Scratching The Surface

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Summary

Lexa was the star quarterback on the football team, who got a scholarship to play and couldn't afford to lose it. Football and studying was her life until she met Clarke Griffin.

Clarke needed to get sponsors to become a professional surfer and a big competition was coming up to get them. Her only focus was on surfing and didn't have time for a relationship. That was until she met a football player who was nothing like she expected.

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They both agreed to keep it casual. Friends with benefits was easier than the heartache of a relationship- until it wasn't.
Running along the beach in the early morning hours was her favorite time of day. The beach was usually deserted and she only had the ocean for company. It was the way Clarke loved it. Just her, her surfboard and the ocean, there was nothing better than that.

Rarely would her best friends join her as she liked to go as they put it, “Way too fucking early.” She smiled thinking about it. She liked her sleep too, but this would always rank higher than sleep. If she was honest, surfing always came first before everything else. She had a hard time explaining why, it was just in her blood. She was grateful that her friends understood and never once complained at her lack of focus in other areas.

They tended to tease her about her love for surfing. They would constantly say it was her one true love and she didn’t need a relationship because they would be in competition for her affection. She would laugh and shake her head, but she couldn’t refute any of it. They made valid points even if they were just teasing.

She finished her three mile run before doing her usual stretches to cool down. She put on her rash guard, and grabbed her favorite surfboard. She took a moment, like she did every morning to admire it. She looked up at the sky smiling before looking back at the board.

It was the last gift she’d gotten from her dad and was her most prized possession. It was a picture her dad took that she loved and he had put on the bottom of the board. It was a bird flying low over the rippling, blue water. It was a majestic scene that she connected with her father watching over her out on the water.

She headed into the vast, blue ocean.

She paddled out, enjoying the sound of the waves rolling over, the tide crashing into the shore and the burn in her arms as she went duck dived under the waves. When she was far enough out, she straddled her board waiting for a good set.

She let her mind wander to the very first time she got on a surfboard with her dad. He let her ride one with him and she wanted to go again and again and begged him to teach her. When she got her first surfboard, she jumped for joy and straight into her father’s arms who hugged her tight.

She had been surfing since she was four years old and had loved it ever since. It had been her
favorite pastime to do with him. He’d taught her everything she knew. She remembered the first time she popped up and was able to maintain her balance on the wave. She was beyond excited and remembered the huge smile on both her face and her father’s.

She let the memory fade away with a wistful smile on her face.

She started going out early after he died, she could be by herself and take time to remember him. It made her feel more connected to him. Being out on the ocean, she could almost feel him and it made her feel at peace.

She caught sight of a beautiful set heading in. She started paddling hard, not looking back before popping up on her feet with an ease born out of years of practice. She rode the surf line, dragging her hand through the wave with a big smile on her face. She made a bottom turn, touching the lip before popping out in aerial move before the wave turned into white water.

Surfing never got old, even though she did every single day, it was an adrenaline rush every single time.

She rode a few more decent waves before checking the time. She figured she had just enough time for one last wave and was lucky to catch the last of the set. She popped up, bending low, carving up the face before riding through the tunnel and coming out the other side. She let the wave carry her the rest of the way in.

Clarke didn’t want to go to class and would rather continue surfing. She couldn’t care less about school, but she made a deal with her mother. All she wanted was to become a pro surfer, but in order to continue doing what she loved, she had to go to college. It was mostly to please her mother though. She hated that she was still trying to get her to accept her.

She came out of the ocean heading towards her stuff she left. She gathered up everything before heading back down the beach, the opposite of where the stranger had been watching her.

She smiled the whole way home.

Lexa had been coming to the beach every morning for a run, she preferred running there to pavement or a treadmill. There was something calming about running by the ocean, with her feet pounding the sand and the waves lapping at the shore. She couldn't explain it, but she loved it.
She had woken up earlier than usual and couldn’t go back to sleep. So, she decided to get her run in earlier than usual. She escaped out of her apartment quietly as not to wake her roommate. Anya was not a morning person and was usually cranky until she got her caffeine fix.

She walked the short way for a warm up, stretching her muscles as she went.

It was off season for football, but she still needed to keep in shape if she wanted to keep her position. She was the best quarterback the college had seen in awhile. She was lucky that nobody cared that she was a girl. All they cared about was that she could play and was damn good at it too.

She arrived at the beach, wearing her usual black shorts, tank top and Nike’s. Her best friend always gave her crap that her favorite color was black when they lived on in Hawaii, but she didn't care. It worked for her and that was what mattered.

Lexa listened to the calming music blasting through her iPod. She loved mornings like this, where she could watch the sunrise and listen to music, it was the perfect way to start her day. She let everything go when she ran, that was why she loved it so much.

Lexa's chest was heaving as she ran across the beach. She kept her gaze down, focusing on putting one foot in front of the other. The beach was a harder workout than the pavement, but it was just what she needed. She wasn't worried about running into anyone. There was never anyone here when she ran this early.

She ran for a few more minutes, before she saw her.

She was far out into the distance, but Lexa could make her out. Her back was turned facing the waves rolling in. The only thing Lexa could really see of the girl was her blonde hair. Lexa was breathing hard as she slowed her steps. She knew she should've kept going as she wasn't nearly done with her morning run, but her feet stayed rooted to the spot.

Lexa couldn’t help but stare at her in awe. She watched the girl turn and start paddling, trying to catch the wave. She stood in a trance as she watched the girl expertly ride the wave and even managed a trick from what she could see. She flew in the air, managing to spin and landing back on the water still on her board. She had no idea what it was she did, but it was flawless. (Lexa would even admit that her mouth dropped open).
She had been running on the beach every morning for years. She had seen her share of surfers and didn't know why this particular one stopped her in her tracks. Lexa couldn't take her eyes off of her. She could hear the music still blasting from her headphones as she stood transfixed by this girl. Lexa knew she had to get back, because she had class, but couldn’t resist staying another minute to watch.

This girl was amazing. She rode the wave with ease. She could see the look of pure concentration and enjoyment on her face. This girl was thriving and looked like she belonged out there in the water. Lexa didn't know if she was a pro surfer or not, but the girl should be one if she wasn’t. Lexa couldn't help but watch the girl enjoy it so much.

Lexa was sure if she was out there she'd drown or possibly get eaten by a shark. She had never been good at surfing. She couldn’t get the hang of it and anybody who had tried to teach her had gotten fed up and ended up giving up on her. Her best friend, Anya would surf from time to time, but it was just for fun. This girl looked like this was her job and damn ... was she good at it.

Lexa would've kept staring like a creep, if it wasn't for the girl turning her head in her direction, which made her panic. Lexa couldn't get a good look at her. The only thing she could see was her blonde hair, and black and blue half wetsuit, but could tell that the girl was looking her way. She wasn’t sure if she was looking directly at her, but didn’t wait to find out.

Lexa realized the awkward situation she had put herself in. She was breathing heavily again, all because of watching the girl surf. She needed to get moving. The girl was now paddling in as Lexa hurried to put her headphones back in. Lexa started her run up again, but she couldn’t help look back one more time. She smiled as she jogged off.

Lexa groaned when she felt a shirt thrown in her face. She breathed it in for a minute, smelling the fabric softener, before ripping it off her face and glaring at her best friend.

"Why?" Lexa grumbled as she threw the shirt back at Anya. She knew she could've done better than that, but she was tired.

"You overslept." Anya answered standing over her. Lexa's eyes widened as she shot up in bed and looked at the clock on her nightstand. She visibly relaxed when she noticed she still had time before her first class to get her run in. Lexa threw the covers off her before getting up. She was about to strip before turning and gesturing for Anya to leave.

"I need to change." Lexa said.
"Nothing I haven't seen before." Anya scoffed. It was bound to happen with them living together. Anya had seen Lexa's package more times than she could count.

"Well, not today." Lexa answered shoving Anya out of her bedroom. The two lived together in an apartment off campus and Lexa loved it. She had hated those god awful dorms, but luckily for her, it was only required for freshman to live on campus. Lexa now had her own bathroom and privacy most of the time. Living with Anya had its upsides as well as downsides. It was something she'd lacked in the dorms. She was happy that they had gotten a two bedroom, two bath apartment, with a galley kitchen and decent size living room and all for an affordable price.

She had heard that prices in Honolulu were more expensive, but they had gotten a good deal. She had gotten an academic scholarship to come here and couldn't pass it up, nor did she want too.

Lexa threw on some compression shorts before throwing on her running attire. She opted her usual attire, a black tank top and shorts. She quickly grabbed her iPod and rushed to the kitchen. She gobbled down a protein bar, opting to make her shake after her run, before she hurried out the door. Anya didn't even get a chance to say bye.

Lexa wondered why she was in such a rush. She didn't set off a steady pace like she normally did; she sprinted down the beach until she got to her spot. There were a few people wandering around and people even surfing, but she wasn't there. Lexa completely stopped, her heart beating rapidly in her chest.

She placed her hands on her hips looking around. There was a 'no littering on the beach' sign next to her so she knew she was in the right spot. This was the exact spot she stopped yesterday when she saw the blonde, but she didn’t see anyone out there. It was completely empty, making her panic. Why, she wasn’t sure. She shook her head and continued on her run. She ran along the beach close to the tide and was mindful of her surroundings, but didn’t see the blonde anywhere. She did her usual route, before calling it quits.

Lexa sighed in disappointment. She had been hoping to see the blonde again and could admit she wanted to watch her surf again. There was just something about the way she did it. Lexa lifted her tank top up to wipe some of the sweat off her forehead, before guzzling some water and heading back to her apartment.

On her way back, she was wondering how she missed her when it clicked. She wanted to smack herself. The beach was almost always empty so early in the morning, maybe that was when and why the blonde chose to surf at that time. She must enjoy it when no one else was around. Lexa could understand, vowing to wake up on time tomorrow in order to catch her.
She wanted to see the blonde again and was determined to make that happen.

Clarke had gotten home from her morning surf in a great mood. She had managed to catch a few great waves. It was the perfect start to her day, watching the sunrise on the water while straddling her board, nothing could beat that.

She walked into the house after putting her board in the garage. She was renting a three beds, two bath house with her best friends. Both of them surfers as well, but not dedicated like she was.

She went into the kitchen to start a pot of coffee otherwise she would hear grumbling from her two best friends. She started on breakfast as well when she heard sounds coming from the bedrooms.

She continued making breakfast and thought back to her surf yesterday morning. She thought she had seen somebody watching her, but when she got to shore, there was nobody there. She chalked it up to a figment of her imagination.

She was just putting out the first stack of pancakes when her best friends stumbled bleary eyed into the kitchen.

“You made pancakes! Oh my god, you're my favorite.” Raven exclaimed taking a pancake and eating it out of her hand.

“Ah, Rae, it's early, why so loud?” Octavia scolded her before getting a cup of coffee.

“It’s a beautiful morning, O! I’ll be as loud as I want.” Raven replied swiping another pancake.

“I’m going to kill you, Reyes. You know, I’m hungover as fuck. You drank more than me, how are you not worse off?”

“Better genes.” Raven smirked. “No, no, no, I can just handle my liquor better than you.” She said taking a healthy sip of her coffee.
“You are so dead, Rae. I’m going to murder you.” Octavia replied getting up.

“Could you two act like adults instead of five year olds?” They both looked at her indignantly before they shot out of their seats.

Clarke laughed, rolling her eyes at them before grabbing her own coffee and plate of food. She sat down at the table and started to eat. She did her best to ignore the “children” as they ran around the island with Octavia threatening bodily harm and Raven laughing hysterically.

They finally stopped after Octavia had tackled Raven to the ground, tickling her until she begged for mercy. After another few minutes, they got up, coming to sit back down to finish their food. They ate in a comfortable silence Octavia, who was sufficiently caffeinated and in better mood, spoke up.

“How was your surf?”

“It was good, really good. I got to ride some pretty awesome waves,” Raven and Octavia shared a look. “You two knuckleheads should join me more often, there’s nothing like being out on the ocean with nothing else around you. It’s freeing.” Clarke ended up with a small, serene smile on her face.

“Yeah, I like my sleep more, C, you know this. How long have we been friends?”

Clarke smiled. Raven was right; they’d been friends since grade school, where Raven had punched a bully who was picking on her. Clarke punched him afterwards, gaining the confidence from her protector. They both got detention and a new friend. They didn’t meet Octavia until freshman year when she moved to the island with her mom and brother. They had all been best friends since.

Raven was the genius of the group, she was studying to be a rocket scientist and could talk your ear off about it if you let her. Clarke ended up zoning out anytime she did. She loved her though. She was an arrogant smartass, rude and blunt, but she was fiercely loyal and trustworthy.

Octavia was the badass of the group, but hated to be referred as that. She was tiny, but fierce. She was a warrior who didn’t take shit from nobody and very protective of the ones she loved. She was always trying new things and was always convincing them to step out of the box.

Clarke was considered once upon time to be the party girl, but she grew out of that phase and was
now the nurturer of the group. She took care of everyone no matter what. They could always count on her. She was reliable and responsible. Somehow through all the years, the bond between them never wavered. They were more sisters than best friends.

Clarke shook herself from the memories and smiled.

“Okay, you’re right. Besides I do like being out on the water by myself. It helps.” Clarke thought back to her dad again, taking a deep breath and sighing. Neither of her friends said anything as she knew they loved and missed him too.

“We understand, C.” Octavia reached over and wrapped an arm around her.

Clarke was very grateful for them, without them, she didn’t know how she would have gotten through her dad’s death and her mom’s distance.

“I love you guys.” Clarke said, her voice thick with emotion.

“We love you too.” They both replied at the same time before wrapping her into a big group hug.

She smiled and hugged them back tightly before letting go.

“Thanks. Now get off me weirdos, I need to shower and head to class.” She rolled her eyes at the mention of class, but knew she had to go or suffer the consequences.

She finished her breakfast before putting the dishes in the sink. She headed off to her room to shower. The bonus to having a house that her mom paid for was getting first pick of the bedrooms. She chose the master with its own bathroom.

She smiled again. Life was good. She had her surfing, and friends who were her family. What else could she need?

She was about to find out.
Lexa had just gotten back from her second and last class of the day. She was more than ready to face plant on the couch. She threw her backpack down by the door, determined to take a little power nap as she was exhausted. Sometimes she debated changing her major, but knew it was the right fit for her.

Her nap was interrupted precisely five minutes later just as she started to fall asleep, with Anya loudly coming out of her room.

"I'm hungry." Anya whined sitting down on the coffee table, pouting at Lexa. Lexa squinted up at her annoyed. She hated the pouty face because she always gave in.

She should be used to it now as they’d been friends for years. Anya was the first real friend she made in foster care. She was an asshole, but she was her best friend that had been through everything with her. She honestly wouldn’t know what to do without her.

"Can I sleep first?"

"No, it's already seven. Let's go get some dinner." Anya suggested happily. Lexa sighed, because it actually didn't sound like a bad idea. Anya knew what Lexa was thinking, because she smirked in victory before getting up to grab her keys and wallet. Anya would never carry a purse, she was the cliché bad girl with the leather jackets, Henley t-shirts and boots. She even rode a Harley which was her baby.

"Let's go!" Anya rushed as she pulled Lexa up from the couch. Lexa groaned, but obeyed grudgingly. Anya was lucky she was hungry and was semi being nice which was a rarity considering she lived for teasing her.

They settled for a pizza parlor not too far from their apartment. Anya went to order their usual, supreme pizza while Lexa went to find a booth. She found one that was in the middle, by the window. Lexa sat down quickly afraid to lose it. There were students all around. Some were studying, while others were just hanging out with friends. It was a popular hangout spot.

She heard the door open and close multiple times, but wasn’t paying it any mind. Lexa was playing with the salt shaker, when she heard beautiful laughter. It was deep, raspy and rich. It immediately caught her attention. The hairs on the back of her neck tingled and her ears perked up, wanting to hear the sound again. It was music to her ears.
Lexa heard the laughter again, making her turn around. Lexa tried not to gape at the girl whose laughter she heard. There was no mistaking it, she was the girl from the beach. The one she’d watched surf. She recognized the blonde hair. She only had a back view, but it was enough to recognize her. She couldn’t help, but take a closer look and from what she could see, she loved. She had on flip flops, short shorts and a blue tank top. She wished she could see all of her. Lexa felt her palms start to get sweaty, and her heart rate sped up.

The girl didn’t notice her, thankfully. Lexa kept her head down and continued watching the surfer. She was with a couple of friends, and they all seemed to be having a good time. A part of her wanted to walk up to her and introduce herself, but she never had confidence with girls before. Her ex girlfriend had been the one to pursue her, so she didn’t have any experience in that department.

Lexa didn’t get a good look at her when she was leaving either as she didn’t turn around like she’d hoped. Lexa sighed heavily. She wondered if she was ever going to see what the girl looked like. She wanted to meet her, she just didn’t have the balls to do it yet.

She was glad Anya hadn’t come back to the booth yet as she had gotten derailed by someone. She was grateful knowing the teasing she would have endured had Anya noticed her pining. More than likely, Anya would have gone over there herself just to embarrass Lexa. She lived for moments like that. Lexa didn’t want someone else doing it for her, she was going to do it herself.

Lexa smiled faintly because she was definitely waking up early to see this mysterious blonde again.

Clarke had a great night with her friends after classes. They had insisted on pizza because Raven was adamant she couldn’t live without it. They went to the popular pizza parlor close to their apartment because they had the best pizza on the island.

They had gotten back late, but like clockwork, Clarke was awake and on the beach early. She spotted someone a ways down the beach which surprised her. She was usually the only one out this early. She shrugged it off, hoping they left her alone.

She went through her normal routine before heading into the water. She was able to catch a few waves, but today wasn’t going well.

She only caught one more before heading back to the beach. She checked her watch, seeing it was still early. She sat down on the beach with her legs pulled her to chest as she didn’t want to head home yet. This was her safe haven and where she liked talk to her dad. She smiled sadly.
She thought about her dad and wondered if he would be proud of her. Clarke wished she had gotten the chance to say goodbye. She didn’t as it was sudden car crash and he died on impact after a drunk driver hit him head on. Both her dad and the other driver died, from what her mom had told her, he didn’t suffer which she was grateful for.

She remembered the day clearly, she had been asked to go pick up the present for her mom for her birthday, but had opted to go see her boyfriend instead. Her dad had volunteered with a smile on his face. He didn’t mind as he had a couple errands he needed to do. She couldn’t even remember if she told him that she loved him or even a thank you. She still carried the guilt around knowing it was supposed to be her and not him.

It had been two years and still felt like yesterday that they’d gotten the call. Adding to her father’s death, her boyfriend Finn broke up with her stating he couldn’t handle her constant mood swings. She couldn’t really say much because she also became very distant. She didn’t care, if he couldn’t stick around when she needed him, then he wasn’t worth it.

She had spiraled out of control after that. She had lost everything that mattered and she stopped caring. She started drinking heavily, had a couple one night stands and almost flunked out of school. She didn’t care about anything or anyone. If it wasn’t for her friends, she would have never gotten through it. Without them, she didn’t know where she’d be.

She looked out over the vastness of the ocean trying to shake off the memories when she felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. She slowly turned her head and saw someone looking her way. She couldn’t say for sure if they were watching her, but felt like it. Their eyes met, she’d seen this person before the other day before she’d taken off. Tearing her eyes away to scan the rest of them, Clarke noticed the running clothes and looked like brunette hair, could be black pulled back in a braid. She couldn’t really make out any features, but she could tell she had a nice body. A body she wouldn’t mind… she shook her head. It had been a while.

The runner nodded before turning around and sprinting back down the beach. That was odd, she thought, but didn’t have time to dwell on it. She cursed when she looked at the time before getting up and heading home.

She wondered if she would see the mysterious runner again and found herself hoping she would. She had no idea why, but when their eyes had met, she felt something she hadn’t felt in a long time.

Something a little like hope.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys so much for the support on the first chapter! We hope you enjoy!

L Lexa was out early again like she’d been every morning for the past week. She tried to pretend that it had nothing to do with the blonde surfer, but knew she was only lying to herself. The only reason she got up an hour earlier was just to be able to catch a glimpse of her. She didn't even know her name, but the blonde had completely captivated her.

She wasn’t disappointed when she got to the beach. Lexa saw her out in the waves as usual. She couldn’t keep her eyes off her while she started her warm-up. How could she, when she was surfing like she was born to do it? Lexa watched her lean into the wave and drag her hand through it.

L Lexa started her run, but her attention was on the surfer and not on running. She wasn't keeping her up her usual pace, but she didn't care.

She wondered about the balance it must take to stay on the board, and thought for a brief second what it must be like for her. That girl had some massive skills. She couldn’t help but wonder what other skills she might have.

She felt herself getting a little turned on and tried her best to think of something else, but it was next to impossible as the half wetsuit was painted on and she could make out the generous swell of her breasts and toned arms. She admired her firm butt and lean legs flexing to stay upright.

L Lexa was content to stay there and watch her instead of finishing her run, but she noticed the blonde heading towards the beach. She never did that. Lexa panicked and didn't know whether to stay or go. The blonde was getting closer and closer, riding the wave as far as she could before stepping on her board.

With her coming closer, it did mean Lexa got an even better view and wasn't at all disappointed. She was gorgeous with her golden skin, toned body, and beautiful blonde hair.
Lexa was freaking out. It was surprising to a lot of her friends how she could be so commanding on the field, but completely shy when it came to girls. She had a girlfriend, but her ex was the one who pursued her and then dumped her before they left for college.

Her friends picked on her relentlessly because they found her lack of game hilarious. She was a good looking girl who could have her pick of women, but could barely manage a single conversation with a pretty girl. She had no game what so ever and her friends had tried to help, but they couldn't. She was hopeless.

She didn't allow herself to think about it. She just turned and sprinted away, when she saw the surfer look down to grab her board.

She didn’t want too, but her feet were moving before her mind caught up. Maybe another day, she’d have the guts to actually talk to her.

Lexa shook her head as she continued to sprint down the beach.

She'd been waiting for days to work up the courage to talk to her and at the very real possibility of it actually happening, she hightailed it out there.

She may have just lost her chance.

Clarke was out on the water trying to enjoy the peace. It wasn't working as her mind wasn’t on surfing like, but instead of a phone call she received. She had a conversation with her mom the night before and as usual, what Clarke was doing wasn't enough. She was wasting her life, she needed to do more then surf all the time. It was just a hobby.

Surfing wasn't a logical choice, and she needed to focus on an actual career. The usual spiel she got anytime she answered the phone. One of the many reasons she avoided her calls like the plague. It just made her miss her dad that much more. She knew he would have supported her. He always told her to follow her dreams and be happy.

She had hung up on her, but it wasn't satisfying like she thought it'd be.
She’d seen her mom only twice in the past two years. Clarke always had an excuse to not come home and it wasn’t like her mom tried hard to get her too. Whenever she did come home, her mom was always working. She understood it was her way to help with the pain, but she needed her mother back then and she wasn’t there. It felt like she lost both parents that day instead of just her dad.

She would never admit to anyone that she missed her mom. She missed how it used to be when her dad was alive. She missed how her mom used to take time off work and actually spend time with the two of them. She used to even come and watch her and her dad surf, and she couldn’t remember the last time either. She wished she had her mother’s support in everything, not just financially.

She shrugged her shoulders trying to forget about it and just focus on her surroundings. She saw dolphins swimming in the distance and smiled. She saw endless blue of the ocean before honing in on the beach behind her.

Clarke was lucky she did as she noticed a woman running again. She was almost positive it was the same one she’d seen for the past week. She wanted to take a closer look and see if her observation was correct. She decided to paddle in, because she knew if she didn’t, it would hound her until she knew for sure.

She had never cut her surf short. This was a first. Since she’d starting surfing by herself, she had a strict routine set. She was very particular when it came to surfing and keeping in shape. She would run three miles then surf for at least an hour depending on the tide, waves and weather. Her routine had never changed, not once in years, until now.

Clarke was changing it all for a chance to see this stranger up close. She felt a pull towards her, and she couldn’t explain it if she tried. She got one last wave and rode it towards shore.

When she started getting closer to the beach, she saw the girl tense up. The girl's hands were clenched and shoulders looked stiff as a board. She looked poised to flee at the drop of a hat. Clarke just hoped she wouldn’t.

The closer Clarke got, the tenser the woman became. She saw more of her features and damn, was she beautiful. She had a sharp jawline and piercing eyes. She really wished she could see the color of them. She itched to draw her, a feeling she hadn’t experienced since her father died. The realization stopped her dead in her tracks for a moment.
She got off her board when she was able to stand before looking down to grab it. When she looked up, the girl was sprinting down the beach like there were hounds from hell hot on her heels.

Clarke sighed deeply. She didn’t mean to spook her, she only wanted to say hello and hopefully get her name. It was a new feeling for her, being curious about someone, but it was one that very much excited her.

Something that hadn't happened outside of surfing in a long time.

She watched the back of the gorgeous girl disappear completely and sincerely hoped she'd come back again tomorrow. She had started noticing her last week because she was normally the only one out at that time.

Clarke wasn’t sure how long the woman had been running while she surfed. She probably missed her before when she was surfing. Clarke would get in the zone out there and everything else ceased to exist. Now that she was aware of the runner, she wondered how she missed her in the first place.

Clarke decided to try again tomorrow and hopefully have better luck, that was if she bothered showing. She really hoped she would, but with how things had been going lately, she would need all the luck she could if she had any chance of seeing the girl again.

Maybe luck would be on her side for once.

LEXA

Lexa had just gotten out of class when her friend, Lincoln, texted her to come have lunch with him and some of their teammates. She smiled and replied that she’d be there.

Lexa headed across campus sporting a frown. She couldn’t believe she flaked out on the blonde. From the few times she'd seen the blonde, she had never seen her interrupt her surf, but she had. Lexa wanted to believe the blonde was heading to shore because of her, but it was probably wishful thinking.

Lexa shook her head and decided not to think about it anymore. She walked into the taco shop, to hang out with her friends from the football team. They all crowded into the big corner booth, which was their usual table whenever they came here.
“I can’t wait until the seasons starts up again.” Nyko said. He was the goofball of the team, but he was one of the most caring individuals Lexa had ever met.

“I know,” Indra agreed. “I can’t wait to play again.” She was the only other girl on the team with Lexa and they had quickly bonded it at first, but realized they had more in common than just football. Indra was stern woman, who didn’t take shit from nobody and who hardly smiled, but she was a good football player and even better friend.

Lexa was happy she wasn’t the only girl on the team like she was in high school. Some of the guys back then loved to bully her for taking their spot, but luckily came to realize that she deserved to be on the team. It hadn’t been easy, but she earned her spot there and she had earned it here. Thankfully, her college team accepted her right away and became some of her best friends.

She had gotten her shot when the starting quarterback had broken his leg in the beginning of the season, her freshman year. She proved herself to her coach and her team and needless to say, she was soon the starting quarterback and led her team to two consecutive victories.

She was called the “Commander” on the field because of her commanding personality and fierce moves. Lexa didn't like to gloat, but she personally loved the nickname. She could have the other team at her mercy within minutes.

Lexa shook her head, focusing back on her friends.

“This season is going to be so good!” Lincoln praised from his spot. Lexa looked over at him. He was tall, dark and basically all muscle, but like Nyko, he was super sweet. Besides Indra, he was probably the closest on the team to her. He was looking to play in the NFL as well. She tended to hang out with him more than the others as they got along really well.

“I think we will have another winning season this year. I can feel it.” Gustus said smugly, making Lexa roll her eyes. His job was to protect the quarterback which he did on and off the field.

