa’s voice, Clarke didn’t need to open her eyes for that.

“She’s my mom, Lexa.”

“We can fight through this.” Lexa pleaded. “Because I love you and I’m not going anywhere.”

Clarke took a deep breath, but she still kept her eyes closed. She could smell the lavender flowing off of Lexa and just wanted her to wrap her arms around her. She just wanted to be with Lexa, but she couldn’t. Not with the position that she was in. Not with her taking over Arkadia Inc.

“Clarke, please,” Lexa begged. “And will you please open your eyes?”

“I can’t,” Clarke shook her eyes, her bottom lip trembling. “If I open my eyes then this will all be real. I want this to be a dream, Lexa, because I know if this is reality, I have to tell you to go away, but if this is a dream…”

“Please, tell me what would happen if this was a dream.” Lexa spoke and it was easier hearing her voice while Clarke’s eyes were close.

“I would invite you in,” Clarke sighed and leaned further against the door. “We would eat the pizza first because we can’t let that go to waste. You would get up to put our plates away, but I won’t let you. I would stop you and I would give you a hug.”

Clarke couldn’t see it, but felt Lexa step closer to her.

“And then what?” Lexa spoke lowly.

“And then, I would ask you if you want to spend the night and I would spend the whole night trying to make this up to you.”

“Your dream sounds nice. If you open your eyes, we can make it a reality.”
“If I open my eyes,” Clarke spoke shakily. “I’ll have to ask you to leave and I can’t do that, Lexa. I can’t ask you to leave so please just do it.”

“No.”

Clarke wanted to laugh at how stubborn Lexa was. Nothing sounded better than spending her Friday night with her girlfriend.

Clarke stood against the door for another minute, knowing Lexa was still standing there. She felt bad that she was happy her mom was working all night and wasn’t going to be checking up on her tonight.

Clarke sighed and finally stepped aside. “You can come in.”

Lexa didn’t wait for Clarke to finish her sentence. She quickly walked through the door and closed it behind her. Clarke immediately opened her eyes as soon as the door closed and opened her arms.

“Hug me,” Clarke murmured. “Hug me.”

Lexa quickly wrapped her arms around Clarke the best she could while balancing the pizza in one hand.

“God, I’ve missed you so much.” Clarke whispered into the warmth of Lexa’s neck. “So much.”

“Me too.” Lexa agreed, hugging Clarke tightly. “Come on, let’s eat. I’m curious to see how you’re going to make this up to me.”

“I’m so sorry!” Clarke sobbed. “I should’ve never let her get in my head like that. She’s been suffocating me all week. Even coming to my work.”

“I heard about that.”
“You did?”

“Most popular girl in school. I hear everything.” Lexa gestured to herself, but not in a way that was cocky. It was in a way that she couldn’t help it. No matter what, she was always going to be popular.

“I wish I could go a day without hearing my name,” Lexa sighed, working her way around Clarke’s kitchen and forcing down the memories of last time she was here. “Is it bad I wish I was one of those nerds? They go the whole day without hearing their name. They go the whole day being ghosts. I wish I could be a ghost. Being popular isn’t all that it’s cracked up to be.”

“Speak for yourself.” Clarke clicked her tongue. “I was on a high the entire roller coaster ride of high school. I got by easier because everyone knew me.”

“I wish no one knew me. If I wasn’t a basketball player, I’m sure I would be one of those goth, stoner girls, who does nothing but disappoint my mom.”

They both sat down and Lexa opened the pizza box for them.

“I think if I wasn’t a cheerleader, I would’ve been a nerd. I loved school and was always good at it.”

“Teach me your ways.”

“Sure thing, grasshopper.”

They both broke out in laughter before coming down.

“I’ve missed talking to you,” Lexa giggled out. “You’re my best friend.”

“Yeah?” Clarke asked and Lexa nodded. “Me too.”

They ate in silence for a couple of minutes, not forgetting the huge elephant in the room. Lexa picked around at her crust before grabbing another slice.
“You never asked me to prom.” Clarke said quietly, almost in insecurity.

“What?” Lexa chuckled and jerked her head up to look at Clarke, but her face was completely serious.

“You never asked me to prom,” Clarke repeated. “You just asked if I was going to chaperone it. As if you couldn’t put more emphasis on the fact that I’m older than you.”

“Clarke-“

“I need to say this to get it off my chest.” Clarke said, hating how she was dropping another bomb on Lexa.

“Okay.” Lexa said gently.

“I just think it would’ve been nice if you would’ve asked me to prom. I didn’t want to think about how we can’t actually be together during it, but it would’ve been nice to have been asked.”

“Wait,” Lexa held up her hands with a chuckle. “You really wanted me to ask you?”

“Of course, I did!” Clarke answered. “I was all ready and prepared and you asked if I was going to chaperone.”

“I-“

“And I just couldn’t help but think how my mom is right. Being in a relationship with you is never going to work out.”

“It was working just fine until your mom found out.”

“There was a lot of things she said that were true.”
“If we’re just going to fight about your mom, I can leave. I didn’t come here to fight.”

“Then, what did you come here for?” Clarke asked. “To have sex?”

“Of course I didn’t! I came here because I missed you. We spent a lot of time together and I just wanted to make sure you’re okay. I wasn’t even thinking about sex, Clarke.”

“I’m sorry,” Clarke sighed. “I shouldn’t have attacked you like that.”

Lexa took her time and chewed up her food before looking at Clarke. She looked so scared across from her and Lexa hated it. She hated the fact that she might be making Clarke feel this way.

“You bought us matching necklaces that spells out forever on them.”

“Lexa-“

“I’m not going to give up on you, Clarke. I’m not just going to walk away and you can’t make me. And don’t ask me to, because you know I’m going to say no.” Lexa said defiantly.

“Everything has been a mess since my dad died,” Clarke picked at her pizza. “This was the one thing I couldn’t mess up and I did.”

“You didn’t mess up, Clarke, because I am sitting right here.”

“We can’t hide out here forever and you didn’t even ask me to prom.”

“What is it with you and this prom thing? Did it mean that much to you? Clarke, I didn’t ask you because I thought you were going to say no.” Lexa tried to explain herself.

“I would’ve said yes, but you wouldn’t have known that because you never asked me.”
“Clarke!” Lexa groaned. “Why won’t you let it go?”

“Who were you going to go with?” Clarke asked instead, making Lexa shrug.

“Just some friends.” Lexa answered.

“But not me?”

“Clarke, I couldn’t bring you if I wanted. I can’t just have you hanging off my arm.”

“You’re right,” Clarke muttered, defeated. “I’m sorry. I just really wanted to go with you, but I can’t because I’m a teacher who's going to be chaperoning it.”

Lexa hated how awkward they were becoming. She knew their bubble had popped and they were both devastated by it. As long as Abby was around, Lexa knew their bubble wouldn’t be coming back anytime soon.

They continued to eat in silence, not really sure what topic of conversation would be safe at this point. It was a complete switch from their previous conversation which flowed effortlessly.

“Maybe I should go?” Lexa offered, but didn’t mean her words. She didn’t want to leave Clarke right now, but the blonde didn’t look like she wanted talk right now. Lexa would go if she had to.

Clarke opened and closed her mouth, before letting out a long sigh. She didn’t say anything and chewed her bottom lip in concentration.

“Maybe you should.” Clarke whispered, not believing that she was saying this right now. Clarke didn’t want Lexa to leave at all, so why was she willing to let her go so easily?

“Alright.” Lexa said, but Clarke knew she hurt her feelings. Lexa threw down her pizza and stuffed her phone in her pocket. She didn’t say anything as she made her way through Clarke’s apartment.
Clarke stayed put, knowing that if she went after Lexa, an argument might break out. Clarke didn’t want to fight right now. She wanted to pull Lexa in to her and tell her everything was going to be okay. She wanted to massage the part of Lexa’s jaw where she knew the tension was building for having it clenched for so long.

She wanted to do the complete opposite of fight and with that in mind, she jumped up from her chair.

Lexa had just opened the door and was getting ready to walk out, when Clarke yanked her back.

Lexa looked back at her with questioning eyes, but Clarke didn’t say anything. Lexa scoffed and tried to get out of Clarke’s hold, but the blonde tightened her grip on her.

This was her decision on whether she was going to let Lexa stay or go. She even surprised herself with how easy she gave in. She couldn’t help it. She needed to feel Lexa’s body against her. There was only one way Clarke wanted to end her night and it was in bed with Lexa.

Clarke loosened her grip on Lexa, giving her the chance to leave. Lexa’s hard eyes went soft as she locked eyes with Clarke, the tension thick between them as the silence became deafening.

Lexa waited for Clarke to say it out loud, because she would leave if she said otherwise.

Clarke knew she was going behind her mom’s back, but what she didn’t know, wouldn’t hurt her. Clarke had never wanted someone so much than this moment standing before Lexa.

Lexa stood there for another minute and Clarke’s decision was clear as she stepped to the side. Her decision was clear as she pulled Lexa in by her neck and rested her head against Lexa’s.

Clarke wondered how something could feel so right, but be so wrong. Clarke didn’t think about what she was doing anymore. She was so tired of it and as she felt Lexa’s arms wrap around her waist, she whispered out the words that had Lexa slamming her against the door as she closed it.

“Stay.”
Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

This is probably the longest chapter I've ever posted, so I hope you guys enjoy!

Warning: Sin and a bit of a time jump

The searing pain coursing through Clarke’s back had no match for the things Lexa was doing to her right now. Her back was screaming at her to move, just an inch to relieve some of the pressure, but Clarke wasn’t listening to that part of her body right now.

The only part of her body she was listening to was the throbbing and soaking wet part. The part of her body that was screaming, begging for Lexa. Clarke could feel how wet she was the second Lexa ripped her sweatpants off. Clarke knew she was dripping wet and it was all for Lexa. So, Clarke ignored the pain in her back from being jammed in between Lexa and her bedroom door. Clarke would never stop the assault that Lexa was currently doing to her neck.

Clarke had fistful of Lexa’s shirt, never wanting to let go of her. It made Lexa pin Clarke harder into the door, and the blonde tried everything in her power not to bite down on Lexa’s shoulder.

Instead, she grabbed Lexa’s neck and pulled her in for a deep kiss, their tongues not shy at all and brushing against each other. Clarke pulled away a second later, but rested her mouth against Lexa’s cheek. Clarke squeezed her thighs around Lexa’s hips as Lexa had one knee in between her legs and her hands traveled all over her body. Lexa didn’t need to see where she was going, she knew Clarke’s body like the back of her hand.

All Clarke felt was Lexa’s teeth deep into her skin, Lexa’s hand groping her butt and the now scorching pain running through her back. Clarke didn’t have it in her to stop Lexa. She might think she was stopping them for good, but that wasn’t the problem at all.

Lexa removed her teeth from Clarke’s skin and briefly pulled away so she could take her pants off. Clarke quickly got rid of her shirt before taking off Lexa’s.

Lexa’s warm skin was back on hers in an instant, and their bodies were tangled together again. Lexa pressed Clarke harder into her door as she took off her underwear, Clarke couldn’t help but hiss.
She let out a sharp whistle through her teeth that made Lexa stop what she was doing.

“Am I hurting you?” Lexa whispered out into the dark room. Clarke bit the inside of her cheek to try and focus on something else other than the pain in her back. She didn’t want to ruin this moment. She had no idea when they would have another moment like this again, but she knew by the look on Lexa’s face that the brunette wasn’t going to move until Clarke answered her.

“I didn’t want to ruin the mood, but you are killing my back.” Clarke articulated with a groan.

“Why didn’t you say something?” Lexa gasped, immediately removing herself from Clarke. Something the blonde didn’t want at all.

“I didn’t want to ruin this moment. I couldn’t ruin this moment. I didn’t want you to think I was going back on my word.”

“I wouldn’t have thought that.” Lexa said, reaching around and rubbing Clarke’s back. “But you and I both know we are terrible at not going back on our words.”

“I can’t believe we ever thought this was going to be a one time thing.” Clarke chuckled out and started walking towards her bed, Lexa following suit.

“It could never be a one time thing with an ass like that.” Lexa had her eyes locked on Clarke’s butt as she bent over to pull her comforter down.

“Lexa.” Clarke giggled out, cheeks pink, but invited Lexa into her bed.

Lexa climbed in the bed on top of Clarke and took her bra off. She moaned when Clarke cupped both of her breasts and pulled a nipple into her mouth. Lexa squeezed her sides as Clarke sucked harder.

“I’m sorry about the door.” Lexa said around a moan.
“Don’t apologize,” Clarke smirked against her, gently biting down on her nipple. “I can take a little pain.”

“Clearly not,” Lexa spoke softly, too wrapped up in what Clarke was doing. “You started complaining like an old lady.”

“I am *not* old.” Clarke pulled her mouth away and pinched Lexa’s nipple.

“Ow!” Lexa laughed, her hands sliding up Clarke’s thigh. “I take it back!”

“Good,” Clarke hummed. “Now, where were we?”

Lexa smiled down at Clarke before connecting their lips together, thrusting her tongue into her mouth.

“Right around here.” Lexa mumbled against her mouth, guiding her member toward Clarke’s entrance.

“This is a good spot to be.” Clarke whispered in between their connected mouths, wrapping her arms around Lexa’s shoulders and getting ready for the invasion.

Clarke spread her legs wider and gasped when she felt Lexa start to push into her. After weeks of not being touched, every move Lexa made felt heightened and sensitive.

When Lexa was all the way in, Clarke looked up and noticed the complete concentration on Lexa’s face. Her whole face was twisted up in pleasure and there was a crease in between her brow.

“We’re fucked.” Lexa groaned, not moving anywhere. Clarke wanted to laugh, but she was too confused by Lexa’s statement.

“Why? Don’t tell me you heard my mom at the door because she should be working.” Clarke answered distractedly, her mouth latching onto Lexa’s shoulder. Lexa hadn’t moved at all and Clarke clenched down around her.
“Okay, don’t do that!” Lexa whimpered and this time Clarke chuckled.

“Lexa, is everything okay?” Clarke asked slowly, and couldn’t help but clench around her again.

“No!” Lexa whined. “I’m not going to last at all and you have to stop doing that!”

“How long are we talking?” Clarke asked curiously.

“Probably like a minute or two.” Lexa shrugged sheepishly. “It’s not my fault. You feel better than heaven and I’m not going to make it past two minutes. I’m already balls deep inside of you and I feel like I could explode any minute.”

“Surprise me.” Clarke said encouragingly, making Lexa shake her head.

“We aren’t going to break up because of your mom. We’re going to break up because I can’t last long in bed!”

“You’re being dramatic,” Clarke let out a smirk. “Fuck me, Lexa. You normally last longer than two minutes and we have all night.”

Those words struck a chord in Lexa as she leaned against Clarke and quickly pulled out and roughly pushed back in. Clarke bit her lip, holding her breath and preparing for Lexa to do it again. Clarke dragged her fingernails across Lexa’s back when she pumped back into her, completely taking her breath away.

Lexa was making every noise under the sun, and Clarke knew she wasn’t going to last more than a couple more thrusts, but it was okay. Clarke could feel every single inch of Lexa, sliding in and out of her and knew that this was the way she wanted to spend the rest of her night. Wrapped around in Lexa, battling for dominance and being completely surrounded by her, buried to the hilt with her dick. Clarke never wanted to leave this bed.

Clarke wasn’t surprised at all when Lexa jerked her hips into her and felt her dick twitch. Lexa had a death grip on Clarke’s sides as she nodded, letting Clarke know that she wasn’t going to last any longer.
Clarke let out a long, encouraging moan when Lexa erupted inside of her seconds later. She was nowhere near her breaking point, but it was so hot watching Lexa completely lose control on top of her.

A string of curse words came flying out of Lexa’s mouth as her eyes slammed shut. Clarke brought her in for a rough kiss as Lexa pulled out of her.

“See I told you.” Lexa panted out, resting her forehead against Clarke’s chest. “I didn’t even last two minutes.”

“And this is the part where I tell you, you have all night to make me cum. I’m sure it’ll happen.”

“You have so much faith in me.” Lexa said with a cheesy smile, bringing Clarke in for a deep kiss and slipping her tongue in her mouth. Lexa moaned when she felt Clarke’s tongue graze against hers before pulling away.

“You give me the best orgasms.” Clarke said as if it were obvious.

“Okay, I’m ready to go again,” Lexa said as she squeezed Clarke’s breast. “I’ll last longer this time. I promise. We don’t even have to count that round.”

“I’m counting that round.” Clarke said with a laugh and reached down, stroking Lexa slowly. Clarke took a moment to appreciate the pure bliss on Lexa’s face as she stroked her. Clarke would never be able to comprehend how beautiful Lexa was.

“Fine. We can count it.” Lexa huffed, her breathing coming in short. “But I think you should stop what you’re doing if you really do want me to last long.”

“I love having sex with you. You’re a catch.” Clarke said half-joking, half-being serious.

“That’s what all the girls say.” Lexa shrugged as if it were nothing and Clarke shoved her in the chest.
“Don’t make me leave you in this bed alone.” Clarke threatened, squeezing Lexa tighter.

“You wouldn’t.” Lexa said through gritted teeth, sliding a finger through Clarke, making the blonde jerk her hips up, wanting more. “I don’t think you’ve ever been so wet. You wouldn’t leave me in bed right now. Not until I take care of this.”

“A delight in bed and cocky?” Clarke asked rhetorically. “What more could I ask for?”

Lexa was getting ready to respond, when Clarke softly pushed Lexa away.

“Oh, I know.” Clarke threw Lexa one of those dirty smirks, Lexa loved way too much. Clarke didn’t say anything else as she rolled over and rested against her stomach, her butt high in the air.

Lexa quickly caught on to what Clarke wanted and placed a pillow under Clarke’s hips to keep her hips high in the air.

“I’m assume it’s me putting my dick inside of you? Making you feel good? Fucking you raw? Possibly giving you an orgasm, I haven’t decided on that yet.”

“You’re going to give me an orgasm. Make me cum, Lexa. Please.” Lexa could barely hear Clarke as her face was buried into the sheets, but Lexa heard enough.

She took a deep breath and ran her dick along Clarke’s folds, gathering some of her wetness and sliding back inside.

Lexa groaned at the way Clarke immediately clenched down around her. Clarke let out a long, muffled moan, before pushing her hips back. Lexa got the hint and started to slide in and out. She placed her hands on Clarke’s hips and towered over her a bit to get a better angle.

“Yeah, that’s the good stuff.” Clarke moaned, making Lexa’s face heat up. She knew she had already had an orgasm, but nothing turned her on more than Clarke talking during sex. Lexa knew Clarke knew this, and shook her head.

“You’re trying to kill me, Ms. Griffin.” Lexa squeezed Clarke’s butt in her hands, before smacking it.
“Okay, that’s not fair!” Clarke shot back.

“Isn’t it?” Lexa asked, slamming her hips into Clarke. “You talking during sex just brings out my wild side. You know this!”

“I don’t recall.” Clarke giggled out, but it quickly turned into a sharp moan when Lexa reached around and rubbed lazy circles around her clit.

“You’re going to cum before me.” Lexa spoke in a firm voice, making Clarke clench around her again.

“I thought my orgasm was up for debate.” Clarke tried to keep her voice steady, but couldn’t help letting out a few small moans, something she knew was driving Lexa crazy.

“Clarke.” Lexa groaned in complete pleasure. “My committee and I have voted.”

“Oh, really?” Clarke let out another small moan, earning another groan from Lexa. “What are the results? Anything good?”

Lexa didn’t respond for a moment, and Clarke wasn't complaining. She was devouring Lexa’s dick like it was the last thing she was going to do. She was taking every rough thrust she had, and every hand smack to the butt. Her hair was starting to stick to her face as she let out moan after moan. She almost forgot they were in the middle of a conversation.

“It was 2 to 1,” Lexa answered after a few minutes, but was still focusing on her dick sliding in and out of Clarke, getting drenched from her juices. “We won by a complete landslide. That other guy had no idea what was hitting him. He’s clearly never seen me in bed and it’s been officially decided that I’m giving you an orgasm.”

“Fuck!” Clarke squealed. “Yes! I would ask if you want to celebrate, but we already are.”

“And what a beautiful celebration this is, Ms. Griffin. What a beautiful oven you have to stick my hot dog in!”
“No!” Clarke tried to hold her breath to keep herself from laughing, but it was no use. Clarke couldn’t contain the amount of laughter that came bursting out of her, which made it extremely difficult for Lexa to move.

“Clarke, stay still!” Lexa whined, trying to get a better grip on the girl who was rolling around in laughter.

“You can’t say things like that!” Clarke giggled and rolled over to face Lexa. “You can’t refer to my vagina as an oven and you can’t refer to your dick as a hot dog!”

“But I did!” Lexa giggled back. “What are you going to do about it?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t decided yet.” Clarke said mockingly.

“Oh, come on,” Lexa huffed playfully. “We already voted that I was going to give you an orgasm. So, what are you going to do about it? And fast, my dick is so hard.”

“I guess I could ride you.” Clarke shrugged nonchalantly, but was already pushing at Lexa’s shoulders. “I guess I could show you that I’m not that old and I deserve all the orgasms in the world.”

“You deserve so many orgasms and I shall provide them,” Lexa nodded seriously. “It’s a law now, so hop on.”

Clarke straddled Lexa’s hips and smiled fondly down at Lexa. Words couldn’t describe how much she loved this girl.

With the help of Lexa, Clarke easily climbed on top of Lexa and sunk down on her. She immediately started moving her hips, because she could feel her orgasm sneaking up on her. Lexa was showering her body with kisses as Clarke dropped down to rest her head against Lexa’s chest.

Lexa started helping Clarke halfway through. Not because Clarke couldn’t do it herself, but because Lexa couldn’t keep still. Her girlfriend felt so damn good around her, Lexa had to do something. She couldn’t stop her hips from jerking up for more. Clarke was greedily taking her dick and it was
driving Lexa insane. This whole thing was driving Lexa insane and her insides went crazy when she felt Clarke start to repeatedly clench around her. That mixed with her increasingly loud moans proved that Clarke was reaching the edge.

Lexa held Clarke as she pumped her hips up frantically. Clarke had both hands wrapped around Lexa’s biceps as she let out loud moans. Lexa’s dick was filling her in the best way possible and Clarke whimpered when she felt something snapped inside of her.

“Lexa!” Clarke called helplessly as she spasmed around her. Lexa held her tightly as her hips rolled against her. Clarke’s grip on her tightened and she brought one hand to the back of Lexa’s neck to bring her in for a brief kiss.

When Clarke’s orgasm subsided, she quickly got off of Lexa and moved her way down her body. Lexa hummed in excitement as she got on her elbows to watch Clarke suck her off.

Her dick jerked when Clarke wrapped her hand around it and tugged. Her mouth engulfed her moments later and Lexa’s head was spinning with how much pleasure coursed through her.

Clarke was jerking her off in a steady, but firm motion. Lexa’s jaw went slack and her breath stopped as Clarke gave her one last jerk and sucked the head of her dick. Lexa grabbed a fistful of Clarke’s hair as she came for the second time that night. Clarke had no problem swallowing all of Lexa’s load and crawled back up her body.

Clarke wordlessly got under the covers with Lexa and rested her head against her chest.

“That was amazing.” Clarke breathed out, satisfied with the orgasm she just had.

“It was.” Lexa agreed. “I want to talk about something.”

“What?” Clarke asked, playing with Lexa’s hair.

“Prom.” Lexa admitted, looking down at Clarke. “I wasn’t even thinking about asking you and I feel bad about it, but I didn’t because I know we couldn’t really go together.”
“It’s okay, Lexa. You don’t have to explain.” Clarke started shaking her head.

“But I need to, because I obviously want to go with you.”

“You do?” Clarke asked with bright eyes.

“Of course I do.” Lexa nodded before getting out of bed. “I can’t do some big grand gesture, but I figured this would be enough. I didn’t have enough time to get flowers, but I’m still going to ask you. That was the main reason why I wanted to come over.”

Lexa rummaged around in her bag before pulling out a banter. It was cheesy and filled with hearts flowers and the question: Will you go to prom with me?

“I don’t think I need a big grand gesture for this. Our situation sucks and a part of me wishes I could give that to you. I know we won’t really be able to see each other during, and I’m technically going with Anya, but just know I want you to be my prom date because I love you.”

“I love you too.” Clarke said with a wide smile, looking at the cute banter in front of her, and the even cuter girl holding it.

“So, what do you say?”

“Yes, obviously!” Clarke chuckled before Lexa threw the banter behind her and climbed back on top of Clarke again.

“This causes for celebration!” Lexa exclaimed, getting ready to open Clarke’s legs, when she stopped her.

“Let’s go celebrate with a nice, warm bath.” Clarke said with a dreamy smile, getting out of bed.

“Can I light some candles?” Lexa asked.

“You can.” Clarke nodded as she turned her bathroom light on.
“We’re going to have sex in the bath right?” Lexa asked over her shoulder as she lit Clarke’s bathroom in candles.

“No, Lexa,” Clarke said sarcastically. “We’re going to sit here and just stare at each other. You aren’t allowed to touch me. I wasn’t even thinking about sex.”

“Okay, Ms. smart ass,” Lexa rolled her eyes and walked up behind Clarke. “I was just asking to clarify. I like to have consent.”

“How sweet is that.” Clarke smiled softly at her before pulling her in for a kiss. “We’re not leaving this bath for a long while, teacher’s orders.”

“I’ll take orders from you any day, Ms. Griffin.” Lexa nodded in respect. “Anything you want, I will provide.”

“I think you already know what I want.” Clarke murmured and bent over to turn the water on. Lexa took this as her opening (quite literally for that matter). She grabbed a hold of Clarke’s waist and was getting ready to slide inside of her when Clarke jerk away.

“I was talking about a glass of wine!” Clarke laughed out.

“Oh, shit. My bad. I thought you meant me.” Lexa said sheepishly. Clarke cupped her cheeks, even giving them a little pinch.

“How cute and I do want that, but I want that glass of wine,” Clarke looked at Lexa expectantly. “You can help yourself to some sparkling cider.”

Clarke tapped on Lexa’s shoulders in indication that she wanted her to leave and get her some wine.

“Right away, Ms. Griffin.” Lexa walked off and into the kitchen to get Clarke her glass of wine, naked as the day she was born.
Lexa put some pep in her step knowing that Clarke was probably already in the bath, surrounded by a ton of bubbles.

Lexa smiled when she walked back into the bathroom. The room was completely lit by candles and Clarke was leaning her head against the headrest, eyes closed peacefully.

“Here you go.” Lexa spoke quietly as to not startle Clarke. Clarke didn’t even open her eyes. She reached for the glass and took a gulp before placing it on the edge.

“Everything okay?” Lexa asked as she slowly got in the tub with Clarke.

“Perfect.” Clarke purred out.

“By the gulp you just took, I don’t think so.” Lexa pointed out and waited for Clarke to open her eyes.

“I’m sorry.” Clarke said, barely audible. “I’m responsible for this whole thing.”

“Technically this is my fault.” Lexa winced and Clarke looked at her questioningly.

“Your mom would’ve known someone was in the closet regardless. I tripped when I went to sit down and knocked a few hangers together. Even if you had covered up with my bag being Raven’s, she still would’ve known someone was here.”

“I’m just sorry for you having to deal with that. I know things weren’t going to get solved. I’m sorry my mom put you into a choke-hold. I don’t know what’s wrong with her.” Clarke said, taking another gulp of her wine.

“She cares about you, that’s what the problem is,” Lexa answered, sipping on her cider. “I can understand why she did that. It was actually pretty cool.”

“I’m really sorry.” Clarke repeated and Lexa shook her head.
“If you’re really sorry, prove it.” Lexa challenged, making Clarke’s lip curl up.

The water swooshed as Clarke made her way towards Lexa. Her body was covered in soap studs and Lexa gasped as Clarke climbed on top of her. Lexa’s only focus was on Clarke’s breasts that bounced in front of her as she settled into her lap.

“How do you want me to prove it?” Clarke asked, leaning down to suck on Lexa’s neck. “I’ll do anything.”

“Anything?” Lexa repeated for clarification and Clarke nodded firmly.

“Anything.”

Clarke knew by the look on Lexa’s face that she was in for a treat and spent the rest of her night, enjoying her time with Lexa.

Clarke rolled her eyes after the fifth message her mom sent her the next week. She kept asking her what she was doing and for once, Clarke told her the truth, but clearly that wasn’t working for Abby.

Wine wasn’t going to do it for her tonight. She wanted something much harder to stop herself from feeling like this. She just wished her mom would leave her alone, but knew that it wasn’t going to happen. She was blowing her phone up and Clarke could only take so much.

Clarke poured herself another shot of tequila, when her phone rang. She rolled her eyes and let out a long groan. She stomped over to where her phone was on the kitchen counter and picked it up without looking at the caller ID. She already knew who was calling her.

“Oh, my god, mom. I swear to god, I’m here by myself. You can come by right now, this second and see for yourself. Lexa isn’t here with me so can you stop blowing up my damn phone?” Clarke said angrily as she paced around her kitchen.

“Well, hello to you too.” Her friend giggled out and Clarke’s eyes widened.
“Raven?” Clarke asked weakly, pulling the phone away from her ear and looking at the contact. It was, in fact, her best friend. “I’m so sorry. I—”

“You thought I was your overbearing mother, I know. It’s totally okay. I would ask how you are, but I think I already have a feeling.”

“I just want her to leave me alone, but she won’t!”

“I’m really sorry, Clarke.”

“It’s fine.” Clarke said as she walked back over to her couch and sat down.

“Anyways, aren’t you excited?” Raven asked over the phone.

“Why would I be excited?” Clarke frowned.

“Oh, come on, this is good news. I still don’t know what Anya’s doing, but at least you’ll have Lexa.” Raven went on and Clarke scrunched her face up in confusion.

“Raven, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Wow, you’re really going to play it off as if you didn’t know Lexa got into NYU.”

Clarke had to stop herself from letting out a gasp, because she had no idea that Lexa got into the college. She had spent nearly the whole weekend with Lexa while her mom was working and Lexa hadn’t said a thing about it.

Did Lexa really get into NYU and she was the last one to find out? Clarke shook her head, because she knew she couldn’t be.

“Wait a second,” Clarke breathed. “How do you know this?”
“Because Anya told me?” Raven asked slowly, before gasping.