“Please,” Lexa stressed. “I can’t wait. I’m not looking forward to practice twice a day again, but I do miss it. We should set up a scrimmage or something. You know just for fun.”
Indra piped up. “That sounds like a great idea. We need to find a day that works for everyone. Since we all have jobs and class right now, it won’t be easy, but once summer hits, it should work better.”

Lexa nodded in agreement thinking about finals and her second year coming to a close. One month to go and counting. She needed to ace her finals to keep her scholarship in tact.

The guys all started talking at once when Lexa noticed Lincoln staring at his phone with a smile on his face.

“Linc, who are you talking to?” Lexa asked watching his head shoot up in shock.

“Huh, what, nobody. Just a classmate about a group project.” Lincoln’s face flushed and Lexa knew he was lying.

“Really, I don’t know any classmate of mine that would make me smile like that.” Lexa couldn’t resist teasing him.

Lincoln rolled his eyes. “Don’t you have books to stack or something nerd.” She saw his smile widen when the rest of the table fell silent. Lexa shrugged her shoulders knowing what was coming.

She worked as a librarian part time, and often got made fun of for it. It never bothered her because she loved it. The old musky smell it brought, the silence of the library, listening to people turning the page, hearing it crinkle. Not to mention, the personal satisfaction she gets whenever she got to tell someone to hush when they were getting too loud. Lexa didn’t mind the joke, because she knew they didn’t mean anything by it. It was all in good fun.

“And your point being, Lincoln.” She folded her hands on top of the table and looked at him pointedly. Normally she would let it roll off her shoulders, but decided not to make it easy this time.

Lincoln gulped. “I was just... saying... umm…” He trailed off.

Lexa smirked triumphantly, normally Lincoln didn’t give up that quickly, so she knew that she was on to something. She kept her mouth shut as she didn’t want to risk her infatuation on the surfer to somehow come up.
Nyko piped up, “Cat got your tongue, pretty boy.” He nudged Gustus next to him.

“I think Lexa made him pee his pants.” Gustus replied slapping Lincoln on the back.

“She is the commander, she could make grown men cower in fear.” Indra said relaxing back in the booth.

Lexa looked around at her teammates in disbelief, her stern façade breaking as she grinned.

“You guys are ridiculous. I hope you know that.” Lexa let out a laugh.

Gustus turned on her. “Would you rather us go back to teasing you?”

Her grin slid off her face at the prospect. “No, that’s quite alright, please carry on.”

Lincoln looked at her in betrayal, but she knew he really wasn’t mad as a smile was tugging at his lips.

They spent another hour talking and catching up. Lexa enjoyed hanging out with them. She’d missed them lately as they were all so busy. This was really needed with the stress of her classes and finals looming. She couldn’t wait to get out on the field with them again as they were all amazing players. She had her eye on the championship again and with them behind her, she knew they had a shot.

After bidding her friends a farewell, as most of them had a class to get to, she gathered her stuff and pulled out her phone.

She saw Anya had texted her, asking if she was home yet. She was walking out the door, about to reply when she got the wind knocked out of her by slamming into another person.

“What the hell?” Lexa cried as she stumbled back a few feet.
“Oh, my god!” Lexa heard a raspy voice exclaim. “I'm so sorry.”

Lexa finally regained herself and looked up. She let out a gasp because it was the blonde haired, surfer girl. She watched the blonde's eyes widened as she caught a glimpse of her.

Lexa straightened her shoulders as she shoved her phone in her pocket.

“I'm so sorry. I shouldn't be looking down at my phone and trying to walk at the same time. It's hazardous apparently.” Lexa apologized.

The blonde continued to stare at her. Lexa was taller than her, but the look she was getting made her want to scurry away under her intense gaze.

The blonde was alone, like she was. Lexa was sort of glad for it, because she was finally alone with the surfer.

“I'm sorry,” The girl husked out. “I feel like I know you?” She asked.

Lexa's stumbled over her words as she grabbed the straps of her backpack tighter. Lexa sighed because she didn't want to lie to the blonde. She also wanted to stop referring to her as ‘the blonde’.

“I go for runs in the morning.” Lexa said. She saw something flash in the blonde's eyes.

“You're the one that was watching me?” The blonde asked.

“Yes.” Lexa sighed heavily.

“I'm Clarke.” The blonde said as she extended her hand.
Lexa let out a tiny smile as she shook the blonde’s hand.

“Lexa.”

“I was just picking up some tacos to go.” Clarke informed the brunette.

“Well, I don't want to intrude.” Lexa said politely.

“No, it's okay. Stay, please.” Clarke said quickly. Lexa smirked as they silently walked to the queue together. It wasn't a long line, and it was moving quickly.

“So, what do you study?” Clarke asked.

“Athletic training, but I play football. I want to play in the NFL one day.”

Clarke let out an impressed noise.

“That's quite the dream.” Clarke smirked. Their conversation was put on hold as it was Clarke's turn to order.

Once she grabbed the bag of food, they made their way out the shop.

“I was just heading home.” Clarke said as they walked.

“Well, I could walk back with you. If you want.” Lexa offered with an awkward chuckle.

“I think I would like that.” Clarke said, with a lopsided smile, which Lexa returned.
“So, what do you study?” Lexa repeated Clarke’s question as she followed her out the door.

“Art therapy. Just doing something to make my mom happy. I want to surf professionally though.”

“I don’t see any problems with that. You’re amazing.” Lexa’s eyes widened when she realized what she had just said.

“I mean-”

“Thank you. I’ve noticed you, but you ran away before I got the chance to talk to you.” Clarke said, throwing a look her way.

Lexa cringed as she thought about this morning. She rubbed a hand over her face. She didn’t know what came over her. She didn’t think for a second she would have ran into the blonde. It was funny how things just worked out that way.

“I’m really sorry about that.” Lexa winced as they continued to stroll across campus.

“It’s okay. I’m actually kind of glad we ran into each other,” Clarke said with a smirk. “So, you’re on the football team?”

“I am,” Lexa stated proudly. “I’m the quarterback.”

“That’s cool!” Clarke replied with enthusiasm making Lexa chuckle. “I’ll be honest, I don’t know a thing about football or any other sport really. Well, except surfing.” She smiled and Lexa was blown away.

“I.. umm.. could teach you a few things…” Lexa stuttered. “If you wanted me too.” She scratched the back of her neck.

“Maybe I’ll take you up on that sometime.” Clarke winked making Lexa flush red.
“Alright, cool.” Lexa’s heart was pounding looking at this beautiful girl. “So, do you always surf by yourself?” Lexa asked with curiosity.

As they walked close together, they kept brushing against each other a few times, but neither made the move to distance themselves. Lexa internally smiled at that. She was in awe.

“In the mornings I do. My friends think I’m crazy for waking up that early, but I love it. It’s so peaceful and I love that no one is there.” Clarke explained, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear.

“I understand. My best friend always makes fun of me for running so early, but I like to start my day off that way.” Lexa agreed.

“There’s just something about it.” Clarke added.

“It feels like you’re the only one in existence for that brief time.” Lexa tacked on with a smile. Lexa hadn’t even noticed that they were slowing down in front of a row of houses.

“This is me.” Clarke pointed to the last house on the block.

“Oh, well, it was nice meeting you.” Lexa said.

“You too,” Clarke smirked. “Will I see you tomorrow?”

Lexa locked eyes with Clarke. She couldn’t help, but notice how blue her eyes were. She felt like she was swimming in them. Lexa shook her head slightly, she needed to focus.

“You might.” Lexa quipped.

Clarke raised an eyebrow in surprise. They both already knew they’d see each other tomorrow morning.
“I have a feeling I will. If you don't run away this time.” Clarke teased, making Lexa roll her eyes playfully.

Lexa could’ve agreed as she knew she would run again, just not away from her this time. She found pleasure in teasing the blonde.


“Bye, Lexa.” Clarke waved at her. Lexa nodded with a smirk, watching Clarke walk away from her.

Lexa couldn’t believe she finally met the blonde and she even got her name, Clarke. She loved her name. It was very unique, but the name worked for her. She couldn’t stop smiling on her walk home. She got another chance and she wasn’t going to flake this time.

She would see Clarke in the morning, bright and early. There was no way she was missing this opportunity again.
Chapter 3

Clarke couldn't sleep last night as she had too many thoughts running through her mind to get any actual sleep.

She tossed and turned for hours and finally gave up on sleeping. She got up and headed out. She found herself on the beach way earlier than usual.

By the time her usual time came, she had already completed her morning run and surf routine.

She was sitting on the beach staring off into the horizon thinking. She was trying not to think about a certain someone. It wasn't working at all. The brunette with the forest green eyes captivated her and she’d only just met her officially.

She didn’t even know the girl, but she wanted too. She wanted to know everything about her. She seemed so shy and quiet, but Clarke could tell there was more to her than meets the eye. Normally she would still be out surfing, but found herself waiting on the beach and hoping that Lexa would show.

She finally did, but Clarke didn’t see her at first. She felt her, it was just a feeling she got in her chest when she knew Lexa was there. She looked up to see Lexa walking towards her in her running attire. She saw headphones dangling around her neck.

When she got closer, Clarke could see the sweat dripping off her and licked her lips. Apparently she wasn’t the only one who couldn’t sleep. It brought a huge smile to her face thinking she might be the cause of her sleepless night. It sent a shiver down her spine as well.

When Lexa noticed her, Clarke watched her eyes widen and a beautiful smile spread across her face. She even saw a hint of a blush she thought. Clarke waved when Lexa was close enough to see her.

“You actually showed?” Clarke teased. Lexa figured she deserved that one.

"Yeah, well," Lexa waved off, looking out towards the ocean. The sun was just coming up casting the perfect lighting around them. "The view is nice and the company isn't all that bad."
Clarke gave her a soft smile in return.

"You could come join me." Clarke said, softly patting the sand next to her.

Lexa nodded. She slowly crouched down, sitting next to the blonde. Lexa's heart was pounding in her chest at being so close to her. Her eyes were even more blue up close.

"Do you have any classes today?" Clarke asked curiously.

"Yeah. I have one late morning and one in early afternoon. I usually like to take my runs before class. You?" Lexa asked.

"I like to go surfing before my day starts. It helps put me at ease. I have two morning classes."

Lexa played with the sand beside her. She was nervous and had no idea how to talk to Clarke. She ran her hands over and over again through the sand.

"The sunrise is so pretty. I spend countless mornings just coming out here to watch it before or during my surf." Clarke said. Lexa smiled because she was trying to keep the conversation going.

"It's something, isn't it? My friends don't get it, especially my friends on the team." Lexa smiled.

"The new season is starting up in the fall right?" Clarke asked.

“Yes,” Lexa hissed out. “And I can't wait.” She said with a smile.

“What else do you do beside play football?” Clarke asked.
“I read, hike, hang out with my friends.” Lexa replied. “What about you?”

Clarke smiled. “I paint or draw, read and hang out with my two best friends. They’re a handful, but I love them.”

“That’s how I feel about my best friend and my teammates.” Their eyes connected and Lexa smiled shyly.

“Maybe we’ll have to have a group hang out sometime.” Clarke couldn’t help, but stare at her, the sun shining down on her made her even more beautiful. It made her very nervous and she wasn’t sure why.

“I don’t know if that will be a good thing or not. I feel like we will be subject to endless teasing, but…” Lexa locked eyes with her. “I’d be willing to suffer through it.”

Clarke felt her heartbeat pick up. Who knew this shy, gorgeous brunette had such smooth moves.

The next thing out of her mouth surprised her. “I would too.” Clarke flushed red and quickly looked down, but couldn’t resist peeking and was glad she did.

She was rewarded with a bright smile, before it faded. She watched Lexa bring her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them.

“Can I tell you something personal?” Lexa staged whispered.

“Of course.” Clarke giggled. Lexa took a huge breath. She didn’t normally tell people this. She wasn't ashamed, but didn't want Clarke to think she was uncool.

“I'm a librarian.” Lexa said quietly. She watched as Clarke's lip curled.

“No way.” Clarke deadpanned.
“Only part time!” Lexa squeaked. Clarke broke out into laughter.

“Oh, Lexa,” Clarke struggled to say through her laughing fit. “That's so cute.”

Lexa grumbled at her. “My friends like to poke fun whenever they can.”

“I swear I'm not teasing you. I just... never would've guessed.” Clarke said honestly.

"I like it. There's just something so calming about it." Lexa sighed, thinking about her shift later on.

"I don't go to the library unless I absolutely have to." Clarke told Lexa.

Lexa offered her a small smile, “Do you work or anything?” She asked.

“I do,” Clarke answered. “I work at a coffee shop on campus, but only part time.”

“That's good to know.” Lexa smiled slyly.

Lexa looked down to her watch, eyes widening at the time.

“Listen, I need to get going.” Lexa said. She had completely lost track of time, noticing the sun was completely up.

“Oh, of course. I guess I'll see you around.” Clarke said. She tried not to let her disappointment show.

“Yeah, see you.” Lexa said, offering her a small wave before sprinting down the beach.

Clarke watched her go, she hated seeing her leave, but didn’t mind the view. She had a firm backside she’d like to- She stopped those treacherous thoughts before they could go any further.
She really enjoyed getting to know Lexa a little bit. She was definitely an enigma though. She was a football star from what she heard, who probably had tons of fans, but was a stuttering mess and super shy when it came to talking to her. She was curious if it was just around her or any girl.

She hoped to find out soon.

She got up herself, knowing she had class as well. She brushed herself off before heading home. She wished she would have gotten Lexa’s phone number so she could text or even call her instead of having to wait until the following morning. She thought of an idea to change that, and just hoped it didn’t backfire on her.

This time she had smile on her face, not because of surfing, but because of a brunette, green-eyed beauty named, Lexa.

Lexa felt content as she breathed in the old smell of the library. Many people hated it, but she loved it. The smell of old books, the sound of pages turning and the quiet atmosphere not found anywhere else.

She could easily get lost in a book and tended to forget where she was. It had happened more than once on a slow day. Luckily her manager, Becca was laid back and very understanding.

She was stacking some books on the cart to put up, but never got far as she kept having to direct people in the right direction before returning back to the counter. She was kept super busy as her co worker had called in sick. It left her the only one manning the counter and helping people find the right books.

Lexa was relieved that it was a slow day, and wasn’t paying any attention to the door opening. She only looked up if someone approached the counter for assistance.

Lexa could feel her presence suddenly and knew exactly who had just walked in. It was like a magnetic pull that had Lexa looking up. She felt her breath hitch just seeing the blonde.

Clarke stood at the entrance of the library, looking extremely uncomfortable. Lexa saw Clarke before Clarke saw her.
Lexa's breath came in short spurts when Clarke finally locked eyes with her. She gave her a sly smile, before walking over to her.

Lexa felt like she was in a trance and couldn't look away from those bright blue eyes.

"I thought you didn't come to the library?" Lexa asked quietly. Clarke leaned against the counter, the intense look on her face making Lexa nervous and she started fidgeting with the hem of her sweater.

"Yeah, but then I found out a really cute girl works here and I couldn’t resist." Clarke flashed her a brief smile.

Lexa smiled at her softly before watching Clarke's expression turn serious. She waited with her hands folded in front of her, for Clarke to speak.

"Okay, I’m actually here for another reason besides you. It's a book my dad used to read all the time: The 100 or something like that. I haven't read it in ages and I feel like getting lost in a book today." Clarke explained.

"I could tell you where every book in here is." Lexa said proudly. She realized she was breaking the number one rule when she realized how loud she was talking.

"Great!" Clarke exclaimed, smacking her hands lightly on the counter.

Lexa was acutely aware of the looks she was getting from her usual patrons as she never interacted with a customer the way she was with Clarke. She smoothed down her sweater and looked down because she was embarrassed.

"You look cute in those glasses, by the way." Clarke said smoothly.

Lexa was wearing her normal attire. There wasn't really a dress code for working at the library. Lexa was wearing a blue sweater, rolled up to her elbows, dark jeans and her glasses. She’d been too tired to bother with her contacts. She had her hair back in a ponytail, and her name tag on.
"Thank you." Lexa said, a blush taking over her face.

"So, do you have it in stock?" Clarke asked curiously.

Lexa's heart sped up. It had been a long while since anyone had checked out that particular book. Lexa didn't know why, it was a phenomenal book. She had a few copies back at her apartment.

“Yeah, we have it in stock. I could show you.” Lexa tried to sound at cool, and wasn't sure if it was working.

“That would be greatly appreciated.” Clarke smirked.

Lexa nodded to herself, coming from around the counter. She lead Clarke into the ‘T’ section. Honestly, she could probably show her with her eyes closed, but didn't want to make a fool out of herself by tripping over herself.

“Here it is.” Lexa said, presenting Clarke with a hard copy of the book.

Clarke ran her hands over the front cover of the book. The words ‘The 100’ popping out of her. She sucked in a breath before the memories she didn't want forced their way up. She forced them down in the brunette’s company. She wasn't quite ready to talk about it.

“Thank you.” Clarke mumbled.

“Of course. Do you remember anything about it?” Lexa asked.

“Not much,” Clarke said honestly. “I know they go to war with the mountain men. I can’t remember why and I also remember they had a weird language.”

“Trigedaslang.” Lexa supplied for her.
“Yeah, that was it,” Clarke nodded. “Thanks again.”

“Sure, let me ring you up.”

They walked back to the counter in silence, the only sound was the beeping of Lexa checking the book out.

“Here you go.” Lexa said, putting the book in a bag before handing it over to Clarke.

“Thanks. I'll definitely be reading this. I'll tell you what I think.”

“Awesome. Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow morning?” Lexa asked, hoping not to sound too eager.

“I think I might like that. Bye, Lexa.” Clarke said preparing to turn around. She gathered her stuff before turning on her heel. She was halfway out the door when she turned back around.

This was a huge reason why she was here, she wasn't going to back out now. Clarke was nervous, but confident this would work.

Clarke walked back up to the counter sheepishly.

“I'm sorry,” Lexa looked confused. “Did you forget something?”

Clarke hesitated for a moment. She stuttered out a breath, and her heart was thumping in her chest. She didn't normally go out of her way to do this. The confused expression Lexa was giving her only added to her nerves, but Clarke stood tall.

“May I have your number as well?” Clarke asked shyly.

Lexa’s eyes widen, not expecting the question at all. It threw her off and her initial reaction was to let out a chuckle. Lexa immediately stopped laughing at the hurt look on Clarke's face.
“I’m sorry,” Lexa immediately said. “I just- I wasn’t sure if you-”

“You know what, just forget it.” Clarke said waving her off before Lexa reached over and grabbed her wrist.

“Clarke, I’m sorry! It’s not every day a girl like you asks for my number. I work at a freaking library, for crying out loud. I shouldn’t have laughed. I just can’t believe you actually want it.”

“Well, of course I do. Only if you want to.”

“Of course. I’d love that.” They exchanged phones to put their numbers in. They looked up at each other shyly while they did.

Lexa’s palms were sweating and hoped that Clarke couldn’t hear her heart beating in the quiet of the library. When they handed them back, their fingers brushed and they lingered a little longer.

Clarke flashed her a soft smile before waving at her. “Thanks. I’ll be seeing you. Bye, Lexa.”

“Bye, Clarke.”

When the blonde was out of sight, Lexa silently fist pumped. She hadn’t been expecting Clarke to come in, but was glad she did and she even got her number. Her usual patrons were still giving her weird looks, but Lexa didn’t care.

She was going to see the blonde again tomorrow and she couldn’t wait.

“Um, excuse me?” A girl said, waving a hand in Lexa’s face.

Lexa quickly got her act together, ringing the girl up before putting her books in a bag.

Lexa told herself to get it together and focus on her job for the time being. She could worry about
seeing the blonde tomorrow. She debated texting her right away, but decided to wait until after her shift.

But that didn't stop the smile on her face the whole time.
Chapter 4

Lexa ran faster than ever before. After hanging out with the blonde, she was eager to be back in her presence. She smiled when she caught sight of her blonde hair. Lexa slowed down her run, letting her lungs take a breather. The blonde swam to shore upon seeing her.

“Hey, Clarke.” Lexa greeted happily once she was within hearing distance.

“Well, what a nice surprise.” Clarke smirked, setting her surfboard down beside her.

Lexa couldn't help but feel giddy inside. Words couldn't describe how relaxed she felt just being in the blonde’s company.

“Yeah, well, I don't know if you know this, but I do run from time to time.” Lexa teased.

“And I'm glad you do, it's really nice seeing you again.” Clarke flirted.

Lexa glanced down at her surfboard, and was completely fascinated by the design. It was of rippling crisp blue water with a bird flying over head. It was a very peaceful image.

“That's a cool design.” Lexa commented. Clarke smiled softly at her as they both wordlessly sat down with each other.

“It was a picture my dad took one day, and it was so beautiful, it became my favorite. He got it designed on a surfboard and then gave it to me as a surprise.” Clarke explained.

“He's sounds like a pretty cool dad.” Lexa smirked.

“He was.” Clarke said, darkness underlying her tone. Lexa frowned because she hadn't missed the past tense.

“Oh, I'm so sorry.” Lexa said.
“It’s okay. It still hurts, but surfing truly helps get me through it. He always supported me wanting to surf while my mom doesn’t at all.”

“That has to suck.” Lexa said.

“It’s alright. Anyways, how have you been?” Clarke said, trying to steer the conversation in a different direction. She felt like she could talk about anything with Lexa, but didn't want to open that can of worms right now. It hurt too much.

“I’m pretty good. You?” Lexa asked.

“I’m great.” Clarke replied.

“I’m sorry I’m interrupting your surf.” Lexa turned her body, so she was facing Clarke.

“I'm sorry I'm interrupting your morning run.”

“I don’t care all that much. I’ll try again tomorrow morning.” Lexa shrugged like it was no big deal. It was a big deal actually. Ever since she’d discovered Clarke surfing that day, her morning run routine had severely changed. She knew the season was starting up again and she needed to stay in shape, but found herself wanting to hang around the blonde as much as she could.

“And I could try surfing again tomorrow morning.”

“I've never surfed a day in my life. Anya surfs every now and again, but I never could the hang of it. I'm not good at all.” Lexa grimaced.

“I could always teach you one day.” Clarke offered with a smile.

“We would need a lot more time than this. Probably on the weekend or something.” Lexa was joking somewhat, but was also serious too. What if they were to hang out on the weekends? She would love that.
“I don't think I'd mind that. I've been told I'm a pretty good teacher.” Clarke flirted.

“Well, I've been told that I'm a very good student.” Lexa smiled slyly at her.

“It's so beautiful out here.” Clarke said after a moment.

Lexa noticed Clarke was watching the waves roll into shore, but Lexa was staring at her instead.

“Yeah, it is.” Lexa said, staring intensely at the side of Clarke's face. She couldn't help it. Lexa was still trying to find the words to describe how beautiful Clarke was.

Clarke gasped lightly when she noticed the intense gaze Lexa had.

Clarke held breath before scooting closer to Lexa. Lexa looked shocked, but didn't move away. Clarke was still in her wetsuit and it hugged her upper body perfectly. Lexa clenched her jaw because it had been a while since she’d wanted to kiss someone. She had no idea what the blonde was doing to her.

Clarke had no idea what she was doing exactly, until she just made a move. She didn't listen to the seagulls flying overhead, or the waves crashing into shore. She looked into Lexa's eyes and felt a pull deep inside. She had no idea if this was a good decision or not, but Lexa was looking at her with her eyes soft and she found herself wanting it.

Clarke flicked her eyes to Lexa's before locking her gaze on her soft plump lips. Clarke bit her lip before Lexa uttered the words that made her heart soar.

"Kiss me."

And Clarke did.

She placed a hand on the side of Lexa's cut jaw and leaned into her. Lexa made a noise that made Clarke smirk.
She leaned in slowly connecting their lips. And *wow*.

Clarke made the right decision. Lexa was kissing her back with such precision, it made Clarke weak in the knees even though she was already sitting down.

Their lips molded together gently, not yet familiar with each other, but felt like they still fit. Clarke scooted even closer and that was when Lexa grabbed a hold of her waist.

They then switched the angle of the kiss. This time deepening it. Clarke moaned at the contact as it'd been awhile since she'd had a kiss this spectacular. She sucked Lexa's bottom lip in her mouth, getting a taste of her. Lexa tasted sweet like strawberries and minty like toothpaste.

Clarke whimpered when Lexa placed a gentle hand on her cheek, pulling her in. Clarke kissed Lexa until she needed to fill her lungs with air.

They broke away for a few seconds, lips swollen and chests heaving, before Lexa's lips were on hers again.

Clarke licked across Lexa's bottom lip. She was worried she took it too far, but Lexa granted her access immediately. Clarke felt Lexa tighten her hold on her when she slipped her tongue inside, clashing their tongues together. Clarke wasn't sure who moaned first, but knew it was probably her.

Lexa's tongue ran hot against hers, and Clarke whined at every desperate swipe of their tongues meeting.

Clarke rested her hand against Lexa's thigh before Lexa stilled beneath her.

Lexa fumbled over her lips, and Clarke knew she'd taken it too far. She quickly pulled away and put some distance between them.

“I'm sorry!” Clarke squeaked. Lexa’s eyes were wide and Clarke could swear she saw fear in them before Lexa shift and tried shielding herself away from her.
“It’s okay.” Lexa said, even though she had a faraway look on her face.

“I should go.” Clarke said, not giving Lexa any time to respond. She gathered her things up quickly while Lexa was awkwardly hunched over with her knees slightly pulled up and her down across them. Clarke looked at her weirdly, but didn’t question it.

Lexa refused to make eye contact, and Clarke’s heart dropped in her chest.

“Bye.” She whispered.

Lexa nodded to her, but her green eyes still wouldn’t meet her blue ones.

“Bye.”

Clarke sighed deeply when she made her way to the beach again, bright and early the following morning. She was praying that Lexa would show up and they could clear the air. Clarke had no idea what she was going to say, but wanted to be in the brunette’s presence again.

Clarke opted not to run today. She wanted to be around just in case Lexa did come. She did her morning stretches before paddling out. She mounted her surfboard, waiting for a good wave to come. She kept looking back to shore, waiting and hoping for Lexa to arrive.

Clarke was quick to jump up when she saw a decent wave heading in. She rode it effortlessly, even though her thoughts were elsewhere.

Clarke quickly mounted her board again, paddling out even further. She needed to distract herself from Lexa.

She saw a huge wave coming towards her and smiled. She quickly pushed herself up, but couldn't help taking another look back at shore. Lexa would've been here by now. Clarke frowned because she was wondering where she was.
Clarke turned back around just in time for the wave to knock her off her board. She went tumbling down, face first. Clarke's cheek tinged pink because it had been a long while since she’d took a fall like that. She scrambled to the surface and took a gulp of fresh air.

Clarke spluttered and grumbled, realizing that Lexa wasn't going to show up while she took lungful's of air. Clarke felt a pang of sadness. She couldn't help, but feel like she messed this up, whatever it was. If Lexa was going to show, she would've been here by now.

From what Clarke knew, Lexa was an extraordinary girl. They had so much fun the day in the library and their time on the beach. Clarke had forgotten a lot of things that happened in The 100, but had been rereading it and loved it. She could see why her dad had loved it so much.

Clarke was starting to consider Lexa a friend, and was absolutely devastated that she let her lust ruin it. Clarke couldn't help herself yesterday, with Lexa was staring at her like she was, Clarke just kissed her and didn’t think about the consequences.

Clarke sighed, quickly getting back on her board. She was glad no one was around to see her tumble. She wanted to fix it, but couldn’t until she saw Lexa again.

Clarke shook her head and told herself to get it together. She straddled her board again, and paddled back out.

She had no idea when she was going to see Lexa next.

Lexa was kicking herself for the last two days. She’d had the best kiss of her life, and had ruined it by getting hard. Lexa had no idea what to do and had completely panicked.

Lexa sighed while getting up. She didn't know if she should try her luck and go for a run today. She wanted to see Clarke and explain. Lexa knew she deserved to know what happened. She was nervous as hell, but wanted the blonde to know it wasn’t her fault.

Lexa had chickened out yesterday. She knew she probably should've made an appearance. At least to make sure Clarke knew that there were no hard feelings. She didn't know how to explain herself or her situation.
She didn't want the blonde to think she was a freak.

Lexa barely knew her, but found her wanting to spend more time with her and wanted her to know even though she was terrified.

Lexa decided she was going to see her today.

Before she could chicken out, she pulled her running clothes on and cranked up her music. She grabbed a bar out the cabinet and headed out the door.

Lexa felt a jolt of energy run through her when she saw Clarke surfing like usual. She was catching the waves perfectly. Lexa didn't want to interrupt her, but needed to explain what happened yesterday.

It was driving her crazy and she hadn't run into the blonde on campus yesterday. She knew this would be the perfect time to catch her.

Lexa didn't think about it anymore. She took deliberate steps towards the blonde. Lexa knew Clarke had seen her because her movements faltered the second she did.

Lexa couldn't make out Clarke's facial expression, but butterflies took over her stomach when she noticed she'd started swimming to shore.

The second Clarke dropped her surfboard on the ground, Lexa spoke.

“I'm sorry about freaking out and I'm sorry I didn't show up yesterday.” Lexa panted. Her hands resting on her hips.

“No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have just kissed you like that and-”

“I wanted you to. I'm sorry I was so awkward about it. I should have showed up yesterday.” Lexa explained, walking closer to Clarke. She was drenched from being in the water, and was drying herself off with her towel.
“I’m scared I messed this up,” Clarke muttered. “We can just forget-”

“I have to tell you something.” Lexa whispered, cutting Clarke off. She needed to get this off her chest before she chickened out. She was already preparing for the rejection, and it hurt more than she wanted to admit.

“Oh, no. Do you have a girlfriend?” Clarke winced. Lexa let out a chuckle hearing that.


Lexa had prepared what she was going to say on the run over, but nothing was coming out. She scrunched her eyebrows together, wondering where to even begin.

“I’m not like most girls.” Lexa cringed at the cheesy line.

“Are you a vampire?” Clarke smirked. Lexa was glad for the blonde’s bubbly personality. She hoped it would stay that way when Clarke heard what she was about to tell her.

“For quite sometime, my parents thought I was a boy, until I hit puberty. My hair grew to down my back and I had breasts.” Lexa explained. She always had a hard time talking about this. It was one of her biggest insecurities. She wasn’t necessarily embarrassed about her appending package. She did stand tall at eight inches and was proud of it, but being a girl with a penis wasn’t normal in a lot of people’s eyes. She didn’t like to tell people about it for that reason.

Clarke stayed quiet, having no idea where Lexa was going with this.

“I share something in common with men.” Lexa mumbled.

“Okay, what is it?” Clarke asked. The suspense was getting to her, and she wanted to know what Lexa was talking about. She was confused.

“I have a.. umm.. well..”
“Lexa! It's okay. Please just tell me.” Clarke reassured her, but Lexa had a hard time believing her. She was terrified.

“I don't know how you'll react and I’m scared you won’t want anything to do with me once you find out.” Lexa frowned.

“Please,” Clarke said. “Tell me.”

“I have a penis.” Lexa muttered. She heard Clarke take in a deep breath. Clarke was looking at her, her eyes wide, not quite believing what she’d heard.

“You have a.. penis? Like you're intersex?” Clarke asked confusedly.

“Yes. And I understand if you don't want to hang out with me anymore. I'll understand.”

“Of course not!” Clarke examined, much to Lexa's surprise. “I don't care if you have a penis or vagina or whatever. You're absolutely stunning Lexa and I don't care about what extra body part you have. I like you for you.”

There was no way someone like Clarke existed, but she did and was staring at her with her big, blue eyes. Lexa was dead set that she would be rejected, but the blonde surprised her. There was nothing, but sincerity in them and Lexa felt the huge weight drop from her shoulders. Lexa knew she was being honest, and it meant more than she could say.

“Really?” Lexa asked in a small voice. It was still such a sore topic for her. She didn't like having to explain it at all.

“Yes, really. It doesn't change who you are Lexa.” Clarke said firmly.

“Thank you.” Lexa breath. She smiled when Clarke brought her in for a bone crushing hug.

“Stunning, huh?” Lexa asked with a smirk once they pulled away.
“Oh, shut up.” Clarke teased, although she flashed her a cheeky smile.

“Thank you for telling me. Your secret is safe with me and there’s no judgement on my part. Not even in the slightest.” Clarke said seriously.

Lexa smiled gratefully at her.

“Thank you, really.” The emotion was thick in Lexa's voice. “Do you still want to hang out?”

“Of course. Only if you want too.” Clarke said. Lexa nodded instantly. There was nothing more she wanted, and was relieved the blonde didn't take her news the wrong way.

“Of course.” Lexa echoed her words.

“Would you maybe.. want to hang out Friday night?” Clarke asked.

Lexa wanted to do her happy dance, before realizing she had to work that night.

“I have to work that day and I can't get it off,” Lexa said. “But maybe you could stop by and we can hang out until I'm off?” She asked hopefully.

“Okay,” Clarke said cheerfully. “That works. I have homework I can do while I wait.”

“Awesome. Great.” Lexa fumbled over her words making Clarke giggle.

Lexa looked at the time before getting up, Clarke standing up with her.

“I should get back to my run.” Lexa pointed her thumb behind her.
“Yeah. Sure,” Clarke waved her off. “I'll see you Friday night.”

“Yeah, see you.” Lexa flashed Clarke another grin before taking off and sprinted down the beach.

She still couldn't wrap her head around the fact that Clarke knew one of her biggest secrets and was completely okay with it. She was even more shocked the blonde made plans to see her again so soon.

She smiled brightly to herself, probably looking like a creep to others, but didn't care. She was going to hang out with Clarke on Friday, and couldn't be happier.

She was already counting down the days.
Chapter Notes

I'm not sure if anyone will want this to be continued now that Rebelguitargirl2015 is no longer an author. She is very busy with school and her other fics so it was decided for her to not collab on this one anymore. Here's one of the prewritten chapters we had. If you want more, let me know. If not, I'll delete.

She just finished ringing up a student’s books and Lexa was drumming her hands along the front desk, waiting for Clarke to arrive.

She had some books she needed to stack, but wanted to wait until Clarke got here.

Lexa's ears perked up when she heard the door to the library creaking open. She already knew it was Clarke, she had a feeling, but glanced up anyways.

Clarke was wearing shorts, an old band t-shirt, flip flops and aviator sunglasses that were pushing her hair back. She looked gorgeous.

Lexa flashed her a tiny smile before waving. Clarke waved back and returned the smile. She walked over to Lexa quietly.

“Hey.” Clarke whispered. Lexa smiled at the sound of her voice.

“Hey.”

“I'll go sit over there until you get off.” Clarke motioned to the back of the library.

“I'll come with you,” Lexa said eagerly, before clearing her throat. “I have some books to stack.”

“Sure.” Clarke drawled out with a smirk, but allowed Lexa to fall in step with her.

“How’ve you been?” Lexa asked quietly, earning glares from a nearby table. She ignored the glares and continued walking alongside Clarke.

“Pretty good. Tired. You?” Clarke asked, sitting down at the table.

Lexa got to work stacking the books in alphabetical order before answering.

“I've been good. I can't wait to actually hang out with you later. My shift is almost over.” Lexa whispered. Clarke nodded in understand, and got her books out of her bag. She opened her books as Lexa went to work stacking the books.

“I'm happy to wait.”

Lexa stacked the books as quickly as she could. She knew it wouldn't make her shift go by any faster, but wanted to give Clarke her undivided attention.

That didn't happen.
A couple minutes into her stacking books, and stealing glances at Clarke, a student came up to her asking where the history section was. Lexa gave Clarke an apologetic look before walking away to show the student.

Lexa came back a couple minutes later, preparing to ask Clarke what she wanted to eat later, when another student came up to her.

Lexa tried her best to hide her annoyance as she went to ring up the student’s books.

“I'm sorry about all that.” Lexa said. She had finally clocked out. They were on their way back to her apartment and Lexa was ecstatic that she was going to spend some alone time with Clarke.

“It's totally fine. I know it's your job. Now that you're off, we can hang out all night,” Clarke said, before correcting herself. “I mean we can hang out for a few hours.”

“Sure.” Lexa drawled out.

“Don't tease.”

“You teased me back there.”

“It's hard to resist. You're too cute to resist.”

“Oh, wow,” Lexa frowned. “That's what you say to a little kid or something.”

“Okay, fine,” Clarke huffed playfully. “How about sexy?”

Lexa swallowed hard and almost stumbled over her feet.

“That's better!” Lexa squeaked.

Clarke chuckled warmly before locking her hand around Lexa's bicep.

“I thought so.” Clarke purred in her ear.

Lexa just told herself to keep it together for the rest of the walk before dying of blushing too much.

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“Pizza’s alright?” Lexa asked as they walked down the hall to her apartment.

“It's perfect.” Clarke agreed.

“Cheese? Pepperoni?”

“Both?” Clarke shrugged.

“Sounds good.”

Lexa unlocked her apartment before ordering the pizza. She walked back into the family room to Clarke sitting on the couch.

Lexa walked over to her slowly, unsure of what to do. Lexa kept a couple inches of space between them when she sat down. She wordlessly flipped on the TV as they waited for their pizza.

“So, how did you get into surfing?” Lexa asked curiously.
“My dad taught me,” Clarke said quietly. “I was four years old and had loved the water, so he took me out. It took me a few tries, but then I just got it.”

“I'm sorry.” Lexa frowned. She didn't mean to bring up Clarke's past.

“It's okay,” Clarke took a moment before responding. She turned her body towards Lexa and locked eyes with her. “He died in a car crash.”

“Oh, Clarke. I'm so sorry.”

“It took me a long time to get over it. I don't know if I'll ever be fully over it.”

“You shouldn't have to be.”

“My ex boyfriend couldn't stand how sad I was all the time. I was an emotional mess. He didn't stick around much after that. He couldn't handle it, apparently.”

“Sounds like a jerk.” Lexa said with a grimace, making Clarke laugh.

“He was, but I wasn't exactly easy to deal with. I'm in a better place now, especially with the help of my friends.”

“Well, I'm glad to hear that. You look good,” Lexa blurted out, before sucking in a breath. “I mean-”

“It's okay, Lexa. You don't have to explain. I get it.”

Lexa sighed in relief. Clarke was making her feel things she hadn't in a long time. Lexa had no idea how to act around her.

“What about your parents?” Clarke asked curiously.

“I grew up in foster care, never knew my mom and my dad died when I was a kid. I had not other family so I was put in the system. I worked really hard to get this scholarship and I really don't want to mess it up.” Lexa answered.

“Well, that's good.” Clarke nodded. Lexa nodded back at her slowly before their conversation dwindled. They settled into comfortable silence, waiting for the pizza to arrive.

Lexa fidgeted beside Clarke. She wasn't sure what she could and couldn't do around the blonde. She wanted to scoot closer to her, but didn't know if Clarke would want that.

Lexa sat with her hands in her lap when Clarke broke the silence.

“I can't stop thinking about our kiss.” Clarke admitted quietly which made Lexa's breath hitch.

“Really?” Lexa gulped.

“Yes.” Clarke chewed her bottom lip. She was looking at Lexa expectantly. Lexa knew this was her move to make, but was scared shitless.

Lexa held her breath scooting closer to Clarke. She was studying how Clarke's eyes were darkening by the second. It made Lexa sigh contently.

“I'm going to kiss you again.” Lexa murmured out, holding Clarke's cheek in her hand.

“And I want you too.” Clarke mumbled. Lexa rested her forehead against Clarke's before gently
guiding her to her lips.

Lexa breathed deeply when Clarke's lips connected to hers. It had been so long since she’d kissed anyone, if she didn't count the kiss on the beach. She whimpered when Clarke deepened the kiss.

Lexa grabbed a hold of Clarke's waist and pulled the blonde into her lap. Lexa moaned when Clarke straddled her and wrapped her arms around her neck.

Lexa kissed Clarke deep and eagerly. Clarke licked and nipped at her bottom lip until Lexa opened her mouth.

Lexa tightened her hold on Clarke when the blonde slid her tongue against hers. The kiss was so hot, Lexa started rocking her hips into Clarke. Lexa wasn't aware of her actions. She kept rocking into Clarke while the blonde grounded her hips down to meet her.

Lexa slid her hands down to Clarke's butt, squeezing it in her hands. Clarke whined against her mouth before breaking away.

“You're so hot.” Clarke whispered against her skin, placing a kiss to her jaw before kissing down her neck.

“We could… we could take this to my room and-” Lexa didn't get to finish her sentence.

They were interrupted by the pizza man. Lexa groaned while Clarke slid off her lap. Lexa quickly answered the door, throwing bills at the man, snatching the pizza and closing the door.

Clarke shot up from her seat when Lexa motioned to the kitchen.

Lexa got out two plates for them. Lexa had never ate so fast in her entire life. She was used to it, if you didn't eat fast, you didn't eat, plus there was an extremely attractive blonde she wanted to continue kissing.

“Done?” Clarke asked around a mouthful. Lexa quickly washed down her pizza with water before nodding.

“Done!” Lexa said eagerly before locking eyes with Clarke.

“What do you want to do now?”

Clarke smirked as if Lexa didn't already know.

“We could go to your room. That's what you were going to suggest when we got interrupted right?” Clarke asked.

“Yeah.” Lexa said with a firm nod. When it was clear Lexa wasn't going to move anytime soon, Clarke let out a chuckle.

“Well,” Clarke husked walking up to Lexa and wrapping a soft hand around her wrist. “Why don't we go to your room?”

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They blindly stumbled their way to Lexa's room, Lexa guiding them the entire way. Lexa had her hands wrapped around Clarke's waist, pushing her towards her bedroom. Lexa kicked the door closed with her foot, leading them over to the bed.
They pulled away for a second, Lexa taking her sweater off in the process. She was nervous and
Clarke was looking at her with dark eyes.

It wasn't long before they found each other's lips again. Clarke gently pushed Lexa down on the bed,
climbing on top of her.

"There's a few things I want to talk about." Clarke mumbled, kissing her way up Lexa's neck.

"You want to talk about them now?" Lexa whined, hands massaging Clarke's butt.

"I don't want any misunderstandings." Clarke said. At those words, Lexa pulled away.

"What do you mean?" Lexa asked.

"I'm very focused on my surfing and I know you will be the same with football when the seasons
starts. I think we should just stick to sex." Clarke breathed.

Lexa took a moment, looking up at Clarke, unblinking.

It made sense, even though it tugged at Lexa's heart strings. It had been a while since she had been
intimate with anyone. Clarke was hovering over her, with her hair to one side of her shoulder. She
was softly grinding in her lap, and Lexa didn't know what to say.

"Okay, yes. I agree. So, like friends with benefits? It'll just be sex?" Lexa asked.

Clarke tilted her head to the side, while locking eyes with Lexa.

"Yes." Clarke muttered.

Lexa had no idea what she was getting herself into. She had never had a sex buddy before. She
enjoyed hanging out with Clarke and it really would be a benefit if they started sleeping together.
She smiled because she wasn't ready for a relationship and knew this could work out well for both of
them.

"Okay." Lexa nodded.

Clarke offered her a shy smile before leaning back down to kiss her.

Lexa gasped when Clarke reached around and unclipped her bra. Lexa's eyes rolled to the back of
her head the second she felt Clarke's warm tongue lapping at her nipple. Clarke grabbed a hold of
her other breast, pinching the nipple. Lexa yelped, jerking her hips up.

She lifted Clarke's shirt up, until Clarke quickly pulled away from her, throwing her shirt over her
head. Lexa pulled Clarke's bra down. She locked eyes with her as she took her nipple in her mouth.
Lexa sucked hard until Clarke pulled away.

"I want more." Clarke moaned out.

"Take your pants off." Lexa said.

Clarke quickly got up, pulling her pants and underwear off in one swift motion. Lexa gaped locking
eyes with Clarke's center.

Clarke laid back down and Lexa climbed on top of her. She connected their lips once more before
kissing her way down her body. Clarke was moving beneath her when Lexa grabbed a hold of her
hips to pin her down.
“Can I?” Lexa gestured to Clarke's center. She was nervous. It had been awhile since she’d done this. Lexa had been so focused on football and school that she didn't have time for a relationship or even one night stands if she’d wanted. All the more reason why Clarke's declaration made sense to her.

“Yes.” Clarke said, swallowing hard. Lexa continued to kiss every inch of skin she could, until she settled herself in between Clarke's legs. Lexa could already smell Clarke's arousal and knew the surfer was ready.

Lexa moaned at the sight of her. Her bra was still on, but other than that she was completely naked. Her hips kept thrusting up and Lexa smirked knowing she was getting impatient. Her hair was all over the place and those bright blue eyes were dark, almost black when they locked with hers.

Clarke nodded giving her the go ahead. Lexa just hoped she was good enough. She didn't know what was going to happen after this or what Clarke would want to do, but didn't want to think about it at the moment.

She leaned down, licking her way up Clarke’s center. The blonde gasped loudly underneath her. Lexa licked her way through her again, before spreading her legs further apart.

Lexa was painfully hard in her jeans and couldn’t resist thrusting against her bed to try and find some relief. Clarke tasted amazing and Lexa hoped they could keep the friends with benefits thing going because she already wanted more.

Complete want took over her as she sucked Clarke’s clit hard into her mouth.

“Lexa.” Clarke moaned. Lexa's face heated up. Clarke’s moans sounded heavenly.

Lexa lapped at her clt a few more times before licking down her folds. She stopped when she was at her entrance for a moment. She heard Clarke whine and immediately thrusted her tongue slowly inside. Clarke arched her back, placing a hand on her head.

Lexa pulled away for a second to slip a finger in her. Clarke immediately clenched down on her, letting out another whimper. Lexa couldn't believe how turned on she was right now.

Lexa started thrusting her finger in and out of her while licking her clit. Clarke had a death grip on the back of her head while she let out deep moans. She pumped her finger in faster, sucking her clit in her mouth.

"Oh, god." Clarke whimpered.

The blonde was breathing harshly above her, her walls repeatedly clenching around her finger. Her moans were increasing in volume. Lexa could tell Clarke was approaching the edge at a rapid pace, and thrusted her finger in hard and curling it up.

The brunette continued to attack her clit with her tongue until the blonde froze underneath her.

"Lexa!" Clarke cried, trapping her finger inside.

Lexa was quick to lick up her juices, before pulling away. She wiped the back of her mouth before kissing her way back up Clarke's body.

Clarke brought her in for a searing kiss. She moaned when she tasted herself on Lexa's lips. Clarke smiled into the kiss before pulling away.
“Your turn.” Clarke said happily.

Lexa chuckled, but was more than relieved. She quickly unbuckled her pants before pulling them down.

She was nervous for Clarke to see her, but continued to pull her boxers down. Clarke gawked at her.

"Whoa." The blonde was stunned into silence. She was having a staring contest with her dick.

"Is it okay?" Lexa asked nervously, pulling Clarke out of her trance.

"Yes. It's amazing. Wonderful. It's freakin' huge,” Clarke said with enthusiasm, biting down on her lip. “Can I suck it?"

Lexa groaned kicking her clothes off and opening her legs.

"Oh, my god, Clarke," Lexa whined. "You can do whatever you want."

Clarke got on her knees, bending over. She placed a hand on Lexa's hip to steady herself until she was face to face with Lexa's dick.

Lexa stood at her full eight inches. There were veins sticking out of it and it was thick. Clarke was wondering how she was going to fit it all in her mouth.

Clarke leaned in, licking the side of it. Lexa jumped the second Clarke made contact. It had been so long since she gotten a blow job, she knew she wasn’t going to last long at all.

Lexa cursed under her breath when Clarke leaned up, taking the head of her dick in her mouth. Lexa gasped, letting out a whine when Clarke sunk down. Clarke's mouth was hot, and surrounding her dick.

Lexa threw her head back when Clarke took more of her. She held her hands out behind her, watching Clarke in action.

It wasn't long before Clarke reached the base of her dick. Lexa kept completely still as Clarke worked. She held it there for a few seconds before releasing her dick. Lexa moaned when it twitched, begging for more.

Clarke quickly came back, sucking her dick in her mouth just to release it again. She slowly started to bob her head up and down. Lexa's eyes rolled into the back of her head. She couldn't believe she was getting a blow job by such a gorgeous blonde.

Clarke started to move faster, bobbing her head up and down at a rapid pace. Lexa couldn't stop the moans that were coming out of her mouth. It felt absolutely amazing having Clarke suck her dick.

Lexa reached out, placing a hand on Clarke's butt and squeezing. Clarke moaned which vibrated around her dick.

Lexa started panting because she knew she wasn't going to last much longer. Clarke brought a hand up to start jerking her off, while she sucked the tip in her mouth.

"Fuck, Clarke." Lexa groaned. She could feel it. Her dick twitched in Clarke's mouth, and Lexa couldn't hold it back any more.

Clarke caught on to what was about to happen, releasing her dick and jerking her off instead. She twisted her hand every which way, working to get Lexa off.
Lexa was at a loss for words, she couldn't think straight at all. A part of her didn't want this to be over because she didn't know what was going to happen.

Clarke pumped her dick once more, before Lexa spilled her cum into her mouth. Some of it slid down Clarke's chin, making Lexa whimper. Clarke kept jerking her off, making sure she got every last drop.

When Lexa was finished, Clarke released her dick.

Lexa's chest was heaving as she looked at Clarke.

"So, do you-"

"Lexa!"

Lexa's eyes widened realizing that didn't come from the blonde. Clarke's eyes widened too, before they both hurried to get dressed.

Lexa had just enough time to turn the TV on before Anya barged through the door.

They were both still panting and by the look on Anya's face, she knew.

"Hello," Anya smirked, folding her arms and leaning against the doorframe. "And who's this?"

"Hello, I'm Clarke." The blonde extended her hand, but Anya just glared at it.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to be rude, but I don't know where that hand has been."

"Anya!" Lexa scolded.

"Oh, please. It smells like sex in here." Anya smirked triumphantly seeing that they both looked away.

"Well, I can go." Clarke said, clapping her hands together. Anya continued to stare at her, before gesturing to the door.

"Front door is right there."

"Anya!" Lexa scolded again. "Get out."

Anya sighed and obeyed, but not before throwing one last glare at Clarke before walking out of the room.

"I'm sorry. She's just really protective and football season is coming up and-"

"It's okay, Lexa. No worries. I really should go though." Clarke said, slowly walking over to Lexa.

"I'll see you later?" Lexa asked, not hiding how hopeful she was.

"Of course." Clarke said, leaning down and placing a lingering kiss on her lips. Lexa hummed and pulled Clarke into her.

"We can meet tomorrow morning. I could show you how to surf."

"I'm really not good." Lexa said shaking her head.

"Then I'll teach you to be better." Clarke joked.
Lexa smiled because the blonde still wanted to be around her. She knew she was screwed.

“Of course.” Lexa said smoothly.

“I'll text you later and give you a time.” Clarke flirted and batted her eyelashes at Lexa.

Lexa swooped in for one last kiss, before walking the blonde out. She was glad Anya was in her room. She hugged the blonde goodbye and was thrilled to know she’d be seeing her again tomorrow.

She couldn't wait.
Chapter 6

Well looks like I will continue this with your overwhelming support. :) It's very much appreciated. This is the second to last of the pre written chapters with my Rebelguitargirl2015, so I hope you enjoy :) 

After they exchanged numbers, they had been in constant contact. For the last week, they met up in the morning and ran together before Clarke would go for her surf. Once she was done, they would talk for a while until they had to get home and ready for class.

It became a daily routine for them and Lexa loved it. She couldn’t get enough of her. Every day she looked forward to seeing her. Clarke brightened her day tremendously. When she was with Costia, she thought it was the same, but it wasn’t. Not even close. Clarke was one of kind and Lexa looked forward to getting to know her even better.

Looking down at her phone, she saw a text from the blonde.

7:30 PM

Clarke: Wear your swimsuit. :) Meet me in the morning at our usual time.

7:31 PM

Lexa: I’ll be there, but no laughing at me. I’m going to be horrible at it.

Lexa laughed because she already knew that Clarke would make fun of her and the thought didn’t bother her in the least. It meant she’d get to see her beautiful smile. That would be worth the teasing any day.

7:34 PM

Clarke: I make no promises. See you tomorrow gorgeous. ;) 

Lexa blushed and still couldn’t believe that someone like Clarke was interested in her as a friend and especially as friend with benefits. She didn’t think she’d ever be this lucky. Clarke could have anyone she wanted, yet chose her. Even though they were only friends with benefits, the surfer could have chosen anyone else.

7:36 PM

Lexa: I’ll be there :)
Lexa’s smile didn’t go unnoticed by Anya, who sitting on the couch beside her. She had promised her best friend they could have a movie night. They settled on the Matrix series as they both were feeling more sci-fi than comedy or romance. Anya had stacked their coffee table with snacks and drinks while waiting on Lexa to start the movie.

Lexa looked over at her friend who had an irritated look on her face. She smiled slightly.

“I’m sorry, we can start it now.” She went to press play, but stopped when Anya put her hand on her arm pushing down. Lexa looked up in confusion.

“What’s going on with you and Clarke?” Lexa stared at her for a moment, before swallowing thickly.

“We’re just friends, why?” Lexa thought sticking to that would be a good idea as she’s never had a fuck buddy before. She’s only had sex with one girl, her high school sweetheart, Costia, who broke up with her their summer before college. She stated it was for the best as she was going to college in New York. Lexa knew the real reason behind it, she didn’t want to be tied down in case she met someone else.

Almost two years later and Lexa has accepted it, and realized it was for the best. That didn’t mean it didn’t break her heart in the process. She just wasn’t quite ready for a new relationship as the first one almost broke her. It was one of the reasons why she agreed to this arrangement, she wanted to try and protect her heart.

Anya huffed out a laugh. “Friends…right. Do you fuck all your other friends or is Clarke just special?”

Lexa glared at her, not believing the venom she could hear in her tone. She knew Anya was overprotective and only wanted the best for her, but this was taking it too far. She didn’t even know Clarke. How could she judge her?

A small part had doubts as well. It wasn’t like she knew her very well either. They’d only been hanging out a few weeks. How well did she really know Clarke? No, she wouldn’t let Anya put doubts in her head.

“First of all, Anya, she is special. Second of all, it’s my life. I understand you’re worried and are being overprotective. I appreciate you wanting to look out for me, but I can look after myself.” Lexa said turning and locking eyes with her best friend.

“Fine, you’re right. I’m just worried. I don’t want to see you get hurt. I’ll try and back off, but really, what is the deal between you two?”

Lexa debated telling her the truth, but knew she didn’t keep things from her. They told each everything. “We didn’t have sex…” Lexa’s face turned beet red. “We probably would have if you hadn’t interrupted though. We decided to try being friends with benefits.”

Anya stared at her for a moment, seemingly choosing her words carefully. “Are you sure that’s a good…”

Lexa interrupted her immediately, not wanting to hear what she was going to say. “Yes. She’s amazing, Anya. I would love for you to get to know her. I’m not ready for another relationship and I have football and my scholarship to focus on. She’s dedicated to becoming a pro surfer and doesn’t have time for a relationship either. It works for us, that’s all that matters. It’s what I want, okay?”