“Oh my god,” Raven giggled out. “Did Lexa not tell me?”

“She told me!” Clarke lied.

“No one likes a liar, Clarke.” Raven chided and Clarke sighed deeply.

“I had no idea.”

“Crap, Clarke. I’m sorry, I just thought you knew.” Raven apologized.

“You’re one-hundred percent sure?” Clarke asked.

“I mean, yeah. Anya went over to Lexa’s house and showed her the papers. At least, that’s what Anya told me.”

“When did you find this out?” Clarke questioned further.

“In your next life, you’re going to be a detective.” Raven said, trying to distract Clarke from their current conversation, something Clarke knew she was trying to do.

“Raven, please!” Clarke begged.

“A week ago, but I swear, I thought you knew.”

“It’s okay, Raven.”

“Well..” Raven sung. “I’m just going to go now and if Lexa questions you, you didn’t hear it from
me. It was Anya!”

“Real mature.”

“I’m not getting into this fight, so I’m just going to end this phone call now. Bye.” Raven said hurriedly before Clarke could get a word in and ended the call.

Clarke poured herself another drink and sat back on the couch, wondering why Lexa hadn’t mentioned anything about getting into NYU.

As the school year was coming to a close, Lexa still had one more mission. She still had one more game in her, up against the second best school within their district. Lexa already knew with the buzz this game was getting, that it was going to be a good one. She knew that she had a lot of people to impress and she couldn’t wait. She didn’t see the other school as a threat, not at all. She knew she had this. She had to.

Lexa couldn’t walk in with Clarke like she wanted to. The team wanted to get together beforehand and clear their minds. Instead, Lexa came in with her mom and didn’t even bat an eye when she kissed her on the cheek before heading into the stands.

Lexa was a little disappointed as she watched the people file into the gym, noticing that Clarke hadn’t showed up yet. Lexa knew she couldn’t text her right now, it wasn’t the right time. She needed to head into the locker room with her teammates. She looked around once more, not seeing Clarke at all, before turning around and heading out of the gym.

Lexa looked around the locker room to all of her teammates. This was without a doubt her team. She had shaped them all to be the best players they could be. She couldn’t be more proud to stand next to their coach as he spoke.

“This is such a sad, but happy night tonight, it’s my last game with all of you girls and it has been quite the journey. I know you guys will overcome any challenge that comes your way and know that basketball isn’t just a game. It’s a lifestyle. It’s therapeutic and it’s family. You guys are my family and I couldn’t be more proud. I know you guys are going to go out there and win this. You’re going to make me the luckiest coach to ever step foot in the gym because we have our secret weapon.”
Lexa couldn’t stop the smirk on her face. She didn’t mean it to be cocky. Even after all these years, Lexa was their most valuable player. Finn was right. Basketball wasn’t just a game. It was a lifestyle. A lifestyle Lexa wanted for the rest of her life, especially after she walked out of this gym tonight.

“It has been an honor to work alongside Lexa. I think we can all agree to that.” Finn said, making everyone around the locker room nod. “I know you’re going to go far with this and really make something out of it. I’ve never met a basketball player like you, Lexa. I can’t wait to see what the future has in store for you, but just know that I’ll always be proud of you.”

“Thank you, coach.” Lexa said gently, trying not to cry. She didn’t want to get emotional right now. She had a game she needed to win.

“Alright, I think it’s pretty acceptable to cheers to Lexa tonight, so hands in.”

Everyone got up, and Anya was standing beside Lexa. She had one arm wrapped around her waist and on the count of three they all cheered to Lexa, before heading out to the gym.

The music that was playing amped Lexa up. It was no Beethoven, but it would do for now. Lexa was the last person to walk out of the gym and she couldn’t stop the smile at how many people stood up for her. She would never fully comprehend that people like watching her play.

Lexa found those pretty blue eyes in the middle of the crowd. She was clapping and cheering away with Raven and Lexa just realized that this was probably the last time she was going to wear this jersey.

The jersey that gave her self-confidence and made her grow. No matter what happened out there on the court, she was glad that she got to wear this jersey. She was glad that she got to be Number Twenty-Five. That number would always be near and dear to her heart. This number was always going to be a part of her, and with that in mind, the second the whistle blew, she jumped up and knocked the ball straight to Anya.

“Have you talked to her yet?” Raven asked over the cheers.

“I haven’t,” Clarke replied. “I don’t even know what to say and, I just don’t know why she didn’t tell me.”
“Maybe she’s still trying to figure it out and crap... I really shouldn’t have told you.”

“I’m glad you did.”

“Are you going to tell her you know?”

“I don’t want to ruin her last basketball game so I’ll wait.”

“Just go easy on her. I’m sure there’s a reason why she didn’t.”

Clarke was half-paying attention to Raven’s words. She was still amazed how someone could have that much talent. Lexa had amazing coordination both on and off the court.

It was as if her mom knew exactly where she was and what she was thinking. Clarke didn’t see her at first, but the second she did, she tried to hide.

“Shit!” Clarke cursed, but immediately covered her mouth when she realized there were little kids around them.

“What?” Raven asked distractedly, and Clarke knew she was watching Anya.

“My mom is here.”

“What the hell?” Raven asked with wide eyes, when she spotted Abby coming their way.

“This is not happening!” Clarke said as she tried to get up, but it was too late. The second she stood up, she was face to face with Abby and the look on her face told Clarke that she wasn’t going anywhere any time soon.

Clarke had no idea if she could sit here for the whole game with her mom and not be awkward. This was the awkwardest situation she’d been in, in a while. She would rather have Abby find Lexa in the closet again because at least they were alone when that happened.
Abby could mess up and say the wrong thing and ruin this whole thing for them. They were in a gym packed full of people. Clarke just hoped her mom would behave.

“Abby!” Raven said jollily. “So, nice of you to join us.”

“Oh, save it. I thought you two were getting dinner.” Abby folded her arms, but she sat down so she was out of people’s way.

“We did get dinner… and then we came here.”

“I can see that.” Abby said, while staring down Clarke.

“It was her last game. I wasn’t going to miss it.” Clarke spoke in a quiet, but firm voice. She had no idea if she said the right thing, because her mom left her alone for the rest of the game.

Clarke side eyed her and smirked when she saw her mom’s impressed face. Lexa’s performance just had that effect on people.

Clarke was extremely surprised that Abby had left her alone the entire time. She was completely in a trance watching Lexa play and it made Clarke proud. That was her girlfriend killing it out there on the court and Clarke had no doubt that she was going to win this for them.

The mood in the gym was intense during the last quarter. Clarke could barely keep up with Lexa because she was all over the place. She would be on the other side of the court in less than 0.2 seconds, which Clarke knew amazed her mom.

The crowd started cheering for Lexa when it came down to the last minute. They were tied 98 to 98. Whoever scored this last point would win the championship. Clarke was on edge because the ball was nowhere near Lexa and Clarke could tell that Lexa wasn’t happy about it.

Everyone started chanting Lexa’s name, and for once, Clarke could tell it was making Lexa even more mad. Clarke knew there was nothing she could do for her, from the stands. She had to sit there and watch Lexa struggle from behind a girl that was blocking her.
Lexa was trying everything she could to get down the court to the ball. Clarke could tell by the tightness of her jaw that she was annoyed. The ball was in the hands of the captain from the other team. Clarke was actually starting to get nervous that Lexa couldn’t pull this off.

Lexa was on the other side of the court, completely blocked off from being able to go anywhere while the captain ran down the court.

Clarke almost wanted to close her eyes in fear that the captain was going to make the winning shot. Lexa’s face never changed. She didn’t look decayed or devastated. Clarke could tell she was thinking of a way to get out of this.

No one saw it but her and Raven. Everyone was so caught up in the captain running down the court, that they didn’t see Anya briefly look at Lexa and nod. Clarke almost wanted to jump up and down from happiness.

Clarke didn’t understand how Lexa was still blocked. She knew if this was any other game, Lexa would’ve already been chasing down the captain. The other team was so focused on the fact that their captain had the ball, that they failed to realize Lexa was right by their basket. All Anya had to do was get the ball from the captain and throw it down the court to Lexa in order for her to make the winning shot. It all came down to Anya, and Clarke had no doubt she could pull it off.

The gym went silent when the other captain tried to make the winning basket. Everyone held their breath and the other team groaned when the ball hit off the backboard and went around the rim into what they thought was the basket, but bounced off at the last second.

Now it was Anya’s turn to take over. The girl blocking Lexa was so focused on the fact that their captain didn’t make the shot, she failed to realize Lexa inching towards the basket and freeing up enough space for the ball to come flying her way.

The second the ball hit the ground, Anya grabbed a hold of it and quickly lunged it in Lexa’s direction. It would’ve been a better toss if Anya knew she had time, they only had fifteen seconds left in order to make the shot.

The entire gym gasped when they finally pieced together why Lexa wasn’t fighting back against the girl that was blocking her. She wanted to be as close to the basket as possible. She knew it wasn’t her usual half-court shot, but it would do. She had a championship to win, a girlfriend to impress, and a mom to make proud.
By time the ball was in Lexa’s hands, she knew the girl blocking her didn’t stand a chance now.

Lexa didn’t look at what she was doing. She was staring at the clock. She had five seconds to get this ball in the basket so she could win this for her team. Everyone, even people from the opposing team were chanting her name and Lexa didn’t look.

She held her eyes trained on the clock and without thinking about it, she tucked her right elbow in and took her shot. By the time the ball left Lexa’s hands, she knew it was too late to fix anything that might’ve been off during her throw. She didn’t have enough time to look toward the basketball or the basket. She was worried about the time and there was no one blocking her now.

Lexa felt it in her bones that she made this shot even though she didn’t look. She was realizing that maybe she should’ve looked. What idiot takes the winning shot without looking at what they were doing? Everyone in the crowd knew Lexa wasn’t looking at what she was doing and Lexa had to close her eyes again. She couldn’t believe she had been so stupid. She let the fear of running out of time get the best of her. Now, she might’ve cost her whole team all the hard work they put into this year.

Lexa stood awkwardly from where she was near the basket. She had her eyes closed and waited for a sign, anything to ensure her that she won this. She didn’t hear anything. All these people in the stands and she didn’t hear a damn thing.

Until she did.

It was her favorite sound. It was the sound of victory and winning. It was a sound she never gets tired of hearing. The ball went in. It had to because all she heard was the swish of the net and the entire gym erupted in cheers.

Lexa opened her eyes to look at the scoreboard: 100 to 98 and she dropped to her knees. She did it.

She couldn’t stop the tears from falling down her face. She just scored the winning basket with barely any time and with her eyes looking towards the clock. She just won the championship for her team.

She wasn’t surprised when she felt herself being lifted in the air, even though she let out a little squeal.
“Lexa! Lexa! You did it! We won!” She heard that over and over again as she sat on Anya and Echo’s shoulders. The crowd couldn’t stop chanting her name and everyone from their side of the stands came flooding down to her.

“My baby won! She won! She won the championship! All of you can suck it!” Indra yelled at the opposing team, making Lexa laugh.

“Okay, mom. Calm down!”

“Put her down so I can hug my baby!” Indra swatted at Anya who quickly lowered Lexa to the ground.

Lexa was preparing for her mom’s special hug, but Indra smacked her in the arm instead.

“What is wrong with you?” Indra chided.

“Ow!” Lexa shouted. “What was that for?”

“Who doesn’t look when scoring the winning shot? What is wrong with you?”

“Yeah, what is wrong with you?” Anya asked. “That could’ve gone badly.”

“We had like five seconds left,” Lexa defended herself. “I panicked.”

“Well, I’m still proud of you regardless. Give your mom a kiss.” Indra tapped her cheek and Lexa smiled. She didn’t care who was watching. She just won the championship and was happy her mom could be here to see it.

“Come on!” Anya pulled on Lexa’s arm so they could go talk to their couch.
As Lexa was cleaning and gathering her stuff up, she felt a presence behind her. After hearing all the congratulations on her impressive winning shot, everyone started to file out of the gym. Finn was already gone, having to take care of a the celebratory dinner and Lexa was goofing off with her friends.

Most of them had left now and it was just Anya and Echo. Anya agreed to drive her down to where the team wanted to have their last dinner.

Her mom had stuck around, not wanting to leave her side just yet, even though she had work in a half hour. Lexa threw her gym bag over her shoulder and turned around. Her eyes widened when she came face to face with Abby.

Lexa was glad that Echo was talking her mom’s face off about her college plans and Anya was busy trying not to make it obvious that she was staring at Raven. Clarke had gone to the bathroom just a few minutes ago and when Lexa spotted Abby from across the court, she prayed that the older woman wouldn’t come over here.

“Hello, Mrs. Griffin.” Lexa said respectfully, not really sure what to say.

“I wanted to see what the fuss was.” Abby shrugged when the crease in the middle of Lexa’s forehead didn’t leave. Lexa continued to look at Abby, not sure if she could speak. “It was impressive. Very impressive. I’ve never seen anyone play the way you did tonight.”

“Did Clarke put you up to this?” Lexa asked slowly, still not believing Abby just complimented her.

“No,” Abby shook her head quickly and Lexa narrowed her eyes. “Yes.”

“Thought so.” Lexa rocked on the bottom of her heels.

“A part of me meant it. You’re very talented, Lexa.”

Lexa almost sighed in relief when she saw Clarke making her way over to them. She could tell by
the look in Clarke’s eyes that she was going to get lucky later and pushed through this awkward moment with her mom.

“Playing nice, I hope.” Clarke said as she stood next to her mom.

“I was. I was complimenting her on her performance. It was outstanding.” Lexa almost fainted when Abby offered her a small smile. She wished this was the Abby she would’ve met weeks before. “But make no mistake, this doesn’t mean I’m okay with this.”

Lexa knew she had spoke too soon. She knew Abby would never approve of her and sighed deeply.

“Mrs. Griffin, if you could please-“

“Hello, who’s this?” Lexa almost jumped when she heard her mom’s voice from behind her. Lexa looked at Abby with pleading eyes, begging her not to say anything.

“Abby Griffin,” Abby extended her hand to Indra. “This is my daughter, Clarke Griffin.”

Indra’s eyes widened when she realized who was standing in front of her.

“You’re Jake’s family?” Clarke smiled sadly and nodded. “I heard about that. I am so sorry for your loss. I’m also sorry I couldn’t be there. I know Lexa went.”

“It’s fine. I completely understand.” Clarke spoke and Lexa could tell by the way she was looking at her mom, that she was also begging her not to say anything.

Abby looked between Clarke and Lexa before settling back on Indra.

“You’ve raised a wonderful young lady. Her talent is just remarkable.” Abby said with a smile Lexa didn’t know was fake or genuine.

“Well, thank you. I don’t know much about your daughter, but I’m sure she’s wonderful as well,” Indra said with a polite smile towards Clarke. “I have an idea!”
Lexa wanted to groan because those were the words her mom only said when she was about to invite someone to dinner. Lexa was subtly shaking her head at her mom, but Indra ignored it.

“What’s that?” Abby asked, but Lexa could tell she knew by the smirk on her face.

“We should all have dinner together. Make up for me not being at the funeral.” Indra offered.

“You are too kind, but we wouldn’t want to impose.”

“Prom is coming up for my baby—”

“Mom!” Lexa cut her off with a blush, but Clarke just smiled at the whole thing.

“I’m sure we can have dinner a week or so after that!” Indra said. “Why don’t I give you my number?”

“I would love that!” Abby smiled, pulling out her phone and as the two women were distracted, Lexa pulled Clarke aside.

“I can’t believe she just did that!” Lexa hissed.

“Your mom is too adorable.” Clarke said with a giggle. “And don’t worry. My mom wasn’t faking back there with your mom. I could tell by the way she was standing that she’s genuinely interested in having dinner with you guys.”

“Yeah, so she could end me.” Lexa groaned.

“I never congratulated you, but the amount of dirty sex you’re going to get tonight should probably make up for it.” Clarke said, her eyes twinkling in the light.

“Don’t distract me,” Lexa grumbled. “Look at them!”
Clarke looked over to their mom’s who were giggling like little school girls, talking in hushed tones as if they had been friends for years.

“Oh, this is not good!” Clarke whined. “My mom only does that with people she likes. We’re screwed. They can’t become friends.”

“Ditto,” Lexa agreed. “So, are we really going to have dinner together?”

Clarke took another moment to look at her mom. She wasn’t faking anything right now. She wasn’t trying to play nice with Lexa’s mom to try and ruin Lexa. She hadn’t seen her mom smile that big since her dad died. Clarke knew her mom and she knew her fake laughter, and this certainly wasn’t it. Abby had already bonded with Indra in such a short time.

“This is the first time I’ve heard her laugh,” Clarke breathed, still looking at the two women who were whispering back and forth. “I think we should.”

“Okay, then we will.” Lexa nodded more to herself than Clarke. “We have a couple weeks at least.”

“We do,” Clarke mumbled. “Heads up. They’re coming back over.”

“Well, it’s all set. We’re going to have dinner maybe a couple of days before or after graduation. I hate to cut this short, but I have to get to work.”

“Of course!” Abby answered for all of them. “Call me later. I could give you a few pointers.”

“That would be lovely!” Indra smile and nodded, leaning in to give Lexa a kiss on the cheek before waving goodbye more towards Abby than her own daughter.

“Give her pointers for what?” Clarke asked in horror, looking at her mom in disbelief.

“That’s between Indra and I. This has been fun, but I need to get going. See you later, Clarke. Bye, Lexa.”
“Uhm, bye Abby.” Lexa said, but quickly corrected herself when Abby glared at her. “Mrs. Griffin.”

“I really don’t like this.” Clarke said once her mom was gone.

“Me neither.”

“Come on, Lexa!” Echo groaned. “The team is waiting. Stop flirting with Ms. Griffin and let’s go!”

“I’m not flirting!” Lexa quickly said, almost guiltily, but Echo was too busy gathering her things.

“She definitely wasn’t flirting with me. I’m a teacher.” Clarke added awkwardly and Lexa shot her a look to which Clarke winced.

“That’s never stopped Lexa before.” Echo said absentmindedly. Anya choked on the water she was drinking and Clarke raised her eyebrows.

“Please, do tell.” Clarke folded her arms in curiosity and walked over to Echo. Once Lexa reluctantly nodded, Echo started talking.

“Ninth grade English. Mrs. Coda. As sweet as can be, but very, very straight and married for that matter. Number twenty-five over there had a serious crush on her. It was bad. She talked about her all the time.”

As Echo was talking, Lexa knew she had made the right decision. She loved Echo to pieces, but the girl couldn’t keep a secret to safe her life.

“Interesting.” Clarke hummed, trying her hardest not to smirk.

“Yeah, there was one time where Lexa even-“

Lexa knew exactly where this story was going and quickly cut her off.
“Thank you, Echo! Why don’t you go wait in the car?” Lexa quickly said.

“Sure. Hurry up, losers.” Echo said over her shoulder as she walked out the gym.


“She was hot, but she has nothing on you.”

“Smooth.” Anya said from behind them, earning a glare from Lexa. “I’ll just excuse myself.”

“So, is everything okay?” Clarke tried to ask discreetly.

“Everything’s perfect, babe. I’ll see you after dinner?” Lexa asked, finally happy that they were alone.

“Yes, you will,” Clarke placed a quick kiss to Lexa’s cheek. “But are you sure everything’s okay? Is there anything you need to tell me?”

Clarke waited for a second, her heart beating in her chest as Lexa looked around with a frown. Her heart broke when Lexa shook her head.

“There’s nothing I need to tell you,” Lexa said. “Besides I love you.”

Clarke had no idea how she hid how she was really feeling. She felt terrible inside, knowing that Lexa just lied straight to her face. Maybe it was because she was on a high from winning, and completely forgot about it or it was because she had no plans on telling her about New York at all. It completely shattered Clarke’s heart that Lexa didn’t mention anything about it.

“I love you too.” Clarke said as she held her breath. “You should get going. I don’t want to be the reason you’re late. I’ll see you tonight.”
“Alright. Bye, babe.”

“Bye, Lexa.” Clarke said as Lexa kissed her forehead and dashed out the door. Clarke slowly turned around and watched the girl she loved walk away. She looked around the empty gym trashed with confetti and sighed. She hoped she could’ve been right and blame it on the win. She was also naive to think that and sighed again.

She just hoped she could get through tonight without being awkward.

Lena frowned in disgust as she watched her mom typing away on her phone. There was only one person she had been texting nonstop and it was the one person she wished it wasn’t.

Lexa stood in the mirror, finishing off her eyeliner. Her mom wanted to hire someone to do her makeup, but Lexa didn’t want to overdo it. She just wanted her normal, everyday makeup look.

After waiting weeks after her last game, prom night was finally here and her mom was spending her time looking down at her phone texting Abby. Lexa groaned because she hated that her mom didn’t know. She knew if her mom ever did find out, she wouldn’t take it as easy as Abby was, and even Abby hated her with Clarke.

Lexa groaned again quietly when her mom gasped and started giggling. It was almost scary to see her mom this happy.

Lexa waited another five minutes until Indra finally put her phone down and walked over to Lexa.

“Let me just make sure your bowtie is-” Indra tried to straighten up Lexa’s bowtie, but Lexa swatted her away.

“Mom, it’s fine. My friends will be here soon for pictures.” Lexa said, not even bothering to question what she was talking about with Abby.

“I know, I have my camera ready,” Indra said with a bright smile. “You look beautiful, sweetie.”
“Thank you, mom.”

“I know you probably don’t want to hear this,” Indra quickly fixed the tie once more, even though it didn’t need fixing. “Your dad called.”

Lexa let out a long sigh. She had let what her mom said sit with her, but she still wasn’t ready to face her dad. She knew time was running out, but she just wasn’t ready.

“I don’t want to talk to him.” Lexa said adamantly.

“Lexa, he just wants to congratulate you on your win. You won the championship!”

“I know, mom,” Lexa stressed. “But that doesn’t mean I want to see him. I sure don’t want his stupid congratulations.”

“Okay.” Indra said, immediately dropping the subject. She didn’t want Lexa to be in a bad mood on her prom night.

“Come on, my friends are here!” Lexa said as she heard a whole bunch of honking outside, having no doubt that it was probably Bellamy.

Lexa stood on her front porch, a grimace on her face at the humidity. She had been so eager to get outside with her friends, but her mom wanted to take a whole bunch of pictures of them. Lexa wanted to get in the limo where there was nice, cool air. It didn’t help that Anya was pressed against her, but Lexa couldn’t complain all too much, she smelled sweet like lilies.

“Smile at the camera, baby. You look so good!” Indra said from behind the camera, making Lexa blush. Of course her mom would say that right in front of half the football team.

“Yeah, smile at the camera baby.” Anya smirked and Lexa elbowed her in her stomach.
“Ow!”

Lexa was clad in white trousers, a white button down with a black bow tie. Her mom braided her hair back in one long braid, with the sides gelled down. Anya was standing next to her in a long black dress. It wasn’t anything too fancy, that just wasn’t Anya’s style.

“No one brought dates?” Indra asked.

“This was our last night together and we wanted to spend it all together!” Bellamy explained for them.

“Speak for yourself!” Lexa said. “Anya’s my date.”

“Yeah, Yeah. She would’ve been mine if I had asked sooner.”

“She would’ve said no, because you’re not her type.” Lexa shot back, making everyone laugh.

“Whatever.” Bellamy huffed.

Half of the football team was there as well as the whole girl’s basketball team. Lexa smirked through countless pictures because she couldn’t help but feel like tonight was going to be amazing. This was a night so many seniors looked forward to and it was finally happening.

Lexa couldn’t wait to dance her night away with Anya and her friends and maybe even see Clarke. Lexa smiled at the camera again. It was definitely going to be a good night.

Prom was held in the gym, something about it being more convenient and less money. Lexa still smiled at the effort her fellow classmates went to, to make this night special for all the seniors.

She walked hand in hand with Anya through the stream of decorations until they got inside, they could hear the bass of the music all the way from the parking lot.
They got a couple tables in the back and Lexa had to sit down for a few minutes. Her group of friends were all over the place and Anya sat down next to her.

“Well, If Raven couldn’t come, I’m glad I’m spending my prom with you.”

“You’re getting soft on me.” Lexa smirked and leaned back in her chair. The music was so loud, it almost made her uncomfortable, but she looked around and everyone was already having a good time.

“So…” Anya drawled out, resting her arms against the table.

“What?” Lexa asked suspiciously.

“Oh, come on. Don’t act like we don’t know we are nominated for prom queen and king.” Anya said all in one breath.

“I think it should go to an actual couple though. Like Brandon and Mindy.”

“We have nothing on them. You know we’re going to win.”

“I can’t believe I was actually nominated and have a chance of winning.” Lexa whispered. She had found out about it a couple weeks before Prom and everyone was going to vote throughout the night for who they wanted to win.

“You’re the most popular girl at school. Why wouldn’t you win?” Anya asked in confusion, but Lexa just shrugged.

She looked up and swore she got the air knocked out of her. Clarke was walking across the gym, head thrown back in laughter with Pike and Finn next to her. Lexa curled her lip up at how close Finn was to Clarke, but turned her attention back to Anya.

“Oh, there’s your second date. Feel free to say hi. I’m going to go hang with the boys.” Anya got up,
making Lexa frown. She sat by herself for a moment, before standing up and smoothing down her clothes.

Lexa took a moment to look at how good Clarke looked in her long, blue dress. She was wearing a diamond necklace and her hair was pinned up in a bun, not a single stray hair.

Lexa also took a moment to see how much Clarke was enjoying herself and decided not to interrupt that, not just yet.

She walked over to Echo and Gina, who immediately started talking her face off.

It was about an hour into prom and Lexa thought this was the perfect time to finally talk to Clarke. She was behind the counter, mixing drinks together and keeping an eye on the rowdy football players in the corner. She was by herself and Lexa didn’t waste another minute sitting where she was.

Lexa felt a little discouraged, because by now Clarke would’ve looked her way. Clarke didn’t look up from what she was doing, and it made Lexa frown.

“So, what time do you want to get out of here? I can leave right now.” Lexa spoke lowly as she reached Clarke, but wasn’t looking directly at her.

“I’m in charge of the drinks, so I need to make sure no one puts anything in it.”

Lexa frowned for a second, noticing how Clarke wasn’t looking her at all. Lexa sighed and stuffed her hands in her pocket.

“Everything okay?”

“Fine,” Clarke chriped. “I’m just a bit busy.”

“There’s no one here.” Lexa slowly looked around to prove her point, and Lexa could’ve sworn
Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Lexa, please, go.” Clarke said, her voice barely above a whisper. “Go enjoy your night with your friends. Don’t stand around talking to me.”

“You know I don’t care about any of this, but my mom would kill me if I missed it, and people would wonder why the most popular girl skipped out on prom, but I don’t care about any of this. Okay, maybe I care a little bit.”

This time Lexa tried to find Clarke’s baby blues, but they weren’t shining like they normally were. They looked dim and tired, and Lexa wondered what was going on with her. Clarke hadn’t looked at her properly since she got to the table and Lexa was starting to get the hint that it wasn’t because she didn’t want people to start talking.

“I guess I’ll just go find Anya?” Lexa asked when Clarke failed to respond to her.

“I think you should.” Clarke murmured.

Lexa stood there for a second, hands in her pockets, and gaze soft, but Clarke didn’t budge. She moved to a different part of the table and didn’t even bother saying bye as Lexa walked off.

“So, are you getting ready to be crowned king?”

That was the first question Anya had asked her when she approached their group of friends. They had fallen in step until they were at their table and sat down.

Lexa seen people walk into the voting booth quite a lot, and almost wanted to roll her eyes at how obvious her peers were. They would come out of the booth, smiling straight at her, some coward in fear and the others went as far as giving her a thumbs up. It almost made her sad that none of the other nominees didn’t stand a chance. They never did when it came to her.

“You don’t know if we’re actually going to win this, An.” Lexa tried to shrug it off, and looked back in Clarke’s direction. She was making small talk with a few teachers nearby, but still didn’t catch her eye.
“I love that you’re so humble about things. Bellamy keeps going on and on as if he’s going to win. He has nothing on us.”

“I think Clarke is mad at me.” Lexa announced with a frown.

“Why do you think that?” Anya asked, swaying back and forth in her seat to the music.

“Because she usually gives me this look like we’re on the same page, but right now, I feel like we’re on two different chapters.”

“Well, let’s take your mind off of that. Ask me to dance.” Anya said, putting her drink down on the table.

“Any’a..” Lexa chuckled out.

“You’re my prom date and haven’t asked me to dance once. You’ve being a sucky date.”

“Any’a,” Lexa cleared her throat as she held her hand out. “My sweet, sweet Anya, would you like to dance with me?”

“No.” Anya said bluntly making Lexa’s face drop. Anya waited a second before busting out in laughter. “You should’ve seen your face.”

“I can’t believe you rejected me. But that’s okay. I’m sure I can find-“

“Oh, no, you’re mine tonight,” Anya said, before looking at Clarke. “Okay, half mine.”

“She’s being so weird like even now, she just won’t look at me.” Lexa said in frustration. “Was it something I did? What did I do?”

“Why don’t you just focus on me for right now?” Anya offered with a hopeful smile.
It only lasted about five minutes. Anya only got one dance out of her before Lexa wordlessly dashed off towards Clarke’s direction. Anya watched in disbelief as the two disappeared out of the gym.

The first thing Lexa did when she got Clarke alone in her classroom was attach her lips just below Clarke’s collarbone and drag her tongue across Clarke’s chest. Clarke’s jaw dropped just a bit, but she restrained herself from grabbing a fistful of Lexa’s hair.

“Lexa, we can’t.”

Lexa reached around, groping Clarke’s butt, her tongue now licking her way up Clarke’s neck. If Clarke didn’t want to talk about what was bothering her, then they both didn’t need to talk at all.

“It’ll only take a few minutes, Clarke. It’s been awhile since-“

“I know,” Clarke sighed. “All the more reason why we should just wait. I don’t want to hold back after a few weeks of not having sex. It’s way, way too risky and besides, I’m mad at you.”

Lexa frowned and moved her hand from Clarke’s butt. She squinted her eyes down at Clarke, but the blonde was pushing her away.

“I knew it!” Lexa exclaimed. “Okay, what did I do? Can you please tell me what’s wrong? I know we can’t be together the whole night, but at least we can be in your classroom.”