Anya didn’t look like she agreed, but still nodded her head. “Alright, let’s watch the movie.”
Lexa looked at her for a moment, contemplating saying more, but deciding not to. She just wanted to enjoy her evening, hanging out with her friend, but her thoughts kept straying to Clarke.

The blonde was always on her mind and she was hoping being friends with benefits worked out like she was hoping.

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The next morning, Lexa was up earlier than she needed to be, but it was quickly becoming the norm for her. She was too excited to sleep with knowing she’d be seeing the blonde again. Losing a little sleep was definitely worth spending a little extra time with Clarke.

She grabbed a backpack; put some extra clothes in along with a towel before throwing on her swim trunks, tank top and running shoes. She grabbed a protein bar before heading out for her first surf lesson with Clarke. She hoped she didn’t make a fool of herself, but that probably wouldn’t happen. It always amazed her friends that she could be so good at sports, but so awful at surfing.

She honestly thought it had more to do with her fear of what could happen out in the water than surfing itself.

Lexa got to the beach and looked around, but didn’t see her. She must have beaten her here she assumed and tried not to think negatively, but couldn’t help but wonder if Clarke had changed her mind.

Maybe she wasn’t okay with it after all, maybe she didn’t want to waste her time, maybe they moved too fast, maybe...her freak-out was interrupted when there was a tap on her shoulder.

Lexa whirled around so quickly, Clarke had to take a leap back. Lexa didn’t know what came over her, but she threw herself at Clarke and hugged her tightly. She felt Clarke stumble a bit before wrapping her arms around her. Lexa breathed a sigh of relief.

“I didn’t expect this kind of greeting so early in the morning, but I’m not complaining.” Clarke husked in her ear, sending shivers down her body.

Lexa took a moment to control her emotions before responding. “I wasn’t sure you were going to show. I...I thought you might have changed your mind.” Lexa didn’t mean to be so honest, but it just came out.

Clarke pulled back to look in her eyes. She placed a hand lightly on her cheek before leaning up and brushing their lips together. “No, I didn’t and I wouldn’t do that, Lexa.” She leaned up again, connecting their lips again before licking across her bottom lip which had the brunette opening her mouth to accommodate. Clarke deepened it right away, licking the roof of her mouth and making Lexa moan. They kissed for another minute before they both came up for air. Their breathing ragged, and eyes glazed with lust. “There’s more where that came from.” Clarke pecked her lips again, turning around to pick up a rash guard and handing it to Lexa.

“Put this on, you’re going to need it.” Lexa obliged, still slightly dazed from their kiss, but ultimately feeling much better. Clarke had managed to calm her down instantly and for that, she was extremely grateful. She smiled at Clarke, watching her pull her own rash guard on. Lexa discarded her shirt and saw Clarke checking out her abs and biting her lip. She felt herself getting hard and looked away quickly, feeling a blush creep up her neck.

Clarke must have noticed she was embarrassed because when she turned around, Clarke was facing the other way.
“I’m ready.” Lexa called and Clarke turned around. They stared at each other for a moment, both checking the other out as the wetsuits clung everywhere, and didn’t leave much to the imagination.

“Okay. Good. We will start on the beach. I want you to get the hang of standing up first.”

Lexa looked at the two surfboards, she’d brought. One was the bird one, which she knew Clarke was partial too and the other one was white and gray, painted with trees covered in snow. It was gorgeous.

“Is that one for me?” Lexa pointed and walked over running her hand down the design. “So, Anya has tried to teach me, and I know how to get up, but my problem is staying up when we are in the water.”

Clarke smiled. “Yes, that one is for you to use. Okay, thanks for the heads up. Let’s see what you got first, before I let you out in the water.” She teased.

“Okay, you asked for it.”

“I did, now let’s see what you got. Lay on the board with your toes touching the tail. Don’t grip the sides, place them flat on the board really close to your chest.” She watched as Lexa did as instructed before looking over at her. “Now, lift your chest using your hands. Don’t look down, look straight up and don’t move your head. Okay?”

Lexa smiled, she remembered this much from when Anya was trying to teach her. “Yes, I remember.” She did it a couple times until Clarke was satisfied before moving on to the next step. “Now I stand up right?”

Clarke laughed at her eagerness. “Thought you were bad at this, Woods, but yes you do. You want to pop up, pushing up with your hands. When you stand, keep your knees bent, feet wide apart and body facing your dominant side usually, but whatever you’re comfortable with.”

Lexa smiled, she remembered this much from when Anya was trying to teach her. “Yes, I remember.” She did it a couple times until Clarke was satisfied before moving on to the next step. “Now I stand up right?”

Clarke laughed at her eagerness. “Thought you were bad at this, Woods, but yes you do. You want to pop up, pushing up with your hands. When you stand, keep your knees bent, feet wide apart and body facing your dominant side usually, but whatever you’re comfortable with.”

Lexa listened to her instructions before popping up. This isn’t so hard, she thought, but then remembered that the next part was to do be able to do it out on the water. She repeated it multiple times until she was sure she got the hang of it. Clarke moving her in the correct position when needed, but every time the blonde touched her, she felt goosebumps on her skin and ended up getting distracted.

Clarke had her continue a few more times just to make sure before deeming her ready. Lexa took a deep breath and grabbed the board. She noticed it was a different style from hers and gave a questioning look towards the surfer.

“It’s a long board, great for beginners. It’s easier to use than mine as it helps with balance and is easier to paddle and maneuver.”

Lexa really wished she paid more attention to when Anya talked about surfing, but she always zoned out. And when she tried to teach her, Anya lacked the patience to be a good teacher, one of the reasons Lexa had never learned. Another was she didn’t have the interest in it until now.

It may or may not have had anything to do with a certain blonde.

“Okay, so I can work my way up to that one, which is?” Lexa tilted her head.

Clarke laughed. “A short board. Come here, I want to show you how to put wax on the board. It helps your feet grip the board when you’re in water.”
“Alright, show me.” They laid their boards down and got to work with Clarke making sure not to get
the wax sandy. They were side by side and they got it done quicker than Lexa expected.

Lexa couldn’t resist leaning over to give Clarke a kiss on the cheek and saw Clarke’s face turn
crimson before she smiled a bashful.

Clarke pecked her on the lips, humming contently beforestrapping the leash to her ankle and
heading into the water. Lexa did the same before jogging after her.

Clarke got on her board and started paddling with Lexa following suit, copying her movements until
she got the hang out of it. Once they were to a small wave, she told Lexa to watch what she did as it
would be her next. Lexa watched her intently and wasn’t at all distracted by the way her body
moved so fluidly, if she noticed it, it was for learning purposes only.

Yeah, Lexa didn’t believe herself for a second.

She saw Clarke ride the wave straight into shore instead of angling across the wave like she normally
would. Lexa realized it was for her benefit and that was what was expected of her. Lexa psyched
herself up watching Clarke paddle back out to where was waiting.

“You turn.” She saw a good wave heading in. Okay start paddling, paddle hard.” Lexa did, and
knew now why Clarke had nice arms; this was a hell of a workout. “Don’t look back.” Lexa almost
smiled because she was about to do just that. “Okay, keep paddling, pop up now!” Lexa did like she
was taught and centered her body with her knees bent and was able to stay on the board and ride it
all the way in. Lexa had a gigantic smile on her face the entire time.

Lexa made her way back out and as soon as she was close enough leaned over and kissed Clarke
who immediately kissed her back and let out a small moan. “That was awesome. That was my first
wave I was able ride in. I always fell before. Thank you, Clarke. Thank you.” Lexa kissed her again.

“You’re welcome, Lex. You did fantastic. Want to try again?”

Lexa nodded enthusiastically before turning around to make sure she was ready for the next wave.

Clarke grinned the entire time, Lexa’s happiness was contagious. They spent the next couple hours
surfing and Lexa enjoying learning to surf even when she fell down, but most of all she just enjoyed
spending time with Clarke. That was truly the highlight of her day, especially as she was getting
more than an hour with her.

That may have been her favorite part

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When they got back to the beach, Lexa was exhausted and starving. She looked over to Clarke who
was ringing out her hair before throwing it up in a messy bun. Lexa peeled off the rash guard, and
dried herself off. Lexa didn’t want the day to end, she wanted to spend more time with the blonde,
but didn’t know how to go about asking her.

“You want to come to my house for lunch and change clothes?” Clarke asked. Lexa could see the
hope shining in her eyes.

Lexa smiled wide and nodded, and hopefully didn’t sound too eager. She wanted to jump and down
and shout yes, but thought that would be too much. She settled for something low key instead. “I
would love too.”
“Okay, well my house is this way,” She pointed opposite of Lexa’s place. “When you’re ready to go.” Clarke picked up both boards waiting for her.

Lexa quickly grabbed her bag and slung it over her shoulders before taking the boards from Clarke. “I got these.” She motioned for Clarke to start walking. “Lead the way.”

Clarke looked like she was blushing, but Lexa wasn’t sure as it could be from the exertion or the sun. Lexa’s mind than wondered to what her face would look like in bed when she…Lexa cut off that train of thought when Clarke replied.

“Well aren’t you chivalrous.” She leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. Lexa knew she would be doing more things like this if it got that kind of reaction from Clarke. She smiled. “Thank you, Lexa.”

“You’re welcome, Clarke.”

They started walking down the beach and got to Clarke’s place a lot faster than Lexa predicted. “You live on the beach? Wow! Impressive. I’m not the least bit jealous. I mean, that’s cool.” Lexa turned her head as she felt a fiery blush crawling up her neck.

Clarke smiled. “Yeah, my mom bought the house for us; she’s a surgeon so she thinks throwing money around works for never being there. I like it though.” Lexa picked up on the resentment in her tone, but decided not to comment. She figured when Clarke was ready to talk about it, she would.

“It’s a nice house; it has to be really beneficial to live right on the beach.” Lexa said shifting the her bag on her shoulder.

“Yeah, it has its moments, but as we live on an island, everything is still relatively close.” Clarke smiled, but it didn’t reach her eyes.

“You’re right.” Lexa followed her into the house depositing the boards where Clarke wanted. “What’s for lunch, I’m starving.” It got the exact reaction she intended as the blonde let out a deep raspy laugh, which she absolutely loved.

“Let’s see what we have. It was Raven’s turn to go to the store so who knows what we have.” Clarke rolled her eyes fondly.

“That sounds like Anya.” Lexa stopped, knowing that the first impression that Clarke had gotten of her best friend wasn’t the best. She hoped to rectify that before too long as the blonde was quickly becoming important to her.

Luckily, Clarke laughed opening the fridge. “Hmmm, does a sandwich sound good? Sorry, it’s really all we have right now. Apparently, Raven hasn’t gone to the store yet.” Clarke looked back and Lexa nodded in agreement. “Turkey or ham?”

“Turkey. Please.” Lexa looked around. “How can I help?”

“Grab the bread please; it’s over in the pantry.”

Lexa went and got it, and they got to work making their own sandwiches. Lexa scarfed it down along with the chips that Clarke laid out.

She saw Clarke giving her a wide eyed look as she wiped her mouth. Clarke still had half her sandwich left which she held out to her.
Lexa shook her head, not wanting to seem like a pig. “No, I’m good, thanks.”

“You sure? I can make you another.” She replied, about to get up. Lexa stopped her by putting a hand on her arm that had Clarke freezing. She looked at Clarke, before pulling her gently towards her. She fell into her lap and Lexa smirked at the catch in Clarke’s breathing.

“I’m good, even better now.” Lexa gripped her hips to keep her in place that had Clarke shifting to get comfortable. Lexa tried to stifle a moan as Clarke’s center was deliciously rubbing against her.

Lexa looked up and saw Clarke’s eyes darken with desire before leaning in and connecting their lips. It started off slow, but quickly turned desperate as they started battling for dominance. Clarke licked her bottom lip which had Lexa quickly granting access. The moment their kiss deepened, a whimper was let out and neither knew who it came from.

She stood up, holding Clarke and nudging her to wrap her legs around her. Clarke did and Lexa pushed her into the nearest wall and grinded against her.

Lexa pulled her lips away making Clarke whimper before firmly attaching her lips to her neck, sucking and biting down hard. Lexa didn’t care that she was leaving marks and from the sounds Clarke was making, she wasn’t opposed. She reached up and pulled off Clarke’s shirt, yanking down her bra and immediately sucking a nipple hard into her mouth. The husky moan Lexa heard had her throbbing with need. She wanted to bury herself in Clarke. The brunette looked up and saw Clarke nod.

Reaching down, Lexa started unbuttoning her pants, putting her hand inside and feeling her completely dripping. She put her fingers in her mouth and sucked. “You taste amazing, Clarke.”

Clarke crashed their lips back together, before reaching down and starting to pull down Lexa’s shorts. They were halfway down when Clarke reached for the waistband of her boxers, and a groan was let out by Lexa.

Before they got any farther, they heard a crash and both turned at the noise.

Lexa almost dropped Clarke in embarrassment, but caught her and lowered her down slowly. She saw her fixing her clothes and putting her shirt back on. Lexa was thankful; her shorts hadn’t been pulled all the way off. She quickly righted her clothes and pulled up her shorts before stepping slightly behind the blonde to cover her bulge.

When Lexa looked up again, she was met with two sets of eyes directed right at her. One was dancing with mirth, and the other looked a lot more cautious as they observed the scene they just walked in on.

“Well, well, well. Who do we have here?” The Latina asked. Lexa assumed it was Raven from what Clarke had said.

“Guys, leave her alone.” Clarke looked over at her and mouthed sorry. “I didn’t expect you back so soon.”

“Obviously, I see you’ve been holding out on us, C. How come?” The same woman teased while the other continued to stare her down.

Lexa watched Clarke flush with embarrassment.

“This is Lexa, Lexa these are my obnoxious friends, Raven…” The Latina raised her hand. Lexa mentally patted herself on the back for getting that one right. “And that’s Octavia.” The smaller
brunette nodded her head.

“That’s rude, C. We’re your best friends. How were we to know what we’d be walking in on when we came home? I got to say, I’m impressed, Griffin. She’s hot. Like smoking hot, way to go.”

Clarke turned beet red at that. She turned to Lexa and hid her face in her neck. Lexa awkwardly put her arm around her and found it absolutely adorable.

Lexa could still feel their eyes boring into her, knowing she needed to say something and not just stand there like a bumbling idiot.

“It’s nice to meet you. Clarke has mentioned you both a lot. It’s good to finally put a faces with the names.” Lexa cringed as she sounded so formal.

“Funny, she hasn’t mentioned you.” Octavia spoke up finally, leveling her with a glare that Lexa met in kind.

Clarke’s head popped up. “We’ve all been busy, and besides this was a new development and I haven’t had a chance to talk to you both yet. Back off, please.” Lexa saw the look Clarke directed at her friends.

Raven raised her hands, but Lexa could tell, this wasn’t close to being over for Clarke. Octavia stepped back too reluctantly.

“Let’s go to my room, Lexa.” Clarke said practically dragging her out of the kitchen.

Lexa followed willingly, waving briefly, but heard the last parting comment from Raven. “If you have sex, keep it down. There are innocent people here.”

Clarke laughed. “Innocent, my ass, Rae.” She called back. Lexa could hear the laughter coming from the kitchen before the bedroom door was firmly shut and locked.

“I’m so sorry about them. I didn’t know they were going to come home.” Clarke turned and faced her still holding her hand.

Lexa pulled her into her arms gently and hugged her tight. “It’s okay, really. I guess we’re even. Anya almost caught us too. Maybe next time we won’t get interrupted by our friends.” Lexa laughed and felt Clarke smile against her neck.

“You’re amazing, you know that.” Clarke replied snuggling deeper into her embrace. Lexa felt her heart skip a beat and nuzzled her face into Clarke’s neck and inhaling her vanilla scent.

“I do what I can.” Lexa hugged her another minute before letting go. “Can I use your bathroom to change?” Clarke looked down at her still obvious bulge and smirked.

“Of course, the bathroom is there. Take your time, I need to change too.” Clarke replied walking over to her dresser and getting herself a change of clothes.

Lexa smiled, grabbing her stuff and heading in the bathroom. She quickly pulled off her clothes and her dick sprung out hard as a rock. She couldn’t go back out there like that. Lexa needed to get rid of it, but felt really uncomfortable doing it in Clarke’s bathroom with her right outside. She shrugged her shoulders and resigned herself to having a hard on the rest of the day.

Her plan was to take Clarke to the stadium and share with her an important part of her life as Clarke had shared hers this morning. Lexa didn’t share that part of her with anyone, not even her ex knew
just how important football was to her. The only person who knew was Anya, but Lexa found herself wanting to share it with, Clarke.

She opened the door and came face to face with Clarke, who had been standing right outside the door. Lexa was glad she decided to not get herself off. She stumbled a bit. “I’m sorry, did you need the bathroom. I…”

Clarke didn’t say a word, just kissed her hard, backing her into the door. Clarke reached down and massaged her bulge making Lexa moan loudly.

“Let me help, I know you have to be uncomfortable. Let me take care of you.” At Lexa’s nod, Clarke got on her knees making the brunette whimper in anticipation. She unbuttoned her shorts.

“Are you sure? You don’t have too…I-” Lexa didn’t get to finish as Clarke had pulled her dick out and started stroking it hard and fast. Lexa groaned in ecstasy. “Oh, god, Clarke, that feels so fucking good.”

Clarke smirked before wrapping her lips around it and sucking hard, pulling all eight inches into her mouth. Lexa stared down in amazement; Clarke's lips were touching the base of her dick. Lexa knew she wasn’t going to last long as she was still turned on from the kitchen. Clarke released her dick, pumping it before looking Lexa in the eyes. Her dark blue eyes boring into Lexa's. It was the hottest thing Lexa had ever seen.

Lexa let out a long groan. Her head banged against the door as she threw it back. Lexa tentatively reached out tangling a hand into Clarke's hair. After an encouraging nod, Lexa tightened her hold.

"Your mouth feels amazing." Lexa sighed out, slowly rocking her hips into Clarke's mouth.

Lexa leaned down to watch Clarke bobbing her head up and down at a relentless pace. Clarke was pulling moans out of her that Lexa wasn't aware she could make.

Lexa was so close to the edge, she could feel it. She felt the familiar tightening in her stomach and balls, and knew she was going to explode any minute.

"Clarke. Clarke-" She tapped Clarke on the shoulder, but the blonde didn’t budge. She was sucking her dick at a faster pace. Lexa couldn't stop her orgasm to save her life. Lexa threw her head back, letting out a strangle moan before coming hard in her open mouth. Lexa watched in complete shock as Clarke swallowed her entire load.

Lexa squeaked when Clarke brought a hand up, pumping her fist hard around Lexa's dick. Lexa's jaw drop as Clarke continued to milk her for every drop she had.

When Clarke was done, she put her now flaccid dick back in her shorts. Lexa helped Clarke to her feet, before thrusting her tongue into her mouth, and tasting herself on Clarke’s tongue.

Lexa moaned deep, turning and backing Clarke into the door. She undid her shorts quickly and without warning, pushed her hand in her underwear. She was soaked.

"Wrap your leg around me." Lexa whispered into her ear. Clarke whined, and complied, bringing her leg up.

Clarke felt so good, and Lexa easily slid through her. Lexa’s heart pounded in her chest, and hoped the blonde couldn't feel it. Clarke looked absolutely stunning against her. Her eyes were glazed over in lust, hair wild and biting her lip. Lexa leaned in placing a quick kiss to her lips before sliding a finger inside her.
Lexa reveled in the gasp that escaped Clarke's mouth. Lexa couldn't get over the fact that Clarke was so utterly beautiful and wanted to do this with her. She was so lucky.

When Clarke impatiently rocked against her hand, Lexa snapped out of it. She pumped through Clarke with animalistic thrusts. The blonde threw her hand back, clenching around her. Lexa pulled out and pushed two fingers back in.

Lexa kissed every inch of skin she could, from her lips to her neck. Lexa nipped kisses along her collarbone, her hand working between them. Lexa thrusted deep inside of Clarke, pulling a throaty moan from her.

"Right there." Clarke whimpered. “Oh, fuck. Right there. Lexa!”

Lexa's face grew hot. This whole situation was fucking hot, and she was wrapped up in everything that was Clarke. Lexa curled her fingers, and the moan she got in return, she was never going to forget.

"I'm going to cum, Lexa. Fuck-" Clarke panted in her ear.

Lexa could tell the blonde was close by the way her legs clenched around her, how her walls quivered around her digits and the way Clarke chanted her name over and over again like a prayer. Clarke's teeth sunk into her shoulder, making Lexa gasp, but was able to keep her pace. Lexa knew the blonde was going to leave a mark, but didn't care at all.

It only took only a few more thrusts before the blonde completely fell apart in the arms. Clarke painfully clenched around her fingers, her teeth breaking skin. Lexa hissed, but held the blonde tight in her arms, helping her ride it out.

Lexa watched in awe as Clarke’s face was scrunched up in absolute pleasure. It was mesmerizing. Clarke moaned and whimpered as Lexa brought her down slowly from her high.

“Fuck, Lexa. I’ve never come that hard or fast before.” She kissed her hard. “As much as I’d like to continue this, we’re going to have to hold off for now. My roommates are already going to give me so much shit.”

“It’s okay. I understand. There’s always a next time.” Lexa smiled before lowering her down to the ground and pecking her on the lips.

“There definitely will be. I promise.” Clare said, looking at her for a moment before smiling.

“I want to show you something. Will you come with me?” Lexa hesitantly asked.

Clarke smiled and nodded. “Let me clean up first and we can go.” She kissed her on the lips again.

Once they cleaned up, they headed out the back door to avoid the curious gazes of Clarke’s friends. They held hands the entire way.

-----

Lexa was lucky that the stadium was only a ten minute walk from Clarke’s place. She was nervous to show Clarke, but she thought if anyone would understand, she would. Lexa knew Clarke felt the same way about surfing as Lexa did about football.
They arrived at their destination and Clarke looked surprised at first, but Lexa saw understanding and curiosity in her eyes. Lexa knew right then that she’d made the right decision.

Lexa pulled her towards the field, waving at the guard as she went. The guard waved back and walked the other way. He was used to her coming when it was empty; she visited at least once a week because there just something about standing on the field when it was completely empty that was calming.

Walking out onto the field, Lexa felt the sense of belonging hit her and she breathed in deeply. She turned to Clarke who had been watching her the entire time with a small smile on her lips.

“I wanted to bring you here and show you where I feel the most comfortable. Being out here is like nothing you’ve experienced. It’s a rush I can’t explain, but I think you feel the same way with surfing.”

Clarke just nodded, so Lexa continued.

“I picked up a football when I was five and fell in love. I was told girls couldn’t play football and I wanted to prove everyone wrong. I learned everything I could and made myself the player I am today. My dad...before he died... he supported me in it and told me I could do anything I set my mind too. He was right. I love football. I love being the quarterback and being captain of the team. There’s this huge adrenaline rush when the ball is snapped and defenders are rushing you. You have to get the ball out of your hands as quickly as possible. Or when you make that perfect spiral that falls right in your receiver's hands and they score a winning touchdown. It never gets old. The feeling...”

“There’s nothing that compares.” Clarke laid a hand on her arm. Lexa looked deeply into her eyes and saw the honesty, truth and understanding. The understanding is what touched her the most.

“It wasn’t easy to be the only girl on the boy’s team. I got teased a lot, pushed around, but never beat up as they drew the line at that, luckily.” Lexa huffed out a laugh. “I endured it all because I had too, because it shaped me to be the player I am today. It made me tougher. It made me...” Lexa took a deep breath, unsure if Clarke wanted to hear all this.

“You can tell me anything. I won’t think any different of you.” Clarke leaned up and pecked her on the lips.

“It’s very hard for me trust anyone. Nobody sticks around, that's true. The system is a harsh place and my foster father drilled it in my head that love is weakness, but I never truly believed that. I threw myself into football and my studies so I could make a life for myself. The only way I could go to college was on a scholarship and here I am. I got a full ride and I’ll do whatever it takes to keep it. Football is my ticket to everything I’ve dreamed about since I was a little girl. It’s my ticket to freedom.”

“I understand the dream; it’s what I want too. Your dream will come true, Lex. I believe in you.” Lexa looked at her, not usually liking that nickname, but falling from the blonde’s lips, Lexa loved it. She must have been staring at her lips too long, because she saw Clarke lick them, smiling at her smugly.

The declaration fell so easily from her mouth, Lexa believed her and it meant more to her than she thought it would. The understanding, the unwavering support, she wasn’t used to from anyone other than her best friend. Lexa didn’t hear any pity that she was used to hearing and felt warmth spread throughout. It wasn’t a feeling she got just from anybody. The only person that had always been there for her was Anya.
Lexa was afraid that in time, Clarke would slip past her carefully built walls and she wasn’t sure if that was a bad thing or not anymore.

Lexa didn’t know it was going to be the best thing that ever happened to her.

"Do you want to play catch?" Lexa asked, holding out her hand for Clarke to take.

The blonde looked at her warily. "I'm not any good. I don't know the first thing about football."

"We don't have to keep track. We can just mess around and have fun." Lexa shrugged, guiding Clarke to the sideline. She grabbed a football before turning around, facing Clarke with a glint in her eyes. "What do you say?"

"I guess it's only fair." The blonde teased.

"We can stand a few feet apart. I won't hurt you." Lexa said with sincerity.

"It’s okay, Lexa, I trust you." Lexa’s heart soared at her declaration.

Lexa tossed the ball to Clarke, and tried everything in her to not go in Commander mood, but it was hard with a football in her hands.

Clarke didn't catch it. The ball went right past her. In fact, the blonde yelped and cowered in fear. Lexa broke out into laughter. God, she was so cute.

The stadium looked even bigger down on the field. Clarke couldn't imagine having this whole place packed, and still be able to perform as well as Lexa probably did. Clarke would pee her pants, she was sure.

“It's impressive,” Clarke said, looking around in awe. “You do this in front of so many people. I think I'm going to show up for your first game.”

“You don't have to.” Lexa said quickly, but would love nothing more to have her in the stands.

“I want to.” Clarke nodded. Lexa flashed a smile before tossing the ball again.

Lexa laughed when Clarke didn't catch it.

“I'm just not good. It scares me.” Clarke pouted.

“Let me try one more time. Just hold yours hands out straight.” Lexa instructed. She softly threw the ball right in Clarke's hand, and the blonde managed to catch it.

“I caught it!” Clarke squealed in absolute glee. Clarke looked at her in curiosity. “How far can you throw it?”

Lexa ran up to her, softly grabbing the ball out of her hands. She knew the ball would be lost after this. It was getting late, and it was almost time for her to head home. She had studying to do.

“This far, are you ready.” Lexa said, before closing her eyes. She got in her stance, and Clarke even backed up a few feet.

Lexa shut everything out before pulling her arm back. She could already hear the crowd going wild, chanting her name. She could see Lincoln waiting for the ball on the other side.

Lexa let go.
She threw the ball in a perfect spiral. It landed on the other side of the stadium, into the stands.

“Oops.” Lexa shrugged playfully.

Clarke giggled at her before Lexa jutted her chin, silently asking for them to leave.

“Thanks for showing me. Sorry, I'm no good at this.”

“We can work on that.” Lexa laughed.

“So, I've been reading…” Clarke started up the conversation as they left the stadium.

“Oh, yeah? How far are you?” Lexa asked. She tried not to sound too eager, but she could talk about the book forever.

“The 100 just landed on earth. They didn't know if they would make it or not. Eliza’s trying to tame everyone. Bob doesn't want to wear the monitors.” Clarke rattled off everything she could remember reading from her previous nights.

“You should get to when the Commander comes in. I… um… my teammates nicknamed me that.” Lexa said shyly.

“No way!” Clarke said, eyes wide in disbelief. “That's so cute.”