“We shouldn’t even be in here.” Clarke dismissed everything Lexa said in a tone that she was all too familiar with it.

“What’s wrong?” Lexa asked again, her voice soft and her eyes softer.

Clarke had her arms folded, jaw clenched tight, and a crinkle in between her eyebrows.

“She didn’t even get in her classroom before she forced herself onto Clarke’s body. Clarke watched in disbelief as the two disappeared out of the gym.

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“Nothing.” Clarke shrugged unconvincingly.
“Okay, but there’s something clearly wrong with the way you’re standing. Don’t forget, I know you Clarke Griffin.”

“And I know you Lexa Woods, or at least, I thought.”

“Whoa, what does that mean?” Lexa frowned deeply.

“I don’t want to have this conversation right now, because if we have this conversation, one of us is going to end up leaving either crying or upset and I don’t want that for you on your prom night.”

“So, something is wrong?” Lexa asked in confusion. “But what? What is wrong, Clarke? Just tell me. Why are you mad at me?”

Clarke removed herself from Lexa and walked around her desk. She hopped up on it and huffed out a laugh, but this situation was far from funny. Clarke just decided that she wasn’t going to hold it in anymore.

She wanted nothing more then to have a passionate hookup right now, but she couldn’t, not with knowing something Lexa didn’t. It didn’t sit right with her and Clarke really didn’t want to get caught again.

“When were you going to tell me that you got accepted to NYU?” Clarke finally asked the question that had been on her mind for weeks. She knew by the surprise gasp that Lexa took, that she caught her off guard.

Lexa walked slowly around to where Clarke was. Her arms were still folded and that crinkle never left. Lexa swallowed hard, trying to rack her brain for any excuse that would make up for her lying, but there wasn't one.

“I was going to tell you…”

“No, you weren’t.” Clarke shook her head, the frown on her face only deepening. Lexa looked at the upset girl on top of the desk, and knew she had messed up.
“I was,” Lexa nodded firmly. “I just didn’t know how and wait, how did you even-”

“Raven told me. She thought I already knew and was happy about it, but I didn’t know. I didn’t know a damn thing about it.”

“Clarke, I can explain this.” Lexa said shakily, but didn’t have time to explain anything when Anya texted her saying that they were getting ready to announce the winners. Lexa let out a loud groan, knowing she couldn’t miss it.

“I have to go.” Lexa sighed heavily and hated how she had to walk away from Clarke right now.

“Right, of course.” Clarke pressed her lips into a thin smile and hopped off the desk.

Lexa left the classroom first and her heart broke when she didn’t immediately hear Clarke come out right after her. Lexa knew that Clarke was probably wiping away her tears and hated that she was walking in the opposite direction of her.

“You are like the worst prom date ever! You left me to go have sex?” Anya hissed as Lexa hurriedly made her way over to her.

“We weren’t having sex.”

“Oh.” Anya frowned. “Then what-“

“She knows about New York. How I got in.”

“Oh, Lexa. I’m sorry-“

“It’s not your fault. At least not directly. You told Raven, which was totally fine, but Raven told Clarke.”
“I’m confused. Don’t you want to go to that school?”

Lexa opened and closed her mouth. She had no idea why she couldn’t answer that question. She hated that Clarke knew all this time, but didn’t say anything about it. Lexa knew that Clarke was waiting for her to say something about it, and knew she messed up.

When Clarke entered the gym, Lexa wasn’t all that surprised that she wouldn’t even look at her as Finn walked up the stage, getting ready to announce the winners.

“It’s now time to announce prom queen and king!” Finn tapped on the mic three times. “I think me being up here gives it away big time.”

The crowd chuckled and all eyes were on Lexa. Lexa kept her head held high, but threw a smirk in Anya’s direction.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been so proud to announce that your prom queen and king are...”

Lexa’s gaze was on Anya, but she couldn’t help but look back at the punch table. She wondered what it would be like if she was standing next to Clarke. If Clarke was in high school and they were about to win. Lexa knew without a doubt that they would be the power couple. It hurt Lexa knowing that she wasn’t winning this with Clarke. She would never win this with Clarke.

“Anya Carson and Lexa Woods!” Finn shouted into the mic and the crowd roared in response. Anya had to softly shake Lexa to get her out of her thoughts.

“Hey.” Anya said softly and Lexa shook her head.

“Yeah, sorry. Let’s go get crowned!” Lexa nodded and didn’t bother looking back at Clarke as she took Anya’s hand.

The seniors made a path so that the floor was clear for them to walk on stage. Lexa let Anya go up first and followed her. They were all still clapping, even Clarke and Lexa didn’t know why she felt so bad. She didn’t feel like she won this, no matter if she won the championship. No matter if she was popular. She felt like things were just being handed to her and she hated it.
She smiled in appreciation though when Finn crowned her and they started playing music. It was slow, really slow, and everyone parted so Anya and Lexa could dance with each other. Anya teased her and told her she better behave as they made their way to the dance floor.

“This is so intimate,” Lexa whispered, pulling Anya even closer to her. “Everyone is staring.”

“Let them.” Anya shrugged with a smile. “We just won! Be proud!”

“I am!” Lexa countered, but Anya shook her head.

“No, you’re not. Crinkle.” Anya pointed to Lexa’s forehead. “You need to stop. Your skin is too beautiful to have wrinkles.”

“I’m glad I could share this experience with you, but...”

“I’m not her.” Anya finished quietly, wrapping her arms tighter around Lexa’s neck.

“Yeah.” Lexa agreed gently.

“You’re not Raven, so I understand.” Anya said into her neck. “But I guess that’s the price we have to pay for dating someone older than us.”

“My mom freaking wants to have dinner with Abby. I’m so screwed.” Lexa groaned as she rested her head against Anya’s. “They’re all buddy-buddy now. It’s freaky.”

“It’s cute.” Anya corrected. “They’ve both been through a lot and it’s probably nice to have someone to lean on. Even if your mom doesn’t know, it’s your girlfriend’s mom. Which is going to be hilarious when she finds out. Can I come to dinner with you guys? Maybe Clarke can persuade Raven to go?”
“You know what?” Lexa popped her head up. “That’s not a bad idea. You should totally try to come to dinner with us.”

“Raven and I could clear any awkward tension, but by the sounds of it, Abby and Indra are probably going to be too wrapped up in each other.”

“What if this was her plan all along?” Lexa asked with wide eyes, spinning Anya around in circles. “What if she’s trying to get my mom to like fall in love with her or something and then they get married and Clarke and I suddenly become step sisters.”

“You are reading too much into this.” Anya’s dull tone contradicted the smile she had on her face from being twirled around by Lexa. “Indra’s not even gay.”

“You don’t know that! What if my mom wants to try it out? What if Abby is just pretending?”

“I really don’t think she is.” Anya said as the song ended. Everyone clapped as Lexa dipped Anya for the last time and they both bowed.

“I don’t think I want to go to NYU.” Lexa confessed quietly, so only Anya could hear as the rest of the students piled back on the dance floor.

“Wait, really?” Anya’s voice went up a couple notches. “Why the hell not?”

“I don’t know!” Lexa said angrily. “I don’t know.”

“Oh, Lexa.” Anya sighed as she looked back at Clarke. Anya had to give her credit, because she was acting like nothing was wrong as she handed students their drinks.

“I don’t know how to tell her that and I’m not one-hundred percent sure. That’s why I haven’t told her yet because I haven’t made up my mind and now you really have to come to dinner with us, because it’s going to be really awkward.”

“How about this?” Anya asked as she led them back in the back to their friends. “Why don’t we just
enjoy being seniors one last time and deal with all of this tomorrow or when the dinner happens. It’s freakin’ prom, Lexa. Let’s get a bit wild.”

Anya waggled her eyebrows and gave Lexa a nudge. It took a minute, but Lexa finally let out a small, genuine smile and nodded.

“You’re right.” Even though Lexa had agreed to enjoy the rest of her night, she couldn’t help looking in Clarke’s direction the rest of the night. She just had to make sure she was somewhat okay. She knew she had a lot of explaining to do, but Anya was right. That could wait for a different day. Anya had grabbed the rest of the basketball team as they made their way to the dance floor, with Lexa right on her heel with the rest of the football team. “Let’s enjoy our night.”
Lexa had never really had dinner with any girl she was seeing where she introduced them to her mom. In the back of her mind, she knew it wasn’t going to last, so there was no point in introducing them to Indra.

The only girl that had the pleasure of meeting her mom was Costia, but she wasn’t around anymore. Costia and well… now Clarke. Even though Indra had no clue who Clarke was to Lexa, she reeled the girl in and asked questions she would only ask a girl Lexa was seeing. Raven had been questioned… but not nearly as much as Clarke.

It was like Indra was caught in a haze, that only Clarke and Abby could break her out of. She hardly paid attention to anything her daughter was saying, her sole focus was the blonde-haired beauty that was sitting across from her.

Lexa never took her eyes off of Abby, who was sitting right next to Indra and across from her. Abby acted oblivious to it, not paying attention to the squint of Lexa’s eyes when Indra wasn’t watching.

The conversation was flowing smoothly. Lexa had been asked to clean the middle floor the night before. Her mom didn’t want an ounce of dust and by the end of it, Lexa was completely exhausted. She did a good job though, because Abby had complimented the whole house, saying she needed to keep hers up to date like theirs. Abby worked so much, she was starting to forget what her kitchen looked like.
They were all seated around the dinner table in the dining room. They only used it when relatives came by, which wasn’t very often.

Indra wanted to use their finest china and the good cutlery, none of that plastic stuff that Lexa swore would’ve been appropriate to use with the Griffin’s. Indra wanted to make a nice impression and insisted on the better cutlery.

Lexa set the table for six and felt relieved that Anya was sitting next to her. Raven was on the other side of the table next to Abby and Clarke was coincidentally right next to Lexa.

“So, tell me, would you ever take your clothing line global?” Indra asked intrigued by Clarke’s profession as she cut up her chicken. Lexa stayed quiet, wondering the exact same thing.

“I’ve thought about it,” Clarke nodded, taking a sip of her wine. “Right now the company isn’t worldwide which I’ve been pushing Kane to do since I started working there.”

“Marcus has always been stubborn.” Abby cut in knowingly, placing a hand on Indra’s arm. Clarke rolled her eyes in agreement.

“I respect Marcus very much, but I want a lot of things to change once I become boss. The first thing I want to do is take this thing globally, so the short answer is yes. I still want to work on designs. I still want to be a part of this company. I don’t want to just make sure everything is running smoothly. I want this company to thrive and in order to do that, I need more investors.”

“Speaking like a business woman already.” Abby raised her wine glass, a rare proud smile stretching across her face, one Clarke couldn’t help but blush to.

“Thanks, mom.” Clarke said coolly, but deep down Lexa knew Clarke was thrilled her mom thought so highly of her.

“You are quite a successful woman. I can’t believe you don’t have a man… or woman hanging off your arm.” Indra spoke non-lethally, but had no idea the can of worms she’d just unleashed.

Lexa could see it in Abby’s eyes that she wanted to say something. Probably mention how she was
seeing someone and how that someone was her daughter. Lexa took a sip of her water, eyes daring over the rim of it, just begging for Abby to say something, anything to ruin this.

But to Lexa’s surprise, Abby just sat back in her seat, silently waiting to see how Clarke answered. Actually, everyone was on the edge of their seats, waiting for Clarke to say something.

“I had someone,” Clarke spoke quietly, aware that all eyes were on her. “She was great, but she made me feel trapped and I didn’t like it. I finally decided that I had enough, right around the time my dad got sick and used that as my escape route. Niylah didn’t know at the time, but I would’ve left eventually. Even if it was for a week or two. I needed to get away from her.”

“Was she… abusive?” Indra asked and this time Abby looked like she really did want to say something, but still sat back and waited.

“No, never,” Clarke shook her head adamantly. “But telling me what I can and cannot do. How she would manipulate me. How she gave me an ultimatum when I found out my dad was sick. How she would belittle me, she might as well have been.”

Lexa tried not to let her frown show, so she dug into her chicken again. She knew things about Niylah. She knew she was controlling, but listening to Clarke list off the things that Niylah would do to her, made her stomach fill with rage. She thought back to the night Clarke told her Niylah tried to kiss her.

She had only seen one picture of Niylah before, and she could imagine that grimy smirk she had on her face when she tried to pull Clarke into her. She could picture the power Niylah still thought she had over Clarke and clenched her fists.

“I’m so sorry. I should’ve never asked.” Indra shook her head somberly.

Clarke reached down and squeezed Lexa’s thigh. Lexa immediately loosened her grip on her fork and dropped it. It clanged against the plate, and the table went silent.

“It’s okay. You didn’t know and I had no problem telling you.”

“Well, you’ll find someone eventually. I mean, who wouldn’t want to date you?”
“You’re too kind.” Lexa was trying to catch her mom’s eye, but she was firing off question after question. Lexa wanted to bang her head against the table to make it stop, but sat back and looked directly into Abby’s eyes.

The woman was staring back at her, and it made Lexa shift, slightly uncomfortable. It was awkward and tense. Lexa’s green eyes were dancing back and forth with Abby’s brown ones. Lexa could tell Abby was biting down hard on her tongue with the way her jaw was clenched tighter than hers.

Lexa was on edge. At any moment, any second, Abby could slip up and say the wrong thing or her mom would walk into a trap, Lexa had no idea how to get out of.

Lexa was grateful for Clarke’s hand on her thigh because it was the only thing keeping her grounded. Lexa didn’t know how much more of this she could take, and of course, her mother just had to go poking her nose.

“Your moving back to New York right?” Indra asked lightly. “That’s where your company is at?”

“Yes,” Clarke answered brightly. “A few months after I take over, I’m planning to hit every major city and try to launch my company there. It’s not about the money, but the amount I would potentially be making would be through the roof.”

“That’s exciting.” Indra said with a warm smile. “You know my daughter applied to NYU? How crazy is that? Maybe if she decides to go, you two should keep each other company out there. You know, look out for her.”

Now Lexa was the one biting her tongue to keep her from saying something she shouldn’t. Even Clarke’s grip around her thigh tightened and Lexa took another sip of her water to buy her some time.

They hadn’t talked about it. At all. Not a single word. And of course, her mom decided that she wanted to bring up the one topic, that was currently pulling both of them apart. It was just awkward. They both knew it was there, it wasn’t going to go away, but they didn’t talk about it.

What would Lexa even say? I’m sorry but I don’t think I want to go to New York with you?
It hurt Lexa to even think the words, let alone say them. So, in the past week, they hadn’t said anything about it. Until now.

“That’s fascinating,” Clarke said with too much cheer in her voice. Something everyone but Indra picked up on. “I had no idea. If she does decide to go to NYU, I surely will keep an eye on her.”

Clarke moved her hand a few minutes after that. Lexa didn’t bother saying anything about the matter. She just wasn’t in the mood.

“She has her heart set on going to Duke. I’d be proud either way, but New York is great. The scenery is unreal.”

“Well, I’m actually going to New York on Thursday.” Clarke announced, making her mom frown. Lexa tried her best not to react. She kept her gaze straight, but side-eyed Clarke. She could hear in her tone that she was guilty.

“They want to have a press conference since I’m taking over right after graduation. A few things came up, and they want to do it sooner rather than later. I’d be back in time to watch my seniors graduate, but I already have my fight booked.”

Lexa knew Clarke didn’t have to go into that much detail. She wasn’t saying these things so Indra could hear the rundown of her plans in New York. Clarke was saying these things as a way of explaining herself to Lexa and her mom.

Lexa plastered on a fake smile and went back to eating her vegetables, knowing her mom would call her out if she didn’t, and she didn’t want that type of embarrassment right now. She was still focus on the fact that Clarke was leaving in a few days. Something the blonde had never mentioned.

“Honey, I didn’t know you were going to New York.” Abby’s voice was high in shock.

“I told you it was last minute. They want to do this now.” Clarke said, a bit of irritation blended into her soft tone. Lexa knew that tone was meant for her. She was trying to get Lexa to understand.
“Well, I could come with you.” Abby said casually, but Clarke’s face screamed the word no.

“That’s fine, mom.” Clarke dismissed quickly, but that didn’t stop Abby.

“I’m going with you. My baby is taking over a company. I want to be there. Make sure everything runs smoothly.”

Lexa knew the real reason was so she could keep an eye on Clarke. Abby must’ve somehow thought that Lexa was going to go with her. Lexa wanted to tell Abby that the joke was on her because she had no idea.

“That’s not necessary.” Clarke snapped.

“But it is.” Abby said in a tone Lexa could tell wasn’t meant for arguing. Clarke sensed it too, and dropped it.

“Fine. Whatever.” Clarke huffed, not meeting her mom’s eyes. She was instead looking in Lexa’s direction, but the basketball player was far more interested in the steamed carrots on her plate. She mashed them completely into her plate and stared off into the distance. She didn’t need to look into Clarke’s eyes, to try and gain her understanding.

It hurt knowing that Clarke would just willingly leave without mentioning it to her. Lexa realized that Clarke’s loyalty to this company could trump just about anything.

“Who’s ready for dessert?” Anya asked with a chuckle, trying to change the subject.

“I am.” Raven raised her hand slightly and Anya nodded.

“Me too,” Anya murmured. “Let’s go get it.”

Raven was out of her chair before Anya even finished talking. The two scurried off, leaving the four of them in awkward silence.
“The news of you taking over is getting really popular. I see it all over the news.” Indra said, trying to distract the two Griffin women.

Lexa couldn’t count how many times Clarke’s face would pop up while she was mindlessly switching through the TV channels. Every head line something different.

*Boss Marcus Kane steps down from famous fashion company Arkadia Inc after 5 years.*

*Fashion designer Clarke Griffin takes over Arkadia inc. The very first woman to ever take control of the company.*

*Marcus Kane rifly hands over Arkadia inc to fashion designer Clarke Griffin? This should be interesting.*

*Watch as Clarke Griffin gets handed over Arkadia inc in press conference coming soon.*

And the last one which was just completely and utterly ridiculous:

*Does Clarke Griffin have it in her to run an entire company all by herself? Stay tuned to find out.*

The whole time Clarke never paid attention to the news, while Lexa thought they were crazy. Of course Clarke had it in her to run the company twice as better than when Kane was in charge. Lexa knew Clarke was going to move mountains for the company and couldn’t help but feel a bit envious. Right now, the company was getting more attention than she was.

“It took New York and the fashion world by surprise, but I’m not thinking too much into it. They’ll say whatever they can to sell a story.” Clarke lectured, still trying to find Lexa’s eyes. She needed to feel sane for a couple minutes and nothing calmed her down more than gazing into Lexa’s beautiful green eyes, but Lexa wasn’t giving her the time.

Every second that ticked while Anya and Raven were away, was another second that Lexa was growing angrier. Lexa had no doubt that they were in there making out with each other, not even worried about the food. Lexa wanted to groan because this night was never ending.
Lexa found Clarke out on the porch as their mothers were inside, sipping on wine and reminiscing on childhood memories. Clarke was wearing her usual attire, she never strayed far from it. Her black pencil skirt was doing wonders to Lexa’s brain, but decided to force those thoughts down. It wasn’t the right time, especially with her mom near. Her blouse was buttoned up and her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows. Lexa didn’t even tell her how beautiful she looked. (Lexa was sure she didn’t have to at this point).

Clarke had her legs crossed and was swinging softly in the swing as Lexa walked up to her. After everyone pitched in to clean up, Raven and Anya were out on the back porch, making themselves at home.

Lexa didn’t sit down next to Clarke. She stood off to the side, leaning against her house. She looked straight ahead at her neighbor’s house, trying to come up with something to say.

She could feel Clarke’s eyes burning a hole through her face and finally turned to her. The emotion was high in Clarke’s eyes, she looked damn-near ready to cry. Lexa kept her eyes soft, but guarded, inviting, but closed-off as she waited for Clarke to explain herself.

“I was going to tell you after the dinner-” Clarke spoke.

“Yeah, when?” Lexa just had to cut her off. It was the only thing that made her feel better.

“After the dinner,” Clarke repeated, hands resting in her lap, patience written all over her face. Lexa almost felt bad for snapping at her. Almost. “I was going to call and ask if we could meet at the park and then I was going to tell you.”

Lexa stayed quiet, taking a minute to study Clarke’s face. Clarke held her gaze, not breaking it for a second and Lexa shook her head at the entirety of the situation.

“And you already know I was going to ask you to come with me, but I’d be returning the day before graduation.”

Lexa still stayed quiet, studying the flowers in her front yard instead of Clarke’s face. The flowers her mom spent the early hours of the morning to plant had nothing on Clarke’s face, but Lexa held
off just a few seconds more.

Lexa walked closer after a few minutes of tense silence, as if giving into Clarke’s confession, but she still kept her distance, as in not wanting to give into Clarke completely.

“Problem after problem just keeps coming up.” Lexa sighed deeply, wishing she had a cigarette, but she wasn’t dumb enough to smoke around her mom.

“I’m sorry, Lexa,” Clarke said sincerely. “I want to say it gets to get better…”

“It’s just going to get worse, isn’t it?”

“I didn’t say that, but with me taking over-“

“Stop about the damn company!” Lexa roared, before clearing her throat.

Clarke pulled her head back and raised her eyebrows. She didn’t move her hands from her lap, and patience was still written all over her face, but she was surprised. She was very surprised, because apparently they were going to have this fight right now, with their mothers sat inside.

“Lexa-“

“I’ll support you through whatever. You know I will, but enough about about the fucking company. We need to talk about right now Clarke and why you didn’t feel the need to tell me that you were leaving.”

“Lexa,” Clarke spoke, this time with a little more snark in her voice. She was starting to get annoyed, because she didn’t want to have this conversation right now. “I was going to tell you. I didn’t want to cause unnecessary drama before the dinner. You know I’m going to come right back.”

“That’s not the point, Clarke.” Lexa said, starting to pacing around the porch, glad that their mothers were in the kitchen and nowhere near them.
“Then what is the point?” Clarke cocked her head to the side, almost in a challenge.

“You-“

“How about you not wanting to go to New York?” Clarke questioned, rising from her seat and coming face to face with Lexa. Clarke could see the anger behind Lexa’s normally soft green eyes.

“Why won’t you give that up?” Lexa squinted her eyes at Clarke.

“Because you never want to talk about it, when you were the one that wanted to go in the first place. I never forced you to apply, but you did and now you’re saying you don’t want to go, but you won’t give me a reason why!” Clarke folded her arms across her chest, as her words got louder and louder.

Lexa put her hands on her hips, looking down at Clarke, wondering why all they did was fight these days. Lexa had been spending time with Clarke after school, and the slightest thing, maybe even why the blue sky was now grey, could set either one of them off. It was the small things like that, and Lexa hated it.

“I haven’t mind up my mind yet.” Lexa said simply, shrugging her shoulders.

Clarke scoffed loudly and dug around in her purse.

“If you’ll excuse me, I don’t want to be rude and smoke in front of your house so I’m going to grab Raven and we’re going to go for a walk.”

“Wait, Clarke-“ Lexa tried to reach for Clarke, but she moved out of her reach just in time.

“No!” Clarke said firmly, her foot unconsciously tapping in annoyance before walking inside.

Lexa stood back and watched as the two girls walked down the stairs and down the street.

Lexa waited outside for Clarke to come back, but after ten minutes, she knew the other girl was stalling.
She heard her screen door open, thinking it was Anya. She rolled her eyes, getting ready to say something, when a voice completely different from Anya’s spoke before her.

“My daughter is upset.” Abby’s tone wasn’t accusatory or threatening. It was confused and lost, wondering what part of the puzzle she was missing. Lexa wished she knew where it was.

Lexa didn’t bother saying anything. She knew Abby had more to say. The woman liked to lecture her to no end and Lexa waited respectfully.

“I didn’t see it before, but watching my daughter get so upset over something I know nothing about, I couldn’t help but wonder.” Abby spoke in a soft murmur, probably so Indra didn’t overhear.

“My daughter hardly gets bent out of shape for anyone. Not even Niylah. I don’t know what’s going on between the two of you, but it has to be serious.” Abby was trying to figure the puzzle out, and didn’t know if she liked what she was seeing. “Serious enough for her to get this bent out of shape. I know you two were talking while I was inside, and it had to be serious. She cares about you, Lexa. I’d have to be an idiot to not see it.”

“This is the part where you threaten my life if I hurt her?” Lexa asked with a frown. “Don’t worry, Raven already did that.”

“I’m sure Raven meant all of her words,” Lexa stayed quiet as Abby walked toward her. “But make no mistake, I will end you if you mess this up. If you break my daughter’s heart, I’m going to hunt you down and kill you. Understand? I’ve done my part. I didn’t tell your mom about your relationship with my daughter. Now you need to do yours and stop being so damn confusing and talk to her.”

“I don’t know what to say.” Lexa shook her head, looking left and right, hoping to see any sign of Clarke coming, but there wasn’t.

“Well, figure it out.” Abby provided lamely. “If you really love her and care for her, you’ll figure it out.”

Lexa rubbed a hand over her face hoping she could figure it out. It felt oddly comforting in a really strange way, the way they both waited outside for Clarke to return.
Lexa never figured it out. She waited until the last minute to try. Clarke was leaving in a couple hours and Lexa waited by the fountain outside her apartment for her. Lexa knew no one from school would be over here and waited for Clarke to come down.

Clarke didn’t know she was here. Lexa wasn’t trying to surprise her, but she didn’t want Clarke to go to New York with this lingering tension surrounding them. Lexa hoped she could clear some of the air between them.

Lexa was starting to get a little impatient as she’d been waiting here for almost an hour. She had no idea what Clarke was doing and didn’t want to call her. She wanted to say what she had to say to her face.

Lexa looked up at the cloudy sky and prayed Clarke would come walking out of the building, but it didn’t happen. As the minutes ticked, the more worried Lexa had gotten. If Clarke was going to make her flight she would need to get going any minute, but she saw no sign of the blonde. Clarke had to have still been here because her car was still in the parking lot.

Lexa didn’t want to be overbearing, but she didn’t think she could sit here with so many thoughts running through her mind. She made the conscious decision to get up and fight for what she wanted. With every step she took, the more her confidence grew. No matter what happened in New York, Lexa was always going to be here, and needed Clarke to know that.

It took three knocks for someone to answer the door. Raven threw the door open in a panic. She sighed so loudly, it almost scared Lexa.

“Thank god!” Raven exclaimed, throwing her arms in the air. “Talk some sense into the girl!”

“Why didn’t you call me?” Lexa asked even though she had no idea what Raven was talking about.

“She didn’t want me to,” Raven said softly. “But you’re here now!”
Raven practically dragged Lexa into the apartment and pushed her towards Clarke’s room.

“Say encouraging things, but not too encouraging. I don’t have time to listen to you guys have sex. She has a plane to catch.”

Lexa was confused, but it all made sense when Lexa walked into the room to Clarke curled up in a ball on her bed. Lexa quickly charged towards the bed, her arms opened.

“What’s wrong?” Lexa cooed, squatting down so she was at eye level with Clarke.

Her eyes were the dullest Lexa had ever seen them. A stream of tears were running down her face, and Lexa’s stomach dropped.

Clarke had a drawing clutched close to her chest and when she shifted, Lexa tried not to gasp. It was the picture she’d drew when they were all at the hospital together. It was the first drawing Clarke made with both her and Jake together, and she was holding onto with everything in her.

“I’m not going.” Clarke’s voice was hoarse as she spoke and she didn’t look Lexa in her eyes.


“I can’t do this!” Clarke said obviously. “I can’t run this company and keep our relationship together. So, I’m not going to the press conference.”

“Does your mom know about this?”

“She’s still working. She said she would meet me at the airport.”

“Clarke-“

“I’m scared,” Clarke confessed in a tone that Lexa knew she was being serious. It broke Lexa’s heart
because Clarke was one of the strongest women she ever had the pleasure of meeting. “Not of talking in front of thousands of people, but having all eyes on me, for the rest my career. And because I’m a woman and they think I’m going to fail. What if I do?”

Clarke looked up at her with clear, wide eyes, giving into the tabloids. Lexa softly shook her head.

“You are so smart, Clarke. And when you want something, you don’t stop until you have it. It’s amazing to watch and I know you’ll go to that press conference and you’ll own it. You always do. So, why is this time different?”

“Because we’re in the middle of a huge fight. One I don’t know if we’ll solve.”

“Don’t worry about that right now,” Lexa murmured. “You need to leave to catch your flight. Don’t let fear get in the way of this. I’ll never forgive you.”

Lexa felt like she succeeded at something when the corners of Clarke’s mouth lifted up.

“I don’t want to leave you like this.”

Lexa got up and sat down next to Clarke. She ran a hand through her soft, blonde hair before pulling her in. Lexa softly connected their lips and they held it there. Lexa promising that this wasn’t the end, and Clarke promising that this was just the beginning.

Clarke had so much faith in them. She knew they could overcome this, but it felt like it was taking forever. Clarke pressed her lips harder into Lexa’s before pulling away.

“You have a plane to catch.” Lexa said gently, brushing some of the hair away from Clarke’s face. “You’re getting on that plane. You’re going to meet your mom, you’ll be in the city for a couple of days before coming home. This is going to change a lot of things, Clarke. Your time has come and now you have to own it.”

“I love you.” Clarke rasped, leaning into her. “Just please understand, I love you.”

“I love you too.” Lexa’s smile reached her eyes. “Now, get ready.”
Clarke sniffled and got off the bed. She brought Lexa in for a thank you hug and kissed her once more before gathering her stuff.

“Oh my god. I’m going to be so late!” Clarke shrieked as she ran around her room. Lexa just laughed, sat back on the bed and watched the girl she was madly in love with get ready to leave.

It was oddly a beautiful sight.

“Okay, nobody panic. We’re just going to be going live on every news channel nationwide!” Harper squealed making Clarke chuckle.

There were people everywhere, from her mother to her crew to her makeup artists. Everyone was gathered around for Clarke’s big day. She knew she’d been in interviews before, but this was different.

There were camera everywhere, it made Clarke feel a little self-conscious. Any mistake she made would be broadcasted to millions. This was a big day in the fashion world, and Clarke had to admit, she loved being in the spotlight.

“I can’t believe this is happening!” Clarke tried to stay as still as she could as the makeup artist applied her mascara.

As people were filing in and out of the backstage room, Clarke couldn’t help but notice a man standing timidly in the corner. He hadn’t moved since Clarke arrived with her mother.