“It's not cute!” Lexa grumbled. “It's supposed to be badass.”

“I remember the Commander, she fell for the sky princess, but something happened. I can't remember what it was.” Clarke tilted her head up, as if the skies could help her.

“Well, I won't ruin that for you.” Lexa shook her head.

“I'm happy to read it. I'll tell you when I'm there.” Clarke said.

They had been so busy walking, that they didn't notice they were already back at Clarke's house.

“I think this is where I leave you.” Lexa said, placing her hands behind her back and standing up straight.

“I guess it is.” Clarke nodded. Her eyes flicked down to Lexa's lips before finding her eyes again. Lexa gulped realizing what Clarke wanted.

Lexa slowly walked up to Clarke, placing a hand on her cheek. Clarke wrapped a hand tight around her waist pulling her in. Lexa broke first pulling Clarke in deep with the hand on her cheek. She planted a hot kiss to her lips before pulling away.

“I'll see you around, Commander.” Clarke said lowly. Lexa's eyes widened, hearing her nickname fall from the blonde’s lips. The pleasure she got from it was undeniably embarrassing.

Lexa tripped and fumbled over her words while Clarke offered her once last wave before walking inside.

Lexa was too late to say anything to Clarke disappeared. She scolded herself the whole walk home, telling herself she needed to get it together. They were friends with benefits; she’s not supposed to develop real feelings for her.

She was screwed.
They found themselves kissing more, a lot more over the next few weeks. They would spend their mornings heavily making out with each other before one of them had to go.

They’d talk about finals and how studying was going and sometimes when they had time and weren’t kissing, they’d help each other study. It usually would end up with them making out again though.

Whenever they’d hang out and managed to be alone, they couldn't keep their hands to themselves. They hadn't talked about what they were doing exactly and Lexa didn't want to stop it and afraid if she mentioned it, it would end. So she never brought it up and Clarke didn’t either.

The talk about more hadn't come up and Lexa didn't know how to bring it up. Lexa couldn't deny she wanted more, but wasn't sure if she was ready for that step even though her body was saying otherwise.

She was scared that sex would change things between them. Lexa liked what they were doing now, but couldn't help fantasizing what it would be like to finally share every part of herself with Clarke, the woman who was always on her mind.

Lexa hadn't done this in a long time, and the frustration was starting to get to her.

It was starting to get to Clarke as well because she would groan heavily before pulling away from the kiss, like she did now. Neither one of them would initiate going farther. It had been weeks sex between the two of them and it was great, but Lexa wanted to try more.

Clarke was currently half naked sitting on top of her and grinding against Lexa’s bulge. Lexa was clad only in her boxers and sports bra. Lexa was scared to make a move, but didn't want to hold back anymore. She decided to take the next step for the both of them.

Screw the consequences.

"Are you on the pill?" Lexa asked. Clarke was staring down at her, eyes clouded in lust. Lexa jerked her hips up making Clarke moan loudly.

"Yes," Clarke whispered. "I've been taking it regularly."

"Do you... I mean... we could..." Lexa's face was bright red. She was slowly losing control. She knew that in a couple weeks, football practice would start up again, and Lexa took it very seriously.
Lexa normally didn't have time for a relationship, but with the way Clarke was looking at her right now, Lexa knew she would make time somehow.

Clarke was worth the extra effort.

For a brief moment, Lexa let herself believe this was a relationship before crashing back to earth and realized that this wasn’t a relationship at all. They were fuck buddies who were friends, nothing more even though deep down, Lexa knew it was more than for her. Lexa couldn’t say the same about Clarke.

"I want to," Clarke said. "if that's what you're talking about."

"It is." Lexa squeaked. Clarke smiled softly before taking her own bra off.

Lexa moaned, leaning up and wrapping her lips around Clarke's nipple and massaging the other one. Clarke’s head was thrown back in pleasure before she started tugging on Lexa's boxers.

Letting go of Clarke’s nipple, Lexa reached down and kicked her boxers off. Lexa quickly discarded her own bra before flipping them over. Lexa was hovering over her, holding her weight off of Clarke. Clarke licked her lips and started squirming, wanting their bodies flush together. At least that’s what Lexa assumed because it’s what she wanted.

"Are you sure you want to?" Lexa murmured between deep languid kisses. Clarke nodded making Lexa smile wide.

"Okay," Lexa said happily. She pulled Clarke’s underwear off and placed sweet kisses along her collarbone, chest and neck.

"It's been awhile. A long while," Lexa warned Clarke. “I may not last long so I want to apologize ahead of time.” Lexa blushed scarlet and buried her head in Clarke’s neck.

Lexa felt her hair being tugged, she lifted her head and locked eyes with the brilliant blue of Clarke’s before Clarke pressed her palm against her cheek.

"It's okay," Clarke punctuated her response with a soft kiss. “It's been a while for both of us. I understand,” Clarke took a deep breath. “You're huge though, so could we please go slow at first?” Clarke asked. Clarke leaned in, flicking her tongue across her nipple before sucking it in her mouth. Lexa groaned above her.

"I could do that."

Lexa pulled Clarke in for another kiss while running her dick slowly through her. Clarke was gasping at the action, nails dug in Lexa’s back. This would be their first time and Lexa wanted it be perfect because she had no idea how it was going to turn out once they were finished. She was hoping to last long enough to see.

"You can put it inside." Lexa moaned at Clarke’s permission. She was panting hard and Lexa hadn't even put it inside yet.

Lexa spread Clarke's legs as wide as they would go before getting on her knees. She slowly started pushing her way inside. Lexa groaned the second the head was in. She closed her eyes tightly listening to the loud moan Clarke let out.
Lexa held on to Clarke's thigh before sinking inside of her. She squeaked when she completely bottomed out. Being inside Clarke was more than she’d imagined. Clarke had a death grip on her shoulders and Lexa whimpered in pain, but didn't dare move. She waited for Clarke to give her the go ahead to move.

It took longer than expected and Lexa awkwardly rested against Clarke until she was ready. The blonde kept cursing every five seconds, and Lexa feared she was hurting her.

“Just relax, Clarke.” Lexa instructed softly. Lexa worried that Clarke couldn't hear her over the loud moans she was letting out.

“I'm trying.” Clarke said through gritted teeth, her face scrunched up in pain and pleasure.

"I can pull out." Lexa offered softly. Lexa didn't want that at all. She was inside Clarke raw and the blonde was squeezing her dick perfectly. Pulling out was the last thing she wanted to do, but would do it if Clarke asked because she refused to hurt her. Clarke gripped her even tighter in response.

"No, no, no," Clarke said quickly. "I'm good. You can start moving."

Lexa looked at her warily. Clarke brought her in for a promising kiss before pulling away and making eye contact with her.

"I just needed time to adjust. Your huge, Lexa.” Clarke said with a smirk. Lexa nodded dumbly at loss for words. She prayed on everything she could that she’d last long enough to make Clarke feel good.

They both cursed loudly when Lexa pulled out, and pushed back in. She started a tantalizing slow pace, but still Lexa gripped Clarke's thigh tighter and was panting against Clarke's chest, her dick already pounding with pressure.

There were no words in the English dictionary to explain how tight Clarke was around her. There were no words to explain how good Clarke felt around her. Lexa knew she was screwed. There was no way she was going to last long, but she was going to try.

Lexa needed to pick up the pace to try and get Clarke off before she lost it. Lexa rested her hands by Clarke's head and pulled the blonde closer. Clarke's legs were spread wide, her eyes glazed over in pleasure. Lexa locked eyes with her briefly, and after another encouraging nod, Lexa started jerking her hips faster.

Clarke's head flew back she was suddenly yelling obscenities out. Clarke was gripping at the bed sheets so hard, her knuckles were turning white and veins were deliciously poking out in her neck. Lexa grunted as she moved within Clarke. There were so many things she wanted to say, but her brain couldn't form words.

Lexa pinned Clarke's legs down to the bed as she worked between them. Clarke was a whimpering mess beneath her. Lexa smirked because Clarke was going to fall apart before she did.

“Oh, God. I can't believe we're actually having sex.” Lexa whined against Clarke's flushed skin. Clarke was a writhing mess beneath her.

“Fin…finally!!” Clarke groaned out.
Lexa was thrusting deep inside of Clarke, pulling out moans and whines Clarke didn't know she could even make. Lexa couldn't believe she was inside of Clarke right now. She kissed the blonde when she could as to not mess up her rhythm. Her dick was rock hard as she started jerking her hips faster and faster into the blonde.

"Lexa!" Clarke whined. The blonde was gasping for breath beneath her. A part of Lexa wanted to slow down to give Clarke a chance to catch her breath, but the other reveled in the fact that she could make the surfer breathless. Lexa smirked because there was no way she was slowing down now. She had Clarke right where she wanted her.

The sounds Clarke was making made Lexa work harder. She could feel Clarke start to quiver around her making Lexa groan deeply. Clarke ran her hands up and down Lexa's back, lightly scratching it.

Lexa was extremely grateful Anya wasn't home. Clarke's moans were loud and they kept growing in volume with every thrust. Lexa knew the blonde was close and reached down and started rubbing her clit and Clarke started unraveling.

"I'm gonna cum. Oh my God…Lexa!" Clarke whined. Lexa smiled victoriously. She was proud that she lasted long enough to see Clarke break.

It was absolutely beautiful.

The blonde clenched down around her, locking her in place. Lexa stayed still inside of her, but continued to rub at her clit. The blonde whimpered and her body started arching off the bed. Clarke’s hands was wrapped around Lexa's neck, and were squeezing painfully tight, but Lexa didn't care at the moment too enthralled watching her come apart.

Clarke's moans were deep and hoarse. They sounded heavenly to Lexa who panted through Clarke's orgasm. When the blonde was finally finished, Lexa pulled out.

Clarke slowly opened her eyes. Her eyes bright and shining, her limbs completely exhausted after the most intense orgasm she ever had.

Lexa smiled at her softly before leaning in for a kiss. Lexa curled her tongue around Clarke's before turning Clarke around. The blonde gasped at the new position, but smiled and nodded.

Lexa groaned biting her lip in concentration. Just the thought of having Clarke bent over backwards for her, made Lexa's dick twitch. Lexa looked down at her dick noticing the way it was shining in the light with Clarke’s arousal. It was bright red and swollen, and yearning to be inside Clarke again.

Lexa shuffled her way over to Clarke, lining herself with her entrance. Clarke was resting on her elbows and waiting for her. Who was she to keep a woman waiting so Lexa quickly pushed her way back inside, Clarke groaning the whole time.

"Oh, my god!" Clarke gasped. She buried her face in the sheets, preparing for Lexa to move inside her.

Lexa was quick with it this time. She rammed her hips deep into Clarke, complete desire taking over. The blonde was taking her like a champ, but that didn't stop the loud gasps and moans coming out of her.

Lexa placed her hands on Clarke's hips, giving her more leverage to move quicker. Clarke couldn't
form words to tell Lexa how good she was doing. She wondered briefly if this was why she was called the Commander because Lexa commanded her body in a way that nobody else had before and Clarke loved it.

Lexa run her hand all over Clarke's body, wherever she could reach while her other hand gripped tight at her hip. Lexa was extremely proud of her stamina, and was giving herself a pat on the back. No matter how many times she just wanted to explode inside Clarke, she kept it together. She didn't want this to end, so she held off on her orgasm as hard as she could.

"Clarke, you feel so good." Lexa groaned. She had her head thrown back in pleasure as she kept ramming her hips in Clarke. The blonde was thrashing about on the bed beneath her, Lexa's hands couldn't keep her still. Clarke grunted in response, not being able to form words.

It was almost painful for Lexa to hold her orgasm off now. Clarke was squeezing deliciously around her and it wasn't long before Lexa pounded her into another orgasm.

Clarke lifted her head off the bed, calling out Lexa's name. Lexa groaned before forcing herself to pull out. She knew Clarke was recovering from her orgasm. Her legs shook when Lexa flipped her over on her back, and was painfully tight when Lexa slipped right back inside.

Lexa settled her body off to the side of her before continuing to plow into her. She grabbed Clarke's leg and threw it over her hip. Lexa wrapped her arms tight around Clarke as she moved. The blonde was a whining mess in her arms and Lexa planted sloppy kisses up the side of her neck leaving marks everywhere her mouth could reach.

"I can't hold off anymore." Lexa cried. Clarke reached around her, wrapping her arm around Lexa's neck.

"It's okay. You can let go. Let go, Lex!" Clarke muttered through harsh breaths.

Lexa pulled back watching herself move in between Clarke's legs. Clarke was letting out loud encouraging moans that it was impossible for Lexa to hold off any longer. She frantically jerked her hips enjoying the feeling of Clarke's walls hugging her before forcing herself to pull out.

Clarke looked down to see Lexa's desperately pumping her dick. Her jaw was clenched, and her eyes were shut tight in pleasure. Clarke watched her in awe.

Clarke whimpered the second she felt Lexa's hot cum on her stomach. Lexa's cum came shooting out in thick ropes across her stomach and thighs. Lexa groaned with each pump of her hand.

Clarke kissed Lexa's forehead limply as the football player limply let go of her dick. Lexa rolled over so that she was on her back and Clarke mirrored her.

They stayed silent for a few minutes. Lexa couldn't wrap her head around the fact they just had sex. Lexa knew they were fooling around with each other and loved every minute. She had no idea what was going to happen after this. She was hoping it wouldn't stop.

Would it just be a one-time thing? Did Clarke want to do this again? Was this-

"You're thinking too much," Clarke mumbled beside her. Lexa offered her a look before turning her gaze back to the ceiling.
"Does this change things? Was it okay?"

"Oh, my god. Yes!" Clarke exclaimed making Lexa blush. "We agreed to be friends with benefits. We hang out a lot as friends. The benefitting is only a bonus. It was good, Lexa, really, really good"

"Good enough to want to do again?" Lexa asked hopefully.

"Yes," Clarke answered immediately. "But not right now. You've completely wore me out with that...that monster dick of yours."

"Monster dick?" Lexa repeated in a fit of giggles.

"I don't know how else to describe it. It's huge," Clarke chuckled back before facing Lexa. Lexa bravely looked back at her. "It doesn't have to change things."

Lexa hoped she could believe what Clarke was saying. She didn't want to stop hanging out with her. She loved being in Clarke's company.

"Okay." Lexa nodded.

Clarke was getting ready to respond when her phone went off. Out of fear that it could be her mom, Clarke went to look at it. She breathed out a sigh of relief when it was just her email.

Eyes went wide before letting out a squeak of excitement when Clarke read over what the email said.

"What is it?" Lexa asked hating the fact they were interrupted.

"There's a surf competition coming up!" Clarke squealed. "Do you know what this means? I could get sponsors. I could get noticed with this." Clarke started listing off a number of options that could happen with this competition. Lexa stared at her in awe as she started talking animatedly throwing her clothes back on.

"I have to start practicing! I have to be good enough to get noticed! I have to-"

"Clarke!" Lexa grabbed Clarke by her shoulders, pulling her back to reality. "Breathe. It'll be okay. It'll work out in your favor. You're a talented surfer and they'd be dumb not to recognize your talent."

Clarke sighed out before collecting herself.

"I'm sorry. I'm just... surfing means so much to me. It's something very personal to me and to get recognized would be everything right now."

"Then we'll make sure you get it." Lexa said. She was aware that she was still naked. Her dick was flaccid and could feel Clarke’s eyes lingering on her, but Lexa refused to cover up.

"I hate to leave..." Clarke trailed off.

"No, it's okay. I should probably go work out." Lexa said.

Clarke walked back up to Lexa, placing a kiss on her cheek.
"Okay."

Lexa felt awkward when Clarke walked out. They just had earth shattering sex and Lexa didn’t know how to act around the blonde now. She wanted her to stay, but knew better than to ask considering Clarke wasn’t her girlfriend, just her fuck buddy.

Lexa hated it.

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Clarke couldn’t believe she just left Lexa naked in bed, but as soon as she got the email, that was all she could think about. She rushed home, hoping her roommates would be home.

With them all having different schedules and commitments, it was hard to find time together, but they made it work. They tried to reserve one night a week for them all to hang out together and catch up. Clarke loved it, but for the life of her she couldn’t remember what night it was supposed to be this week.

She slammed the door open when she walked inside, hollering for her friends. They came running into the living room at her insistent yelling wide eyed and panicking.

“What the hell, C? Are you okay? What happened?” They both started looking her over.

She waved them away by batting her hands at them. “Guys, I’m okay, stop fussing over me. I have news.”

“Damnit, you about gave me a heart attack. What the fuck?” Raven went over and slumped down on the sofa with the other two following closely behind.

“My bad, I’m just excited!” Clarke let out another excited yell.

“Out with it, Griff before your shrilling deafens me.” Octavia tried to still a bouncing Clarke. “Spill it.”

Clarke exploded. “There’s a surf competition coming up in the beginning of August. There will be pro surfers there, along with a ton of sponsors and the winner will get a pro contract. Do you know what that means? I could get noticed! I could have my dream come true!”

She was lucky that finals were this upcoming week so she could dedicate the majority of her time to surfing and getting in even better shape. Clarke knew she had to be at her absolute best to even stand a chance.

Clarke started figuring up the hours she could train with her work schedule. She could cut back her hours at the coffee shop. That would be her first thing. She needed to call her boss. Second, she needed to increase her time surfing and increase her cardio and weight regimens. Clarke was so lost in thought, she didn’t hear her friends calling her name repeatedly.

“That’s awesome. You’ll kill it out there. You’ve been doing competitions forever…it will be…” Raven stopped talking and shot Octavia a look that spoke volumes.

Clarke knew what they weren’t saying. She hadn’t competed since before her father died. The last competition she was in, he was there cheering her on, but he died the day before the final heat. Clarke hadn’t bothered showing up even though she’d been one of three finalists.
It ended up being the talk of the town when she blew off the competition and let the chance slip thru her fingers. They talked about how she was too scared to go through with it and her father dying was just an excuse to bow out without too much flack. Clarke heard the rumors, but chose to ignore them. Clarke knew better and that was what mattered.

This was her second chance and she wouldn’t let this opportunity pass her by, not again.

“I’m going to try my best. Will you two help me please?” Clarke knew she wouldn’t be able to do without them. Their support meant everything and if they weren’t on board, then Clarke knew she wouldn’t be able to compete.

“You don’t have to ask. Of course we’ll help. That’s a guarantee. We’ll help with whatever you need. We promise,” Raven looked over to Octavia for confirmation who nodded.

“Just ask and we will do what we can,” Octavia smiled and rubbed her shoulder.

Clarke couldn’t ask for two better friends. They were her rock and she’d be lost without them.

“Where were you earlier? I thought you didn’t have to work today.” Raven asked.

“I was hanging out with Lexa.” Clarke replied nonchalantly.

“Hanging out meaning…” Octavia laughed. “Is that what we call it nowadays?”

“Shut up, you guys, we kissed. No biggie. We hung out and watched a movie.” Clarke hoped they didn’t catch on to the fact that was a boldface lie.

Clarke’s mind immediately flashed to Lexa naked and pounding into her. She was deliciously sore in all the right places. She felt herself start to get wet just by remembering it all. She bit her lip, trying not to flush guiltily. Clarke wasn’t ready for her friends to know yet. It wasn’t that she was embarrassed or ashamed. She just knew how her friends were. They would make it a much bigger deal than it was and she didn’t want that. She wasn’t even entirely sure how she felt yet. Clarke just had sex with her and left Lexa naked in her bed. This was exactly why she wasn’t ready for a relationship. As soon as the email came through, she got dressed and left in a hurry, and didn’t even bother to give Lexa a kiss goodbye.

Clarke knew she would have some explaining to do when she saw Lexa again and wasn’t even sure where to start. She felt bad, but she did explain that surfing was her number one priority and she only hoped that when Lexa said she was okay with this, she really was. She guessed she’d find out when Clarke saw her in the morning.

“Okay, whatever you say, Griff.” Neither one of her friends looked like they completely believed her, but luckily they didn’t press like usual. “Are we having movie night?” Octavia asked.

“Yeah, sounds great. I want to get some surfing in first. I should be back in hour or so and we can start. That cool?” Clarke replied getting up.

They both nodded. “We didn’t expect anything less. Just be careful.” Raven chimed in.

“Of course, see you both in a little while.” Clarke walked off to her room to grab her stuff before grabbing her surfboard and heading down the beach to her favorite spot. She couldn’t resist looking for Lexa even though Clarke knew Lexa wouldn’t be there. It wasn’t the blonde’s usual time.

Trying not to be disappointed as it was to be expected, but still Clarke missed her and that was a new feeling. Clarke wasn’t sure what to make of it. She did know that she wanted to continue being
friends with Lexa as the brunette was quickly becoming an important person to her. Lexa was everything that she’d look for in a girlfriend if she was looking and having her as a friend meant more to her than Clarke thought possible.

The fuck buddies was just a bonus, but that didn’t meant Clarke wanted to stop the benefits part of their friendship, but if Lexa decided it wasn’t for her than Clarke would respect Lexa’s decision.

Clarke really hoped Lexa hadn’t changed her mind. That was the best sex she’s had ever and she was with her boyfriend for three years and it didn’t even come close to comparing. She could only imagine what he would say if she told him that. He’d be pissed and Clarke smiled just thinking of it.

She laughed before putting on her rash guard, strapping the leash and heading into the water. Clarke smiled wide seeing a nice set rolling in and quickly swam towards it before pulling herself up. Clarke allowed herself to block everything out as she rode the wave effortlessly.

The competition was in a little over two months and Clarke needed to prepare and refused to allow herself to be distracted, hopefully Lexa would understand, but Clarke knew football was coming up so Lexa was likely going to be just as busy, but couldn’t help the hope that they’d managed to still carve out time for each other.

Clarke had to get thru finals first and then all her time and energy could be focused on surfing. Clarke was determined to win and would do whatever it takes to get that pro contract.

This was Clarke’s dream since she was a little girl. This was all Clarke had wanted. It was time to make her dream become a reality. It was time to make a name for herself.

She had to. Not just for her, but her dad too.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone possibly want to be a beta, let me know.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I didn't have much time to edit so all mistakes are mine. This is the first chapter on my own so I hope you like it.

If anyone wants to beta, let me know.

Enjoy :)

Like clockwork, Clarke was at the beach training. Finals having finished, Clarke had more time to focus on her surfing. She cut back her hours at the coffee shop and spent hours at the beach. If she wasn’t running or lifting weights, Clarke could be found out on the water working on her surfing skills.

The only thing that sucked for Clarke was not seeing Lexa at all. With finals and surfing, Clarke hadn’t had a chance to see her and Clarke hated it. They’d texted each other throughout the week, but it wasn’t the same and Clarke really wanted to see her, but they each had their own things to focus on at the moment, so she would have to wait for a good time.

She could admit she missed Lexa, more than she thought she would. Clarke wasn’t used to missing someone like this; with Finn she never missed him like this. With football practice starting back up for Lexa, it limited their time even more because it wasn’t just one practice a day, it was two. Lexa had explained that during the summer, it was that way until the season started back up. Clarke knew Lexa was really excited about it and didn’t want to distract her which is why she came up with being friends with benefits for that reason.

Clarke took a break and sat down on the shore and couldn’t help but look for Lexa. It had become a habit to look for the brunette and Clarke wasn’t sure what to think about it. She still felt bad for the way she’d up and left last week and she hadn’t had a chance to apologize yet. Clarke could have said sorry over the phone, but thought it was too impersonal.

She wanted to apologize in person, knowing it was the right thing to do after what she did. Clarke knew it was shitty to just leave her in bed after sex, Lexa probably felt used and that wasn’t what Clarke wanted Lexa to feel.

Clarke wanted to be able to look in Lexa’s eyes, so Lexa knew Clarke meant how truly sorry she was. Surfing is the most important thing to her, but it didn’t give her the right to act that way towards Lexa. She wanted to make things right between them.

She didn’t deserve it.

Like they promised, Raven and Octavia had been helping when they could. It was often as they both were super busy with their own things, but Octavia was going to take her out a jet ski later so Clarke could catch some bigger waves and Clarke was excited to test her skills out in the open ocean.
Once her break was over, Clarke trudged back into the water with the other surfers. With her increased training, she was only by herself at her usual time. She missed the solitude and missed the time she got to spend with Lex, but Lexa hadn’t come by all week. Having other surfers around ruined the atmosphere, but Clarke was determined to overlook it. She knew she wasn’t the only one training for the competition.

As soon as Clarke was able to register for the competition, she put her name in and scrolled through to see who else was registered. It was an invite only competition and it was an honor to be chosen. It turned out it was mainly pro surfers with a few other locals. Clarke was ecstatic that she was chosen to enter among all the other talented local surfers. It also made her slightly more nervous to go up against more experienced surfers, but Clarke was still determined to prove she had what it takes to go pro.

Clarke spent another hour or so out on the water before calling it quits so she could meet up with Octavia. Knowing if she was late, her best friend would be pissed and that wasn’t something Clarke wanted to deal at the moment. Clarke vowed that as soon as she could, she would be to track down Lexa and talk to her.

She just hoped that Lexa would listen.

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Lexa smiled down at the green and black practice jersey in her hands, the number 31 looking back at her making her smile. It’d been her number since she started playing football. She remembered when she held her very first jersey with this exact number and the happiness she felt to be a part of something extraordinary when all she heard was girls can’t play football.

She proved them wrong.

Indra was on the other side of the lockers changing. She was always courteous and gave Lexa the privacy she needed, but never asked for. She knew about Lexa’s extra appendage, but it didn’t bother her which was appreciated. Lexa sighed in relief when she finally got to pull her jersey over her head after putting her shoulder pads on. Sitting down on the bench, Lexa couldn’t stop her leg shaking in anticipation.

It was the first day of practice and Lexa was ready. She was eager to get back on the field after the off season. It was her home, the place she felt the most comfortable, the place where could just be herself and play the game she loved more than anything.

Lexa had missed it, the rush and thrill of playing, going up against their opponents, throwing the winning touchdown and celebrating a championship. It made Lexa hop up after tying her cleats. She was ready.

“You ready, Indra?” Lexa asked grabbing her helmet and she started pacing. She was impatient to get out on the field.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Indra replied coming around the corner. “Let's go show the boys how it's done!”

Lexa high fived Indra laughing at her enthusiasm, but she was just as excited.

“I like the way you think. Let’s go.”

They headed out of the locker room towards the field.
Lexa was relieved that the stress of finals was finally over. Now she could enjoy her summer and focus on practicing and on getting her team ready for another championship season and maybe spend time with Clarke if she still wanted too.

She couldn’t for the life of her get Clarke out of her mind, no matter what she did. Every time she closed her eyes, all Lexa saw was a naked Clarke moaning underneath her while Lexa pounded into her. Lexa saw her eyes glaze over in pleasure, Clarke’s hands on her ass pulling her deeper making them both groan and watching Clarke cum was an experience Lexa wanted to revisit over and over and over again.

Lexa quickly shook her head, she definitely didn’t need a hard on throughout practice. It was awkward enough thinking about it with Indra standing next to her. She quickly tried to dispel the dirty thoughts, but it wasn’t working as well as she hoped. The images were still burned into her brain.

“Well, look at you two.” Lincoln said with a warm smile. “You look like you're about to kick some ass.”

“Of course we are, Linc. What do you take us for, amateurs?” Lexa looked at him in amusement.

“I would never think that.”

“Good because I’d hate to have to kick your ass.”

“You could try,” Lincoln smiled and slapped her shoulder. “You ready?”

“Of course I am.”

“Whatever you say, Commander,” Lincoln laughed and jogged off.

“You better run,” Lexa shouted after him and saw him turn around and smile wide.

Lexa looked out on the field and watched her team and felt a sense of pride. She belonged here and that meant more than she could say. She just smiled and went to join her team.

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Clarke was back at her spot the next morning after going out with Octavia. Clarke had to admit that being out in the middle of the ocean on her surfboard was one hell of a rush. She didn’t do it often because it was actually very dangerous, but Clarke needed to try and give herself an edge over the other competitors. Clarke was out of the game after not competing for the last two years.

Nobody understood why she stopped, except her two best friends. Her mom had basically ignored her after her father’s death and was always at the hospital and then Finn bailed shortly after, so the only people she had left were Raven and Octavia who had completely understood her reasoning and supported her decision.

Clarke just couldn’t compete for the longest time without her biggest supporter, hell for the first few months, she wasn’t even able to surf because it was a constant reminder of her dad, but now she was back and would show them why she was deserved a shot.

Clarke laid back on her board and looked up towards the sky as there were currently no good sets to ride. Her mind kept drifting to Lexa which was frustrating because Clarke knew she should be focused on surfing, but Lexa kept creeping into her mind all the time. Clarke kept going back to the last time she saw her. Lexa checking to make sure she was okay, Lexa whimpering and groaning.
while pushing into her and Clarke never feeling so full in her life. The sound of their skin slapping, Lexa’s smile, and the way Lexa looked when she first bottomed out inside her and the feeling of absolute completeness Clarke felt when they were connected like that.

Clarke shook her head, wondering where the hell that came from. She chalked it up to the fact that it’d been over a week and she needed to get laid. That was all it was, Clarke was definitely not having actual feelings for Lexa. There was no way. Clarke couldn’t have the distraction when she was this close to her dream.

A good orgasm with Lexa would fix that or at least Clarke was hoping it would. She couldn’t confuse great sex with real feelings. That wasn’t how it was supposed to work.

Clarke refused to acknowledge that it was something more developing between them. It scared her

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Lexa sighed in relief when her shift was finally over. She clocked out and gathered her things to head home. She was exhausted from waking up early this morning for her run and from her practices today. Lexa had taken her normal run along the beach, but this time she chose to go in a different direction after seeing Clarke floating on her board or at least she assumed it was Clarke.

Lexa knew she would be distracted and not focused on running if she ran along her normal path and couldn’t afford the distraction with football starting up. Besides, if she really admitted it, Lexa was waiting for Clarke to make the first move. After all, Clarke wasn’t the one left naked in bed right after sex. Lexa was and she was still slightly hurt even if she understood why Clarke left, it didn’t stop the tinge of self-doubt that crept into her head.

Lexa face planted on her bed as soon as she got home, but was only granted a couple minutes of silent bliss before Anya threw open her door making it clatter against the frame.

“Why do you do this every time?” Lexa groaned, rolling over to face her. “It’s like you have a sixth sense or something. It’s annoying.”

“You love me and I have a good reason,” Lexa scoffed. “There’s a party tonight and I want you to come with me,” Anya said. “Make yourself look presentable. You have ten minutes before I drag you out. You know I will.”

Lexa chewed on her bottom lip. A party actually didn’t sound too bad right now. Lexa had attended a lot of parties, being the football captain had its advantages and she could use the distraction.

“Okay. I’ll go. Give me a minute to change.” Lexa said forcing herself to get up. Anya smiled heading out the door and giving her some privacy to change.

Lexa changed into a nice pair of jeans and plain white t-shirt with her white converse. She threw her hair up in a messy bun, not bothering to fix her signature braids. Lexa was far too tired to deal with it and honestly she wasn’t trying to impress anyone, well except for Clarke, but it’s not like she’d see her tonight.

Lexa couldn’t help but think about what Clarke could be doing right now. She hadn't talked much to the blonde beside the occasional text. They both had been super busy, but Lexa was missing her and debated texting her to see if Clarke wanted to come to the party with her, but decided against it. Clarke needed to make the first move.
Lexa knew her friends would be there, and was happy that she was going to make an appearance. She could use a night out after practicing so hard this week.

The first person Lexa spotted was Indra, so Lexa and Anya made their way over to her with smiles on their faces. Indra handed them both beers before Indra raised hers in toast and they all clinked them together.

“Glad to see you out, Commander,” Indra said warmly making Lexa smile again.

“Me too, I don’t remember the last party I went to,” Lexa said looking around. There were a lot of people here, some were leaning against the wall talking to peers, and some were in the middle on the dance floor, while others were doing shots at the makeshift bar. The music was blasting so loudly that Anya had to yell over it to be heard.

“Well, this is sure to be one of hell of a party so I hope you enjoy yourself.”

“I’m sure I will.”

“I’m going to find something stronger!” Anya said. Lexa nodded knowing how Anya would get without her whiskey. She hated the taste of beer, but would drink it if it was all that was available. Lexa preferred whiskey too and hoped Anya would remember to bring her a glass or two.

Lexa turned around feeling a tingle on the back of her neck and felt all the air leaving her lungs the next. She wondered how someone could be so beautiful; Lexa stared at her like it was the first time.

On the other side of the room stood Clarke in all her amazing glory, she had her head thrown back laughing with her friends. Lexa recognized Octavia and Raven and felt a spark of jealousy that Clarke had time for them, but not for her. Clarke was wearing shorts and a tight fitted V-neck blue shirt that brought out her eyes and her hair cascading down in blonde waves.

Before Lexa realized it, her feet were moving in the direction of Clarke. It was like a gravitational pull anytime Clarke was near, Lexa couldn’t stay away. When Lexa realized she was almost upon Clarke, she stopped. Lexa turned around, but a hand snatched her arm and held her in place.

Turning around, Lexa came face to face with Clarke and Lexa watched her face light up at the sight of her which made butterflies erupt in her stomach. It was ridiculous to feel this way when they established they weren’t actually together.

“Lexa!” Clarke shouted. “I was hoping to run into you,” Clarke smiled warmly. “You remember my friends?” Clarke gestured behind her.

“Of course, Raven, Octavia, nice to see you again,” Lexa nodded in greeting feeling slightly uncomfortable.

“Hey, Lexa!” They greeted in unison nodding back at her.

Lexa turned back to Clarke expectantly. She lost all coherent thought when she was around Clarke and hoped she would take the hint. She did.

“Why don't we go somewhere quieter?” Clarke suggested.

“Sure.” Lexa agreed, Clarke grabbed a hold of Lexa's hand and lead her outside.

Lexa felt like she could breathe easier without so many people hovering around. There were a few people trickling in and out, but there was no one on the porch so Clarke sat down on the porch swing
and gestured for Lexa to sit next to her, but Lexa didn’t move.

“Care to join me?” Clarke asked taking a sip of her beer.

“Yeah, I can.” Lexa smiled trying to hide her nervousness and joined her on the swing.

Even though Lexa was wearing jeans, she could still feel the warmth radiating from Clarke the second their thighs touched and she felt it burn all the way through.

Lexa looked up at the night sky. They reminded Lexa of when Clarke-

“So, how have you been?” Clarke smiled touching her hand and leaning against her slightly.

Lexa was glad Clarke interrupted her thoughts because having Clarke naked and breathless under her was all Lexa was thinking about these days.

“Pretty good,” Lexa answered. “You?” Lexa wasn’t sure what Clarke was getting at, but decided to humor her for the time being.

“I’ve been okay,” Clarke said quietly. The tension was so thick between them, Lexa just nodded in response before speaking.

“I’m sorry I haven't- I wanted to- I didn't mean to seem like I was-” Lexa almost screamed in frustration. She couldn't get her thoughts together, and it wasn’t helping that Clarke was leaning against her and she could smell her and-.

“It’s okay, Lexa,” Clarke placed a gently hand on her wrist. Lexa's face heated up when Clarke lightly stroked it. “My communication hasn't been good either. I’m sorry for the way I left after we were together. It was very inconsiderate of me and I feel really awful about it. I got so wrapped up in the email and forgot everything else. I treated you unfairly and like you weren’t important, I’m really sorry.”

Lexa sighed turning her body to face Clarke. Lexa was relieved that Clarke hadn’t run away for another reason, it was a weight off her shoulders she didn’t realize she had.

“Thank you for apologizing, Clarke. I honestly wasn’t sure if it was the email or something else. It hurt; I’ll admit because I didn’t know if I had done something wrong or…” Lexa trailed off and looked away.

Clarke gently grabbed her chin and tilted her head so she could look directly into her eyes.

“I’m so sorry, Lexa. I never meant for you to think that. I’m an idiot and I’m sorry. It won’t happen again. I promise.”

Lexa knew Clarke meant it, she could see the sincerity and truth in her eyes. She let out a deep breath.

“Okay, I’d appreciate that. I’m still not sure how you left when I was laying naked in bed. I mean c’mon.” Lexa teased and was rewarded when Clarke laughed.

“I obviously wasn’t thinking,” Clarke kissed her on the cheek and Lexa blushed red.

Lexa felt a surge of confidence and wanted to be honest on how she felt, she just hoped she didn’t scare Clarke away with what she was about to say.

“Listen Clarke, I like what we are doing, I like that I can kiss you whenever I want and I really like
having sex with you. I don't know if I'm ready for a relationship yet. I'm not saying I don't want to be
in one with you, it's just that I just don't want to ruin this.” Lexa gestured between them and lost her
train of thought.

“I've never done friends with benefits so I really don't know what I'm doing or what we're doing
exactly. I… Lexa- the sex we had… was absolutely mind-blowing, the best sex I’ve ever had,” Lexa
couldn't help but let it a goofy smile at that. “I don't want to stop that, but I don't know how to act
around you now. It’s stupid I know.”

“Me neither and it’s not stupid at all. I get it. This feels like more though and I know I’m not ready
for that and I don’t think you are either,” Lexa watched Clarke shake her head. “So I’m not sure
where that leaves us.”

Lexa shrugged her shoulders and leaned back on the swing and put in motion. They both sat there
for a moment gathering their thoughts while they swung.

“Do you want to continue what we’re doing?” Clarke asked finally.

“Yes, I do,” Lexa answered immediately. “You're so beautiful and funny and sweet and I uh… I
can't stop thinking about us having sex. Do you want to continue?”

Clarke smiled gently at her, rubbing her hands up and down Lexa’s back.

“Yes definitely. I can’t stop thinking about it either. You were fucking amazing,” Clarke said lowly.

Lexa couldn't believe her luck; she was sitting under the stars with a wonderful woman who wanted
her back. Lexa wanted to take advantage of every second she got to spend with Clarke. Lexa was so
happy they were on the same page now and hoped they could start hanging out again. Lexa would
make time for her now they’d cleared the air.

“How’s training for the competition going?” Lexa asked, wrapping her hand around Clarke's.

“It's going,” Clarke hummed. “I'm really sorry I've been radio silent. You didn’t deserve that.”

“I've been silent too. We both have things we’re focusing on that’s why this arrangement works for
us,” Lexa hesitated before adding “right now.” Lexa said.

“I'm so glad to hear you say that,” Clarke sighed in relief making Lexa chuckle. “Not yet,” Lexa
placed a kiss to Clarke's cheek because she could. She stood up and extended her hand.

“Wanna get out of here?” Lexa had a glint in her eye that Clarke would be crazy to say no to.

“I thought you’d never ask.” Clarke replied linking their hands together. Clarke leaned up to kiss her
again, Lexa pushed up against Clarke, melding their bodies together Clarke’s hands were
everywhere, up her back, over her arms and she’s kissing harder, deeper, with a fervent need Lexa’s
never felt before. Lexa hummed savoring the taste of Clarke’s lips and completely turned on. “Mmm, let’s go.”

Lexa laughed and let Clarke pull her down the steps.

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Clarke’s house was the closest so they made their way to Clarke’s room. Clarke opened the door and slammed Lexa into it, kissing down her neck and biting down on her pulse point making Lexa groan. Clarke grabbed the bottom of her shirt meeting Lexa’s eyes. Lexa nodded and Clarke yanked Lexa’s shirt off followed immediately by her bra.

“Words can’t describe how bad I want you. I was so sore last week,” Clarke moaned while unbuttoning Lexa’s pants and shoving them off. Clarke licked her lips staring at her erection straining her boxers.

“I’m sorry.” Lexa winced, feeling bad, but Clarke shook her head. Lexa tilted her head in question.

“You have nothing to be sorry for. It was a constant reminder of how good you gave it to me.” Clarke kissed her again; tongues battling for dominance that Lexa quickly relinquished, her first order of business was to getting Clarke out of her clothes. She broke the kiss to tug of Clarke’s shirt to reveal her perfect breasts that were spilling out of her bra. Lexa discarded that next before pulling a nipple into her mouth.

Reaching down, Lexa unbuttoned her shorts and Clarke slid out of them. Clarke was standing there nude except for her panties and Lexa felt cock harden even more. She was so fucking beautiful, Lexa just wanted to lose herself completely in her.

“Do you have an attachment to your underwear?” Lexa asked.

“No, why?” Clarke’s voice was so low and husky; it sent shivers down Lexa’s spine.

Lexa didn’t answer, just ripped them off her and threw them to the side and at Clarke’s moan, knew she wasn’t mad. Lexa put her hands under Clarke’s thighs, and Clarke wrapped her legs around her and started grinding against her abs. Lexa was felt like she was going to combust, she could barely think clearly.

Lexa threw Clarke on the bed, the moonlight coming in and reflecting off her body and her eyes dark as night, Lexa shed her boxers in a hurry before joining her on the bed. When their naked bodies touched, they both sighed in relief. It was like coming home.

“I’ve missed this, you feel so fucking good,” Lexa moaned as every inch of them was touching.

“Oh, god me too, Lex.”

Lexa moaned when Clarke flipped her over and straddled her. Clarke was completely naked and Lexa was rock hard, precum leaking out. Lexa wanted to bury herself in Clarke, but didn’t want it over too fast. Lexa reached out and groped her breast while rolling a nipple between her other hand.

She had Clarke bucking in her lap, whining and Lexa stopped, not sure if Clarke liked it.

“It’s okay. I want you to do it again.” Clarke whispered in her ear before bringing her in for a heated kiss. It was all teeth, tongue and desperation.

Lexa moaned when Clarke started grinding her center against her length. Lexa could feel Clarke's
wetness coating her dick.

“I think that can be arranged,” Lexa said with a silly smile making Clarke giggle. Lexa’s confidence returning at the noised Clarke was making.

Lexa ran her hands up and down Clarke's sides before dipping down into her folds, and dragging her fingers up to her clit rubbing slow circles around it and repeating the action. Clarke canted her hips into her hand moaning loudly.

“I want your dick so bad.” Clarke whined twisting Lexa's nipples in her hands. Lexa groaned jerking her hips up.

“Can you ride me?” Lexa asked shyly. Clarke's eyes shone brightly even though it was dark in her room.

“Yes.”

Clarke lifted herself up. Lexa's dick was laying flat on her stomach. Lexa lined herself up with Clarke's entranced and helped guide Clarke down. Clarke gasped the second she started sinking down on it. Her face screwed up pleasure when Lexa was finally buried to the hilt.

Clarke rocked in Lexa's lap softly, giving her time to adjust. Lexa held Clarke's hips tightly trying not to move until Clarke told her she was ready. Clarke was so painfully tight around her, all she wanted to do was pound into, but refrained. No matter what, Lexa didn’t want to be anywhere else.

“You feel so good,” Lexa panted waiting for Clarke to move.

Clarke opened her eyes and locked them on Lexa's. Lexa saw the look on Clarke's face and wasn't sure what the blonde was thinking, but didn't have time to ponder because Clarke started moving and Lexa groaned in appreciation.

“Oh fuck, Clarke,” Lexa cursed loudly when Clarke lifted herself up barely brushing the tip before impaling herself roughly back down. Clarke let out a moan before repeating the action over and over again. Lexa held on tightly to her hips helping her move and just watched Clarke moaning loudly.

Clarke's breasts moved with every jerk of her hips. The blonde ran her hands over Lexa's breasts, cupping them roughly and pinching Lexa’s nipples which had Lexa jerking her hips up hard and they both let out long moans at the feeling when Lexa hit her deep.

“I'll never get over how big you are.” Clarke whimpered bouncing harder into her lap. Lexa was at a literal loss for words. She jerked her hips up in time with Clarke pushed down. Clarke's eyes flew open as Lexa pumped into her, dragging the tip of her cock against her front wall every time.


Lexa grunted keeping Clarke steady on top of her while continually moving furiously beneath her. Lexa knew Clarke was close by the way Clarke's face was scrunched up and the next moment, Clarke's mouth dropped open and her back arched.

Lexa stopped moving so hard the second her dick was flooded by Clarke's release so she could help prolong her orgasm. The blonde was moaning above her riding out her high while Lexa kept the pace slow until Clarke was had come back down.

As soon as Clarke’s orgasm tapered off, Lexa wasted no time and flipped them over. She slid easily right back into Clarke bottoming out and making Clarke cry out in rapture. She pumped her hips
vigorously as her orgasm was right around the corner. Clarke whined with each thrust while Lexa grunted above her. She held on tight to Clarke's thigh while thrusting fast into her, chasing her own orgasm.

“Lexa!” Lexa's skin heated up even more at hearing Clarke's deep moans. This made Lexa work faster, even with Clarke's death grip around her neck. Lexa rammed her hips into Clarke hard and fast. She couldn't stop herself. She repeatedly buried herself in Clarke, pulling the most beautiful moans from the blonde.

“I'm gonna cum again.” Clarke breathed hotly in her ear. Lexa knew because she could feel Clarke fluttering around her and it made Lexa whimper as she nodded. There was nothing more Lexa wanted than to feel Clarke explode around her again.

“Cum for me, please.” Lexa begged in her ear, slapping her hips into Clarke's.

Clarke grunted in response, digging her nails into Lexa's shoulder making her hiss. Clarke pulled Lexa in for a kiss, moaning against her when Clarke shook violently underneath her making her pull away from the kiss. Her eyes rolled back into her head and Clarke let out a loud moan before her body went limp against Lexa's.

Lexa quickly pulled out of Clarke and started jerking off. She wanted more, she needed Clarke.

“Suck my dick, please. Oh god, please!” Lexa begged helplessly. Clarke was there in an instant, hovering over her dick.

Clarke pulled her into her mouth right away, Lexa groaned the second Clarke's lips wrapped around the head. Her dick was red and swollen and leaking precum. Clarke jerked Lexa off with fast strokes while sucking the tip hard into her mouth.

Lexa couldn't keep it together. She was a spluttering mess grunting and groaning every couple seconds. She couldn’t help but hump Clarke’s face frantically, her mouth feeling like heaven around her dick.

It only took a few more pumps of Clarke's hand before Lexa released herself all over her stomach and Clarke's hand. The blonde licked at some of her cum before pulling Lexa in for another kiss. Lexa could taste herself on Clarke’s lips and loved it, her ex never kissed her after, but Clarke was different in the best way.

Clarke cuddled into her side, putting her head on Lexa’s chest. Lexa wrapped her arms around her tight and pressed a kiss to Clarke’s sweaty forehead. Their bodies were sticky with their combined release and sweat, but Lexa couldn’t care less.

Lexa loved holding Clarke in her arms. It was a feeling she could get used to and it didn’t scare her like Lexa thought it might.

“This is really nice,” Clarke mumbled into her chest. “I can’t believe we missed out on this last time, but that was my fault.”

“Yeah it is, I could get used to this,” Realizing what she said, Lexa covered her face with her free hand.

Clarke smiled and pulled Lexa’s hand away from her face.

“No don’t hide. It’s okay. I...I could get used this too.”
Lexa smiled wide at the admission and couldn’t help but kiss Clarke again. It turned heated quickly, but Lexa slowed it back down before pecking her lips again. Clarke snuggled back into her side.

“That was amazing, Lexa. You’re so fucking good at that,” Clarke smiled and pressed a kiss above her heart.

“Kissing or?”

“Both.”

“Yeah, it was. When I can move again, I plan on another round if you’re up for it,” Lexa’s heart beat wildly in her chest.

“Of course, I expect to see stars again. Are you up for the challenge?”

“Definitely.”

Clarke kissed her, but this time, Lexa was on top grinding down making Clarke whimper. She was already getting hard and her tip was pressing against her opening making them both groan. They ended up going another couple rounds before calling it a night.

Lexa got up to get dressed and could feel Clarke watching her from her bed and Lexa may have taken a little longer than normal, but with the way Clarke’s eyes darkened, who could blame her.

Before she left, she leaned over and kissed Clarke deeply and could feel Clarke clutching at her shirt trying to pull her back into bed. Lexa resisted because she knew if she got back in that bad, neither one of them would be getting any sleep.

“I would love nothing more to get back in bed with you, but we shouldn’t,” Lexa pulled back, untangling herself from Clarke’s wandering hands.

“Ugh, fine, you’re right. I’ll see you soon though,” Clarke asked with a slight pout and Lexa thought it was the cutest thing.

“Yes, you will. Now keep your hands where I can see them,” Lexa laughed when Clarke put her hands in the air before Lexa leaned down to kiss her again.

“Text me when you get home please?” Clarke requested, Lexa took one last look at her, the covers had fallen and left her top half exposed and Lexa licked her lips. Clarke’s hair was all over the place and Lexa could see the marks she left and she could feel herself getting hard again.

“I will, have a good night beautiful,” Lexa escaped the room quickly knowing if she dallied, she wouldn’t leave.

She completely missed the way Clarke lit up at the compliment and smiled widely.

As promised, Lexa texted her when she got home.

They both fell asleep thinking of the other with huge smiles on their faces.

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This time, Lexa ran her normal route before her morning practice; she didn’t avoid it like she’d been doing last week. Lexa's heart raced when she saw Clarke zipping her rash guard.

Lexa knew she shouldn't interrupt her morning surf, but Lexa was aching to see her. Lexa hadn’t had
a chance to run the rest of the weekend so they didn’t get to see each other and Lexa wanted to spend at least few minutes with her.

It was well worth it, when she came up behind Clarke and wrapped her arms around her. Clarke melted back in her arms for a moment. It was nice just holding her like this, it felt real and Lexa was enjoying it. They stood like that for a few minutes before Clarke turned trying to kiss her.

Clarke turned so fast that their legs tangled and Lexa fell back on the sand with Clarke landing on top of her knocking the wind out of her.

“Oh crap. Are you okay?” Clarke asked giggling. “How can I fix it?” Clarke kissed her forehead, cheek, jaw and finally her lips.

“That works, keep doing that,” Lexa laughed when Clarke playfully bit her ear, but it made Lexa moan. “Are you okay?”

“Never better,” Clarke replied nuzzling into her neck.

“Good, me too, I just wanted to see you for a few minutes and then I’ll let you get back to training.”

“I’m glad you interrupted, I can’t complain.” Clarke leaned up and kissed her, and when Lexa opened her mouth to moan, Clarke took that as an invitation to deepen it and they both groaned. Clarke started moving her hips and Lexa felt herself getting a hard on. Even though the beach was deserted this time of morning, Lexa didn’t want to walk home with an erection.

“Wait, Clarke, wait. We’re out in public and if you keep moving like that, I’m gonna fuck you right here and not care who sees.”

“And that’s supposed to stop me,” Clarke punctuated her statement by grinding harder into Lexa’s bulge. Lexa’s eyes rolled back and she jerked her hips up automatically trying to find relief.

“Fuck, Clarke, we shouldn’t,” Lexa was so turned; she was forgetting her reasons for not doing this.

“No body is here, Lexa. We can be quick, please Lex. I’m so wet, I need you to fill me, you stretch me so good, please.”

Lexa’s control snapped. She flipped them over yanking off Clarke’s swimsuit bottoms before pushing her own shorts down. Lexa kissed her hard, shoving her tongue in Clarke’s mouth making them both whimper. Lexa reached down and ran her hand through her folds feeling her absolutely drenched made her ache harder. She lined herself up and met Clarke’s eyes.

At Clarke’s nod, Lexa pushed her cock in and started pumping hard and fast. Lexa was so turned on; she knew she wasn’t going to last long. To make sure Clarke went with her, Lexa rubbed Clarke’s clit furiously. Clarke had her hands on her ass, pulling her deeper. Lexa could feel her orgasm fast approaching. But wanted Clarke to let go first and Lexa watched her explode beneath her.

“Fuck, Clarke, I’m gonna cum. Fuck!” Lexa went to pull out, but Clarke squeezed her ass tighter.

“Cum inside me, please. I want to feel you,” Clarke pulled her even deeper and they both keened at the feeling.

“Are you...are you...fuck...sure?”

Clarke nodded, unable to form any words and kissed her hard. Lexa couldn’t hold back anymore, Clarke was so warm, wet and inviting and the way Clarke was clenching tight around her dick had
her erupting. It was by far the best feeling she ever had as she never came inside before, her ex always made her pull out, but not Clarke.

Lexa could feel Clarke milking her for every drop Lexa had and she was releasing rope after rope of cum. It caused Clarke to have another orgasm making her scream before Lexa tried to muffle her with her mouth.

Once their orgasms finally tapered off, Lexa went to pull out her softening length, but Clarke shook her head.

“Just another minute, I like you inside me,” Clarke kissed her and when the kiss broke; it was Lexa’s turn to nuzzle into Clarke’s neck.

After another few minutes, Lexa pulled out with Clarke whining in disapproval. Lexa chuckled and kissed her cheek. Lexa rolled over and pulled her boxers and shorts back up and handed Clarke her bottoms.

Once they were both dressed again, Lexa pulled Clarke up and kissed her again, but kept it chaste, knowing if she deepened it again, they’d be right back where they started.

“I have to go, but I’ll see you later,” Lexa stepped back so she wouldn’t kiss her again.

“Okay, I should,” Clarke pointed to her board that lay abandoned when Lexa surprised her.

“Yeah and I have practice. Get back to your training. Sorry I interrupted,” Lexa tangled their hands together.

“Don’t be sorry, it was totally worth it,” Clarke wore a dopey grin on her face.

“Okay, has a good day, Clarke,” Lexa untangled their hands smiling.

“You too, Lexa, see you later.”

Lexa nodded turning and jogging off back. That was not how she expected their interaction to go, but was not complaining at all. That was one hell of a way to start the day. Lexa just hoped today flew by so she could see Clarke again in the morning.

She just left, but already missed her.

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Clarke watched Lexa sprint off and instead of heading into the water like she should; she plopped down on the sand and thought about Lexa. Clarke knew this was becoming something more, but didn’t want to define it. She was afraid that she’d screw it up and being friends with benefits was easier for now. Clarke knew it was cowardly, but Lexa was amazing and deserved more, but it helped that Lexa wasn’t ready either.

It helped take a weight off her shoulders. Clarke couldn’t get enough of her though. She never intended to have sex on the beach with her, but she couldn’t help herself. Lexa was so sexy and hell, she could feel her hardening beneath her and she lost all sense and just wanted Lexa to fuck which she did and it was fucking fantastic. Clarke couldn’t get enough of her and it scared her, but she wanted to take the risk because Lexa was a catch and she didn’t want to lose her.

Clarke shook her head because she never felt this way with Finn. Finn was a nice guy, until he wasn’t, but she the feelings she was having for Lexa far outweighed the feelings for Finn when they
started dating. Clarke didn’t know what it was about the brunette, but she was special and Clarke thought herself extremely lucky to have her as a friend and even luckier that she was something more.

Friends with benefits technically didn’t fit what they were doing, but Clarke refused to label it right now. They both were enjoying what they were doing there was no need to rock the boat. Clarke was having the best time with her and didn’t want anything to change. Now that she was sufficiently relaxed, Clarke grabbed her board with a smile on her face.

Lexa interrupting was the best thing that could have happened to her today. She was stressing out about the competition, but seeing Lexa made all her worries and fears disappear. To add to her good mood of just seeing Lexa, Clarke got to have sex with her on the beach.