“So, who is that?” Clarke whispered to Harper as she looked over at the mysterious tall man. “He’s pretty hot. Is he your boyfriend?”

“Oh, Clarke, be serious.” Harper giggled out. “I figured since you’re becoming boss, you’ll be even more busy, so you would need me more. So, I need an assistant also, but I think I’m going to put him on the design team because his sketches are amazing.”
“He sketches?”

“He does. I know our men’s line is a bit more exclusive, but with him on the team, we could probably appeal to both men and women and get more people on board.”

“I like the way you think, Harper.”

“Well, that’s what I’m here for.”

“Are you going to introduce us?” Clarke asked, looking over to the man who was decked out in a black tailored suit. “He looks like he’s going to wet himself.”

“He’s a big fan of yours. I’m sure he just doesn’t want to get in the way. He’s such a sweetheart. If I totally wasn’t into-” Harper quickly stopped talking when she realized what she was getting ready to say. Clarke had a knowing smile on her face, and even looked back to see what Monroe was doing.

Clarke didn’t miss the way Harper’s eyes lingered on the girl longer than needed, before snapping back to reality.

“I’ll just go get him now.” Harper cleared her throat and Clarke nodded encouragingly.

Clarke smiled as the man declined Harper’s hand. He really did look like he was going to pass out. Clarke thought it was cute and Harper finally got the man to walk after a couple tugs to his arm.

“This is Clarke Griffin. Fashion designer of Arkadia Inc. Soon to be the boss,” Harper introduced the man, even though it wasn’t necessary. The man knew a lot about her. “Clarke, this is Lincoln Black.”

“H-hi.” Lincoln stuttered, but held his hand out firmly. Clarke took it with a radiating smile.

“It’s so nice to meet you, Lincoln. Harper tells me you sketch. I’d love to see them some time.”
“That- That would be lovely.”

“I look forward to it. Welcome aboard!” Clarke said and she meant it. She had a feeling Lincoln could bring a lot of potential to the company.

“Thanks!” Lincoln finally flashed her a smile.

“Okay, it’s almost show time so I need everyone to get out so we can have a minute.”

Clarke had no idea how Harper knew she just needed a minute to soak this all in. They stood quietly next to each other as everyone left, including Abby. Harper stood right next to Clarke, her hand on her shoulder and Clarke’s hand on top of hers.

“I’m so proud of you.” Harper whispered into the quiet room. “Anything that happens tonight, you have made me incredibly proud and I’m honored to stand by your side.”

“Thanks you.” Clarke tried her best not to get teary eyed because she just had her makeup touched up. So, she kept nodding hoping she could keep it together.

“Let’s go make history.” Harper murmured, pulling Clarke into a tight hug. They held onto each other tight. It meant the world to Clarke that she had Harper on her side. She’d been through so much with her, and Clarke knew she wanted her to be there for so much more.

“I’m not all that surprised Cage is here.” Clarke rolled her eyes, looking into the crowd.

If Clarke was nervous, she didn’t have time for it to show. Her mother was standing off to the side as everyone piled together for the event. Clarke hated that she didn’t have any time to talk to Lexa before, but she knew she’d be watching and that was enough for her.

Clarke was zoned in on the big camera in the center of the crowd that would connect her to a lot of TV’s in the country.
“Don’t mind him. Don’t even act like he exists.”

“You’re right.”

“Here are your notes. I’ll be right here for anything. Just give me the signal and I’ll be by your side in a flash.”

“Thank you, Harper.” The signal wasn’t anything over the top. It was a simple hand gesture, a curl of the finger. If Clarke got stuck or she just needed a familiar face by her side, Clarke would give Harper the signal.

Her crew was next to her mother as well as Lincoln and it wasn’t long before she was on air.

“Ever since I was a little kid, I loved art. I loved drawing or painting. I was always the most artistic out of anyone in my classes. Art was just a part of me.” Clarke controlled her beating heart by playing with the papers on the stand, although she didn’t need them. She memorized this speech front to back.

She held back her tears as she got more into the emotional part of the speech. She wasn’t trying to win hearts over, she was merely just trying to get people to understand. That she was going to be in this, no matter what.

“Recently,” Clarke spoke and it was as if she barely recognized her own voice. Her ears were ringing and all she could hear was the photographers snapping pictures and journalist writing down every little thing she was saying. “I lost my dad. I knew it was going to happen. There was nothing they could do to cure his lung cancer, but it still took me by surprise because he was a fighter. He fought for everything he wanted and loved.”

Clarke looked back at Harper to see her nodding subtly. Clarke smiled because she was so happy to have Harper standing by her side, making sure everything was okay.

“I see a lot of myself in my dad. I like to believe that I’m a fighter and I will fight for this company. I’m so honored to be given this position and I won’t take it lightly. I will guard and protect this company as I see fit and I will make you all proud of me.” Clarke flashed her million dollar grin that had cameras flashing at her left and right.
On the inside, she was freaking out. This was really happening. She was having this press conference to announce that she was taking over and it all felt surreal. She wanted to make everyone proud of her, especially her dad. That was why she was fighting so hard for this. She just wanted to feel... something, that wasn’t the achy hole in her heart. She needed to get up and fight and that was exactly what she was doing.

Clarke ended her speech with a small smile, looking back at Harper briefly before turning back around to face the crowd. She hated the way her eyes zoned in on Cage in the background. She should be more worried about the journalist up front who kept asking her questions, rather than her competition.

Cage was wearing a white and silver suit, almost as if he wanted to stand out against the crowd of people mostly wearing black. He had his arms folded across his chest, a bored expression on his face. Clarke was almost positive he rolled his eyes at the end of her speech, but she decided not to pay him any attention. This wasn’t about him, and she wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of his presence weighing her down.

“I’ll now be taking any questions you may have.” Clarke said as politely as she could, still trying not to focus too much on Cage.

Clarke smiled gently at all the hands raised for her to call on. People were already shouting questions out at her to begin with, it was complete chaos once she was actually taking questions.

She handled it as elegantly as she could. Answering in almost a monotone, her and Harper already having practiced the potential questions she’d get. Clarke smiled through it because it was effortless. She had a answer to just about every question and didn’t need the help of her assistant.

It wasn’t until they got to the end of the press conference, that Clarke felt a sense of fear run through her. She couldn’t shake the way Cage had been looking at her the entire time. He hadn’t asked a single question, and it actually surprised Clarke. She thought he would be throwing questions at her left and right.

It was in the way he stepped in front of all the journalists and reporters like he was asking the million dollar question. It was in the way he was looking at her, like he knew every dirty secret she had.

“I have just one last question to end this press conference.” The way Cage was looking at her, like he knew something she didn’t, made Clarke’s skin crawl. The wording of the sentence had sounded so
ominous, Clarke shivered.

Whatever was getting ready to come out of his mouth, Clarke knew it couldn’t have been good. And she was right.

How was it that this simple press conference had taken a turn for the worse? How was it that in just a few short seconds, Cage had flipped the script on her and exposed her? Clarke had lost all sense in the world, and it felt like her brain was shutting down. She didn’t know if she could ever recover from it. She had made a terrible mistake.

“Who is Lexa Woods and what is your relationship with her?”

Cage had left Clarke standing there, gaping and trying to come up with an answer. Cage had left Clarke standing there as if she were nude. All eyes were on her and she couldn’t figure out why she couldn’t form a single word.

How did he know about Lexa? When did he know? Did he know the whole time? He couldn’t have, because they had kept the whole thing a secret.

The low, confused murmurs coming from the crowd didn’t help. The few gasps that had been let out and reporters scrambling to write down what Cage had said. Clarke had answered every question that had been thrown at her perfectly and now, she was left, her chest heaving and palms dripping in sweat.

She remembered how she said she would lie about this until the day she died, but she couldn’t form a sentence. A thin layer of sweat was forming on her brow, and she swallowed thickly. Cage was smirking at her, like he just won the super bowl. He had one up on her, and Clarke had no idea he knew.

Clarke was aware of the amount of minutes that went by. She was aware of the huge camera that was shoved in her face. She was aware of the fact that she hadn’t answered the question yet, and with every second that ticked by, the more guilty she looked.

Clarke’s chest was heaving and she gripped the podium tightly. Pictures of her were being taken left and right and Clarke felt the tears prickling at her eyes. This couldn’t be happening to her. Not when so many other things were already testing their relationship. This was the one thing she needed to make sure never happened.
But clearly the universe wasn’t on her side.

It wasn’t long until she felt a firm hand against her back. She was still looking at Cage in disbelief. How could he be so heartless to make such a big statement in the public eye? Clarke felt the rage in her heart just as she felt the hand against her back push against her slightly.

“Thank you all for coming. Clarke Griffin is no longer taking any more questions. This press conference is over.” Clarke has never heard Harper sound so unprofessional. Her words were rushed and cut short. She gathered Clarke’s speech off the podium and practically dragged Clarke off the stage, her crew right on her tale.

The nice blue waterfall and sandy beach picture were the only thing Clarke could focus on. She was sitting in the chair she got her makeup done in before things took a turn for the worse. She couldn’t keep her eyes off the clear blue water she was looking at. She wished she could be there right now, with Lexa, not having a care in the world. She didn’t want to be in this room stuck with so many people who had a lot of questions.

Clarke didn’t even know where to start. She couldn’t meet her mother’s eyes. She couldn’t meet Harper’s eyes. She didn’t need to look at them to know they were disappointed in her.

Harper was pacing back and forth, angrily chewing her gum, mumbling under her breath. She stopped a couple seconds after before she stared Clarke in the eye. In some weird twisted way, she wished she was back out at the press conference than having to deal with her strict assistant.

“Remember that conversation we had,” Harper gritted out and even though she wasn’t yelling, Clarke winced at what she said. “I asked you what would happen hypothetically if someone asked about Lexa. You said you weren’t going to hesitate. You fucking hesitated, Clarke!”

“I know!” Clarke’s voice cracked as she yelled.

“So, what the hell was that? You didn’t answer and by you not answering, it made it worse! Now they will question us. This could get really bad! You should’ve just answered the fucking question!”
“And then what?” Clarke snorted. “We forget about Lexa completely. You and I both know it doesn’t work like that so please calm down. I already feel bad enough and I have no idea how that little shit even knew about it.”

“You weren’t being careful.” A voice piped up from the back. Clarke rolled her eyes and dropped her face in her hands.

“Thank you for the commentary from the peanut gallery. It was greatly appreciated.”

“You always claim how careful you were,” The voice got closer to her until Clarke was face to face with her mother. “But how careful were you? Clearly not careful enough for a man who lives in New York to find out about a relationship you’re having from Maryland.”

“It doesn’t really add up though,” Monroe butted in. “How did he know?”

Monroe had asked the question that was on everyone’s mind. The fact that cage knew didn’t sit well with Clarke and the more she thought about it, the more her head was starting to hurt.

“What do we do?” Clarke asked the two women who’d stuck by her side the entire time. Clarke already had tears pouring out of her eyes. Everything was happening so fast, she barely had time to catch up to reality.

“Despite it being on every freaking news channel and all over twitter,” Harper looked down angrily when her phone dinged. “And people are turning it into gifs!”

“What?” Clarke gasped. “What are we going to do?”

“I think it’s safe to say that you need to get a hold of Lexa. Right now.” Harper gritted out.

“Be careful about it.” Her mother added.

Clarke sighed deeply, not ready to have this conversation with Lexa. She didn’t even know what she
was going to say. She was focused on the news channels broadcasting her embarrassing moment, and had no doubt she was going to make the headlines. She already had before this whole thing started.

The ringing in Lexa’s ears sounded faint over the beating of her heart. She couldn’t fathom what had just happened. She couldn’t figure out if it was real or not. The ringing was hardly there over the thoughts in her head.

“Lexa that’s the second time she’s called. Answer it! You know it’s important.” Anya thrust the phone into Lexa’s hands.

Lexa looked at the offending device before looking back into Anya’s eyes. She had that look as if saying everything will be okay, but Lexa didn’t believe it for a second.

“Answer it!” Anya repeated. “We can give you-“

“No!” Lexa suddenly shouted before ripping the phone out of Anya’s hands and walking towards the window.

“Oh Lexa! Thank god!” Clarke cried out. “I don’t know if you-“

“I was and I saw everything.” Despite Lexa being in a bad mood, she answered the phone calmly.

“We have a lot to talk about and I’m not sure it can all be done over the phone.”

“I have one question.”

“Lexa, please.” Clarke begged, already know what she was going to say.

“How could you do this?” Lexa asked hurt that this had happened and confused about how quickly
it happened.

“How was I supposed to know he was going to ask that question? I should’ve known by how quiet he was being. It’s never good when Cage isn’t running his mouth, that means he’s getting ready to strike.”

“He definitely struck Clarke and he made a fucking mess. My mom watches the news at work!”

“I’m sorry Lexa! I don’t know if I should come home or fly you up here-“

“Graduation is coming up, you know I can’t.”

“Then I’ll come home.”

“Wait.” Lexa said, trying to ignore the concerned looks on Raven and Anya’s faces.

They’d all gathered around, popcorn, snacks and soda, to support Clarke’s conference. It had been running so smoothly and Lexa was so proud of her girlfriend until Cage stepped in. Lexa should’ve known that Cage was up to no good, but thought they’d been so paranoid with every step they took, there was no possible way they could’ve gotten caught.

“You can’t come home. Not right now.”

“I would have to come home anyways for graduation.”

“If you come home now, it would look more suspicious. Also, my mom might hurt you in some way so it’s best if you just stay there.” Lexa let out a deep sigh, wondering why they couldn’t just get five minutes of peace. Why the world was constantly trying to pull them apart.

“You’re right.”

“What are we going to do?” Lexa asked after a couple minutes of silence. She glanced back at Anya and Raven, somber looks on their faces. Lexa waited against her window, wondering how in a
couple minutes, their world got turned upside down.

“I don’t want you to worry about anything. I have it under control.” Clarke said, authority ringing through her voice.

“I want to believe you, but Clarke-”

“Lexa, please. Let me handle it.”

“How are you going to do that?” Lexa asked through gritted teeth. “What am I supposed to do when I go back to school?”

The way the line went silent, gave Clarke’s answer away. Lexa knew Clarke didn’t have a way to fix this and sighed deeply.

“I’ll figure it out before graduation.” Clarke said after a couple seconds. Lexa let out a noise of disbelief, shaking her head before looking back at Anya. Her best friend was giving her a look that told her to have faith. It was so hard, but she held Anya’s gaze as she spoke to Clarke. Anya really was the only other person besides Clarke that could get her to calm down, take a moment and try to fix a situation.

“Okay, Clarke. I’ll try to keep things on this side of town under control too.” Lexa said even though nothing she was saying was believable.

“Bye, Lexa.”

The second Clarke said that, she hung up the phone. Lexa knew that they weren’t in the greatest place and that she was mad, but Clarke’s short tone made Lexa frown.

“I can’t believe this. I should’ve been there with her.” Raven said sadly. Anya placed a gentle hand on her shoulder, but her gaze didn’t leave Lexa’s.

“It’s going to be okay. He didn’t say that much.”
“But he said just enough for people to start looking into it.” Lexa growled.

“If it’s anyone who can figure this out, it’s Clarke. They’ve been on each other’s hit list for a while and I have a feeling this one was a bit more personal.” Raven said, burying her face in Anya’s shoulder. “The one thing we have on them, is that they can’t prove anything. I don’t know what Cage knows, but if he had any proof, he would’ve shown it right there and then. The only thing we can do right now is deny everything or just not talk about it.”

“Raven’s right, Lexa. You have to deny everything until this thing goes away.”

“Okay.” Lexa said, barely recognizing her own voice. She walked over to her bed, hoping what Raven said was right.

It had to be.

“This is the twentieth time that I’ve called Cage and of course he’s not answering.” Harper huffed, plopping down on the couch.

They were back at Clarke’s penthouse. It was only Harper and her mother. She couldn’t fathom being in the company of anyone more than that. This nightmare was only getting worse. A dozen people left and right had been calling Clarke trying to get a statement from her.

Clarke knew with everyone she rejected, the more guilty she looked, but she wasn’t talking to anyone unless it was Cage Wallace himself. Clarke was wracking her brain for any evidence that Cage could have. He had disappeared after his little stunt and no one had heard anything from him. Clarke was hoping that he didn’t have proof of anything because then she really was in trouble.

“He is going to wish he hadn’t said a thing. I’m not stopping until I get to talk to him. He will not run away like a coward.”

“You should’ve been more careful or you should’ve just waited until Lexa graduated.” Abby said
casually from where she was sitting on the other side of Clarke. She was mindlessly flipping through a magazine as if nothing happened.

“I just want to know how he knows. Who told him and when did he find out? Did he know this whole time? Were you really not being careful?” Harper questioned as she typed away on her phone.

“There’s only one person who would—“ Clarke stopped in the middle of her sentence, her eyes darkening in anger as she looked over to her mom.

Abby huffed in offense, before slowly lowering her magazine. “What? You think I did this?”

“You’re very against my relationship with her. How do I know it wasn’t you?”

“I may not like you dating Lexa. She’s too young for you, but that doesn’t mean I would mess with your life like that. Only a monster would do something like that. What kind of mother do you think I am?”

Clarke continued her stare down with her mother. She was desperate for an answer, but she knew pointing fingers wasn’t going to get her anywhere.

There was one thing she did know: she was going to figure out how Cage find out about this. She would do anything to protect Lexa and she was going to do just that. There was no way Clarke was going to let Cage win this. She didn’t care how many people were looking her way now, if she had to lie to every single one of them, then she would.

If that meant keeping Lexa safe and not damaging her reputation then Clarke would do it. She knew now wasn’t the greatest time to reflect on her relationship with Lexa, but she had never been happier.

She knew in another life, they wouldn’t even be here. No one would question their age difference and they would be sitting on the beach, sipping wine together.

This wasn’t how Clarke was going to let them end. Even if they break a ton of rules and lie their way out of it, that was what they were going to do.
Clarke wasn’t going to let some guy she’d been at war with for a long time mess this up for her. She’d just been handed this company and she would be damned if she loses it. If this was how Cage wanted to play, Clarke was ready. She didn’t care if she went down crying, she was going to protect Lexa until the day she dies.

“Okay, I believe you,” Clarke said, nodding her head sincerely. She knew her mother wasn’t lying with the way she didn’t look away from her. She looked back at Harper before turning back to her mother, a fire burning in her eyes. “Let’s give him hell.”
This story is almost over and I want to thank everyone who stuck by it from the very beginning. I am planning on doing a sequel and I just hope you guys enjoy this chapter!

“This is the tenth time I’ve called him! He better hope he doesn’t answer, because when he does I’m-“

“Going to sound completely guilty with how mad you are.”

“Then, I’ll sound guilty either way.” Clarke huffed in anger as she rummaged through the bag of Chinese food. “It makes no sense that we’ve gotten nowhere and now Cage just decides that he wants to drop off the face of the earth. When I find him, I’m going to-“

“Be calm and collected and have an adult conversation.” Harper finished quickly for her boss. “Clarke, we’ll figure it out.” She said more softly.

“I’m itching to get back home. I’m dying for answers. I want to see Lexa. She graduates in a couple days and I don’t know if I’ll even make it.”

Clarke heard her assistant sigh from across her penthouse. Harper got up and walked into the kitchen with Clarke. Harper wordlessly accepted a couple of egg rolls before sitting down across from Clarke.

She could tell by the pinch in between her eyebrows that her boss was under a lot of stress, and had no idea how to make it better. She didn’t think the conversation she wanted to have with her boss right now would make things better, but she needed to hear it.

“I think you should wait.” Harper said hesitantly, not knowing what would set her boss off.
“Excuse me?” Clarke squeaked out in confusion.

Harper took a deep breath, knowing she couldn’t take her words back.

“I’ve always respected you. When you decided to leave to take care of your dad, I was your number one supporter. I’ll always respect you, Clarke, but you need to wait on this.” Harper rested her hands against the table, patiently waiting for her boss to answer.

It took a couple minutes, Clarke was glaring at her across the table and Harper swallowed roughly.

“This is all I’ve wanted,” Clarke sighed helplessly. “Through all the meetings, agreements and press conferences. This is the only thing I wanted.”

“I know, but do you know what this could do to the company? To us?” Harper stressed, taking a bite out of her egg roll. “We could really go down for this, Clarke. You need to wait. I’m not saying you’ll never become boss, but for right now, you need to lay low. You never know who’s watching.”

“No, you’re right. I’m just…” Clarke trailed off, looking down at the ring her wine glass was leaving on her table. She traced the rim of the glass with her fingertip, wondering when things got so messed up.

“If you care about her and I mean, really care… then you would take a step back. I know this is what Cage wants, but we have to do it.”

“I haven’t talked to her since the press conference. That was what, almost four days ago?” Clarke scrunched her face up, trying to remember. “I think it has more to do with our relationship than what happened.”

“Lexa has a lot of things going for her. You really want to be the reason you hold her back?” Harper asked sharply. “Maybe it’s for the best.”

Clarke stopped eating, looking at her assistant darkly. Harper didn’t move, knowing she messed up.
“Harper…” Clarke warned lowly.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean-“ Harper stopped talking, blowing out a breath. “I’m sorry.”

“Of course I want her to succeed and I know she will. She does have a lot of things going for her, but what? You just want me to forget everything that’s happened. Everything that I’ve went through this year. Had it not been for her, who knows where I would’ve been after my dad died.” Clarke ranted seriously. Harper just sat there and listened.

“I’m sure she was a big part of helping you get back on your feet, but Clarke-“

“Harper, why don’t we just focus on finding out how to fix this problem?” Clarke said firmly. “Please, I don’t want to talk about her anymore.”

Harper waited, looking at the tense look on Clarke’s face and nodded.

“Okay.”

Clarke thought the call was going to go straight to voicemail again. She wouldn’t be surprised, although she would’ve been incredibly disappointed. This man had been avoiding her calls all night and ever since the press conference.

Clarke and Harper finally decided to call it a night an hour ago, but Clarke couldn’t sleep. Her mother was fast asleep in the guest room, but she couldn’t sleep knowing what was on the line. Clarke knew she promised Harper that she would leave this problem alone until tomorrow, but she couldn’t help herself.

After Harper went home, and she took a bath to calm her nerves, Clarke made the conscious decision that she would never rest until this got solved.

It was already past midnight when she turned all the lights off in her room and dialed the number
she’d been calling all night.

She waited with her palms sweating and a thin layer of sweat on her brow for the line to connect. There were so many things that she wanted to say, she just didn’t know how to put them into words.

The second the line connected, Clarke let out a faint gasp.

“It’s late.” The deep voice said and Clarke sighed.

“You wouldn’t answer my calls.” Clarke said dully, already annoyed by the conversation.

“You know, if you keep calling me. I’m going to have to make another announcement… and I really don’t think you want that.” His nasty tone apparent in his words. “I have something on you, Griffin-“

“Let’s not forget the things I have on you too,” Clarke hissed out, slowly smiling in satisfaction when the line went quiet. “All the things I have on you. Things you had your father bury with his money. He wouldn’t be able to help you this time Cage. You wanna mess with me, go ahead, but it won’t end well for you.”

“You can’t threaten me!” Cage yelled across the line. “I threaten you!”

“I just fucking did!” Clarke yelled back, heated about this whole situation.

“I think we should meet.” Clarke said much calmer after a few seconds. “We have a lot of things we need to talk about.”

“I’m not meeting you anywhere.” Cage snorted in disgust. Clarke clenched her jaw shut, knowing this rivalry would never end.

“I think it’ll be worth your while,” Clarke said. “I have to go back to Maryland, but after that we need to meet. You’re an impossible man to track down these days.”

“I’m not meeting you.” Cage said slowly, his tone darken.
“Are we going to have a standoff on the phone?”

When Cage didn’t answer, Clarke dug her nails in further.

“I really do wonder how you got all your charges dropped, Cage. I wonder what the public will think when they know what you did and then they can decide who the real sicko is.”

“Clarke-“ Her name came out of his mouth hot and fast, his voice snapping under pressure. Clarke smirked, because she knew she was getting to him. She was getting under his skin. She wanted him to know the things she could do if given the chance. She wanted him to fear for his career, the way she was right now.

“I really think we should meet when I come back to New York. It’ll be in your best interest.”

“Yeah,” Cage breathed through the line, his tone short. “We’ll meet somewhere. If you don’t mind, I’m going to bed now.”

Clarke could tell by how fast Cage had ended the call, she got to him.

It made her feel a little better as she put her phone on the charger and tried her best to fall asleep.

It felt weird rolling over in the morning and not having Clarke there. Lexa smiled because she remembered all the different (and sexual) ways Clarke would wake her up in the morning.

It wasn’t until Lexa got up out of bed and walked into the bathroom that the events were starting to catch up with her. She looked around slightly, knowing she was alone, but couldn’t help but feel it coming.

There was no way her mom didn’t know about this. About Clarke.
Lexa ran some cold water over her face before showering as quick as she could. After throwing on some clothes, she wasn’t all that surprised that her mother was cooking in the kitchen. It was Friday and she tended to go into work later on Friday mornings.

Indra’s back was to her and Lexa walked quietly into the kitchen.

“Good morning.” Lexa offered softly. She didn’t know what to do, so she walked over to the refrigerator and poured herself a glass of orange juice.

“Morning.” Lexa thought it was strange how casual her mom sounded. It made Lexa dread what she was about to say, or maybe she should just leave it be? Maybe she should just completely dodge the bullet because she was almost positive she was seconds away from dying.

Lexa stood on the opposite side of the island counter. Her mother hadn’t faced her once, but she also hadn’t said a thing about Clarke. The news was everywhere and there was no way her mother was okay with it.

Lexa knew she couldn’t stay quiet with the sounds of only her mother cooking.

“Are we going to talk about it?” Lexa asked under her breath. Lexa could tell something was wrong with her mom, by the way her shoulders were tensing up. Lexa knew right then and there, she knew.

“Talk about what?” Indra asked lightly over her shoulder. It made Lexa swallow hard. She knew she was going to have a long day at school, and telling her mom about this was only going to make it longer.

“Mom-“

“Talk about what, Lexa?” Indra asked more darkly, placing a few pancakes on a plate along with some bacon and eggs. She slid it over to Lexa, her eyes locking with hers.

Lexa took a moment, glancing at her mother and wondering what she should say. Indra’s face was changing by the minute and it was freaking Lexa out.
“There’s nothing to talk about Lexa. Eat your breakfast,” Indra instructed, going back to cooking. “And you better listen to me since I’m your mother and you live under my house. By my rules. Since you’re only eighteen years old.”

Lexa sighed deeply, hanging her head in shame. Her mother definitely knew and she wasn’t going to make this easy for Lexa at all.

Lexa knew better than to say something. She waited because she knew her mother wasn’t done. She ate her food as quickly as she could, in hopes that she wouldn’t have to engage in this conversation.

“I could’ve sworn I raised you better than this,” Indra muttered. “To know not to get yourself into certain situations. To know better than-”

“Mom, please.” Lexa begged. Her head was already spinning with everything that was going on.

“Don’t cut me off when I’m talking to you!” Indra spun around, throwing down the dish towel. Lexa swallowed hard and remained completely still.

“I need you to do something for me.” Indra said, her voice softening up. Lexa waited a couple seconds before responding.

“What is it?” Lexa asked skeptically. Her mother was full of surprises and had no idea what she wanted.

“I need you to tell me it’s not true.” Indra pleaded, looking her daughter straight in the eyes. Lexa pierced her lips together, before slightly shaking her head. She watched as her mother sighed in disappointment before placing her hands on her hips.

“How could you be so stupid?” Indra asked in disbelief. “To involve yourself with a teacher who just so happens to be a fashion designer. A very well known fashion designer. Lexa, what the hell is wrong with you?”

“Mom, it just happened and I love her-“
“Like hell you do.”

“Mom, you don’t understand. I love her and we can find a way around this.”

“A way around this?” Indra snorted, her eyes darkening. “There is no way around this Lexa. A lot of people know. A lot of people who could end Clarke’s career because of a stupid mistake you guys made. There is no way around this and this relationship is over.”

“But mom!”

“I mean it, Lexa!” Indra pointed a stern finger at her daughter. “This could ruin her life. It’s already ruining her career. You need to end it and you need to end it now.”

“I won’t do that.”


“She’ll figure something out.” Lexa said, but even she didn’t believe her words.

“Like what?” Indra squinted her eyes. “Paying millions of dollars to make the story go away?”

“I don’t know.”

“And then what? You really think people won’t look into this?”

“I don’t know.”

“You think you’ll just live happily ever after? You’re getting ready to go to college and who knows what’s going to happen to Clarke once she takes over. You really think you guys are going to last?”
“I don’t know!” Lexa snapped, going over and throwing her plate in the sink. “I don’t fuckin’ know and it doesn’t help that you’re being so negative!”

Indra watched as her daughter clenched her fists, her shoulders tense and her jaw locked. She took a moment, taking in how stress her daughter looked and let out a long sigh. She quietly walked over to Lexa and placed a hand on her shoulder.

“I’m sorry,” Indra apologized softly. “I didn’t mean to attack you like that. You know I’ll always be here for you.”

“I’m scared.” Lexa confessed, her voice shaking. “I’m scared, but I have to act like I’m not for her. I don’t know what to do.”

“I hope she can fix this, my child.” Indra whispered.

“Me too.” Lexa said, placing her hand over her mother’s. “I’m sorry for yelling.”

“Let’s just try to get through this day, okay?” Indra asked softly and Lexa reluctantly nodded. She wasn’t ready to face the people at school.

“Yeah, let’s do that.”

Lexa had been called to the principal’s office quite a few times through her high school years. She wasn’t always getting in trouble, but there were times when she’d been caught doing something she wasn’t supposed to be doing. She’d never gotten caught for smoking though. All the times she would hide out in the morning before school started, smoking her cigarette, she never once got caught.

Was it so bad that she wished that she’d gotten caught for smoking now? Instead of the very obvious reason as to why she was being pulled into the principal's office toward the end of the day.
Things had been weird at school. Lexa had avoided almost everyone today including Bellamy and Jasper. She was with Anya almost the entire day. Anya was there at her classes when the bell would ring and they would wander the halls until next period. Lexa didn’t make eye contact with anyone. She didn’t need to and she didn’t need to explain herself.