God, Lexa was amazing in every way.

Surfing went well after Lexa left. Clarke nailed every trick and she hadn’t had that good of day out on the water in days. It was an almost perfect day.

The only thing that would make it better would be if Lexa got to stay and she could spend time with her after her training. Clarke decided that she would find her that night to celebrate her good mood.

After all is was all because of Lexa.
Chapter 9

The next week was spent with Clarke and Lexa meeting up in the morning like they did before. With their busy schedules, time was limited, but they tried to make the most of it. Lexa hated it, but there was nothing she could do about it.

With everything going on, Lexa had completely forgot about camp as she was so wrapped up in Clarke. She would be gone a month and hadn’t told her. She wasn’t sure if that was a thing they did, but thought she had the right to know because first and foremost they were friends.

She left next week and knew she needed to tell Clarke soon and not wait until last minute. Lexa was nervous though, wondering if this might end their friends with benefits relationship since Lexa would be gone. Lexa debated talking to Anya or someone about how to broach the subject, but she knew Anya wouldn’t be of help and nobody else knew she had a fuck buddy.

Not knowing how to tell her was stressing her out. Lexa knew she just needed to bite the bullet and tell her. It’s not like it was some huge secret, it was just camp that was required every year. Lexa couldn’t sleep and so she found herself on the beach dripping sweat after pushing her run too hard and too fast.

Sitting down on the beach, she took off her shoes and socks and dug her feet into the sand. Lexa was sitting closer to the water than normal, but knew the tide would roll in soon and wanted to feel it, even if it meant getting wet. It would cool her off.

She was going to pay for it later at practice, but it helped clear her mind a little, which was worth the exhaustion, as long as Clarke was understanding. Lexa knew deep down Clarke would be, but was afraid she’d lose her, not as a friend, but the benefit part to their friendship.

Lexa’s ramblings were cut off when she was suddenly straddled and a hot, eager mouth was attached to hers. Lexa kissed her back for a few moments before pulling back slightly and cocking an eyebrow at her.

“I’m sorry, do I know you?” Lexa tried not to smile, when Clarke gave her a look of confusion before it morphed to mischief that worried Lexa slightly.

“Oh shit, my bad. I was looking for a gorgeous green eyed brunette, have you seen her?” Clarke asked playing along.

“I can’t say that I have, but you must not be looking very hard since you’re sitting in my lap,” Lexa squeezed her ass, enjoying hearing Clarke squeal.
“What can I say, I got distracted. Can you blame me?”

Lexa kissed her in response, shifting them so Clarke was laying on her back. The kiss turned heated quickly. Clarke was trying to push her shorts down while Lexa was sucking a hickey into her collarbone, making Clarke moan in appreciation.

Before things could go any farther, the tide that Lexa had wanted to feel came up on them and drenched them. They both jumped up at the feel of cold water effectively breaking them from their lust filled haze.

They both busted out laughing at the hilarity of the situation. Clarke’s shirt was off and her bikini untied, while Lexa’s shorts were halfway down and she had a bulge in her boxers from getting so worked up. Lexa sighed knowing she wasn’t going to get any relief now, but couldn’t help but think it was a good thing because they needed to talk.

“Now that we’re cooled off, can we talk?” Lexa asked walking a few feet away and sitting down again. Clarke looked hesitant and didn’t move at all. In fact, Lexa could swear that Clarke looked nervous, no terrified and Lexa wanted to reassure her. “It’s nothing bad, I promise.”

At Lexa’s reassurance, Clarke finally moved and sat down next to her. Lexa had a hard time remembering what she wanted to say with Clarke sitting so close and smelling so sinfully divine. It was rather unfair how one person could be so beautiful all the time.

“Are you sure it’s nothing bad?” Clarke was wringing her hands nervously.

“No, it’s not. I just realized that I forgot to mention something, but we’ve been a little preoccupied and it slipped my mind until I was reminded yesterday.”

“Reminded of what?”

“Football camp starts next week,” Clarke’s confusion was clear on her face so Lexa continued. “We have camp for a month every summer and it starts next week.”

“So you’ll be gone for a month? That sucks, when will you back?”

“Right before my birthday.”

“Wait, when’s your birthday?”

Normally, Lexa never told anyone her birthday as she never celebrated it. Clarke’s look of excitement had her uttering the date.

“July 20th, but I…” Lexa stopped, not wanting to take away from Clarke’s happiness.

“Your 21st right?” Lexa nodded. “Do you have any plans?”

“No, I don’t usually celebrate my birthday, it’s just another day.”

“No, Lexa, it’s a special day. You can celebrate with me!”

Lexa’s heart fluttered at that. She honestly thought Clarke wouldn’t take the news well, but as usual, Clarke proved her wrong. She really should stop doubting Clarke, but it was hard for her to do that even though she knew it was unfair to Clarke.
“It’s no big deal, Clarke, but if it will make you happy, I’ll spend my birthday with you.” Clarke squealed again and launched herself into Lexa’s arms and gave her a tight hug.

“It definitely would,” Clarke replied leaning back and looking into Lexa’s eyes. She watched her expression turned somber. “But I hate that you’ll be gone a month. That I’m not looking forward to, but as your friend I’ll still talk to you everyday and as more, maybe I’ll send you nudes to tide you over until you come home.”

“I hate it too, but I have no qualms about either of those while I’m gone. No issue whatsoever,” Lexa grinned before she hesitated. “So you’re not ending our arrangement?”

“No! Why would I do that?”

“Because I’ll be gone and that makes it a little hard to keep up the arrangement, so I wasn’t sure. I...I don’t want...” Lexa stuttered and felt her face flush in embarrassment.

“Just because you’re going to be gone doesn’t mean I want this,” Clarke kissed her hard. “To end. It’s only a month.”

Relief surged through Lexa and she let out a deep breath she didn’t know she was holding.

“That’s good to know, but since I leave in a couple days, I think I should take you back to my place and show you what you’ll be missing when I leave. What do you say?”

“I say, yes please!”

“Okay, tonight, meet me at my place at 6?”

“I’ll be there.”

Looking down at her watch, Lexa knew she needed to leave in order to shower and make practice on time. As the captain she couldn’t afford to be late, it set a bad example.

“Shit, I need to get going,” Lexa quickly put her shoes and socks back on and stood up. She reached down to help Clarke up as well, but immediately brought her in close for a kiss. Lexa kept it light and chaste, knowing if it turned heated, Lexa wouldn’t be able to pull herself away.

“Okay, have a good practice.”

“Hope you have a good day and be careful training.”

“I will. See you later,” Clarke leaned in for another kiss.

“You will,” Lexa smiled. She ran off in order to get home in time, but her mind kept drifting back to Clarke and how sweet and understanding she was. Lexa was bummed she wouldn’t be able to see Clarke, but hopefully the time apart won’t do any harm.

A month without Clarke was going to be harder than she thought.

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The day couldn’t go by fast enough for Clarke. She was outside Lexa’s door before six, anxious to see her. She couldn’t really be upset that Lexa was going to be gone a month, that was more something a girlfriend would do, not a fuck buddy. Clarke knocked.

Clarke was going to miss her.
As soon as Lexa opened the door, Clarke pounced, not giving her a chance to say anything, just pushed Lexa up against the door and plundered Lexa’s mouth with hers. Lexa was frozen, clearly not expecting the greeting.

“Kiss me,” Clarke said. Lexa listened. They ended up kissing like crazy. Like their lives depend on it. Her tongue slips into Clarke’s mouth, gentle, but demanding, and it’s nothing like their previous kisses. Lexa’s hands grip Clarke’s hair pulling her closer and Clarke loves feeling Lexa pressed against her.

Clarke could smell Lexa’s shampoo, it smelled like lavender. She inhaled deeply before kissing her deeper while trying to get the girls shorts off.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Lexa panted breaking the kiss. “We should...ahh!” Lexa exclaimed when Clarke started raining kisses down her jaw, her neck, and biting down hard.

“Anya?” Clarke questioned pulling her lips back slightly.

Lexa gasped, and Clarke could feel Lexa’s growing bulge pressed against her thigh.

“She’s gone for the night.”

Clarke was overjoyed at the news, but didn’t reply, just connected their lips again. She couldn’t get enough of her. Clarke looked up and saw Lexa’s eyes blown wide, lips swollen and chest heaving.

“Let’s take this to the bedroom,” Lexa replied, stripping off her own shirt, followed by her bra. Clarke licked her lips in appreciation, before yanking off her own shirt, but Lexa stopped her when she went to remove her bra. “Let me.”

Clarke dropped her hands and felt Lexa’s replace them her own. With one hand, she unclipped her bra, while the other began caressing her sides, moving up her chest before pulling a nipple into her mouth. Clarke cried out at the feeling, trying to back Lexa up towards the bedroom.

Instead, they hit the couch and Clarke mumbled incoherently, shoving Lexa down. Lexa released her nipple with a pop as they landed. Clarke, now straddling the brunette, looked down at her, and was mesmerized by her beauty. The girl beneath her began to reach up but she pushed her down so they were lying flat on the couch. She grinded down immediately on Lexa’s bulge for a few minutes while going back to kiss her again.

“Take your shorts off now, before I rip them off,” Clarke growled against Lexa’s mouth. She stood up quickly and shed the rest of her own clothes. Since Lexa wasn’t moving fast enough, Clarke reached down to tug them off herself.

Clarke’s eyes roamed all over Lexa’s naked body, settling between her open legs. She climbed back on top of her, then pulled the head of Lexa’s erect cock into her mouth, stroking the shaft firmly with her hand. Clarke opened her mouth wider and took it all the way down the base, letting the tip push at the back of her throat for a moment before releasing it. Lexa was a whimpering mess, jutting her hips up to keep contact.

“I love sucking you of, Lexa. It makes me so wet,” Clarke said swiping her thumb across the head which was now glistening with a mix of saliva and pre cum.

“Fuck, Clarke!” Lexa panted. Her cock twitched in response to the blonde’s movements.

Clarke took her back into her mouth, alternating between swirling her tounge round the tip and
licking firmly from bottom to top for a few more moments. Lexa couldn't help but rut into the girl’s warm mouth, moans spewing from her own. Her hands were gripping the blonde’s hair tight. Clarke loved the feeling of Lexa losing control.

“Let go, Lex.” That was all it took and Lexa exploded. Clarke could feel Lexa’s dick pulsing as she came, shooting down Clarke’s throat. She swallowed it eagerly, loving the salty taste and cleaning her off with her tongue. Once Lexa softened, Clarke squeezed her from base to tip to make sure she got every last drop. Lexa’s eye’s were clenched shut, and Clarke could hear whines escaping Lexa. It was a major fucking turn on.

Lexa didn’t take long to recover, pulling Clarke up into her lap and pushing three fingers into her, making her cry out in ecstasy. Clarke was plenty wet enough and easily welcomed the intrusion. She cried out, taking hold of Lexa’s shoulders. Lexa pushed in and out of her, rapidly gaining speed, occasionally bending her fingers to press against her front wall.

Clarke grinded down on her fingers, moaning in pleasure as she rolled her hips in time. Lexa was so fucking good at this. Clarke threw her head back, feeling the familiar clench in her lower stomach. It was almost as if Lexa could sense she was close, as she felt pressure applied to her aching clit. That's all it took to send her over the edge. She was squirting all over Lexa’s hand.

“Fuck, Lexa, oh god, fuck!” Clarke’s orgasm pulsed through her and she saw stars. She must have passed out because when Clarke came to, Lexa was looking at her with concern, gently stroking her hair back off her face.

“You okay, we can just cuddle, we don’t have to do anything else.” Lexa said kissing her head.

“Not a chance,” Clarke could feel Lexa’s length pressed against her, so she started rocking, the head slipping inside her slightly.

“Clarke,” Lexa choked out. “We don’t have too…” Lexa’s words were cut off when Clarke reached down lining herself up and sank down on Lexa’s shaft. Lexa jerked her hips up automatically, crying out.

“You feel so deep, I love how you fill me up,” Clarke groaned, bouncing up and down on her lap. She could already feel her second orgasm approaching, but wanted Lexa to come with her.

“God, you’re so tight, Clarke. You feel…” Lexa let out a long groan, meeting Clarke’s thrusts with her own. She flipped Clarke off her suddenly. “Turn over, get on your knees.” Lexa ordered.

The tone of her words made Clarke whimper, but she complied. She braced herself, placing her hands on the arm of the couch, pushing her ass back into Lexa’s crotch. Lexa let out a moan as she moved her hands appreciatively over the perfectly shaped muscle. No time was wasted before Clarke felt Lexa slam back into her at a punishing pace. All she could do was hold on as she was pounded into. Lexa had a death grip on her hips and Clarke pushed back every thrust, feeling her orgasm fast approaching.

“I’m gonna come! Fuck! Come with me,” Clarke cried out when Lexa reached round and started rubbing her clit as she continued to thrust into her hard. Lexa was grunting and groaning before she faltered, her movements becoming sloppy which let Clarke know she was close.

“Yes, Clarke, I’m coming, I’m coming!” Lexa screamed. Clarke felt Lexa’s hot cum begin to release inside her and it threw her into her own orgasm. With all the sensations, Clarke came harder than ever before. They both cried out in pleasure, riding out their highs. Every twitch of Lexa’s cock was
complimented by the clench of the blonde’s own pulses.

Once they finally came down, Lexa pulled out, Clarke whining in displeasure. Clarke rolled over once she could and pulled Lexa down on top of her to cuddle. She loved having Lexa inside her, but loved Lexa’s soft, naked skin pressed against her own. They fit so well together.

With her ex, all Finn had cared about was getting himself off, but Lexa wasn’t like that. She did everything she could to make sure Clarke enjoyed herself and Clarke wasn’t used to it. Nobody paid attention to her body like Lexa, nobody had ever made her cum like her and suddenly Clarke was overwhelmed.

She froze.

Lexa picked up on it right away which just overwhelmed Clarke even more. She tried to hide it not wanting to scare Lexa. She felt Lexa kiss her head and swipe her finger under her eye. Clarke hadn’t realized she was crying.

“Did I hurt you? I’m so sorry, Clarke,” Lexa’s face was a mixture of fear, trepidation and concern. The way Lexa was looking at her was a way nobody had looked at her before. She can’t believe she cried after sex. What the hell was wrong with her?

“No, not at all,” Clarke rubbed her hands up and down Lexa’s back trying to reassure her, as she sniffed back her tears. She could tell Lexa didn’t believe her at all. Clarke met Lexa’s eyes trying to convey that she meant it, but Lexa wouldn’t meet her eyes. “Look at me, please,” Lexa locked eyes with her and what Clarke saw almost broke her heart. There were tears shining in her eyes and Clarke felt awful.

“You didn’t hurt me, you didn’t do anything wrong, you did everything perfectly. Didn’t you hear how much I was enjoying it? I loved it, Lex. I promise,” Finally Lexa eyes cleared and she sunk down in relief.

“Really? If that’s true, why were you crying?” Lexa asked into her chest.

“I just got overwhelmed is all. I didn’t mean to worry you,” Clarke said not wanting to dig deeper right now as she wasn’t even clear on what she was feeling. Luckily, Lexa accepted it and didn’t push, but Clarke knew Lexa knew it was more. The fact that she didn’t push was everything to Clarke.

“Alright, but I’m here whenever you want to talk. I hope you know that,” Lexa replied sleepily. Clarke smiled and kissed the top of her head.

“I know, thank you.” Clarke put her arms tight around Lexa and before they realized it, they both fell asleep completely wrapped in each other for an impromptu nap.

Neither had ever felt safer.

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Lexa woke up really hot and pressed into something soft. She glanced up realizing she was on top of Clarke and decided to fully enjoy the moment, as this wasn’t bound to happen again, even if this was her new favourite way to wake up.

She snuggled back into the warmth when her mouth brushed across a nipple making her bed moan and start shifting. Lexa latched on and sucked, pulling another moan out from Clarke. She bit down
softly and Clarke arched up into her mouth. She rolled and pinched her other nipple, then reached down with her hand to feel Clarke dripping.

Unable to resist, Lexa shimmed down Clarke’s body, kissing and biting along the way, Clarke letting out long drawn out moans as she watched. When Lexa got to her destination, she could smell Clarke’s arousal and dove straight in, pushing her tongue inside to taste Clarke right from the source. She reveled in hearing Clarke curse and arch again pushing herself up into Lexa’s mouth.

Lexa teased her slightly, before pulling her clit back into her mouth and sucking hard which caused Clarke to lose it as she shook uncontrollably, riding out her high. Lexa looked up, her mouth covered in Clarke’s release, then at Clarke’s nod came back up and kissed her hard, knowing she could taste herself. Lexa was so hard, she knew she needed release soon.

They kissed deeply, Lexa lined herself up and slid into Clarke without warning. She started a slow, leisurely pace wanting to extend Clarke’s pleasure. The pace wasn’t enough for either to come, but Lexa was enjoying the pleasure written all over Clarke’s face and the feel of her fingernails digging into her shoulders.

“Oh, god, Lex. Faster, please!” Clarke tried egging her on, but Lexa continued her pace, enjoying the feeling of Clarke tight around her. She could feel Clarke fluttering, but still teased her.

Clarke cried out when Lexa put pressure on her clit, pulling back the hood and pressing directly onto it. Lexa picked up her pace and slid in and out faster, pulling moan after moan from Clarke. She felt Clarke fluttering again rapidly around her dick before she tightened and came around Lexa’s shaft hard. It triggered Lexa’s orgasm and she came deep and hard into Clarke. She kissed her again as they came down, then flipped them over so Clarke was laying on top.

Clarke sighed in contentment, while Lexa held onto her tight and enjoyed the afterglow because she knew as soon as Clarke came to her senses, she was likely going to freak out.

So while she could, Lexa let herself have the moment, knowing she wouldn’t get a chance like this again until she was back from camp. Lexa was going to miss her immensely and that scared her, so she could imagine Clarke was probably feeling something similar.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Lexa felt Clarke stiffen in her arms. That’s when Lexa knew the moment was broken and tried not to let her disappointment show.

“It’s okay, you’re safe,” Lexa kissed the top of her head.

“I don’t want to move, but I know I should,” Clarke shifted, attempting to get up, but Lexa held her in place.

“Maybe we should talk,” Lexa shifted them this time and pulled a blanket over Clarke’s shoulders, keeping Clarke in her lap. She pulled another and put it around herself.

“Yeah, maybe we should. We never really talked about all of this,” Clarke paused. “You know rules and things.”

“Rules?”

“Yeah. Like sleeping with other people, staying over, etc.”

“Oh.” Lexa’s good mood evaporated. She wondered what rules Clarke was going to set, but knew she would go along with it if it meant keeping Clarke. She also knew she would do everything in her power to get Clarke to break these rules.
“Yeah. I’m not sleeping with anyone else, nor do I want to. Staying over I don’t think is a good idea. Also, I want us to continue being completely honest with each other and if either of us wants our arrangement to end, we talk about it. Oh and we’re friends first and foremost. Does that work for you?”

Lexa was more than okay with those rules as they weren’t near as bad as she was expecting. Lexa wasn’t a fan of the no sleeping over rule, but didn’t see the point in arguing. It was probably for the best. She wasn’t ready yet anyways.

“Yeah, it does. I expected more, but I’m glad there isn’t. For the record, I’m not sleeping with anyone else either, you’re more than enough for me,” Lexa kissed her. It was meant to be chaste, but they couldn’t keep their hands from roaming. They ended up making out before Clarke broke the kiss.

“God, you’re such a good kisser, it’s hard to keep my hands off you,” Clarke laughed before glancing up at the clock on the wall. “It’s late, I should go.”

“Will I see you before I leave?” Lexa couldn’t resist asking.

“Of course, I have to work, but I’ll make sure to see you, I promise,” Clarke stood and looked for her clothes. Lexa watched her clip on her lacey black bra and matching underwear and then covering her gorgeous body with khaki shorts and a red tank top. God Clarke looked delicious with clothes and without.

Once she was dressed, she came back and kissed Lexa deeply. Lexa wished she wouldn’t leave, but wasn’t going to stop her.

“Let me take you home. It’s late.” Lexa jumped up and threw her shorts in and a t-shirt on not bothering with anything else. Lexa completely ignored Clarke’s protests. “Please, it will be safer.”

“Okay, fine,” Clarke relented and Lexa kissed her. Lexa grabbed her keys and slipped on a pair of sandals.

“Let’s go,” Lexa was pleasantly surprised when Clarke slid her hand into hers and squeezed. It was a feeling Lexa could get used to.

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After Lexa dropped her off and few lengthy kisses later, Clarke bonelessly slid into bed completely sated after their night together. She missed Lexa’s warmth pressed against her, but knew it was for the best that she left. She couldn’t get used to Lexa when she was going to be gone a month. Clark knew it was stupid, but she also didn’t want to confuse their arrangement for something else.

Clarke fell asleep conflicted and dreamed of Lexa.

The next day, Clarke was stuck at work and was hating every second of it. She technically didn’t have to work as her mom paid for everything, but Clarke refused to completely rely on her mother. Her mom may be paying for everything, but she refused to invest in Clarke’s “hobby” as she liked to call her surfing.

Clarke wasn’t a huge fan of working at the coffee shop, but the pay was decent and the job itself wasn’t bad. With her cutting her hours even more, she was only working three days a week. Clarke
just would rather be anywhere but here at the moment.

Finally, her shift was over and Clarke could leave when her replacement got there. She knew Lexa left early in the morning and wanted to see her tonight, but as Clarke had the late shift, she knew Lexa was already asleep. She still tried to text her anyways.

11:30
Are you still awake?

Clarke didn’t get a reply so she headed home defeated, but told herself she would delay her training to go see her off. Afterall, Clarke promised and she wasn’t one to break a promise.

Clarke got home to her friends watching a movie and collapsed on the couch next to them.

“Long night?” Raven asked shuffling over to give Clarke more room.

“Yeah, you could say that.”

“Or not, what’s going on?”

“Nothing, just tired,” Clarke knew they didn’t believe her and could feel their eyes on her. She honestly wasn’t sure what her problem was, but couldn’t stop checking her phone every few minutes to see if by some miracle, Lexa responded.

She hadn’t.

“Nothing, huh, well the look on your face says differently. What’s up?”

Clarke refused to meet their eyes and focused on the TV. She wasn’t sure if she should share what was going through her head. She wasn’t ready for the all the questions it was sure to bring so she instead kept it superficial.

“Lexa is leaving for football camp for a month,” Clarke mumbled.

“Ah and you’re going to miss her. I mean she’s hot, so can’t say I blame you,” Raven teased. “Are you guys dating or what?”

“No we’re just friends.”

“Friends my ass. What we walked in on was way more than that,” Octavia stated bluntly.

“Ugh, I hate you two sometimes,” Clarke knew that wasn’t true at all. She would be lost without them, but sometimes hated how well they actually knew her. “We’re friends with benefits.”

“You love us, wait what?” They both exclaimed at the same time.

“You heard me.”

“Awe, you like her,” Raven said putting arm around her and pulling her in.

“Of course I do, she’s my friend.”

“No, you like her like her.”
“Are we back in highschool again and I somehow missed the memo.”

“Don’t change the subject, Clarke.”

Clarke knew that was exactly what she was doing, but wasn’t wanting to confront the many confusing feelings she had. She wasn’t ready and didn’t know if she’d ever be. It’s why she suggested the arrangement. It worked well for both of them or at least she thought it did. She wasn’t so sure anymore.

“I don’t know what I feel, okay. Let’s drop it for now, please,” Clarke pleaded and her friends ceased their chattering which Clarke was grateful for. She knew they only wanted the best for her and wanted her happy, but also knew that she wasn’t ready.

They didn’t push, just nodded their heads and turned their attention back to the movie. She knew they wouldn’t completely drop it, but respected it for now.

Clarke stayed with them for a little while longer before calling it a night. She got hugs from both her friends before making her way to her room.

Collapsing down on her bed, Clarke checked her phone, but once again no message. She changed and fell into bed, only this time she didn’t have a peaceful night’s rest, she tossed and turned and barely slept a wink. She gave up on sleep and took a shower. Clarke rushed out the door, anxious to see Lexa as she lingered in the shower longer than she meant to.

Clarke threw on some shorts and a t-shirt before slipping on some flip flops and throwing her hair up in a bun, not bothering with makeup as she knew she didn’t have time.

Knowing she was going to see Lexa put a little more pep in her step, but it faltered when Clarke remembered it would be the last time for a month and Clarke absolutely hated it.

Hopefully she wasn’t too late.

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Lexa was pacing back and forth, hoping Clarke showed up. As the time neared closer and closer, Lexa’s hope dwindled. She grabbed her stuff, knowing she couldn’t put it off any longer. She checked to make sure she had everything and opened the door only to met with a faceful for a blonde hair. Clarke threw herself into her arms.

“I’m so glad I made it. I was afraid I missed you.”

“You almost did,” Lexa replied squeezing her tightly and remembering this moment hoping it would hold her over for the next month. She knew it was unlikely, but didn’t care. All that mattered was having Clarke in her arms.

Clarke had kept her promise after all.

“Thank god, I didn’t,” Clarke captured her lips in a tender kiss that shook Lexa to the core. Normally all their kisses were hurried and rushed. Not this one, it was tender and slow and Lexa completely sunk into it.

They broke away when Lexa’s phone beeped, meaning Lexa had to get going or she was going to be late, Reluctantly pulling back from Clarke, she kissed her chastely one last time.
“I have to go.”

“I know. Please text me when you get there so I know you got there safely.”

“I will.”

Lexa led them out, locking her door behind and they walked hand in hand down to her car. She threw her bags in the backseat and turned to look back at Clarke who was holding onto her hand like a lifeline. Lexa didn’t mind as she was gripping hers back just as tight.

Lexa leaned in for another kiss unable to stop herself from pressing Clarke up against her jeep. She kissed her deeply and hearing her moan and claw at her back brought her back to her senses.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for us to get carried away,” Lexa stepped back fiddling with her keys.

“It’s okay, I’m not complaining,” Clarke said huskily which Lexa almost whimpered at the sound. Every time Clarke’s voice dropped low like that, it majorly turned her on.

“That’s not fair and you know it.”

“I do, but I want to make sure you won’t forget me while you’re gone,” Clarke replied, but shied away when she realized what she said. Clarke avoided her eyes.

“There’s not a chance of that happening, Clarke. I’ll see you in a month, okay?”

“Okay, be safe and have fun.” Clarke kissed her again, but Lexa kept it short and sweet otherwise she wasn’t going to leave.

“You too, See you,” Lexa climbed into her jeep and started the car. She watched Clarke stand there looking completely unsure before she waved and started driving off. She had to or else Lexa would have stayed with Clarke and hell to football camp.

Clarke’s “see you” went unheard, but Lexa watched her in the rearview mirror until Clarke was out of sight.

However, Clarke was definitely not out of mind.

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The first couple weeks went by agonizingly slow for Clarke, the days dragged by and Clarke threw herself completely into training and pushed her limits to the point she was exhausted at night. Clarke could tell her friends were worried, but as she was hardly home, they didn’t really get a chance to intervene as she knew they would. Hence the reason Clarke stayed away as much as possible.

Lexa kept her word and texted when she could and called occasionally which was different, but the nights they talked, Clarke learned even more about Lexa and vice versa. Clarke loved their nightly chats. Sometimes they were short calls and others they stayed up for hours.

If there was a positive to their time apart, Clarke would say that she got to know Lexa better and would consider Lexa one of her best friends. As to more, Clarke refused to admit. She missed her alot and was counting down the days until Lexa returned, unknown to her that Lexa was doing the same thing.