That was until she was in the middle of her English class and she got a note that the principal wanted to see her. She immediately called Anya on her way down to the office. Lexa told her what happened and all Anya said was: I’ll handle it.

Lexa wasn’t really sure how Anya was going to handle it. Her heart was actually racing the closer she got to the office. She felt like everyone knew with the way people would look at her in the hallway, that was until she mean-mugged them and they turned away. Lexa didn’t like to be in the spotlight enough as it was and now, she was really in the spotlight. After her glorious championship win, Lexa was all her peers were talking about.

Lexa had heard a couple whispers about her. Who wouldn’t want to talk about the fact that she was allegedly sleeping with a teacher? Lexa was realizing that this could get really bad and hoped Anya could find a way for her to get out of this.

As she was ushered into the back office, Lexa was trying to think of any excuse to leave, but none were coming to her. She gently pinched herself on the arm (she’d been doing it all day). It was the only way of telling herself that she was actually here. People were actually talking about it and Lexa had no idea what to do. So, she would pinch herself because she wished she could wake up from this nightmare.

“Please, come in.” Thelonious said gently. Lexa looked at the chair he gestured at and shook her head.

“I’m okay right here.” Lexa folded her arms across her chest. Thelonious swallowed roughly before regaining his control.

“We have much to discuss so please, sit down.” Thelonious said. “It’s better that I’m doing this and not someone else. Sit. Now.”

Lexa knew her stare down wasn’t going to work on Thelonious and huffed as she sat down.

“Is there anything you want to tell me?” Thelonious asked uncomfortably. (It had only been the tenth
“I’ve been sitting here for twenty minutes, if I had something to tell you, I would’ve already said it. Now, can I please go?” Lexa groaned loudly. She didn’t let any emotion play across her face. She kept it neutral. She had a feeling that she was selling it because Thelonious looked just as uncomfortable as she did.

“Obviously Ms. Griffin isn’t here right now.”

“I don’t want to talk about her.” Lexa said seriously.

“Did she in any way-”

“I think I have a feeling what you’re about to say,” Lexa said slowly, her whole body going stiff. “And the answer is no. Absolutely not. I’ve barely even talked to this teacher all year.”

“Lexa, I know you and I know your mom and you can tell me anything.”

“I have nothing to tell you!” Lexa was starting to lose her cool. “Now, please can I go?”

“We aren’t going anywhere until I-” Thelonious immediately stopped talking once he heard the loud, familiar buzz of the fire alarm.

Lexa could tell by the look on his face that this wasn’t planned and he immediately hopped up.

“We can talk about this later.” Thelonious rushed out, his words barely audible.

Lexa was looking around in confusion before she realized what was going on. She smiled to herself happily and knew she owed Anya big time.

As everyone was rushing out of the building, believing that there was an actual fire, Lexa hung back, trying to find Anya.
It wasn’t hard to spot her, by the bathroom near the hall of fame. Lexa whistled as she opened the
door to the girls bathroom, knowing that Anya was in there.

“I think you’re so hot, you set the fire alarm off.” Lexa smirked as she leaned against the counter,
looking at her best friend who was leaning against the wall.

“Did it work?” Anya asked skeptically.

“Oh yeah.” Lexa laughed. “You should’ve seen his face. How did you do it?”

Anya wordlessly held up a lighter and shook it.

“Why don’t we get out of here? We aren’t doing anything anyways.” Anya suggested and Lexa was
more than ready to ditch school for the rest of the day.

“I’m right behind you.”

“Do you know how much dirt I have on him?” Clarke asked, walking around in circles. It was the
next day and it was late, she knew. Her feet were tired, her muscles ached and her brain was tired of
thinking so hard.

“And I’m not just talking about business wise. Personal business. Things that could get him sent to
prison, not even his father’s money would be able to help him.”

“Honey, you were never one to play dirty.” Her mother chimed in, a little bit afraid of what her
daughter was capable of.

“He’s trying to end me,” Clarke defended herself. “I’ll end him first.”

“What happened between you two?” Abby asked in curiosity, crossing her arms. “Ever since
college, you guys have been at war with each other.”

Clarke took a sip of her wine, looking back and forth between her assistant and her mother. There were so many things she could say right now, but she didn’t know if it was the right time.

With the amount of things she knew about Cage, she could write a novel. She didn’t know if she wanted to think about all the things that had gone wrong in the past few years.

Clarke wouldn’t say that they were ever friends with each other, but there was a time were they were once acquaintances. That was until Cage tried to come for her company, and not to mention all the messed up things he did in college.

“Clarke?” Harper called her name quietly.

“He agreed to meet me after graduation and I’m going to.” Clarke said instead of answering her mother’s question.

“What?”

“Really?”

They both asked at the same time. Clarke took a gulp of her wine, taking a moment to savor the taste before answering.

“I want to go alone.”

“Clarke, that’s not a good. We should-“

“I need to do this on my own. If I’m going to get him to talk, I need to be alone.”

“It’s not a good idea.” Abby sided with Harper.
“I know what I’m doing.” Clarke said through gritted teeth. She turned her phone over, looking at all the notifications on her phone, but none of them were from Lexa. “I know him.”

“You keep insisting that you know him and that you have dirt on him, well why won’t you tell us what it is?”

“If he wants to dig and get personal, I can do the same thing. The only difference is I already know what he did.”

“Clarke, you’re not making any sense.” Abby shook her head helplessly, looking at Harper who looked just as helpless as she did.

“Why can’t you just trust me? Clarke huffed in frustration. “This is between me and him and it’s going to stay that way.”

“You’re going to meet with him and then what?” Harper frowned.

Clarke finished the rest of her wine before she answered Harper. She tried her best to let the alcohol run its course, but it was hard when she was being questioned and Lexa wasn’t talking to her. She wanted the wine to dull the pain, but it was doing the complete opposite.

She had nothing figured out right now. Just because Cage agreed to meet her didn’t mean that everything was going to be solved. She knew how Cage could be and had a feeling she wasn’t going to get her answers up front.

She didn’t want to come back to Lexa empty-handed, but it looked like that was what was going to happen.

Cage had been impossible to get in contact and meet with. She spent the last few days hearing Cage’s voicemail than his actual voice.

What if Clarke couldn’t make him back down? She knew no matter what, this news wasn’t going away anytime soon, but could she get Cage to take back his statement?
(Would it be that easy? Is Clarke really going back to Maryland with absolutely nothing?)

With all these thoughts swirling around in her head, she didn’t hesitate with popping open another bottle of wine. Her mother was giving her a funny look, but Clarke just ignored it. She needed something to take away the ache in her chest. The same ache that had been there ever since her dad died.

And with that thought, she downed half her glass of wine before looking at her assistant.

“I don’t know.” Clarke sighed. There were endless possibilities going through her mind. They were all starting to mix in together and Clarke thought the wine was finally starting to kick in. “But I have a feeling that he’s going to want to hear what I have to say.”

Abby and Harper looked at each other, wondering what Clarke had in mind. The blonde had been so secretive this entire time and Abby and Harper were really starting to see just how bad the feud between Clarke and Cage was.

Either way, they both hoped that Clarke could finally get some answers from the man.

As it was nearing the last few days of school, Lexa was buzzing with excitement that graduation was just around the corner.

Her coach wanted to talk to her, and Lexa had no idea about what. It could be about a lot of things: basketball, graduation or maybe even Clarke.

Her principal hadn’t tried to see her again and Lexa was more than relieve. She knew it had more to do with the fact that graduation was a few days away, but still, at least she was off the hook for now.

She hadn’t talked to Clarke in the past few days either. She had no idea what was going on between them. Lexa supposed it was better this way. If anyone knew they were still in contact, that could make things worse.
But Lexa still missed her.

It was lonely without Clarke around. Lexa knew she could talk to Anya about anything, but no one understood this situation better than Clarke did. Things were so rocky between them and Lexa had no idea if they were going to get better.

Clarke was still in New York and Lexa didn’t know if she was going to be back in time for the graduation. There were a lot of reasons why Lexa hadn’t called and asked. She was scared that this problem would never be fixed. She was scared that Clarke didn’t even want to talk to her. She was scared of coming face to face with all the problems in her life.

So, she kept her head held down as she walked down towards the gym. Finn was in there waiting for her and she hoped this was a smooth affair.

She walked into the gym, her footsteps echoing against the floor as she walked over to her coach, who was staring up at the wall of jerseys.

“Hey, Coach.” Lexa said quietly, still not knowing what was going on.

“You know, I remember this scrawny, tall girl asking me if I had a spot on the girl’s basketball team for her. You looked so determined, you already had a basketball in your hands,” Finn slowly turned around, making eye contact with her. “I didn’t know she was going to be such a big part of my life for the next few years.”

“Coach...”

“I have a lot of questions, but I don’t even know where to start.” Finn glanced at his star basketball player. Lexa was shifting her weight from one leg to the other. “So, I’m not going to.”

“That’s okay.” Lexa said in relief. She knew her coach was confused and to be honest, so was she.

“Is it-“ Finn couldn’t stop himself from questioning it a little bit.
“Was there a reason why you wanted to see me, Coach?” Lexa asked as softly as she could, but she kept her eyes hard. It was already bad enough that people from the outside world knew. The fact that the one guy who was crushing hard on her girlfriend knew, completely rubbed Lexa the wrong way. She wasn’t going to discuss anything to him.

Finn nodded slightly, knowing he wasn’t going to get any information out of the girl.

“I actually wanted to do this before graduation. I want to hang your jersey on the wall of fame. It’s a tradition at Grounders High School that we hang up the jersey of one senior and I want that senior to be you.” Finn gestured to the wall in front of him.

“Are you serious?” Lexa stumbled upon her words.

“Completely serious. I want you up here with the rest of the players. You had a phenomenal basketball career and I know it’s only going to get better. You’ll get a new number and you’ll flourish in it. I want your jersey on the wall.”

“Coach…” Lexa said, her emotions getting the best of her.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Finn said as he walked closer to her. Lexa could smell the cheap cologne wafting off of him. “Just say yes.”

“Yes.” Lexa said immediately and couldn’t help the smile she gave him. “I would be honored.”

“You deserve it, Lexa. Regardless of what’s going to happen, I’m going to miss you.”

“Me too.” Lexa said and she meant it. She had grown so much thanks to the man in front of her, but she would never tell him that.

“I’ll make an announcement about it, let the sports department know, but they already had a clue it was going to be you.”

“Thank you, Coach.” Lexa said as she held out her hand. Finn proudly shook it and patted her on the back.
Lexa was trying her best to savor every moment with her friends. With a cigarette in one hand and a beer in the other, Lexa looked around happily. All of her closest friends were here with her. The ones she started high school with and now, was ending high school with.

The thought made something jolt in Lexa. As she looked at all her friends goofing off, running around and drinking, she was really getting ready to graduate.

She was getting ready to say her final goodbyes to over half of the people here and it made Lexa sad, but happy that she was getting ready to start another chapter of her life.

They were all sitting around Anya’s house, her mom was working a late shift tonight. It was the night before graduation and Lexa felt a sense of pride run through her. She really couldn’t believe she was getting ready to graduate. She had only been dreaming of the day since she started high school.

It was such a bittersweet feeling, because as she looked around the room, she was truly going to miss all of them. She considered most of them her friends and she was going to miss seeing them around. She wasn’t sure if she was ready to move to a different state to start college, but she had to do this for herself. She had to do this for-

“So, what’s the deal with the art teacher?” Echo slurred from right next to her. “I’ve been hearing some pretty messed up stuff.”

Lexa was rudely interrupted from her thoughts from her loud and nosy friend. The question seemed to catch the attention of many of her peers andLexa clutched her beer can tighter.

“Yeah, are you guys fucking or what?” Jasper snorted. “Because that would be so hot. Unless you’re going down for it, then it wouldn’t be.”
“Shut up, Jasper.” Anya rolled her eyes. Lexa still hadn’t answered the question and the longer she took to answer, the more her peers were starting to get invested.

“I thought it was a rumor. I mean Ms. Griffin isn’t even in town.” Gina spoke up from her spot on the floor.

“That doesn’t mean anything,” Bellamy shook his head. “You’ve been dating someone and we’ve all been trying to guess all year. Is it her?”

“Don’t you have a game of beer pong to lose?” Anya squinted her eyes at the football player.

“If it’s true,” Lexa finally looked up when she heard the voice. She thought she was about to get lectured, but she was completely surprised by what she said. “If it’s true… we’ll stand by you.”

“Who’s we?” Jasper asked seriously. “Because if she’s getting in trouble for this, I never knew her!”

“Jasper, quit it!” Ontari hissed before facing Lexa again. It looked physically painful for the girl to say the words, but she held her head high. She gestured to their friends behind her. “We’ll stand by you.”

“We will.” Bellamy said eventually. He was looking at Lexa curiously, but even she didn’t have all the answers.

Lexa just ended her silence with, “Thank you.” And didn’t say anything else after that.

The conversation quickly moved on after that. Lexa was looking at Anya for comfort and her best friend nodded at her.

Lexa excused herself to the bathroom and pulled out her phone. Her thumb hovered over the familiar contact before shaking her head. There had been so much going on lately, Lexa wouldn’t even know what to say to her. (There wasn’t anything to say).

And with that in mind, Lexa took a long drag of her cigarette before putting it out. She went to the camera roll on her phone, tapping on the most recent picture of them together. It was a couple weeks
ago before all of this mess happened.

The picture was taken at Clarke’s apartment. Lexa was wearing her basketball jersey, her arm muscles puffing out and Clarke was wearing Lexa’s old black jacket she gave to her. Lexa had one arm wrapped around Clarke and they both were smiling at the camera that Lexa couldn’t help but chuckle at.

She wondered where things went wrong. She wasn’t even talking to Clarke at this point and sighed. She wished she could go back to that night where they just hung out and talked about nothing. Where they could enjoy each other’s company without anyone else around. Where they could be happy and in love.

Lexa sighed sadly again before locking her phone, stuffing it back in her pockets before going back out and trying to enjoy her last day of being a senior with her friends.

“I can’t believe this!” Raven moaned as she rolled over.

“I know,” Anya breathed as she took the strap-on off. “That was pretty wild.”

Raven smiled for a moment, before shaking her head softly.

“I wasn’t talking about the sex,” Raven murmured, before thinking for a moment. “Although, that was really hot. I’m talking about you graduating! I’m really proud of you.”

“Thank you.” Anya blushed as she her naked body melted against the bed.

They both lay in bed, hoping and wondering about the future. Of all the possibilities that could happen between them.

Any felt like anything was possible and looking over at the beautiful girl next to her, she couldn’t help but let out those few words.
“I wanna be with you.” Anya said seriously, looking Raven in the eyes. “I want to be able to call you mine. I want…. I want a lot of things… and I want them with you.”

“You do?” Raven sat up in the bed, not bothering to cover herself up.

“I’m being serious, Raven-“

“I know you are.” Raven cut in quickly.

“I don’t want to meet another girl or find someone else while I’m away. I just want you, Raven. That’ll never change.”

“Who knew you could be so sweet?” Raven asked, trying to deter the conversation, but Anya wasn’t falling for it.

“Tell me how you feel.” Anya said, scooting closer to the warmth that was cascading off of Raven’s body.

Anya could tell by the way Raven wrapped her arms around her chest, she was trying to hide away, but Anya didn’t want her to hide. Anya didn’t want Raven to hide anything about her. She was falling so hard for this girl, it was scaring her.

“Anya…” Raven said powerlessly, not knowing what to say. There were so many things she wanted to say, she just didn’t know how. She was never good at expressing her feelings.

Anya sat there patiently, wondering what Raven was going to say. Her heart thumping in anticipation.

“There are a lot of things I’m feeling,” Raven said quietly. “You know I have feelings for you.”

When they both made eye contact, they couldn’t help but smile at each other, reveling in the fact that they both felt the same.
“I want to make this work.” Raven said boldly. “I’ve never been in a long distance relationship, but I’m sure we can make it work. I’ll do everything in my power to make it work. I don’t want to lose you, because if I lose… if I lose you... if I lose you then- I’ll-“

“Raven.” Anya called simply, trying to get the girl’s attention. Anya held out her hand and Raven took it immediately.

“I don’t want to lose you either.” Anya whispered. “I can’t.”

Raven nodded because that was all she could do. The tears were coming out faster than she could wipe away and she scooted closer to Anya.

“We can do this. We can make this work.” Raven was letting her vulnerable side show, something that happened often in Anya’s presence.

Those words kept coming out of Raven’s mouth as they both laid back. Anya was listening to them like they were the soundtrack of her life.

She hoped Raven was right. She hoped they could make it through this. There was no one else that Anya wanted and she just wanted one thing in her life to go right.

It wasn’t long before they both fell asleep, Raven’s words a soothing melody as they drifted off to sleep. They didn’t know what was going to happen to them in the future. They didn’t know if they were going to end up together, but they knew one thing as they laid side by side that night: there was no place else they wanted to be.

With all the flashing lights and the crowds of people, Lexa would’ve thought she was used to it, but she wasn’t used to it. It wasn’t everyday you graduate. She hadn’t attended a graduation since her own, in the fifth grade.

Everything was so foreign to her. Her cap, her gown, the shorts and shirt she was wearing
underneath. She wasn’t used to any of this and it didn’t help that Anya was nowhere near her. They were backstage in alphabetical order and Lexa was jumping with adrenaline. She just wanted to get this over with so she didn’t have to be in the spotlight anymore.

She had no idea if Clarke was out in the stands. She didn’t think the blonde would make it back in time, and she didn’t blame her. A part of her thought it would be better if Clarke just didn’t show up at all, but Lexa also knew Clarke had seniors that she wanted to say goodbye to.

As her class started to walk into the stadium and sit in alphabetical order, she listened to the cheers. She looked around to all the families that were attending the graduation.

She spotted her mom almost instantly. She was wearing their school colors and was holding a huge sign that said: Congratulations, baby! Her aunt Luna was here also. She said she wouldn’t miss this for the world and it made Lexa smile.

Her father was here also with Taylor and Aden. He was a good distance away from Indra and Lexa was glad for it. She didn’t mind that Nyko was here. She knew she couldn’t talk him out of this.

She didn’t know what was going to happen after this. She didn’t know if Clarke was coming back. She didn’t know if she was going out to eat with her mom and aunt or if she was going with her dad and his family. There were so many uncertainties right now and it was hard for Lexa to focus.

It didn’t help that she was one of the last people called because of her last name. She had to wait for her entire class to be called before they got to her. She clapped and cheered the loudest when Anya, Echo, Bellamy, Ontari and Jasper were called. She really didn’t know what she would do without her friends right now and as she looked around the stadium, a sense of joy rushed through her.

She made it.

She got through what was arguably the hardest four years of your life. She was sitting in this chair, surrounded by so many of her peers and friends, waiting for her name to be called.

And when she finally heard it, the stadium erupted in cheer. Lexa tried her hardest not to get emotional as she walked through the rows of people. Anya was giving her a thumbs up, with a wide smile and Lexa smiled back.
She looked at the rows of her peers: most she had hooked up with, some she had gotten into fights with, many that she drifted away from. But either way, through all the drama, lies, hookups, fights and tears they all had gotten through it. They were all ready for the next chapter of their lives and Lexa couldn’t be more excited for what was in store.

She happily shook her principal’s hand and smiled brightly when he handed over her diploma.

“Good job, Woods.” Thelonious smiled. Lexa nodded because that was all she could do, without completely falling apart.

Lexa walked back to her seat, accepting the pats on her back and the hand shakes. Everything at this point was just blurring together and she couldn’t believe she was actually holding her diploma in her hands.

She couldn’t wait to see her mom and hug her.

As she made her way back to her seat as her other classmates were being called up, she looked around. She just wanted to soak it in one more time. Most of her classmates, she’ll probably never see again until the reunion. For the most part, Lexa was totally fine with it, but it also made her heart ache.

She was really here and this was really happening.

She was really graduating.

And as the last name was finally called, the animosity around the stadium was building. Everyone was getting antsy, because it was finally over.

They all stood up once the principal was finally done talking and everyone erupted in cheers when he congratulated their class.

Everyone knew what was next and Lexa all but ripped off her cap and threw it in the air. Caps were flying left and right and Lexa was okay with the fact that she’ll never get hers back. At least she’ll
As everyone was starting to grab their things, Lexa couldn’t believe her eyes as she looked up.

Standing at the west entrance of the stadium, was Clarke. She looked a bit frazzled and she kept adjusting her silky lavender dress, but she was here and she was looking straight at Lexa.

Lexa tried not to look effected by it. She couldn’t make a scene that Clarke was here. She had no idea the status of their relationship and Clarke may be here for completely different reasons, but she was here nevertheless and Lexa smiled to herself for a minute.

Clarke was giving her a look that she only understood and Lexa quickly nodded before turning and trying to find Anya. Lexa kept one eye on Clarke while the other was trying to find Anya, who was up front talking to Bellamy and Jasper.

The fact that she hadn’t seen Clarke in so long, made Lexa want to run across the stadium to her. There were a lot of people here, maybe they wouldn’t even notice, but Lexa knew it was too risky.

As soon as Clarke was spotted, she was waved down by her fellow coworkers. No one seemed like they were hounding her for questions about what was going on. Instead, it just looked like they needed her help with guiding everyone out without getting harmed.

Lexa took the time to walk up and find Anya.

“We did it!” Jasper yelled, his veins popping out of his neck. “We fucking did it! And we are getting so fucked up tonight.”

“Hell yes we are!” Anya yelled back, pulling Lexa in for a hug. “Your girl is here.” She whispered into her ear.

“I know she is.” Lexa said back, but Anya barely heard her over the amount of students celebrating that they finally graduated.
Lexa kept her eyes on her friends, still looking around and taking it all in.

It was chaotic trying to get out of the stadium. Lexa couldn’t count how many times she bumped into someone or how many times she tripped over someone.

It took her ten minutes to find her mom and aunt, and once Lexa spotted them, they started jumping and waving. Her aunt Luna was holding a bunch of flowers that she probably bought at the front desk and her mother was holding her arms out wide.

Lexa quickened her steps and fell into her mother’s arms.

“I’m so proud of you, baby! You did it! You graduated!” Her mother was rocking her from side to side, squeezing the life out of her. “I can’t believe it! I can’t believe-“

“... can brrethe.” Lexa mumbled out, and Luna had to practically pull Indra off of her.

“I’m sorry, baby. I’m just so excited!” Indra gushed.

Her mother was wearing a happy smile that quickly faded when she looked up. Lexa was confused how her mother’s mood had changed so quickly, but had figured it out when she turned around.

“Lexa!” Aden yelled happily and Lexa’s eyes widened. She knew they were here, she just hadn’t seen them since the day she stormed out of the bowling alley.

“I’ll let you guys talk.” Indra nodded and guided Luna through the crowd. “Come find us when you’re done. We want to take you to dinner.”

Indra gave her daughter one more kiss on the cheek before waving slightly at Nyko and his family.

It was awkward. Extremely awkward, but Nyko actually looked like he wanted to be here.

“We got you these.” Nyko said, holding out the roses. “Taylor picked them out.”
“Thank you.” Lexa took the banquet of flowers and smiled thankfully.

“You’re going to college now?” Aden looked up at her with his big eyes.

“In a couple months. My freshmen orientation is actually in a couple weeks.” Lexa spoke to her dad.

“Oh,” Nyko said and stuffed his hands in his pocket. “Well, if you need someone to drive you down there, I can do it.”

“Thank you.” Lexa said again and couldn’t stop herself from thinking about what that would be like.

“I want to spend time with you before you go. I know we don’t have the best track record, but we would love to have you over for dinner sometime, if you want?”

Lexa didn’t have it in her heart to say no. After all, her dad and his wife had cleared their schedules to come watch her graduate. The least she could do was spend an evening with them. She really hoped that they could do this right this time. She didn’t want her emotions to get the best of her and she didn’t want to talk about the past. She wanted to have a nice dinner and get to know her other family.

“Aden and I would love to have you over.” Taylor added for a good measure and Lexa finally nodded.

"I'd like that."

“I’m really proud of you, Lexa.” The way he trailed off, the awkward side shuffle he was doing, made Lexa believe that he wanted a hug.

She knew things were far from perfect between them, but Lexa was so overwhelmed with emotions, she couldn’t hold back.

She opened up her arms and chuckled at the way her dad jumped at the opportunity. It was rather awkward at first, Nyko didn’t know how long he should hold his daughter. (He wanted to hold her
“Thank you.” Lexa said for the third time and squeezed her father once more, before a glimpse of blonde hair caught her eye.

There were people everywhere, Lexa figured no one would be watching. She could tell by the way she was walking that it was Clarke and tried to wrap up the conversation with her dad.

“I’ll call you?” Nyko asked and Lexa nodded.

“I would like that.” Lexa said and she actually meant it. Aden pulled her in for a hug and Taylor waved goodbye.

“Bye, Lexa!” Aden said loudly and Lexa giggled.

“Bye, Aden.” Lexa said and tried to walk off as casually as she could. She walked around the sidewalk, towards the back of the building trying to see where she went.

“Hey, number twenty-five, or should I stop calling you that now?” The low raspy voice made Lexa jump.

Clarke was leaning against the bricks, smoking a cigarette in all her beautiful glory. A slow, mischievous smile spreading across her face. “Care to join me?”

They were both hidden by the wall and Lexa quickly made her way over to her. She leaned on the wall opposite of Clarke, and just stared at her, not knowing what to say. She was still getting over the fact that she just graduated, she had no idea what to think right now.

“I know we have a lot to talk about...” Clarke trailed off, blowing the smoke out of her mouth, some of it blowing out of her nose. “But maybe that can wait. I want to celebrate you graduating.”

“Clarke-“
“I know I can’t just come back and pretend like everything is fine.” This time Clarke pushed herself off the wall. She started walking slowly over to Lexa and Lexa stood still. She knew she couldn’t be long, her mom was waiting on her, but Clarke looked so good in her dress.

“I know there are a lot of things wrong right now, but I just want to be with you.” Clarke walked over to her, putting a hand on her gown. “You look so beautiful in your gown.”

“Clarke-”

“Maybe we can-“

“I’m having dinner with my mom and aunt.” Lexa said in a rush. “I think I should go.”

The light faded in Clarke’s eyes once Lexa said that. Lexa wasn’t trying to hurt Clarke, it was the truth, but Lexa also didn’t want to be around Clarke right now.

It wouldn’t be good for either of them.

“Lexa...”

“Do you have any good news?” Lexa asked seriously. She knew they were trying to avoid the real problem right now because she just graduated, but she needed something. Anything to go off of.

“Lexa...” The way Lexa’s name softly fell out of Clarke’s mouth, the way Clarke fumbled with her cigarette and how she couldn’t quite meet Lexa’s eye. Lexa already knew.

“It’s not good, is it?” Lexa asked quietly, eyes casted down.

The silence was more than enough. It was only confirmed when Clarke snatched her hand away from Lexa and took a long drag of her cigarette.
“I don’t know.” Clarke said faintly, her thumb and middle finger rubbing at both her temples. “I don’t know.”

“I should go.” Lexa said after a minute. “I need to go.”

“Lexa...” Clarke called in desperation. Pleading for her to just stay for another minute. “I haven’t seen you-“


“Lexa...”

“It’s okay, Clarke.” The way Clarke was calling her name, she knew the blonde was trying to apologize. She couldn’t hold this against Clarke. She knew this wasn’t her doing, but what was she supposed to do?

Clarke was back in Maryland, and Lexa had a feeling it wasn’t just because she wanted to see her graduate. Something wasn’t right and Lexa wasn’t ready to deal with it.

“I love you.” Clarke said softly, but firm. She held eye contact with Lexa as she said those words, and Lexa knew she meant them.

“I love you too, Clarke.” Lexa said, her gaze hopping from the red bricks to Clarke’s dazzling blue eyes. She didn’t know if she should say the next words. If she was ready to do this right now, but knowing that Clarke didn’t have good news, made the words easy to slip out.

Clarke was standing there, wearing a smile only meant for her and the lump in Lexa’s throat kept growing. The blonde finally put out her cigarette and was making her way over to her. Lexa listened to the sound of Clarke’s heels, banging against the pavement.

Lexa knew exactly what Clarke was about to do. She could tell by her body language and the way her eyes wouldn’t leave her lips. There was nothing more Lexa wanted. She ached to have Clarke in her arms, to taste her, but Lexa didn’t want to do it like this.
She didn’t want to do it behind a wall where no one could see them. She wanted to show off Clarke proudly. Lexa would always love Clarke, but right now she just needed...

“I love you too, Clarke.” Lexa repeated, more for herself than Clarke. Those words made Clarke quicken her steps, before halting them all together. “But it’s not enough, is it?”

Lexa lifted her eyebrow, tears coming to her eyes. Clarke sucked in a breath, swallowing hard.

Lexa wondered what changed. She wondered if this was always how they were going to end up together. She couldn’t bare to see the hurt in Clarke’s eyes and turned on her heel to leave. The silence from Clarke answered her question.

“Lexa...” This time, Lexa didn’t stop walking. She wiped the tears that finally fell when she turned around and rushed to see her mom.

She forced herself not to look back.
Chapter Notes

I don't even have words for how long it took me to upload this chapter. I'm sorry for making you guys wait so long, but here is the chapter you guys have waited so long for!

I also just want to say that no one is perfect and the whole point of this story is to grow from the mistakes you've made in the past. Neither Clarke or Lexa are perfect, even though we perceive them to be. They make mistakes and it's up to them to figure out how to learn and grow from it. I just wanted to throw that out there as we approach the end of this story.

My good friend, FranCV, is a huge reason why this chapter is being uploaded. She truly is an amazing girl and I'm really thirsty to collab with her so please go bug her over on tumblr @iwish-iwas-besideu if you think we should write a story together and tell her she should write a story with me! It would be greatly appreciated because she doesn't listen to me.

Enjoy!!

“\textit{It’s been just over two weeks now... since fashion designer, Clarke Griffin, has been accused of allegedly sleeping with a high school student. The fashion designer has yet to make a statement. Could she be guilty?}” The news reporter dragged on. “\textit{Find out more after the break.}”

Clarke knew she shouldn’t watch the trashy news right now, but she couldn’t seem to stop herself. She needed to hear what was going on in the media, even though none of it was good.

She knew it was going to be a problem that she was coming back to Maryland empty-handed. Clarke felt like she failed. She had one job and was certain she wasn’t going to stop until she got Cage to tell her how he found them out. Clarke hadn’t admitted to anything yet and she was going to keep it that way.

They could say whatever they wanted, but as of right now, they had no proof. She was dreading the day, Cage might come out with evidence and hoped she could talk to him before it happened.
Abby decided to stay in New York, Clarke was going back tomorrow evening. The break was what Abby needed and Clarke let her stay at her penthouse.

It also gave her a little bit of freedom to collect her thoughts. She didn’t know how many times she’d replayed Lexa’s words in her head. She felt like they were falling apart and it was all her fault.

Clarke growled at the TV as images of her kept flashing on the screen, each one with a new headline. Clarke buried her head in her hands and just stayed like that. There wasn’t much she could do.

Anything she did, just reminded her of Lexa.

As the news reporter kept going on about the situation, Clarke stood up, her hands clenched at her sides.

“You can’t prove anything!” Clarke yelled at the screen. She knew it was childish and she was completely losing her mind, but it made her feel better.

“If this is true, this could potentially damage Clarke Griffin’s entire career, especially after just getting promoted to boss.”

“You know nothing about our relationship, so why don’t you just shut up!” Clarke yelled again, this time, tears slipping out of her eyes. She didn’t even bother wiping them. “Why can’t you just leave it alone??”

Clarke grabbed the remote off the coffee table and chucked it across the room, it landed just a few centimeters above the TV.

Clarke’s chest was heaving, as tears spilled out of her eyes, but she felt lighter. There was a slight dent in the wall, but Clarke thought it was all worth it.

She walked over to her TV to grab the remote before turning it off. She figured she had enough heartache for one day. She walked around her apartment, turning off all her lights and blowing out her candles. She slipped on her favorite pajamas before washing her face and heading over to her bed.
Just as she was about to slide under the covers to go to bed, she heard a slight knock on her door. She hoped it wasn’t anyone trying to get a comment. Her phone had been ringing non-stop and all Clarke wanted to do was go to sleep. She was exhausted with everything that was going on.

Clarke hoped if she stayed quiet enough, whoever was at her door would leave. She knew it couldn’t be Lexa, and she wasn’t in the mood to deal with anyone else.

But the knocking didn’t stop. If anything, it got louder. Clarke thought briefly for a second, that it could be the cops, in which she really would try and make a run for it.

Clarke knew it wasn’t going to stop and had to drag herself to her front door. She unlocked it before throwing it open without a care.

“Who the hell–“ Clarke was getting ready to give the person a piece of her mind, but halted when she saw who was in front of her.

The only person who could manage to get her heart racing. The only person who had been there for her this past year. The only person Clarke truly wanted to see.

And suddenly, Clarke felt wide awake.

“Lexa.” Clarke couldn’t believe the name that fell out of her mouth. She didn’t think she was going to see her so soon.

Not after what happened, but Lexa was there, in jeans and a tight muscle shirt. She was standing right in front of her.

“I’m sorry for knocking so loud. I figured you were sleeping.” Lexa ducked her head shyly.

“I was just about to actually.” Clarke nodded, looking at Lexa with wide eyes.

Lexa nodded back, but didn’t say anything. She stood there with her hands in her pockets, looking at
Clarke strangely.

A few minutes had gone by without either one of them saying a word, and Clarke was starting to feel weird. Something she had never felt around Lexa.

“You fart in your sleep.” Lexa stated so casually, Clarke was thrown off by it. Clarke frowned, before opening her mouth to protest.

“Lexa!”

“Let me finish.” Lexa said in a firm, but gentle voice. Clarke didn’t know if she wanted to hear what she had to say, but stayed quiet nevertheless.

“You fart in your sleep,” Lexa repeated, this time with a side smirk. “You think that I don’t hear it because I’m sleep, but actually it’s so loud, it wakes me up.”

Clarke rolled her eyes, knowing that it was true, and let out a soft chuckle. She was getting ready to say something, but Lexa held up a hand and kept talking.

“You check all your tires after you park before we go somewhere. You snort when you laugh and I think you’re the only person who can actually manage to eat more than me.” Lexa took a step closer to Clarke, and Clarke didn’t even think about moving away.

“And you are the only person who can actually make those little tiny baby hairs on the back of my neck stand up and you’ve just been there. Through it all, Clarke. Even when I thought you’d walk away, you were there and I love you. I’m sorry if I made you think I didn’t.”

“Lexa.” This time Clarke let out a soft sigh in the form of her name, leaning against the door frame. She wondered if this was a dream or not.

“I’m so in love with you, Clarke, and I’m sorry for what I said.”

“Don’t be,” Clarke shook her head. “I suppose in a way, you were right, but we need each other right now.”
“I always need you and I’m sorry for what I said. I’m just so overwhelmed and I’m sick of everyone staring at me all the time.”

“I know, ba–“ Clarke had no idea why she stopped herself. She knew they were in some sort of passive-aggressive fight and things were just... confusing. “Lexa.”

“I want to come in,” Lexa said, not allowing herself to be hurt by the way Clarke stopped herself. “But I don’t know if it would be a good idea, because we will have to talk and I don’t think it will end well.”

Clarke looked up at Lexa with sleepy eyes. She took a moment to breathe Lexa in, before closing her eyes. She didn’t want to open them. She wanted to go back to the first time she ever saw the Lexa.

It was the day that she knew.

“From the first time I saw you, to the first time we actually talked,” Clarke sucked in a breath, finally opening her eyes again. “I knew, Lexa. I knew even if I didn’t want to,” Clarke took Lexa’s hand and placed it over her heart. “I knew that you were going to be in my life and that I was going to love you. Now look at me.”

Clarke gestured down to her wrinkling pajamas. To her face free of make-up and eyes red from all the crying she’d been doing.

“If someone told me I was going to fall madly in love with Lexa Woods a year ago, I truly would have laughed in their face, but I am in love with you, Lexa and it isn’t just some concept to make you feel better. This is what I feel in my heart. I won’t ever get over it.”

“No one is telling you to get over it, Clarke.” Lexa said softly.

“I love the way you say my name.”

“Stop saying things that sound like goodbye.” Lexa knitted her eyebrows together and shook her head.
“Well, I don’t know what’s going to happen,” Clarke’s voice cracked as she rested her head against the door frame again. “I don’t think I can do this without you, but I have a feeling I might have to.”

“No one is going to walk away.” Lexa assured her. There was a moment of silence, before Lexa hesitantly reached for Clarke’s hand. When Lexa felt Clarke squeeze back, she spoke again.

“Invite me in, Clarke.” Lexa spoke lowly. “That’s all you have to do. No one is going to walk away.”

“You already did.” Clarke couldn’t stop the cheap shot.

“I deserve that one. I do.” Lexa agreed lightly. “I know it won’t fix everything, but it would help, so invite me in. Invite me to stay the night or… I can leave.”

“I don’t want you to leave.” Clarke said seriously.

“Then–“ Lexa was getting ready to repeat herself before Clarke moved.

“Come inside.” Clarke said as she moved out of the doorway.

“Anything for you, Ms. Griffin.” Lexa said as she bit her lip.

“I’m not your teacher anymore.” Clarke pointed a finger at her.

“But damn, I wish you were because I would do anything you tell me.” Lexa said as she looked back at the girl she loved.

“Anything?” Clarke asked with a smirk. She knew they weren’t in the greatest spot, but the fact that Lexa was standing here after what Clarke thought could possibly be the end, meant everything to her.
Lexa was here, and looking at her like she put the stars in the sky.

“Yes, anything.”

“Okay, now just come up a bit higher and ooooohh– that’s the spot.” Clarke was propped up against the pillows, her legs bent and Lexa between them.

“You know, this isn’t exactly what I had in mind when I said anything.” Lexa smiled to herself. “Although, I don’t really mind.” Lexa spoke as she dug her fingers into Clarke’s foot and the blonde moaned.

“But just feels so good!” Clarke moaned again and this time, Lexa turned around.

“I can make a lot of other things feel good right now.” Lexa said into Clarke’s neck as she trailed her hands up her thighs.

“You’re supposed to be giving me a foot massage, remember?” Clarke said with a cheeky smile, Lexa just growled.

“You’re lucky I love you.” Lexa huffed before turning back around and grabbing a hold of Clarke’s foot again.

“I want to.” Clarke whispered against her neck, already making Lexa’s dick twitch. “But I don’t know if you can handle all the wild things I want you to do to me.”

“Name them. I want a list.” Lexa said seriously and Clarke chuckled before softly grabbing a hold of Lexa’s face and turning her to face her.

“It’s one simple request. I don’t know if you can handle it, though.”
“Fuck, Clarke. Just tell me.” Lexa said impatiently.

The blonde stopped for a second, placing a light kiss to Lexa’s neck. She held the brunette close to her, both their chests heaving up and down.

“I want you to make love to me.” Clarke spoke softly, almost nervously. “I want you to make love to me all night, Lexa.”

Lexa looked up into Clarke’s eyes, noticing them getting darker by the minute.

“I want your skin against mine and your dick deep inside me and I wanna love you all night long,” Clarke spoke, this time more boldly. “Do you think you could do that?”

“Yes.” Lexa said immediately. “I think I can.”

Clarke didn’t say anything as Lexa fully turned herself around and settled herself on top of Clarke.

“You love the way I say your name?” Lexa asked gently and Clarke was so flustered that all she could do was nod.

“I’m getting ready to say it all night then.”

“Lexa.” Clarke moaned. She didn’t want to talk about Cage. She didn’t want to talk about the fact that the whole world knew they were sleeping with each other. The only thing Clarke wanted was Lexa’s naked body against hers and she would stop at nothing to get it.

“Kiss me.” Clarke demanded.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” Lexa leaned down, placing a soft kiss to Clarke’s lips.

“Something tells me, you would like it too.” Clarke grinned against Lexa’s lips, before connecting them again.
Clarke trailed her hands along Lexa’s side, enjoying the way she flexed on top of her. She cupped Lexa’s breasts for a second before tugging on her shirt.

“Take it off.” Clarke demanded softly and Lexa didn’t waste any time stripping it off her body. Clarke traced her hands all over Lexa’s torso before pulling her body closer to her. She placed a soft kiss to her abs, running her tongue over it briefly.

Lexa groaned softly beneath her, before they made eye contact. Lexa was giving her a look that said she was about to get it and Clarke was more than ready for it.

Having Lexa’s hot body on top of hers, made Clarke’s underwear wetter by the second. She was soaking wet and all they were doing was kissing.

Lexa took the opportunity of Clarke’s mouth being so close to the hem of her jeans to thrust her hips into her. Clarke grabbed at Lexa’s hips and hummed when she saw the lump in Lexa’s pants.

“Take these off too.” Clarke brushed her hand over the lump in Lexa’s pants, all the brunette did was nod.

“I love you.” Lexa whispered as she struggled to get her pants off. Clarke helped halfway through, helping Lexa take her pants and boxers off. Lexa was naked in front of her and the throb in between Clarke’s legs only intensified.

“I love you too.” Clarke smiled at Lexa before pulling her in for a kiss.

“I want you.” Lexa whispered against her skin before softly taking Clarke’s shirt off. It was quickly followed by her pants and they both laid in the middle of the bed, naked and exposed to each other.

“You have me, baby,” Clarke nodded. “You have me.”

Clarke pulled Lexa into her and rested her forehead against hers. She knew things between them weren’t good. She knew that maybe having sex right now wouldn’t be the best idea, but she had no idea how to make this situation better and the only person she wanted was Lexa.
Lexa connected their lips together again before trailing her hands down Clarke’s thighs. She hiked her leg up before settling in between them. Clarke’s breathing sped up as she felt Lexa’s dick against her thigh. Lexa was nibbling her lips before she pulled away.

“I love you.” Lexa said again, making Clarke groan under her. “Can I show you how much?” Lexa ran her fingers through Clarke. Quick and easy because Clarke was so wet.

“Yes.” Clarke hissed and she didn’t have to prepare herself. She knew exactly what was coming. She knew exactly how big Lexa was and how much she was going to stretch her. She was ready for Lexa to be inside of her. She was ready for Lexa to be even more close to her. “Go baby.”

Lexa took one more moment to look Clarke deep in the eyes. Clarke’s eyes were so dark and Lexa could smell the sweet smells wafting off of her.

Lexa leaned down, placing a kiss to Clarke’s chest before she lined herself up and got ready to enter Clarke. The woman she was hopelessly in love with.

Lexa pushed her hips down, watching the way Clarke’s face changed. Lexa took her time. She didn’t know what was going to happen tomorrow, but she knew that they had all of tonight and she was going to spend every second conveying how much Clarke meant to her.

Clarke’s face was scrunched up as Lexa slid inch after inch into her. The blonde had a death grip around her neck and Lexa pulled out. Clarke groaned loudly before Lexa pushed back in.

“Fuck.” Clarke moaned absentmindedly. Lexa took a moment, enjoying the fact that she was the one to witness Clarke lose herself (and fall directly into her). Lexa took a moment to see just how much pleasure she was actually giving Clarke.

Lexa’s dick was buried deep in Clarke and the brunette started panting. Clarke was squeezing tight around her and it was so hot being inside of her. Lexa's dick was twitching left and right and she wasn’t sure if she could last long, but she was going to try, because Clarke deserved it.

“Baby, move.” Clarke whined and Lexa snapped out of it. She pulled back out, grunting at the way the cold air hit her dick before pushing back into the wet heat.
Lexa wrapped her arm around Clarke’s leg, pushing it further up and bringing them even closer together. Clarke squeaked at the action and Lexa was loving the way the blonde wasn’t holding back.

Lexa leaned down, kissing Clarke with an undeniable passion, clashing their tongues together before she pulling out once again. She could never get tired of her actions. Her hips would never get tired of thrusting back into Clarke, and Clarke certainly wasn’t complaining beneath her.

The blonde had opened herself up to the brunette, allowing her to set her own rhythm, whispering words of encouragement. Lexa’s head was spinning as she felt how wet Clarke was. How easy it was to slide into her, knowing that she was the only one that could get Clarke this railed up.

Lexa took her time with this. She was in no rush and she started to realize that the slower she went, the more vocal Clarke was. The harder she bit into her skin. The stronger she gripped her shoulders.

“God, baby. Just like that.” Lexa started a slow rhythm of thrusting. She was keeping it light, knowing it was driving Clarke wild. “God, Lexa.”

Clarke wrapped her hands tighter around her and moaned deeply when Lexa roughly thrusted into her. The bed was rocking underneath them, and the air in the room was growing thick. Lexa was having a hard time keeping up with her thrusts and she wasn’t even going that fast. She was sure that this was the slowest she had ever gone, the passionate she’d ever kissed Clarke, the hottest sex they’d ever had. It made Lexa want to explode inside of Clarke and that was exactly what she did.

Lexa had thrusted in once more, Clarke moaning loudly underneath her. The blonde had clenched around her and Lexa couldn’t take it anymore. This was so hot and Lexa was already so worked up that it took her by surprised when she felt a string of cum shooting out of her and straight into Clarke. The blonde’s eyes flew open and Lexa smiled sheepishly before she groaned as more cum came flying out.

It was hot and Lexa could tell she was filling Clarke up. The blonde whimpered beneath her before Lexa pulled out.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t… I wasn’t even expecting that.” Lexa said slowly as if she was confused. She was, because she thought she had more in her.

“It’s okay, baby.” Clarke said breathlessly as Lexa’s cum came flooding out of her.
“I can last longer.”

“Baby, I know.” Clarke said. “Now, shut up and kiss me.”

Lexa took her time to lean down. She pulled some of Clarke’s hair out of her face before planting a kiss to her lips.

“Can we go again?” Lexa asked as she pulled away. She knew she didn’t make Clarke climax and she desperately wanted to.

“Yes.” Clarke smirked before pushing softly against Lexa’s shoulders. She placed a soft kiss to it before turning her body and laying sideways. Lexa quickly got behind her before throwing a leg over her hips.

Clarke skin was burning hot against hers and her face was flushed. The blonde looked so beautiful beside her, Lexa pulled her in for another kiss.

“You’re so beautiful, baby.” Lexa whispered into her hair and the blonde smiled brightly.

“So are you.” Clarke pecked her lips lightly before gesturing to her. “Now put it in.”

“So romantic.” Lexa drawled out sarcastically.

The only response Clarke gave her was a groan when Lexa slid back inside of her. It felt even better than the first time and Lexa knew she was in trouble.

Clarke was clenching more and more around her and she knew the blonde was getting close to losing control. Lexa picked up her pace until her balls were slapping repeatedly against Clarke’s center. Clarke’s moaning picked up and was a constant mantra of her name. Lexa was falling apart again looking at Clarke falling apart beside her. The blonde had her head thrown back, moaning uncontrollably and her eyes screwed shut. Lexa knew she was definitely getting ready to lose control.
And Lexa would be there for her when she did. She would hold her tightly as she continued she relentlessly pump her hips into her. Clarke was whimpering beside her as Lexa grunted with each thrust. Clarke felt better than anything Lexa had ever encountered and that would never change.

“Lexa!” Clarke shouted out. Lexa’s breathing was all over the place as she focused on not exploding inside of her again. Clarke tightened around her dick and it was hard for Lexa to not fall apart again, but she promised herself Clarke was going to get the orgasm she deserved.

Lexa groped Clarke’s breasts, rolling the nipples between her fingers. She squeezed and played with them as she pounded into the blonde. She had the blonde’s legs wide open and Lexa took this opportunity to bring her other hand down and rub at her clit. She rolled tight circles around the bundle of nerves and Clarke squealed under her.

“Fuck me!” The blonde was starting to sweat and it was sticking to her face. Clarke was so hot and it was clear that she was making Lexa work for this orgasm.

The slow, steady pace Lexa had the first round went right out the window the second Clarke started nibbling on her ear. Lexa put a strong hand on her hips, to keep the withering blonde in place before speeding up. Lexa couldn’t control herself and she knew Clarke didn’t care with the way she was whining beneath her.

“Ahh, babe, I’m gonna cum all over your dick.” Clarke warned and Lexa’s dick twitched in excitement.

It only took three more thrusts for Clarke’s body to lock up beside hers and a loud moan to fall from her lips. Clarke was clamped so tight around her, that it was hard for Lexa to move. So, she stayed in place, helping Clarke ride out her orgasm. It took a few minutes before the blonde calmed down. Her body only trembling slightly.

Clarke looked over and gave Lexa a lazy smile before pulling her in for an open mouthed kiss.

“Lexa.” Clarke sighed against her lips. Lexa didn’t say anything. She just slipped out of Clarke before pulling her close.

“Come here.” Lexa whispered out into the dark room. Clarke was quick to get up and straddle Lexa’s hips.
They spent a few minutes kissing, getting so caught up in it. They weren’t shy about their touching, caressing each other wherever they could before Lexa asked if Clarke was ready. Before Lexa asked for permission to enter Clarke again and spend the rest of the night making love to her. Lexa didn’t need to light candles or do something special for Clarke to know how much she loved her. All Lexa needed to do was be there for Clarke and that was exactly what she was doing.

All Lexa needed to do was thrust until she couldn’t anymore. Until they were both spent and couldn’t move anymore. Until Clarke would beg her to stop and pull her in for a last kiss. Clarke wrapped her arms tight around her and wouldn’t let go until the middle of the night when she needed to use the bathroom.

There wasn’t much they about going forward but they knew one thing as they laid side by side that night: there was no place else they wanted to be.

The morning after would consist of a lot of kissing until their lips were bruised. Clarke would make them breakfast and they wouldn’t talk about how she was leaving soon. How she was going to go back to New York to fix this.

Lexa tried to have as much faith as she could as Clarke cooked them breakfast. She would wrap her arms around Clarke’s waist when she wasn’t busy. She would bury her face in her hair and just breathe her in.

Lexa would spend the rest of the morning with her girlfriend before she had to go back to New York. Lexa didn’t want Clarke to leave, but she wanted Clarke to fix this situation. To cover it up. To do something where they didn’t have to hide like this.

Clarke deserved going to five star restaurants and hanging off her arm. Clarke deserved the entire world and Lexa was going to stop at nothing to get it for her.

Lexa would cry when Clarke told her she needed to get going. Neither one of them wanted to wait in suspense anymore and they thought Clarke leaving as soon as possible would be the best thing right now.

Lexa didn’t know what was going to happen in the weeks to come, but she was glad she had somewhat fix things between her and Clarke. And if that was the last time she was going to be with
Clarke, Lexa couldn’t have thought of a better way to spend it.

Wrapped up in the girl she was in love with for the past twelve hours would beat anything right now.

Lexa didn’t want Clarke to leave, but she would smile and hug her and tell her to have a good flight. Lexa would tell her to call her if anything happens or if she found out about anything.

Clarke would kiss her three times. Each one longer than the previous. Lexa would pull Clarke in by the hips and whisper out that she loved her. Clarke would place a fourth kiss on her lips and echo those very words that had Lexa’s heart beating.

Lexa would stay back and watch as the woman she was in love with head back to New York for the millionth time.

Lexa would clutch the sweatshirt Clarke let her borrow further around her before heading back to her house.

Lexa would smile into the sky, as if thanking the gods for giving her someone as beautiful and divine as Clarke Griffin.

The humidity was starting to get to Clarke as she stood around waiting for Cage to show up. She could feel the sweat beads forming and thought about unbuttoning a few buttons on her blouse, but didn’t want to please Cage. She didn’t know if it was because she was about to come face to face with the literal devil or if it was because it was that hot in this warehouse, but Clarke’s clothes were starting to stick to her skin.

She didn’t want to busy herself with walking around. Her legs were trembling enough as it was, she decided to spare herself. Clarke didn’t think she’d been this nervous, not since her first date with Lexa.

The thought made Clarke smile for a second. For a brief second, she wasn’t standing in this hot warehouse. She was ice skating with Lexa, hand in hand, with smiles on their faces.
The sound of a door creeping open and slamming close, made Clarke jump out of her daydream.

“Let’s make this quick, I have a meeting with my dad.” The voice echoed around the warehouse and even with the suffocating heat, it made Clarke shiver.

“Still doing his dirty work?” Clarke asked with a smirk, but Cage didn’t answer. He just kept walking until he was in front of Clarke.

“You’re the one that wanted to meet. I’m here. Start talking or I’m leaving.”

Clarke knew that Cage just threatened her, but she didn’t open her mouth. She didn’t start talking. Instead, she put her hands on her hips and squinted at him.

“Orange would look really good on you.” Clarke whispered and Cage let out a wide smile.

“I could say the same about you, sweetheart.”

Clarke didn’t respond. She just pulled out her phone. She scrolled furiously and didn’t stop even when Cage asked what she was doing. She didn’t stop until she found what she was looking for.

She pulled up a picture of a young brunette, with sparkling blue eyes.

“Remember Macy?” Clarke asked coldly and smiled in victory when Cage glared at her.

“Where did you get that from?” Cage hissed, the veins in his neck popping out.

“All it would take is one phone call. I know you paid her off.”

“People do it all the time.” Cage countered, trying to regain his cool. Although, Clarke could see the fear in his eyes.
“So, how much do you want?” Clarke asked as she folded her arms. “How much would I have to pay you, to get you to shut the hell up?”

“So, you’re admitting to it?” Cage asked, a slow smile forming on his lips.

“I’m not admitting to anything, but I’m sick of having my career in your hands. So, if that’s what you’re looking for. If it’s money, I’ll pay you.”

Cage looked like he was thinking it over. He looked Clarke up and down, before slowly shaking his head.

“I don’t want your money, Griffin.” Cage finally said. “And go ahead and call her. She won’t say a word.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that.”

“Unlike you, I have what I need to take you down. I don’t give a shit about who you’re going out with. This is about me and you. This is about that night. I will win, Griffin and all it takes is this.”

Clarke swallowed the growing lump that was growing in her throat as Cage pulled out a manila envelope.

“Every kiss, every hand held, every whisper in the ear,” Cage was listing off the things as he spread out the pictures. “I have what I need to end you.”

“Cage…”

“Go ahead and call the number, Clarke,” Cage said lowly. “She wouldn’t dare say a word and it would be my word against yours and who do you think the world would believe?”

“Cage, please.” Clarke shook her head, her eyes filling with tears.
“I told you I would win. Even that night, I still came back on top.”

“You sexually assaulting a girl is you coming out on top? Do you have any idea what you’ve done to her? You completely ruined her, so of course she took your money, to get the hell away from you.”

“And she would never speak of it again, so please, Clarke. Waste your time and call Macy. I’m sure she would be a great help. Meanwhile, I’m going to leak these photos and watch you burn.”

“What did I ever do to you?”

“Don’t start pleading for you life now, Clarke.”

Clarke closed her eyes for a second, those beautiful green eyes popped into her head. She opened her eyes and looked down at those same eyes in the photos. They were the main focus and there was no mistaking them for anyone else.

“Who took these?” Clarke demanded to know, but Cage didn’t answer. “Who took them?” Clarke yelled again.

“I’m not telling you!” Cage finally snapped. “And I am done with this conversation! Congratulations, Clarke. You failed once again, so why don’t you leave me the hell alone. I’m going to watch you and this company burn while I sit back and enjoy it. I will be number one yet again! So, why don’t you go ahead and go back to your under-aged lover.”

Clarke didn’t say anything. She wouldn’t say how Lexa was eighteen or how she was legal. She wouldn’t say anything that could further get herself in trouble.

When Clarke just stood there in silence, Cage took the moment to continue talking.

“It’s in the past, Clarke. You need to realize that. But this,” Cage gestured to the photos in front of him. “This is happening right now.”

“In the past?” Clarke scoffed with disgust. “It will never be in the past, Cage! You took something so
valuable from her that night and that is trust. So, it will never be in the past.”

“Say what you want, Clarke,” Cage muttered. “We both know who’s going down.”

“Not if I have anything to do with it. You can try to take me down Cage, but I’m not going down without a fight.”

“Why don’t you just give it up?!’’ Cage yelled. “You aren’t going to win this. Not this time. I’m leaking these photos and there’s not a damn thing you can do about it.”

Clarke didn’t know if it was the humidity of the warehouse that was starting to get to her, or the fact that Cage was threatening her relationship that caused her to hit him, but she did it. She swung her arm back and punched him right in the nose.

Cage stumbled back a few feet and looked at Clarke in disbelief. Clarke thought about doing it again, but she knew it wasn’t going to solve anything. She knew she couldn’t beat Cage into submission. Clarke was truly running out of options, but nothing satisfied her more than seeing the blood drip from Cage’s nose.

“This meeting is over.” Cage said in disgust, spitting some blood in Clarke’s direction. “Don’t contact me again.”

Clarke just stood there, her knuckles throbbing from the force of the punch. She stood there with a few tears running down her face as she saw the guy threatening her career and relationship walk out the door. Clarke had completely lost the battle. A battle she didn’t even stand a chance against.

Clarke stood there at a complete loss of words.

The empty look Clarke had in her eyes when she walked through the door, worried Abby greatly. Her daughter walked straight passed her as if she wasn’t even there and headed for the kitchen.

“Honey, what’s wrong?” Abby frowned deeply at the distraught look on her daughter’s face.
Clarke busied herself with getting herself a glass of water. Her back was turned to her mother as she let out a hollow laugh.

“I remember my first year of college,” Clarke chuckled out, a distant look on her face. “I was taking this design class and for our very first assignment we had to sketch something of our choosing.”

Clarke placed a hand over her heart, thinking about the memory. “A red, strapless dress. It was simple, but it was elegant and it was all I could think of at the time. My professor thought it was simple too, but there was something about it that made her give me an A. I knew from then on, that I wanted to be a fashion designer, Mom. That’s all I wanted.”

“Honey, you are a fashion designer.” Abby reminded her, but Clarke shook her head adamantly.

“I could’ve been more cautious. More aware.”

“Clarke, what’s going on?” Abby asked in confusion. Her daughter had been acting weird ever since she came home and Abby had no idea what was going on.

“Cage is planning to leak some pictures,” Clarke finally revealed, her voice shallow. “Some pictures of me and Lexa.”

Abby gasped and placed a hand on Clarke’s shoulder. “Oh, honey. There’s got to be—”

“There’s nothing I can do that I haven’t already thought of,” Clarke said seriously. “Now, I have to go upstairs and find a way to tell my girlfriend that our relationship is going public and not in the way she wants.”

No matter how much Clarke wanted to break down and cry, she wouldn’t allow herself to do that right now. Clarke removed herself out of her mother’s hold and rushed up the stairs, her heart thumping with each step. Her throat was dry, and her insides were churning. Cage had won and it was going to pain her deeply to tell Lexa that.

But she had to, she had no other choice.
Indra had been enjoying the quiet while her daughter was out with her friends. It was a rare evening where she was home from work early. Her body was tired, but she had much housework to do.

She’d been washing her daughter’s clothes more so that she would have something to wear for her orientation. It hurt that she didn’t know whether or not she could take off to be there with her. It was only a couple days away, and she was going to try everything in her power to be there for her.

She didn’t want her daughter going down there by herself. She didn’t know if her friends were going, but figured they would be. She just wanted to be near her daughter before she goes away for the fall.

Indra wasn’t sure how she was going to do it. She wasn’t sure how she was going to wake up every morning to an empty house. She wouldn’t have anyone to cook, clean, or yell at. She was going to miss her daughter more than she would admit, but she wanted to be strong for her daughter, because she knew how happy she was.

Indra was in the middle of washing the dishes, when the doorbell rang. She thought it was her daughter, she was always forgetting her keys.

Indra looked at the table beside the door and found an extra set of keys. She chuckled to herself before opening the door.

“Forgot your keys?” Indra said, holding out the keys and not bothering to look up.

“Not quite.” The voice made Indra drop the keys and look up in bewilderment. The one man she had ever truly loved was standing in front and her, and her jaw dropped open.

“L–L–Lexa isn’t here.” Indra stammered to say, but Nyko shook his head.

“I’m here to see you.”
“If you’re here to lecture me about the past, I’m not in the mood.” Indra said seriously, glaring at the man before her.

“Indra,” Nyko called. “We have a daughter together. We’re going to have to talk and yeah, you kept it from Lexa, but we are all trying to move passed it. Please, can we just talk?”

“... Fine” Indra hesitantly agreed. She had hoped Lexa would come around the corner at any moment, saving her from this moment, but her daughter was no one in sight.

Indra moved aside awkwardly, letting in the man who used to live here so many years ago. Indra could already picture the first day they brought Lexa home, and how happy they were and wondered what ever happened.

This conversation was long overdue, but Indra didn’t want to have it right now. She wasn’t ready.

“Place looks great.” Nyko nodded, stuffing his hands in his pocket, the same way Lexa would.

“Thanks.” Indra said dryly.

“I know there’s nothing I can say, for what I’ve done.”

“Then don’t say it.” Indra said, years of resentment built up for this man.

“Indra…”

“I wanna know how you do it. Walk around like you didn’t shatter my heart into a million pieces.” Indra breathed. “I want to know how you walk around when you abandoned your daughter when she needed you the most.”

“Indra…”
“And I want to know why you’re standing in front of me, making the same guilty face Lexa makes when I remind her to clean her room!”

“Indra, please. Stop!” Nyko yelled, putting his hands out, and Indra silenced herself. She walked into the kitchen and busied herself with washing the dishes again.

“I just want us to be on the same page.”

“The same page?” Indra asked with a huff of a laugh.

“You tried to keep her from me—“

“You kept her from your damn self when you moved to Florida with that bitch!” Indra cut him off, whirling around to face him. “And you started a whole new family and forgot about this one!”

“I didn’t come here to fight.”

“What did you think was going to happen? I haven’t seen you in so long and you think I was going to welcome you back with open arms, especially when you parade around with your other family. It’s bad enough that everyone fuckin’ knows about it. I don’t need you coming here to try to get us on the same page.”

“I just want us—“

“I’ve been taking care of your daughter since she was five years old, by myself. Healing her heart the best I can, but she’s still messed up about the fact that her father left to go start a new family. I don’t want to hear anything you have to say. I already apologized to Lexa for my actions. They deeply hurt her, and for that, I am sorry, but I will never apologize to you. The day that happens, is the day hell freezes over.”

Nyko stood there and listened to the woman he used to love, speak so coldly about him. He could hear the disgust and venom in her voice. He could see the anger in her eyes and it was in this moment, he realized just how badly he screwed up the best two things in his life. He didn’t know if he could ever fix this.
“Lexa agreed to have dinner with us, and I was just wondering if you would like to come with us.” Nyko said, surprised that Indra didn’t cut him off. He knew exactly how she could get when she was mad.

“No.” Indra said quickly.

“I figured you’d say that, but Taylor is completely fine—“

“I don’t care if your wife was okay with it or not. I don’t need her permission to do anything, especially when it comes to my daughter.”

“I just think it would be in the kids best interests. I want them to see that we can all get along and be there, especially with Lexa going to college in the fall.”

“Nyko… if I wanted to let you in, I would have done it by now.” Indra was slowly making her way over to him. The man tried not to cower in the fear, but it was hard with the devilish look Indra had in her eyes. “If I wanted to play nice, I would’ve already done that. I’ve already let you see our daughter, what more do you want from me? You can have a relationship with her all you want, but with me…”

Indra stopped for a second, a single tear slipping out the corner of her mouth. Nyko watched astonished by how close Indra was getting.

“You will never have a relationship with me, ever again. The chances of that flew out the window when you decided to pack up your shit and leave.”

“I think you’re being childish.” Nyko said bravely, watching how Indra sneered at him.

“I’m being childish?” Indra questioner in disgust. “Says the man, who couldn’t stick around to watch his daughter grow up. Do you have any idea what that has done to her? But I’m being childish? I’m anything but a child since I’ve been raising your daughter for the past thirteen years.”

“Indra, we can work through this. I know we can.”
“No, we can’t. We aren’t young and in love anymore and I’m not naive enough to think that you would ever leave me. You need to leave and there is nothing else to discuss.”

“Indra, please.” Nyko begged, but Indra was already pushing him towards the door, hating how touching him made her heart race. “My offer still stands. We would love to have you over.”

“And I would love it if you would get the hell out of my house, yes the one I’ve been working my ass off to pay for, and never return!” Indra gestured toward the house that they once shared. Nyko looked hurt, but Indra was far from caring.

“Okay.” That was all Nyko had said as he walked down to his car, leaving Indra broken-hearted once again.

Indra didn’t think twice about picking up the phone and dialing a number. She didn’t know if she was busy or not while she was in New York, but it was worth trying. When the woman answered the phone, Indra didn’t waste a second explaining what just happened.

“And he just invited you to dinner??!” Abby screeched through the phone, shocked at the story Indra just told. “Like all is well in the world and he can do whatever he wants?”

“I know right,” Indra hummed as she agreed. “I was beyond creeped out that he was even here in the first place, but to invite me to a dinner with the woman you left me for was just a new low.”

“I’m sorry you had to deal with that, honey.” Abby sighed sadly.

“It’s alright,” Indra said indifferently. “Do you know when you’re coming back in town?”

The long, drawn out sigh made Indra worried. She’d been keeping tabs on her daughter, but she also wanted her daughter to live her life to the fullest as she was going to college. And Indra knew if her daughter was living her life, that Clarke was involved in that life as well.
“Do you know anything?” Indra asked warily.

“It’s not looking so good.” Abby said hesitantly. “I would just be prepared for anything at this moment.”

“Should I be worried for my daughter?” Indra asked quietly.

“Yes.” Abby answered after a few moments.

Indra wanted to grab a drink after what just happened, but she knew that drinking wasn’t going to help the situation. Her heart went out to her daughter, because she didn’t know what was going to happen. She knew Clarke made her happy, but was that enough? Was her daughter going to be taken down with Clarke?

Indra had no idea.

“I’m nervous.” Lexa said over the soft music that was playing in the car. The low hum of the engine was keeping Lexa at ease, but it wasn’t enough to stop her from bouncing her leg up and down.

“Oh, honey,” Indra sighed in sympathy. “It’s not going to be that bad. I’m just so happy that you get to go to college in the first place. Now, remember, you have to—“

“Not about college, mom.” Lexa said as she faced her mother. Her friends were in the car behind them. Lexa could tell because she could hear the bass of the music playing from their car.

Indra had been so excited that she could take off from work, that she booked hotel rooms for Lexa and her friends so they could stay the night. She figured it would be the best thing since they spent most of the day driving. Lexa’s orientation was tomorrow, but that wasn’t why she was so nervous right now.

Indra knew then exactly what Lexa was referring to. Lexa had told her everything that was going on. She didn’t want to keep this from her mom. This was something that she knew she wanted her mom to know.
Indra didn’t say anything for a while. It made her extremely angry inside that some man that she
didn’t even know was stripping her daughter’s right to be happy away. It made her heart ache,
thinking about how anxious her daughter was. She wasn’t the biggest supporter of her daughter’s
relationship with the older girl, but Lexa didn’t deserve this.

“Honey…” Indra said more sadly. She couldn’t help the tone of her voice as she thought about what
could happen. How this could end.

“I just want a sign or something.” Lexa threw up her hands pathetically. “It’s been three days of
silence since Clarke told me what Cage was planning on doing and I can’t stop worrying.. I don’t
know what Clarke is doing, but I just hope she can keep Cage from leaking those photos.”

“It’s good that you two are nowhere near each other.” Indra stated and Lexa scoffed, offended.

“Gee, thanks mom.” Lexa said sarcastically.

“I didn’t mean it like that, my love,” Indra shook her head. “I just mean that the media doesn’t have
any leverage, because you guys aren’t giving it to them. I know this Cage guy has pictures and
evidence of you two being together. I know what this can do, but you have to have a little faith. Love
trumps everything.”

Lexa sat back and listened to her mother, feeling a little better. Her mom always had a way of doing
that. Making Lexa’s bad day just a little better by just being there. It was more than her father ever
did and Lexa loved her mom for it.

“I have something to tell you.” Indra said casually as she turned a corner, Anya right behind them.

“What?” Lexa asked, looking over to her mother, but Indra kept her eyes on the road. The three
minutes it took for her mom to answer felt like a lifetime to Lexa.

Her mother was purposefully not looking at her and was focusing on driving. Lexa turned the music
down because she could tell by the tone of her mother’s voice that it was serious.

“Your father came to visit me.” Indra finally revealed, making Lexa frown deeply.
“When?” Lexa asked.

“A couple days ago and the reason why I didn’t tell you was because I just needed some time to process it.” Indra explained herself, because Lexa was still frowning.

“What did he want?” Lexa asked curiously.

“He wanted to invite me to the dinner you guys are having when we get back to Maryland, but I told him no.”

“Why?” Lexa asked simply.

“I can’t sit there with your father and his other family. I just can’t do that. I know you two are working on building a relationship and I want that for you. You deserve that, but I can’t do that. I will never have a relationship with him ever again, Lexa.”

It stung knowing that her mother and father were never going to get back together. That they were never going to see eye to eye on things. It sucked that this was how it had to be.

Lexa waited a few lights to answer. It was starting to get dark outside and Lexa’s legs were starting to cramp up from sitting for so long. The tight grip that her mother had on the steering wheel, let Lexa know just how bothered she was about it.

“He really did hurt you, huh?” Lexa asked quietly. She wasn’t trying to be rude or hurtful. They both knew the answer and the way her mother clenched her jaw the way she did when she was trying to mask the pain, confirmed it.

“He did,” Indra whispered. “And I’m still not over it. I haven’t been since the day he left.”

“I’m sorry, mom. He’s only around because of me and I didn’t—“

“This isn’t your fault, Lexa,” Indra said seriously. “You know he didn’t leave because of you.”
“Still, I’m just sorry about all of this. I know how much pain it causes you and I’m sorry.”

Indra took one hand off the steering wheel and placed it in the center. Lexa didn’t waste any time sliding her hand into her mother’s. Indra smiled cheekily at her daughter before she brought Lexa’s hand up to kiss it.

“Mom…” Lexa sighed in embarrassment.

“What, my love?” Indra asked as she placed kisses all over Lexa’s hand. Lexa’s face was scrunched up in disgust, but it made her heart burst with love.

They arrived in the town of Durham an hour later. Anya’s car was right behind them and Ontari and Echo piled out of the car.

“Finally!” Echo grunted as she pulled her bags out of the back.

“I figured you girls would want to bunk together so I got a room with double beds and a room for myself.”

“Treating yourself, I see.” Lexa smirked and Indra smirked right back.

They had held hands the entire way to Durham. Lexa was finding out just how close she was to her mom and how much she was going to miss her when she left. It was going to be hard, but this was the next step to Lexa becoming a professional basketball player. She could feel her dream and it was only inches away.

“I can’t wait for this tour tomorrow. It’s going to be lit!” Ontari commented as they all made their way to the four-star hotel down the street.

“Lit?” Indra asked slowly, not understanding the meaning of the word.

All four girls looked over to the older woman who was still mouthing the word to herself. It made them all laugh and Lexa took in the time to soak in the moment. Tomorrow she was going to meet a lot of different freshmen that were going to attend Duke. It made Lexa excited.

Lexa enjoyed the warm crisp air of summer as she walked down the street with some of the people she loved deeply.

It wasn’t until the next morning, that it hit Lexa that this was really happening. She woke up and texted Clarke good morning before she went to go shower. They were going to grab breakfast before they headed to the orientation. Indra was going to stay back, maybe get herself familiar with the town for when she came to visit her daughter.

It wasn’t until Lexa was lathering shampoo all in her hair, that Anya busted through the bathroom door. It made Lexa jump because her eyes were closed and she didn’t know who it was.

“Lexa!” Anya shrieked and it made Lexa jump again.

“Oh my god!” Lexa yelled back. “What?”

Lexa tried to rinse out the shampoo as fast as she could. Once the shampoo was out of her hair, Lexa finally opened her eyes. “What is it, Anya?”

Lexa yelped when Anya yanked open the shower curtains. Lexa immediately cupped herself and looked at Anya with wide eyes.

“It’s nothing I haven’t seen before.” Anya waved off before holding her phone up. “You need to see this.”
The way Anya’s face changed, the way she had swallowed shortly after, made Lexa’s skin crawl. She knew whatever was on her phone, wasn’t going to be good.

“Can’t it wait until I’m out of the shower?” Lexa asked in disbelief.

“Lexa…” Anya called darkly. It made Lexa frown deeply and she finally looked at the phone in Anya’s hand.

Her heart dropped as she read the multiple headlines:

For everyone that was confused on whether or not the famous fashion designer, Clarke Griffin was in a relationship with high school student, Lexa Woods…look no further...

Clarke Griffin and Lexa Woods relationship EXPOSED

Click here to look at the multiple pictures of Clarke Griffin and Lexa Woods together in New York City!

Clarke Griffin and Lexa Woods relationship is confirmed with pictures LEAKED

Lexa didn’t see this coming. Especially, not on the day of her orientation. Not on a day that was going to mark the rest of her life. She didn’t want to deal with this right now. She wondered briefly how many people knew. Lexa thought about how many people going to this orientation knew. Did Clarke know? Did Abby know? Did her mother know? Did anyone know?

It was only nine o’clock in the morning and somehow, this was already one of the worst days Lexa has ever had.

And the fact that Clarke was nowhere around meant she would have to face this without her.
Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

A COUPLE OF NOTES:

Please be respectful to me and other people in my comments area. I hate to see you guys fight with each other over little things.

THE SEQUEL WILL BE OUT BY THE END OF MAY OR MAYBE SOONER. THIS IS NOT A DRILL. IT IS THE REAL THING AND I MEAN IT. TELL YOUR PARENTS, GUARDIAN, FRIENDS, AUNTS, UNCLES, DOGS, CATS, ETC.

The first chapter is done and the second chapter is almost done. It will be called: Number Twenty-Eight.

I won't get all sappy about how much this story means to me but seeing it soar the way it did, seeing people like it and begging for more was amazing to me. I leave the ending the way it is for numerous reasons. Please never doubt my girls. THIS IS NOT THE END OF THEIR STORY.... It is only the beginning folks.

Enjoy the last chapter of Number Twenty-Five. It's been real. Peace.

-Rebelguitargirl2015

Tumblr: rebelguitargirl

The fact that Clarke was calm while trying dealing with this, was even a shock to her. It was chaos trying to get those headlines taken down. No amount of money Clarke offered was doing the job. Harper was losing her mind beside her, trying to fix the mess that Cage had started. It was bad enough Clarke couldn’t cover up the headlines, Cage was nowhere to be seen as well. Clarke couldn’t imagine how Lexa felt right now. She was trying to get things under control before she talked to her.

It had been a week of those headlines circulating the media. Everywhere Clarke turned, there was an article about her or Lexa or both of them together. Clarke and Lexa were the biggest scandal right now and everyone was talking about it.
Clarke needed her friends. She needed the people closest to her, even though Lexa was back home in Maryland. Clarke had to stay away to figure this out, but she had a feeling that there was nothing she could do. Her secret was already out there for everyone to know.

“Okay, but sir, if you could just lis–” Harper tried to get Mr. Hoffman to listen to her, but he just sighed angrily.

“I’ve heard enough. Clarke Griffin is bad for my business and I’m pulling out my fund. I can’t be associate with a woman involved with a… a… teenager.”

“Sir, that’s not wh–“

The line went dead before Harper could finish her sentence. On the other side of the table sat a frazzled Clarke, with her head buried in her hands.

“Clarke, that was the fifth one!” Harper screeched in anger. “We are losing investors as we speak.”

They were lounging around her loft. Harper was more than pissed off with what was going on. Clarke just sat there because she knew there was nothing she could do. Her relationship was out in the open now and her business was falling apart.

“Harper, it’ll be okay.” Clarke said, her voice borderline dead.

“Clarke, if we don’t have investors, we don’t have a company!” Harper concluded, throwing a pen at the side of Clarke’s head to get her to look at her.

“Ow! What the hell was that for?” Clarke huffed. “It’ll be okay.”

“You keep saying that.”

“Because it will.”

“Clarke!”
“The girls will be here soon. Zoe will be here soon and I don’t want to talk about this around them.”

“Clarke!”

Their little impromptu yelling match was interrupted when the doorbell echoed throughout the penthouse. Clarke hopped up from where she was sitting to get the door, anything to stop talking about what was happening.

“Thank god!” Clarke sighed in relief when she saw her friends on the other side of the door. She specifically zoned in on Raven and what she had in her hands. Clarke didn’t waste a second ripping it gently out of Raven’s hands and heading straight to the kitchen.

“Yeah, we’ll just let ourselves in.” Raven frowned as they all walked into the penthouse. Raven looked at Harper skeptically, and the dirty blonde just shook her head hopelessly. She was wearing a frown as well, but it turned into a smile when she saw Zoe walking over to her.

“Hey.” Zoe said simply as she sat down at the little round table. Harper felt a flutter in her chest as she gave Zoe a little wave.

“Hi.”

Clarke came strutting back to the table, four shot glasses balanced between her hands as she was drinking straight from the bottle.

“You want to slow down?” Raven asked, her frown never leaving her face. Octavia sighed as the table was eerily quiet.

“You can either catch up or shut up.” Clarke said seriously as she shoved the shot glasses in Raven’s direction and didn’t waste time filling them.

They all drank quietly, not wanting to disturb whatever mood Clarke was in. Clarke didn’t put the bottle down, if anything, she was cradling it in her arms like it was giving her comfort.
The girls seemed to be letting Clarke have her moment, but Octavia wasn’t having it.

“Are we going to talk about it?” Octavia asked quietly, somewhat scared of the fight she was instigating. “You are in every headline right now and what? You’re going to get drunk because of it?”

Clarke took another gulp of the tequila and glared across the table at Octavia.

“I’m not talking about her tonight, and if that is what you want to you can leave.”

Octavia rolled her eyes, knowing Clarke was hurting inside. The amount of pain written across her best friend’s face, concerned her deeply. She hadn’t been this sad since her father died, and Octavia and the girls didn’t know how to help her.

“I think we should participate in some very stimulating, yet illegal activities.” Zoe was wearing a smirk, that Harper couldn’t ignore. It made the dirty–blonde smile too.

“Like what?”

Zoe reached in her pocket and pulled out a bag of marijuana, that brightened up Raven’s face.

“Oh, hell yes! I’ll be right back.” Raven said excitedly as she rushed upstairs.

The alcohol was coursing through Clarke’s veins as she made her way upstairs to Raven. She’d been gone for a while and Clarke had no idea what she was doing. Clarke opened the door to her room with a little more force than she needed to. She found Raven standing in the middle of her room, holding a small, black box.

The alcohol was rapidly soaring through her body and disrupting her sensory functions, but as soon Clarke saw the box in Raven’s hand, she felt like she had sobered up immediately.
“What are you doing snooping around my stuff?” Clarke asked in confusion, coming off a bit harsher than she intended it to as she walked further into the room and closed the door.

“I wasn’t,” Raven said slowly, still looking at the small box and then back up at Clarke. “I was just looking for a lighter for my blunt and you always keep it in this drawer.”

Raven held onto the tiny box in her hands and stared at Clarke with wide eyes. She swallowed thickly before speaking again.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but—“

“My mom has been staying here and it’s clear that this lighter isn’t exactly for lighting candles,” Clarke explained as she walked over to the nightstand and bent down. “I moved it to the bottom one so she wouldn’t know her daughter likes to smoke weed from time to time. Cigarettes are one thing, but weed—“

“Clarke, is this an engagement ring?” Raven asked bluntly and Clarke sighed heavily. She handed over the lighter to Raven, before looking up at her.

“It is.” Clarke answered, staying low to the ground.

“Why?”

“I—I—“

“This has to be like, what? Five karats?”

“Six.” Clarke corrected and Raven let out a low whistle.

“So, do you always have six karat diamond rings just laying around?” Raven chuckled awkwardly. “Clarke, tell me this isn’t what I think it is.”

“So what if I wanted to propose, would it be so crazy?” Clarke’s words were slurring together as she
“Do you think she’s even ready for that?”

“Why, because she’s younger than me?” Clarke asked angrily, standing up.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying,” Raven shook her head. “Don’t attack me right now because you’re confused.”

“I love her.” Clarke whispered out, and while it was supposed to be something to be happy about, it just made Clarke sad. “Would it be so crazy if I asked her to marry me?”

“Clarke—” Raven chastised. “Please tell me you aren’t being serious.”

“I’m not having this conversation with you. I told you I didn’t want to talk about her and I meant it.” Clarke said before she walked out the room. She left Raven with a whole pit of worry and confusion.

The last time Lexa was here, things didn’t end well. Nothing ever went well when it came to her dad, but the fact that he wanted her here, meant everything to her. After having her relationship go public, things had been chaotic for Lexa. No matter what, she always felt like people were watching her, and it had nothing to do with how amazing she was at basketball.

Her father knew. He had called her later the same day it happened, to make sure that she was okay. She wasn’t speaking to Clarke, they haven’t spoken since Cage leaked the photos. Why everything felt like it was falling apart in her world? The options were endless, but at least her father wanted to spend some time with her. It would be good for her to spend a night not worrying about anything.

She smoothed down the light blue sweater she was wearing before knocking on the door. It opened seconds later, with a bright little boy looking up at her.

“Lexa!”
“Aden, what did I tell you about opening the door?” Taylor’s voice came ringing through Lexa’s ears as she appeared next to the little boy.

“But look, Lexa’s here!” He said excitedly, that Taylor dropped it and moved aside so that Lexa could come in.

“Pardon the apron, dinner is almost done,” Taylor said in a rush as she closed the door. “Your father is still upstairs getting dressed. I swear he’s tried on five different ties already.”

Lexa let out an awkward chuckle as Aden stayed by her side the entire time. She walked slowly through the house and Aden looked like he wanted to tell her something.

“How are you?” Lexa said, not used to having a shadow. The little boy was right on her heels in a annoyingly cute way.

“We—”

“Aden!” Taylor called from the kitchen. Lexa had no idea how she’d heard him, but he did have an extremely high-pitched voice.

Aden sighed in defeat, a frown gracing his features before he brightened up again.

“I drew you a picture!” Aden squealed. “Do you want to see it?”

“Uh, sure. That would be…. Sure.” Lexa found herself saying, cringing at how awkward she was being right now. It didn’t help that she was in a house that she hardly knew, but Lexa was trying to relax. It did help a little that Aden didn’t leave her side.

“Look!” Aden thrust the picture into her hands and Lexa looked down at all the different colors and figures on the paper. All the figures were extremely disproportionate, but oddly, Lexa could figure them out.

It was a drawing of a square (which Lexa quickly figured out was the very house that they were standing in). There were four figures inside the house and Lexa tried not to get choked up about the
fact that she was included into the picture.

“It’s me, you, daddy and mommy,” Aden pointed at the figures with the really big heads and the really small bodies. “But she isn’t your mommy, so I guess she’s your stair–mommy.”

“Step–mom.” Lexa corrected gently, with a broad smile. “It’s perfect.”

“It’s for you. You can keep it.” Aden said shyly as he looked up at his big sister.

“Thank you, Aden.” Lexa breathed, still looking down at the drawing he did. She had a feeling Clarke would’ve been very proud of the artistic trait he clearly had.

A deep throat clear, brought Lexa back to reality as she looked up at her dad all decked out in a gray tailored suit.

“Lexa, I’m so glad you could be here!” Nyko rushed over to his daughter’s side and Lexa was surprised that the hug wasn’t as awkward as they usually were. (Progress).

“I see your mother couldn’t join us.” Nyko pointed out, and Lexa could’ve sworn that she saw the slightest bit of disappointment before it faded completely.

“I tried to get her here.” Lexa said. (She was lying. Her mother knew exactly where she would be tonight. She knew she was invited and could’ve easily came with her. Lexa knew not to bring up the dinner again. Lexa hadn’t tried to get her here at all. She knew it was a lost cause).

“Well, that’s alright,” Nyko shrugged it off. “At least you’re here.”

Nyko brought her in for another hug and it made Lexa smile.

“At least I’m here.” Lexa said, Aden’s drawing rattling against Nyko’s back.

“I see you’ve gotten Aden’s drawing.” Nyko let out a deep laugh, looking down at his son with a look Lexa couldn’t quite decipher. Aden looked back at his dad sheepishly, and Lexa had no idea
what was going on.

“Dinner’s done!” Taylor called from the kitchen and Aden squealed excitedly. He knew exactly where to go as he rushed to the table and sat down.

“Lexa, sit next to me.” Aden pointed to the chair next to him.

“Aden, manners.” Nyko reminded him gently and he huffed softly.

“Lexa, sit next to me, please.” Aden repeated and looked at his dad expectantly. It just made Nyko laugh as he sat down across from his kids. It was a sight he didn’t think he would see so soon, but was thrilled that it was happening.

Lexa watched as Nyko and Aden waited on Taylor. Taylor hadn’t let any of them move from the table as she fixed them their plates. Lexa even tried to help her out, but Taylor had it under control.

“Your dad said how much you like lasagna. So, I made it from scratch, using my grandmother’s recipe. I hope you like it.”

“It’s really yummy!” Aden threw in for a good measure and it made Lexa giggle.

“Thank you.” Lexa said politely as Taylor handed her a plate.

“Thanks, mom!” Aden said loudly as Taylor put a plate in front of her son and watched as he wasted no time in digging in.

Lexa wanted to hate it, solely because it came from the woman her dad loved so much. But Lexa couldn’t hate it. This was seriously a good pan of lasagna, so much so that she had to ask for seconds. It made Taylor feel very proud.

They made small talk around the table, Aden doing most of the talking. The two grown-ups stayed clear of any relationship questions, although they both had so many.
Lexa looked happy right now, and Nyko really didn’t want to ruin that. They mostly talked about Duke and how much Lexa was excited to go. It wasn’t until Aden started talking again, that things became tense.

“Daddy, can we just tell her already?” Aden said dramatically, lacking the self-control that the other adults had at the table.

“Honey.” Taylor said through gritted teeth.

“What?” Aden said bluntly, not understanding why his parents weren’t telling Lexa the good news.

“What’s he talking about?” Lexa asked, already fearing the worst. She didn’t have the best track record with Nyko and Taylor and couldn’t stop herself from feeling like she already did something wrong.

But as Lexa looked up, Nyko and Taylor only had smiles on their faces. Aden was practically jumping in his seat and Lexa had no idea what was going on.

“We’ve been doing a lot of cleaning over the summer and well…” Nyko stopped for a minute, getting emotional about what he was about to say. Clearly, he was taking too long for Aden, who blurted out the secret.

“You have a room next to mine!” Aden finished for his dad, who groaned loudly.

“This is why we don’t tell you certain things, bud.” Nyko said lightly, but nonetheless he was wearing shy smile. “What do you say? Would you like to have your own room here?”

Lexa had no idea why she looked to Taylor when her dad asked that question. She hadn’t been expecting this at all. She was just glad that dinner didn’t turn into a war zone. Everything had been going so smoothly, that Lexa wasn’t prepared for the question. As the time went on, and Lexa stayed silent, Taylor cleared her throat.

“We have most of the furniture picked out. It’s nothing too over the top, but you can pick out the colors and what bedspread you would like.” Taylor said quietly, taking a sip of her wine.
“It was Taylor’s idea and everything.” Nyko jumped in. “We want you to be here with us, Lexa. I know you are leaving soon, but when you come up here to visit, I want you to know that you have a room here. We want this to be your house too.”

“I don’t know what to say.” Lexa said slowly, but cleared her throat. She didn’t think this moment was ever going to happen. She didn’t think she was ever going to sit here with her dad and his new wife, with her half-brother. She didn’t think for a second that they wanted her to have her own room here.

“Your room is by Aden’s, but you will have complete privacy. You have your own bathroom and everything.”

“You really want me to live here?” Lexa knew she wouldn’t be spending every night over here. She knew that her home was wherever her mother (and Clarke) were, but the fact that they wanted her here had touched her heart so much, that she started to tear up.

“More than anything, honey.” The reply made Lexa look up again because that didn’t come from her father. It was a soft, sweet voice that replied, that had made Lexa feel like she belonged here.

“I know we have our differences, but Lexa, you are such a bright young lady and we would love to have you around more. We certainly know Aden would love it.” Taylor explained, and Lexa was having a hard time hating this woman. She just simply couldn’t. Not when she made someone so sweet as her half–brother and had made her father happy for all the years he was gone.

“So, what do you say?” Nyko asked hesitantly.

“I would love to.” Lexa said, surprised that she was keeping her tears at bay. “Thank you.”

“No, thank you. For being here and wanting to be apart of our family.”

In a way, Lexa felt guilty that she was here while she knew her mother was at home, probably crying her eyes out. But she was having a hard time feeling bad about it because this was all she’d wanted since she was a little girl. She wanted to be in the presence of her dad, even if it was for just a few seconds. She wanted a little brother or sister. She just wanted her father’s love and he was willingly giving it to her.
So, Lexa was going to be a little selfish in this situation. She knew she had a lot of convincing to do when it came to actually staying over here. She didn’t know how her mother was going to react, and was slightly nervous about her reaction, but it all faded away as they spent the rest of the night going over different room ideas for her. They decided to watch a movie after dinner was over. Nyko popped a few bags of popcorn and they all huddled together on the couch. Aden had tried to stay up late with them, but ended up crashing on the couch only a few hours later.

He was sprawled out over Lexa and she looked around, wanting to savor this moment.

She left her father’s house with a sense of warmth and closure. She couldn’t count how many times she had wanted to do this and knew the first couple of times had been disastrous, but she was so tired of fighting what she truly wanted. She knew that her father had the power to break her heart again, she never knew what his true motives were, but he was here and he was opening up his home to her, and Lexa knew that it was a big step for all of them.

Nevertheless, the smile she had when Aden had handed her the drawing he made her, didn’t leave her face for the rest of the night.

They had somehow made their way back upstairs. Clarke had no idea how, she was drunk and her limbs felt loose. For the first time in the past couple weeks, she wasn’t worrying about what was going on with her relationship.

They had found their way into Clarke’s bathroom and Raven was so paranoid that she locked the door behind them.

“T’m so high, I’m hearing these towels talk to me.” Raven giggled loudly as she sat down. Their friends were all around her penthouse doing various things. While Harper was trying to fix the mess they were in, Clarke was drunk off her ass as she sat down.

“You’re seriously missing out.” Raven looked over to her best friend, trying to focus on her.

“I’m good. The amount of alcohol running through me is just fine.” Clarke said quietly. Raven nodded her head several times before scooting over to Clarke.
“Our girlfriends leave soon.” Raven pouted sadly. “No more getting it on the reg.”

Even in her drunk state, Clarke comprehended everything Raven had said.

“Gross.”

“It’s true!” Raven protested. “Aren’t you the least bit worried that Lexa won’t be tapping that—“

“Raven, please stop!” Clarke’s sentence was barely audible, but it was enough for Raven to shut up.

“Look at us,” Clarke gestured down to them helplessly. “Things are falling apart and I decide to drown my sorrows in alcohol. Stupid.”

Clarke was scowling at the ground and Raven felt too carefree to even try to understand what Clarke was talking about.

“Anything we talk about, you might have to repeat,” Raven was suddenly munching on the chips, from the various amount of chip bags she had brought up with them. “I don’t think I’ll remember.”

Clarke thought this was a perfect time to spill out her worries out. It wasn’t the best timing and she wasn’t quite sure what she was saying herself, but she was drunk and the liquid courage was helping her through it.

“My dad is dead.” Clarke said from the far corner of the bathroom.

“Clarke…” Raven said, unsure of where this was going. She knew that her friend was under the influence of alcohol, and had no clue what was going to come flying out of her mouth.

“No, no, no, wait,” Clarke quickly shushed her. “My Dad is dead, and I keep thinking that maybe if I go back to the hospital, if I go to his room, that he’ll be there and I’m so disappointed every single damn time.”

Raven stayed silent and shoved some more chips into her mouth, looking at Clarke, who right now,
had three different heads.

“He’s dead, Raven!” Clarke snapped her fingers like she solved a mystery. “Everything in my life has turned to complete shit and sue me, for wanting to marry Lexa.”

“I just don’t think the timing is right.” Raven said around the mouthful of chips.

“It could look better if we’re married.”

“It will look bad either way, Clarke,” Raven said, trying to focus in on Clarke, but failing miserably. Raven was high out of her mind, but what she said next, stuck with Clarke for a long time. “I know you love her and maybe… maybe you should take a break for a little while, at least until this thing blows over. Cage won, Clarke. He’s an evil asshole and he’s messing up a lot of things for you. Harper told me about the company and it’s failing right now, but it doesn’t have to. Not if you walk away from this.”

“I’m not walking away from her, I can’t believe you would even suggest that,” Clarke said, fumbling around a bit before waving around the black box. “I’m going to marry her, silly.”

Raven put her chips down and rose to her feet, taking Clarke completely by surprise by how fast she snatched the box out of her hands.

“You aren’t marrying her, Clarke,” Raven sneered. “You need to wake up and realize that this isn’t going to solve anything. It’ll make you look more guilty and Lexa has a lot going for her. You need to walk away from this. You need to leave her alone.”

“How am I supposed to leave her alone, Raven?” Clarke suddenly yelled. “When I fucking love her! But no one around me can see that. I’m so sick of you and everyone else telling me how to live my life.”

Clarke rose to her feet before unlocking the bathroom door.

“I’m going to marry her, with or without your blessing.”
Raven knew her best friend was hurt right now and none of her words were getting to her, mostly because she wasn’t sober and wasn’t quite sure what was happening, but Clarke was out of the door in the matter of seconds and slammed it behind her.

Raven stood there, the walls feeling like they were moving. Raven was going to go after her friend, she really was, but the idea of sitting down on the cold bathroom floor and eating chips sounded way better.

The dinging that Clarke woke up to, made her groan. She wondered how something could be so loud in the morning and rolled over. She opened one eye, before realizing that it was her phone. She quickly sat up, which was a terrible idea because her entire room was spinning but she pushed through it. She thought it was Lexa and quickly crawled over to her phone.

“Lexa.” Clarke said as she picked up her phone before she was deeply disappointed when it wasn’t Lexa. It wasn’t any of her friends and wasn’t her mother or even Cage. It was the last person she thought would ever text her again.

Niylah

10:30 AM

Clarke we need to talk

Niylah

10:31 AM

Clarke seriously we have to meet up somewhere

Niylah
Clarke frowned at the last text. What could Niylah possibly have to sorry for her about? She was over the breakup and how things had ended between them. She had no idea why Niylah was apologizing to her and wondered why she needed to see her.

Before she could ponder it any further, Harper quietly entered her room. By the look on Harper’s face, Clarke knew she wasn’t happy.

Clarke looked down at the messages one more time, before locking her phone and looking up at her assistant.

“I’m sorry about last night.”

“You were out of control, Clarke.” Harper snapped, but that didn’t stop her from setting down a bottle of aspirin and a tray of food on her bed. “You need to eat and sober up.”

Harper left some bottles of water on her nightstand and sat down on the end of the bed.

“But I’m going to say to you, you might want to be sober for.”

Clarke immediately dugged into the omelette Harper had made her and looked over to her assistant curiously. She was already thinking about the texts that Niylah had sent. Her head was spinning and
“I talked to Marcus last night while you were drunk off your ass,” Harper said pointedly. “We were thinking…”

Clarke hated the way the sun was shining into her eyes right now. She hated the way her head was pounding out of her skull and she absolutely hated the way Harper trailed off, not even meeting her eyes.

“Maybe Marcus could come back while we figure all of this out?”

Clarke’s jaw dropped open. Not only was her ex texting her, Harper just suggested that all the hard work Clarke had done to get where she was, just be forgotten about.

“You want me to step down?” Clarke asked with a frown. “After I just took this job.”

“This isn’t just about you anymore,” Harper said seriously. “If we continue at the rate we are going, we are going to have to start letting people go, which we can’t afford. You’re not the face we need right now. Marcus was wary about doing it, but he’ll do what is best for the company.”

“I am what’s best for this company!” Clarke said in outrage. “You can’t be serious right now, Harper.”

“What else are we supposed to do, Clarke?” Harper asked before standing up. “I know this is your dream, but your dream died the second Cage revealed your relationship.”

Clarke took a moment to rub at her temples. All the yelling was making her migraine worse.

“You know I would’ve never done anything to compromise this company.” Clarke spoke much more quietly.

“I find that hard to believe.” Harper said, the respective tone she normally had when it came to Clarke, went straight out the window, replaced with a much snarkier tone. “Because if you really didn’t want to compromise this company, you would’ve never gotten into a relationship with Lexa in
the first place.”

Clarke stayed silent at that, weighing the words of her assistant. She wondered how they got here, yelling at each other in her bedroom, while Clarke was sporting a hangover.

“I think it’s time for you to end this, Clarke,” Harper said seriously and Clarke scowled at her. “It wouldn’t do much, but it would be enough. Maybe we can stop our company from completely crumbling and a few years from now, we will laugh about this.”

“Laugh about this?” Clarke asked slowly before standing up, narrowing her eyes at her assistant. “You work for me. You all work for me and if I’m telling you that it’s not going to happen, then it’s not going to fuckin’ happen. Not me breaking up with Lexa. Not Marcus taking over. It’s not going to happen, Harper!”

“I’m afraid that that’s out of your control. If Marcus is willing to take over again, then I can make that happen. I wouldn’t need your permission. Zoe—”

“Zoe is my subject. Miller is my subject. You are all my subjects and I won’t allow this!”

“It’s simple, Clarke,” Harper huffed. “Break up with Lexa and we can forget that it ever happened or stay with her and Marcus can run the company again. It’s your choice.”

Clarke laughed at the words of her assistant. How easy it was for her to try to get rid of her. She wasn’t just Clarke’s assistant and she certainly wasn’t just her subject. Harper was way more than that and it broke Clarke’s heart as she stepped up to her.

“I’ve already made my choice, Harper.” Clarke whispered out seriously. “And now you can get out.”

Harper looked into the eyes of her boss and bit her lip. She wanted to smack her, tell her she was making the worst decision of her life, but Clarke wasn’t backing down. She knew there was nothing that was going to change her mind. She had been trying to get Clarke out of this since she found out about her relationship with Lexa, but she knew she couldn’t fight this. She didn’t know where they were going after this, but Clarke wanted her to leave and she would at least respect that.

“Fine.” Harper said, tears running down her face as she left the one person who had meant so much
to her. Clarke threw a pillow at the door once Harper slammed it and curled back up in her bed.

Clarke immediately went to unlock her phone, not even looking as she deleted the texts from Niylah. She was the last person she wanted to talk to right now.

Clarke curled back up in a ball and didn’t bother wiping her tears as they fell out of her eyes.

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Despite every headline about them. Every picture. Every piece of evidence that proved that they were together and the silence she never thought would develop between them, Lexa still took sure steps to her.

She was standing with her back to her. They weren’t alone and this was the biggest risk Lexa thought she’d ever taken. What if someone was still watching them? But it had been weeks and she hadn’t seen Clarke in so long.

“Beaches are really our spot, huh?” Lexa spoke up, jolting the blonde from her never-ending thoughts.

Clarke turned around, her blonde hair flowing with the wind and although there was nothing to smile about, the tips of Lexa’s lips curled.

“Hey, you.” Clarke spoke gently, her arms at her side and face blank.

There were a lot of things that Lexa could bring up. How the whole world knew about them, how Clarke’s company was struggling right now, how Clarke’s dream was being ripped away from her because of some stupid guy. Lexa was angry. At herself. At the world. Lexa was furious with what was going on right now. Even after all this time, Clarke and her were still making the headlines.

Even though Lexa was mad, she still scooped Clarke up in her arms, the minute she saw her.

“Hey.” Lexa whispered into her ear, holding the blonde tightly.
Once they pulled apart, Lexa didn’t like the look in Clarke’s eyes. They were so empty, so hollow, that Lexa didn’t know what to say. So, she just sat down in the sand and Clarke followed her.

“We’ve been talking at the company and Kane might take over again.”

That was news to Lexa and she jerked her head to look at Clarke.

“Really?”

“Apparently, investors don’t like supporting a company whose boss is dating a senior in high-school.”

“I graduated.” But Lexa was starting to see that no matter how many times she said that, people didn’t care. They only see how much younger she was than Clarke, and they were hanging onto that for dear–life.

“I know, baby.” Clarke murmured, resting her head on Lexa’s shoulders. “But, me being the face of the company right now isn’t doing us any good. This is a hard decision, and I don’t know if we are going to go through with it, but business has been terrible the past few weeks and we don’t know what else to do. It makes me look more guilty, but we don’t see any other choice right now.”

“It wasn’t supposed to be like this,” Lexa said, staring out at the ocean, glaring at it like it was all her enemies in one place. “I was supposed to graduate and you were supposed to get promoted. I was supposed to go to college and date a very hot, successful woman who owns her own company. I was supposed to buy that mansion and I was going to call you when I did. We were supposed to be in love.”

“We are.” Clarke said simply. She moved away from Lexa and fumbled around in her pants pocket for a minute. “You are enough for me, Lexa. You always will be—“

“But, Clarke. I don’t know if I can keep doing this. The lies, the stress. I’m going to college in three weeks and I don’t want the stress of this going into my freshman year.”

While Clarke was preparing to show Lexa the black tiny box, the words that came out of Lexa’s
mouth, made her stop in her tracks. Clarke turned to stare at her slowly.

“Lexa…”

“I love you, Clarke. I don’t think I’ll ever love anyone as much as you.”

“Lexa…” Clarke breathed out.

“I don’t know what to do.” Lexa swallowed hard, refusing to meet Clarke’s eyes. This wasn’t how she wanted to end things. She didn’t want to end things at all, but what was she supposed to do? People were talking, and Lexa wanted to give them a reason not to talk anymore.

“Are you saying you want to end things?” Clarke asked before turning her full body to face Lexa. It was then, that Lexa spotted the tiny box in Clarke’s hands. “There was a reason that I wanted you to come down to the beach. This was the beach that I fell in love with you. This was– and you just want to–“

Clarke blew out a breath and opened the box. Lexa gasped and put her hands over her mouth.

“I wanted us to be together, forever, Lexa and I know it sounds crazy, but that’s what love does to me and **I love you.**”

“Clarke, is that–“

“I want you to marry me.” Clarke sucked in a breath, holding her tears at bay. “But if you want to end things–“

“That’s not what I said,” Lexa said defensively. “I just want you to tell me how this is going to work out. I have a full scholarship to Duke and I want to focus on that. I don’t want to focus on all this bullshit that is going on, because I can’t take it anymore.”

“Lexa…“
“I’m trying Clarke, I don’t know what else you want me to say.”

“So, you just want to give up, just like that?” Clarke asked incredulously. “We were supposed to be that couple that got through everything.”

“Is that an engagement ring?” Lexa asked, still focusing on the black box in Clarke’s hands. She looked up into Clarke’s eyes, reveling in how blue they were.

“It is.” Clarke answered softly.

“You want me to marry you?” Lexa asked as if she couldn’t believe what was happening. She didn’t think she was ready for marriage. She didn’t think they were ready for marriage.

“You said you were trying, and so am I.”

“Clarke, that’s engagement ring.” Lexa couldn’t get over it. She couldn’t believe this was happening right now. If she had known that this was the reason why Clarke brought her down here, then she wouldn’t have said anything, but there was a reason why she did. They could barely survive this, what made Clarke think that they were going to survive a marriage?

“Lexa, forget about the darn ring for a minute. Do you want this or not?” Lexa frowned at how blunt Clarke was being. How urgent she was being.

“Clarke, that is a loaded question.”

“So, what?” Clarke snorted out. “You were going to try to end things with me a couple weeks before you go to college so you can be single and hook up with every girl with a pulse.”

“Clarke, you know that isn't what I was thinking.”

“But isn’t it?” Clarke cocked her head to the side in a challenging way. “This was probably your plan all along and here I was like the stupid girl I am and actually fell for you. I fell for Lexa Woods, the biggest player on the East Coast.”
“Clarke, you are being ridiculous.” Lexa stood up and Clarke was right behind her.

“I can’t believe you!” Clarke shouted at her, pointing a finger in her direction. “Here I was ready to propose to you, only for you to break up with me!”

“I’m not breaking up with you, Clarke.” Lexa said calmly, knowing that they were both making a scene right now. Lexa reached out her hands.

“Let’s go talk in my car.”

Clarke didn’t say anything as she stomped her way through the hot sand. Lexa was right behind her, wondering why she kept messing up when it came to her relationship with Clarke.

Clarke slammed her car door as she got in and Lexa was thinking that maybe being this close to Clarke while she was mad wasn’t the best idea.

“Clarke, I’m eighteen, getting ready to turn nineteen in a couple months. I’m getting ready to go to college and I have no money. I don’t even have a job, but you want to get married. Do you even think we are ready for that?”

Clarke stayed silent for a moment, looking out at the beach from Lexa’s car.

“I remember when I first met you and how I tried not to cave into what was the infamous Lexa Woods. I tried to stay away from you, but I didn’t want to Lexa and the more time I spent with you, the more–“

“I don’t think we should break up, but I don’t think we should get married either.”

“What every woman wants to hear.” Clarke mumbled and Lexa huffed out a breath.

“What do you want me to do?” Lexa raised her voice slightly.
“I don’t know, maybe say yes to the woman you love when she proposes to you.”

Lexa sucked her lips into her mouth and sighed deeply.

“Fine, then I’ll say yes.”

Clarke scoffed out a laugh, gathering her things.

“You can take that yes and shove it right up your ass, Lexa.” Clarke turned to get out of the car. “If you are losing faith in us. If you want to go to college and fuck every girl you see, then fine, by all means, go ahead. I’m done trying to protect you. I’m done trying to shelter you from what’s going on. If you don’t want this, then you don’t have to have it. I don’t want to walk away from you, but it’s clear that we want different things right now and I just…”

Clarke took an angry breath and got out of the car, throwing the engagement ring at Lexa.

“Goodbye, Lexa.”

“Clarke, please just wait a second.” Lexa called, but Clarke was already storming away from her.

Lexa looked down at the small black box and swallowed roughly. If she would’ve known that Clarke was going to propose then maybe she would’ve held off on all the things she wanted to say.

But Lexa was leaving soon, and she couldn’t keep lying to herself.

Lexa didn’t want to leave Clarke. She really didn’t, but she wasn’t ready for marriage. She was eighteen, fresh outta high-school, she wasn’t ready for marriage yet. But that didn’t mean she never wanted to marry Clarke. Of course she did, but she wasn’t going to say yes just to satisfy Clarke. That would lead to a ton of problems down the road and they already have enough.

Lexa knew she wasn’t going to get Clarke back into her car so she sighed and sat back in her seat, wondering where the hell this left them.
It was the day that Lexa was leaving and Clarke was a mess. No, a mess was an understatement. Clarke felt like she was spiraling into a tornado of emotions she couldn’t control. She hadn’t been the same since the day at the beach and now she had to wrap her mind around Lexa going off to college.

Clarke wasn’t ready, but she wasn’t about to tell Lexa that. She had encouraged this, no matter how sad she was about it. Clarke had come all the way back to Maryland with her mom, to get a few things from her apartment and see Lexa off. Even after things had ended with them, Lexa still wanted her there and that was a start. She didn’t know what was going to happen when she saw her, but Clarke needed to see her. She needed to hold her and tell her that it was going to be okay. She needed to tell her that she didn’t mean anything she said that day at the beach, but she also knew she couldn’t protect Lexa anymore, and the thought scared her.

Clarke had just finished showering, when she heard a knock on the door. She was hoping that it was Lexa, because they had a lot to talk about before she left and rushed to the door, her hair still wet from the shower.

“Le–” Clarke stopped talking and gaped at the woman before her. She wondered what she was doing all the way in Maryland and the anger that Clarke felt towards the woman, came seeping out.

“How the hell did you know where I lived?” Clarke asked in anger.

“We were together for a while, Clarke. I knew about this apartment. You told me all about it, remember?”

“I tend to forget a lot of things when it comes to you.” Clarke sneered out.

Niylah just ignored what she said and looked passed her. “Can I come in?”

“No.”

“Clarke, we need to talk. You never responded to my texts.” Niylah said urgently, but Clarke didn’t care.
“There’s nothing to respond to because I don’t want to talk to you.”

Niylah huffed and with enough force, pushed Clarke out of the way so she could enter her apartment. Clarke just went straight to her room before coming out with her phone to her ear.

“Who are you talking to?” Niylah asked curiously and Clarke smirked.

“Calling the cops for a trespasser.”

Niylah’s eyes went wide and she quickly grabbed Clarke’s phone and shoved it into her jacket pocket.

“Give me back my phone, right now!” Clarke yelled, but Niylah just stayed calm.

“You can get this back after we talk.”

Clarke didn’t want to deal with this right now. Lexa was getting ready to leave in a few hours and she just wanted to go be with her before she left, even if they were on bad terms.

“Make this quick.”

Clarke couldn’t believe she was letting her ex-girlfriend sit on her couch, but she got over it when she realized that Niylah would leave once she needed to tell her whatever it is.

“Cage approached me earlier on, like before the New Year.” That quickly got Clarke’s attention as she looked Niylah straight in the eyes. “You know my sister over in England?”

“Maddie?” Clarke asked, she hadn’t seen the young girl since before she started dating Niylah.

“He threatened to kill her, Clarke.” Niylah said seriously. “He said he had already hired a hitman. I don’t know if he said that to scare me or because he was serious, but it freaked me out. Maddie has no family out there and she’s very trusting.”
“I don’t understand why you are telling me any of this right now. When it comes to Cage, I apparently can’t intimidate him.” Clarke said bitterly, picking up the way Niylah was getting nervous. It was weird seeing the usually overly–confident girl, cower in fear.

“Cage came to me earlier on with a ultimatum, either I get entail on the person you’re seeing or he kills my sister.”

Clarke had no idea what Niylah could’ve possible need to talk to her for. She thought at first that the taller blonde was trying to win her back. She didn’t think in a million years that this would be the reason why Niylah wanted to meet her. That would mean that–

“You’re working with Cage?!” Clarke looked at her with wide eyes. “After everything we’ve been through. I loved you, Niylah and this is how you repay me?”

“Clarke, I didn’t know what else to do! I’m sorry. If I could take it back then I would. I would’ve never done this if I would’ve known it was going to cause this much trouble.”

“You didn’t know?” Clarke screeched, walking over to the stack of newspapers and magazines she had collected over the last few weeks. “You didn’t think I would make the front cover of every fashion magazine or newspaper?”

Clarke screamed as she threw the objects in Niylah’s direction. The taller blonde stood up and held her hands up surrender.

“Where is he, huh? Is he listening to our conversation right now because you can tell him to kiss my–”

“Clarke, please stop,” Niylah begged. “What did you want me to do?”

“Keep it to your fucking self, Niylah!”

“Find out who you are seeing or have my sister killed?” Niylah held out both of her hands moving them up and down like a scale. “I chose to find out who you were dating. It’s not my fault she was a fucking teenager. That was on you, not me.”
“Get out! Get out and I never want to see you again. You have no idea how much damage you caused. You have no idea what you’ve done and if you want to live to see another day, then I suggest you get out.”

“You wouldn’t hurt me.” Niylah said as if it were the most ridiculous thing she had ever heard. Clarke took a challenging step forward before speaking.

“Wanna bet?”

“Clarke, I apologized. I don’t know what else you want from me.”

“I want you to leave and never return. Get out now!” Clarke shouted and Niylah ducked her head in shame. “I would never think you would ever do this to me, but I was apparently wrong. Just like I thought you would never hurt me or try to belittle me and the one person who I love the most in this world, everyone has their own opinions on it. Screw you, Niylah. As far as I’m concerned you can go float yourself, because I will never forgive you for this.”

“There’s one more thing.” Niylah said, before turning her back around. Clarke had no idea what she was doing, but her eyes went wide and then the world went black.

“I can’t wait to annoy the shit out of you when we live together.” Anya said to her, her smile taking up her face. It was a rare smile she got from her best friend, so Lexa allowed her to tease her.

“And I can’t wait to do some pre–workout routines at three in the morning.” Lexa knew Anya was trying to distract her, and while she was happy that her friends were here, someone was missing.

“You’ll call us right?” Jasper asked. “I mean, you guys are my best friends.”

“I think that’s the sweetest thing you’ve ever said.” Bellamy piped up from his spot at the end of Lexa’s porch. They were all gathered around one last time as the girls were getting ready to leave in a few hours.
“He’s right,” Gina said. “Through everything, we’ve stuck together and you guys are my best friends and no matter where we are, you’ll always be with me.”

“We’ll call, text, Skype. All the good stuff. I promise.” Anya promised from beside Lexa.

“Yeah, you can’t hog Lexa all to yourself.” Jasper chuckled and Anya smiled sadly. Jasper was afraid that everyone was leaving him. He decided to stay back to help his mom around the house as she was getting older.

“You can’t.” Monty added, pointing a finger at Anya.

“I promise to share a few parts of her.”

“I hope it’s the good parts.” Gina joked that made everyone laugh.

“It’ll be okay. We will all stay in touch and it’ll be okay. We’ll meet up during our breaks and act like nothing has changed, because it hasn’t,” Lexa spoke wisely. “I’ll miss all of you. I really will.”

“Even me?” Anya teased from beside her, puckering her lips to her.

“Gross.” Lexa shoved her away, but nodded. “Even you, even though we are rooming together.”

“I hope college has some hot chicks.” Jasper said dreamily. “That’ll make up for you guys not being there.”

“I hope so.” Monty agreed. He had gotten into a engineering college a couple hours away. Although he would be in the same state as Jasper, they would be nowhere near each other. They were all going their separate ways and it scared the hell out of Lexa.

“I know college has hot chicks. Have you seen the movies?” Bellamy had gotten into a school up in New York to be close to his big sister, Octavia. Lexa was at least happy he would have her.
“Then we’re good.” Jasper smirked, but that didn’t stop any of them from holding each other for way longer than they needed to before they all parted ways.

Anya, Echo and Ontari had stayed since they were all driving down to North Carolina together. It was all becoming too real and she wasn’t there. She knew it was today because that was all Lexa could talk about prior to the day on the beach. Lexa knew she knew and the fact that she hadn’t showed up, made Lexa lose a lot of hope.

Lexa had texted her just in case she had forgotten, but Lexa knew she was just avoiding her. They hadn’t talked since the day at the beach and Lexa wasn’t sure if they were together or not, but she was still packing up her things to get ready to leave.

She had breakfast with her dad and his family earlier that morning. She had moved a few things into his house at the permission of her mother. Lexa knew Indra was trying for her and was glad for it because she was happy that her father wanted her there. It was a bit harder to say goodbye when it was time. She promised herself she wouldn’t cry and told her dad that he could call her whenever. Nyko was definitely going to take her up on that offer.

“It’s almost time.” Raven came up from behind them. Lexa hated how she was here, but Clarke wasn’t.

“How you…”

“No.” Raven cut her off. She didn’t know why her best friend was being so stupid and as the movers were loading the last of her stuff, Lexa pulled out of phone.

Lexa remembered after her breakfast, how she had walked down to the graveyard. How she had visited Jake Griffin and apologized for failing him. She was supposed to be taking care of his daughter, but she wanted nothing to do with her. She had visited Jake Griffin to tell him goodbye one last time before she left Maryland for good.

She was going to miss her hometown and some of her friends who were staying here. Bellamy may get on her nerves from time to time, but she was seriously going to miss him. She wasn’t quite sure what she was going to do without her bromies and Lexa didn’t know if she should text Clarke or not.

She would be giving her an ultimatum, but what else was she supposed to do? She was leaving for college and her girlfriend was nowhere near to see her off. Lexa was done playing the passive
aggressive game with her.

Baby

4:30 PM

I’ve given you all the space you’ve needed Clarke. I’m getting ready to leave for college soon and I would like to see you before I leave. If you don’t show up Clarke, then I’m done for good. I’m done trying to make this work because you clearly don’t want to make it work. If you don’t show up Clarke, we’re done.

Lexa sent it before her mind could trick her out of it. Her friends were laughing and having a good time around her and she was trying too, but it was hard. It was hard with the text she just sent, but she wasn’t backing down. She meant every word and now it was up to Clarke.

As the sun was starting to set, there was no more stalling. Her mother decided it was best to say her goodbyes from Maryland. If she went down to North Carolina with them, Indra was afraid that she wasn’t going to let her daughter go.

“I’m going to miss you, so much.” Indra whispered into the warmth of the evening. Lexa promised herself she wasn’t going to cry with her dad, but this was different. She was getting ready to leave the one woman she had depended on her entire life. She didn’t know how she was going to survive without her.

“Who’s going to fold my laundry or cook me pancakes in the morning?” Lexa asked with a pout. Much to her distress, her mother started laughing wholeheartedly. She even threw her head back and Lexa’s frown deepened.

“I’m sure you’ll survive.” Indra patted her daughter’s cheeks, still laughing.

“Your pancakes are the best.”

“If this is your way of saying you’ll miss me, then I’m flattered.”
“Of course I’ll miss you,” Lexa said boldly. “I thought you already knew that.”

“It’s always good to hear from your teenage daughter.”

Lexa took a moment to look around, to see if Clarke was coming, but there was still no sign of her.

“She’ll be here.” Indra said knowingly. “Just give her some time.”

“I’ve given her plenty of time.” Lexa mumbled. “This is ridiculous.”

“She’ll be here.” Indra said again, before going over to make sure her daughter’s stuff was being placed into the vans correctly.

It took another hour before the movers were done. All of Lexa’s stuff that she wanted to bring to her dorm was packed away in the van. Her friends were in the car and Lexa was running out of time. She couldn’t keep them waiting for longer because they wanted to make it to North Carolina before midnight.

“I guess I’m leaving soon.” Lexa said, although she was typing away on her phone, before she erased the message completely. She looked up to her mother, who was looking back at her with sympathy.

“I’m sorry, Lexa.” Indra didn’t need to elaborate on what she was apologizing for. Lexa already knew.

“It’s okay, mom.” Lexa kept the tremble out of her voice before she hugged her mother tightly.

“I love you so much.” Lexa whispered. “Thank you for being such an amazing mom. I’m going to miss you.”
“I love you too, sweetie,” Indra whispered back. “But you’ll be okay. I’ll be sitting here, knowing my daughter is out being the successful lady I know I raised.”

“You did a pretty good job. I think I turned out alright.”

“You turned out more than just alright.” Indra hugged her daughter once more before a car honked at them.

“We are losing daylight!” Echo yelled out the window from behind the steering wheel. “Hurry the hell up and get your ass—“

Lexa saw from the car that Anya honked the horn before Echo could finish her sentence. Anya rolled the window down on her side.

“You’ll have to forgive Echo,” Anya said, with a smirk. “Just because she has her own daddy issues, doesn’t mean mother and daughter can’t have a compassionate goodbye hug one last time, but if you could wrap it up in the next five minutes that will be great!”

Lexa chuckled at the antics of her friends before turning back around to her mother.

“This is who I’m stuck with for the next four years,” Lexa giggled. “None of them can cook as great as you.”

“Leave now, my love,” Indra turned her head and Lexa could see her tear streaks down her cheek. “Before I never let you go.”

“I’ll always be with you, mom.” Lexa said, taking her time walking to the car.

She was waiting for Clarke, hoping, praying, believing that this was not how this was going end. They had barely just begun.

“Bye, baby.” Indra waved to her and Lexa smile sadly at the way her mother wasn’t even trying to hide the fact that she was crying. It wasn’t long before Indra forced herself back inside and Lexa drove away from the only home she had ever known.
But… with her best friends beside her, laughing and munching on snacks as they made their way down the road, all their personal belongings coming with them, Lexa was excited. She was excited that she was finally getting out of her small town at home. Sure, she was going to live in another town, but this town was going to make or break her and Lexa hoped it was the former.

There was no way Lexa was going to be in a bad mood right now. Even if her relationship was crumbling to the ground and Clarke didn’t want to see her, Lexa was en route to her future and she pressed her lips in a thin line as she sat in the back of the Echo’s car.

Lexa didn’t know where Clarke was or what she was doing. She didn’t know if they were going to beat this, it was making Lexa lose faith. Just because Lexa wasn’t ready to get married right now, didn’t mean she never wanted to get married. She wanted to be with Clarke more than anyone in the world, but that thought contradicted her actions as she was putting more and more space between her and Clarke. (Unbeknownst to her, Clarke was unconscious and Niylah had her phone. Clarke had never even read the message that Lexa had sent. Clarke had no idea that her not showing up would mean that their relationship would be broken).

Lexa looked up to the stars twinkling in the night. Her friends surrounded her and her basketball by her feet. Lexa looked up to the sky and sighed as they finally made it out of Maryland and into Virginia.

“May we meet again.”

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