Training wasn’t going as well as she hoped, she wasn’t focused and easily distracted, but refused to
quit knowing the competition was nearing closer and closer. She had to be in the best shape of her life and surf better than she ever has before to earn sponsors.

That should be her priority.

She needed to refocus her mind and get back to what she did best which was surfing. If only she could keep her mind off Lexa. Normally when she surfed, she could zone everything out and just surf, but couldn’t keep Lexa out no matter how hard she tried.

Clarke kept telling herself it wasn’t a bad thing, there was nothing wrong with it. Lexa was important and she was only on her mind so much because she hasn’t seen her and Clarke had gotten so used to seeing her almost every day.

That was the only reason.

As training wasn’t helping as well as she hoped, as a good distraction, Clarke threw herself into planning a surprise birthday party for Lexa. The only downfall was having to enlist the help of Anya and that wasn’t going well. Anya was hard headed, brash and angry. Clarke knew she had her work cut out for her.

Deciding where and when to throw the party was easy. Clarke chose her house and since Lexa’s birthday fell on the same day. It was perfect as it was a Saturday. She enlisted Anya’s help by showing up at the apartment and knocking on the door.

Asking Lexa for Anya’s number was out of the question as Lexa would know something was up. The door opened and Clarke went to say something when the door was slammed in her face. Clarke resigned herself and knocked again. It flew open before her hand was down.

“What the hell do you want? Lexa isn’t here,” Anya glared at her. Clarke almost took a step back, but wasn’t going to let her intimidate her.

“Yes, I know, but I’m actually here to talk to you,” Clarke stepped into her personal space to show her she wasn’t afraid.

“What could we possibly have to talk about?” Anya replied not moving from the door.

“Lexa,” Clarke watched confusion flit across her face before it became impassive. “I want to throw her a surprise birthday party for her 21st.”

“Why,” Anya looked uncertain. “You two are just fuck buddies, you’re not her girlfriend,” There was a bite to her tone.

“No I’m not, but first of all she’s my friend and anything else is between me and her, not you.”

“I’m her best friend so yes it is my business to make sure Lexa doesn’t end up hurt. Lexa can make her own decisions, but I don’t trust you or your arrangement with her. Friends with benefits never ends well. Someone always gets hurt. And believe me, if Lexa gets hurt, you’ll have me to answer too.”

Clarke felt like she’d been punched and nodded her head. The last thing Clarke ever wanted to do was hurt Lexa and could see Anya’s point of view as her best friends were just as protective. Clarke understood where she was coming from and decided not to argue.

“I understand and I have no intention of hurting Lexa. She’s one of the best people I know,” Clarke
replied honestly.

Anya seemed to like her answer and moved back to allow her entry.

“So what’s your plan for this party. Lexa never celebrates it. I’m surprised you even know when it is.”

“I know, that’s why I want to make this special. She deserves it and more.”

“You’re right, she does,” Anya looked at her questioningly, but didn’t say anything else.

“My plan is to have it at my place on her birthday. I want to invite her teammates, but I don’t know them and that’s where you come in. Will you help me?”

“Yes, I will. For Lexa.”

Clarke took that as a win for now knowing Anya wasn’t going to like her anytime soon and it surprised her that it actually bothered her. What did it matter if Lexa’s best friend didn’t like her? They weren’t together, but it still irked Clarke. She was determined by the time Lexa got back, Anya would be more accepting of her.

Clarke didn’t realize what she’d gotten herself into when she asked Anya for help, but it was all for Lexa and that was what mattered most.

Two weeks and Lexa would be home, Clarke couldn’t wait.

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The phone calls and texts made camp much more bearable for Lexa as she was missing Clarke something fierce. Lexa hadn’t comprehended just how much she would miss Clarke until she couldn’t see her anytime she wanted.

After another long day at camp, Lexa made it back to her room where she was lucky enough to have to herself. She decided on a shower to wash off the day’s sweat and mud.

In the shower, Lexa thought about Clarke and felt herself getting hard. It had been over two weeks and she was feeling desperate for Clarke. Like all the other nights, she jerked herself off to the image of Clarke wet, naked and dripping for her.

Relief spread through her body after she came. Lexa finished washing up quickly before hopping out and drying off. She threw on boxers and sports bra and stretched out on her bed. She had a team dinner in an hour, but wanted to hear Clarke’s voice.

Lexa was really enjoying their conversations on the phones. It was wonderful getting to know Clarke on another level and Lexa absolutely loved it. She dialed Clarke’s familiar number, which she had memorized.

She waited not so patiently to hear Clarke’s raspy voice.

“Hey, how was camp?” Clarke asked.

“It was draining, but good. I have a good feeling about the season,” Lexa was smiling big just getting to talk her. It always brightened her day.

“Planning on bringing home another championship?”
“That’s the plan. How’s training going?” Lexa always made sure to ask anytime they talked.

“It’s going alright, I’m trying a new trick and I haven’t nailed it yet, but I’m not giving up.”

“You’ll get it, you’re phenomenal out there on the water. I can’t wait to see it when I’m back,” Lexa missed seeing Clarke surf. If she was honest, it was hot seeing her out there, muscles flexing and wearing very little. Just thinking about it was getting her hard again.

Clarke always had the effect.

“Thank you, that means a lot. So I have a question for you,” Lexa could hear Clarke’s nervousness in her tone and it made her sit up slightly.

“What’s that?”

“Your birthday is the day you get back…” Clarke paused and Lexa had an idea where this was going and Clarke just kept surprising her. “I was wondering if you wanted to spend the day with me?”

“Absolutely, that sounds perfect. What do you have in mind?” Lexa was really hoping it included birthday sex or hell, sex in general.

“I have a plan, it does include sex of course,” Clarke laughed. “Do you trust me?”

“Yes, I trust you, Clarke.” Lexa’s heart was beating hard and fast.

“I know how hard that is for you so thank you for trusting me.”

“You’re welcome. I was already looking forward to coming home, but even more now that I get to spend my birthday with you.”

“What time are you supposed to get in?”

“I think early afternoon, I’ll let you know the exact time,” Lexa wondered if that meant Clarke was going to pick her up or meet her at her apartment, either way, Lexa couldn’t wait.

“Okay, cool. What are you doing?” Clarke’s voice dropped low and that had Lexa’s attention even more.

“Laying on my bed, I have dinner in an hour with the team,” Lexa’s erection was becoming more prominent, so she pushed her boxers down, letting it slap back against her stomach. “What about you?”

“In my room, I just got out of the shower when you called so now I’m laying here naked and wishing you were here.”

Lexa’s hand moved without thought and she started stroking her dick. She must have grunted because she heard Clarke moan.

“Touch yourself, Clarke. Imagine it’s me.” Lexa paused listening to Clarke whimper. “How wet are you?” Lexa groaned. She felt precum leaking out, so she used it to make her movements smoother and faster.
“I’m dripping for you, god I’m so wet,” Clarke husked. “Fuck!”

“Plunge two fingers deep inside and rub your clit for me.” Clarke moans were getting louder and louder and Lexa wished more than anything that she could be there, touching her, tasting her, and kissing her.

“Lex, fuck, feels so good. Oh god, fuck! Are you close?” Clarke panted into the phone and Lexa could hear every whimper and moan coming from the blonde’s mouth.

“Fuck, yes!” Lexa’s abs were flexing with every stroke. She could feel her balls tighten and the familiar tingling sensation traveling up her legs. “I’m gonna come! Come with me, please! I want to hear you! Fuck yes, CLARKE!”

Lexa’s orgasm hit her so hard and fast, she had cum all over her hand and stomach, hips jutting up and her hand stroking softly until she came down. She heard Clarke hit her peak about the same time and listened to the obscenities flowing out of her mouth as Clarke came down from her own high.

They took a few minutes to catch their breath before Clarke spoke.

“Well, I gotta say, I’m a fan of phone sex now.”

“Was that your first time?” Lexa’s voice got a little high because of her surprise.

“Yes, it was and I liked it, but I prefer you in person.”

“Definitely agree. God, Clarke, I wish time would go by faster.”

“Me too, but you’ll be home before we know it.”

Lexa checked the time and cursed, realizing she needed to get dressed or she was going to be late.

“Shit, I gotta go or I’m going to be late. I’ll call you later okay?”

“Okay, have a good night. Talk to you soon.”

“Bye, Clarke”

“Bye, Lexa.”

Lexa hung up the phone and cleaned herself up again before throwing on the first outfit she found. She really didn’t care, her mind occupied by the phone call with Clarke. Two weeks and she’d get to see her again.

Lexa was counting down the days.

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The last two weeks flew by between her training, surfing and planning Lexa’s birthday party. Her mood improved as the days crept closer to Lexa coming home. Clarke stopped avoiding home and enlisted her friends help who eagerly agreed, as they were always up for a party.

Anyaa was surprisingly more helpful than she anticipated. She invited all of Lexa’s teammates and friends from school making sure they knew not to spread it around even going as far as threatening them. WIth Anya’s reputation, everybody knew not to cross her.

Clarke probably went overboard, but she didn’t care. She was rushing around wanting to make
everything perfect. Luckily Anya was already twenty one and took care of the alcohol. Clarke took care of everything else with the help of her friends and now all that was left was for the party to happen.

The plan was set and Clarke just hoped nothing went wrong. Clarke had every intention of picking Lexa up. Her friends couldn’t resist teasing saying that was more of a girlfriend thing to do not fuck buddies, but Clarke ignored them. She kept telling herself it was because it was her birthday and she deserved to be treated special and that included Clarke doing everything in her power to make it perfect.

So what if they were fuck buddies, Lexa was her friend and her friend deserved the best celebration ever. Lexa was special. She was kind, funny, sweet, smart, generous and so very thoughtful. Plus she was the most unselfish person Clarke knew.

Clarke wanted to celebrate her friend, it didn’t have to mean anything more. Clarke knew she was lying to herself, but it was for the best to keep their arrangement how it is. That didn’t mean Clarke couldn’t spoil her and throw her the best birthday party ever.

Before Clarke knew it, it was a couple days before Lexa came home. Everything was planned, everyone was coming and Clarke just hoped Lexa enjoyed it. She deserved to be celebrated, she deserved all the happiness in the world and Clarke counted herself lucky enough to be in her life.

Clarke was freaking out the morning Lexa was due back.

She was nervous about the party and if Lexa would like it, she was nervous about the competition in two weeks, but most of all Clarke was nervous about seeing Lexa again. Would she rethink their arrangement? Did she miss her? Did she meet someone else? What if she hated the party? All those questions were racing through her head, but they all disappeared when she saw Lexa again.

If it was possible, Lexa was even more beautiful than when she left. Clarke stood there just staring at her for a moment drinking her in. Before she knew it her feet were pounding the pavement and she jumped straight into Lexa’s arms, wrapping her legs around her and kissing her like she’d been longing to do for a month.

Nothing else mattered, except the girl in her arms.
Lexa caught Clarke as she vaulted into her arms and stumbled a bit before regaining her balance, but was thrilled at the reception she received. She kissed back with force, swiping her tongue across Clarke’s bottom lip. Finally tasting Clarke again, she let out a throaty moan. They kissed for a few minutes, and Lexa wanted more. She hadn’t realised just how much she’d missed the smell of Clarke’s skin. It was a unique mix of the sea and something sweet.

Finally coming back to her senses, Lexa leaned back, kissing her chastely and Clarke unwound her legs from her waist. Lexa sighed and was grateful she was wearing baggy sweatpants. She leaned in and kissed Clarke on the forehead, inhaling her scent that she’d missed.

“Happy birthday, Lex! Welcome back!” Clarke whipped around suddenly, looking all around.

“Thank you, I appreciate it. What are you looking for?” Lexa asked spotting a poster laying on the ground. She went to pick it up when it was tugged out of her hand.

“Ah you found it, thanks,” Clarke turned around to show her and Lexa laughed. It was rainbow colored and said “Happy Birthday, Lexi. Welcome Home!” Lexa loved it and thought it was the sweetest thing. “It’s just something I whipped up this morning, but this isn’t your present.”

“You didn’t have to get me anything, Clarke. Just spending the day with you is enough,” Lexa blushed when the words came out, not meaning to say them, but it didn’t make them any less true. She just hoped she didn’t freak Clarke out. Looking at her, Lexa noticed a soft look flit across her face, but it was quickly replaced with a smirk.

“I know I didn’t,” Clarke trailed a hand down her arm and linked their hands together before leaning up and gently biting her ear. “But I promise you’ll like it.”
Lexa felt heat surge through her entire body and she wished they were somewhere private so they could make good on Clarke’s promise.

“Is that so? Well how about we get out of her and find out if you’re right.”

“I like the sound of that, but there’s something else we need to take care.”

“What’s more important than you, me, naked and in bed. That sounds like a perfect way to spend my birthday,” Lexa spoke lowly hoping to get a rise out of Clarke. She almost smiled when Clarke was scanning her up and down, her gaze lingering on her crotch and licking her lips. “What do you say?”

“Fuck, Lex. I have a plan for today,” Clarke snapped out of her flustered state. “A plan that you’re not going to get me to change. No matter how hot you are,” Clarke kissed her cheek, lips pressed longer than normal and it made Lexa’s heart beat faster. “Ready to go?”

“Yes,” Lexa looked at her and pouted slightly. “I’m hungry though.”

“I promise to feed you,” Clarke picked up Lexa’s backpack with one hand while keeping tight grip on Lexa’s hand with the other.

“Feed me or feed me,” Lexa replied, gaze locked on Clarke’s breasts.

“Keep it in your pants....for now,” Clarke husked.

Lexa picked up her other bag, swinging it over her shoulder. She loved that Clarke picked her up, it made her feel special and that was a rare thing for her to feel. Anya tried in her own way, but it didn’t make her feel like this. Clarke made her feel so many things; it was overwhelming to feel so much.

“I can get that too, Clarke.”

“Nope, it’s your birthday, I got it,” Clarke smiled wide and squeezed her hand.
Lexa huffed, but was secretly pleased she was trying so hard to make her birthday special.

“That’s sweet of you, thank you,” Lexa said sincerely as they made their way to Clarke’s car. “Wait, what about my jeep?”

“Don’t worry, it’s taken care of.”

Lexa nodded. She trusted Clarke completely even if there was a small twinge of doubt in the back of her mind that sounded awfully like Anya’s voice telling her to be careful.

She ignored it.

“Alright, so where to?”

“You’ll see,” Clarke replied throwing everything in the trunk. Clarke leaned into kiss her and Lexa took advantage of where they were by pushing Clarke up against the car, pinning her with her body and kissing her. Tongue and teeth clashed in their desperate need to feel and touch each other. She felt Clarke press herself into her erection, making her moan and jut her hips. Her hands started to travel up Clarke’s sides, teasing the sensitive skin of her hips beneath her white tank top.

“Fuck, Lexa!” Clarke kissed down her neck and sucked a hickey into her collarbone before breaking away and putting a hand on Lexa’s chest. Both their chests were heaving, their lips swollen and eyes black as night. Lexa was this close to getting Clarke naked in the backseat and having her way with her, like she’d thought about for the past month.

“Okay, I got a little carried away. My bad.” Lexa smiled innocently and by Clarke’s glare, knew she didn’t buy her innocent act. Lexa batted her eyelashes and leaned in for another kiss, but Clarke was having none of it.

“Nope, get in the car, birthday girl,” Clarke walked around and opened the door.

“Okay, okay, fine. Shouldn’t I have a say as I’m the birthday girl?” Lexa grinned.

“Not right now.”
Lexa sighed and sat back, deciding to go along for the ride. It was the first time any effort had gone into her birthday and she wasn’t used to it. It was hard to accept, but she didn’t want to ruin whatever Clarke had planned.

If only Lexa knew what was in store for her.

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Clarke pretended like she wasn’t freaking out. She had a plan and she was determined to stick to the plan, but Lexa made it extremely difficult. Clarke was having problems controlling herself and now thanks to Lexa was extremely wet and wanted nothing more than for Lexa to take care of it.

After all she’s the one who caused it.

The car was quiet except for the music pumping through the speakers, both of them sitting in a comfortable silence. Normally, Clarke felt the need to fill the silence, but with Lexa she didn’t have the same urge to do that. With Lexa it felt nice and what was even better was Lexa holding her hand, gently rubbing her knuckles with her thumb.

They pulled up to Lexa’s favorite restaurant “Grounders” that she’d mentioned when they were talking. It was Clarke’s top choice too, so it worked out quite well for both of them.

“Grounders, really? Sweet!” Lexa grinned like a little kid on Christmas and butterflies erupted in Clarke’s stomach at the sight. She loved seeing Lexa so happy and hoped to never see her with a frown if she could help it.

“Yes, really. It’s your favorite. Still trust me?” Clarke asked putting a hand on Lexa’s thigh and feeling it flex under her hand.

“Yes,” Lexa stuttered when Clarke’s hand traveled higher up her leg. “You remembered.” Clarke heard the emotion laced in Lexa’s voice.

“I listened, that’s all and I wanted to do something special with you,” Clarke kissed her on the lips, the cheek and lastly her lips lingered on Lexa’s forehead. “Ready to eat?”
“Hell yes, let’s go,” Lexa hopped out of the car, almost bouncing in her excitement.

Clarke laughed, but felt a warmth spread through her knowing she was the cause of Lexa’s current happiness.

Walking into Grounders, they were met with the staff singing happy birthday and Clarke watched Lexa’s mouth drop open in shock and her hand got squeezed hard. The look of adoration on Lexa’s face when their eyes locked, made everything disappear and when Lexa kissed her in clear view of everyone, Clarke didn’t care.

She didn’t even notice.

Clarke broke their kiss, sighing into Lexa’s mouth.

“You’re amazing,” Lexa mumbled.

“You deserve it,” Clarke replied kissing her again and pulling back slightly. Looking around she noticed most of the staff looking elsewhere and Clarke almost laughed at the hilarity of it all, but with Lexa’s forehead pressed against her and arms wrapped around her waist, nothing else mattered.

“Thank you,” Lexa retracted herself from Clarke’s arms, instantly missing the contact. Lexa turned and directed her attention to the staff. “Thank you, that was so nice of you to do.”

They weren’t done yet, which Clarke knew. The staff parted to the side as the manager came out with a small cake with a candle on top. Lexa looked at Clarke in awe.

“Make a wish,” Clarke requested. Lexa’s eyes locked with hers for a moment and Clarke wished she knew what Lexa was thinking. Lexa broke their gaze, turning and blowing out the candle. “What did you wish for?”

“If I tell you, it won’t come true,” A smile crept across Lexa’s lips. “Thank you, Clarke. This means so much, thank you.”
“You’re welcome, Lex, let’s go eat. I have a table reserved in the back.”

“Well, look at you. What did I do to deserve all this?” The you went unspoken, but Clarke heard it.

“By just being you,” Clarke punctuated her statement with a kiss.

They sat down across from each other, gazing at one another and not picking up their menus. They didn’t even hear their waiter approach the table, they were so intent on one another. If anyone were to look under the table, they’d see their legs intertwined.

It looked like a date to everyone else, but them.

Their lunch was going well. They finally tore their eyes off each other and ordered their food, both rattling off their usual before going back to staring at each other. Clarke had reached across the table to hold Lexa’s hand, loving how perfectly they fit together.

“This is nice,” Clarke rubbed Lexa’s knuckles and brought her hand and brushed a kiss across. It was worth it to see a blush spread across Lexa’s cheeks.

“Yes, it is, I couldn’t ask for a better birthday,” Lexa’s ears pinked.

“That’s sweet of you to say, I have something else planned after this though,” The food arrived and interrupted them, but it was welcomed because they were starving. Clarke dug into her meal while Lexa did the same. Once they’d polished off half nearly their meals, Lexa spoke again.

“No, Clarke, this is more than enough, you don’t need to do anything else.”

“Sure I do! It’s your twenty first birthday, Lex, it’s a big deal,” Clarke replied finishing off her meal.

“You’re stubborn, anyone ever tell you that?” Lexa cocked her head to the side looking at her intensely.

“All the time, you’re not the first person to tell me that,” Clarke grinned good naturedly. “Are you ready for cake?”

Lexa grinned and Clarke swooned, Lexa’s good mood was contagious. Clarke couldn’t get enough of her smile. Every smile Clarke received was a gift that she treasured.

“Awesome,” Clarke handed her a fork. “Dig in, it’s all yours.”

“Oh, no, you have some too, please!” Lexa gave her the puppy dog look and Clarke gave in way too fast for her liking.
“Ugh fine, you’re lucky you’re cute.” Lexa grinned triumphantly. “Don’t get too excited, I’m only having a few bites.”

“We’ll see about that,” Lexa took a huge bite and a look of absolute pleasure spread across her face. Clarke felt the familiar ache in her core when she moaned. “This is so good!”

Clarke’s mind went to a very dirty place hearing Lexa, and those things were not something conducive to a public setting. She wanted Lexa naked and sweaty, her abs clenching and her pumping… Clarke caught her thoughts and snapped back into focus when Lexa softly called her name.

Meeting Lexa’s eyes, Clarke knew she was caught by the smirk gracing Lexa’s luscious lip. The lips that Clarke wanted to… She really needed to get laid apparently. Lexa leaned over holding her fork and Clarke wrapped her lips around it, moaning as it was withdrawn from her mouth. She her lips and noticed Lexa clench her fist. Payback was a bitch.

“That really is good,” Clarke reached over with her own fork and took another bite.

“I told you.”

“Shut up,” Clarke playfully slapped her arm.

Once the cake was demolished, Clarke paid and they left the restaurant hand in hand heading to their next destination.

Clarke was hoping Lexa liked it.

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What Clarke hadn’t realized yet was that Lexa would follow her anywhere. Her friends would say she’s in love, Anya would call her whipped, but Lexa would tell she was just living the moment and enjoying her Clarke. No matter what happened between them, whether it developed into something more or it ended for whatever reason, Lexa would never regret Clarke.

Clarke took her to a secluded beach that she’d never been to before and Lexa looked around in confusion because she thought she knew the majority of the island.

Apparently she was wrong.

Her facial expression must have alerted Clarke that something was up because as soon as she shut the car off, blue eyes were turned in her direction laced with concern.

“Everything okay?”

“Yes, I’m great, but where are we?” Lexa asked looking around.

“My spot. I wanted to share it with you,” Clarke answered fidgeting with her hands, not looking at
her. Lexa clasped her hands between hers and waited for Clarke to meet her eyes.

“Thank you, really, thank you for sharing this with me,” What Lexa didn’t say was how much it meant to her that Clarke was sharing a piece of herself, and that meant more than any gift ever could. “How did you find this place?”

A distant look entered her eyes before it was washed away with a wistful smile. Lexa almost wished she hadn’t asked.

“My dad, actually. This is only my second time here since he died. I want to make some new memories.” Clarke looked at her intently, trying to communicate what she couldn’t say thru her eyes.

“I’m honored that you let me be here. I can see how special this place is to you.” Lexa opened her door and went to get out. She missed hearing Clarke’s reply of “you're special.”

Clarke grabbed a couple blankets from the trunk. She linked arms with Lexa and lead her down to the water. Lexa had never seen anything more beautiful than Clarke next to her. Her head was tipped back, sun shining on the golden skin of her face, and hair lightly blowing in the wind.

“Isn’t is beautiful?” Clarke looked towards the ocean while Lexa’s remained on Clarke.

“Very.” Lexa answered. Clarke sensed her gaze and turned to smile brightly, cheeks flushing when she realized what Lexa meant.

Lexa wanted to laugh when Clarke whipped around and busied herself with laying out the blankets, but figured that wouldn't be well received at the moment. Seeing a flustered Clarke was a highlight for Lexa. It made her smile.

She sat down next to Clarke, but didn’t say a word as Lexa could see that Clarke’s eyes lost focus and Lexa could tell she was reminiscing. She was staring blankly out at the water, her hands clenched tightly in her lap. Lexa didn't want pull her away from the memories, so instead reached over and linked her hand with Clarke’s. She didn’t know how long they sat there, but eventually Clarke shook her head and came back to the present.

“I’m sorry,” Clarke broke the silence, turning to look at her. “It’s just a lot of memories here.”
“No need to apologize, Clarke,” Lexa squeezed her hand to make her point. She would rather sit here with her in silence than spend her time almost anywhere else. It scared her a little, but not as much as before.

“Thank you, I appreciate it. It’s just hard and I never talk about it, it’s easier to not, but I miss him and wish he was here,” Clarke had tears in her eyes and Lexa wanted to brush them away, so she did and got a watery smile in response. “I didn’t mean to bring down the day, I just wanted to share this place with you.”

“It’s all good, Clarke. Don’t worry about it. It’s still the best birthday I’ve had in a long time and I have you to thank for it.”

“I’m glad.”

“Me too.”

They lapsed back into silence, but this time, Lexa laid back and pulled Clarke with her until she was cuddled into Lexa’s side. Both of them sighed in content, just getting to be with each other like this after going a month without seeing each other. Calls and texts only went so far, but nothing beat being with each other in person.

Even without the sex, Lexa enjoyed being with Clarke. She was kind, thoughtful, sweet, funny, and smart. When her guard was down, Lexa saw so much more of Clarke and the blonde continued to amaze her. Lexa hoped that maybe Clarke felt the same way and what was between them could develop into something more.

That would be the greatest gift Lexa could get, but she was willing to be patient because Clarke was worth it.

Eventually, they left the beach and headed back to Lexa’s as she wanted to shower and change. Clarke had mentioned she wanted to take her out and wanted to look and smell better than she did. Lexa was tempted to call Clarke into the shower and to relieve the ache she felt, but didn’t want to tarnish what they had at the beach and revert back to just sex even though her body was saying otherwise.

Knowing Clarke was waiting, she finished quickly and got dressed into dark jeans, a green flannel
and converse. She left her hair down in waves over her shoulders and added a touch of makeup to make her green eyes pop. The expression on Clarke’s face when she saw her had heart beating wildly in her chest.

Clarke smiled and kissed her, but it was a quick kiss and not nearly long enough for Lexa, but she accepted and let Clarke lead her out of her apartment by the hand. Her enthusiasm had her curious.

Only Lexa had no idea what the night would bring.

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Everything was set up, everyone was there and all that was missing was them. Clarke was really nervous. She was sure Lexa could feel how clammy her hand was. She tried to keep her nerves under control and was failing miserably. Clarke could feel Lexa’s eyes on her, but refused to look at her in case she gave everything away.

“I want to stop by my house and change if that’s cool?” Clarke asked smiling slightly, but felt more like a grimace.

“Why do you need to change, you look fantastic,” Clarke looked down at herself and knew she did look good as she put in extra effort into her appearance before she picked Lexa up. She was wearing skinny jeans, a loose flowing white tank up and sandals with her hair half up to keep it out of her face.

“Thank you, but I want to change my shirt,” Clarke smiled again.

“That’s cool, but I stand by my statement,” Lexa smirked and eyed her up and down with that look Clarke had come to adore.

They pulled up to Clarke’s house and Clarke tried to figure out how to get to come inside.

“Will you come with me, it won’t take long.”

“Of course,” Lexa hopped out of the car, making her way around and opened Clarke’s door for her. Clarke’s stomach erupted in butterflies, it never seemed to stop when Lexa was around. She never
remembered feeling this way for anyone before. It was terrifying, but exhilarating at the same time.

“Thank you,” Clarke took her hand and led them up to the front door, digging into her bag for her keys, giving everyone time to know they were there. Clarke found them, unlocked the door and gestured for Lexa to go in first, but instead, Lexa leaned forward and captured Clarke’s lips in a sinful kiss. It spoke of longing, desire, heat and something more that Clarke couldn’t quite place.

She quickly forgot about everything else and focused on kissing Lexa back equally as hard, letting out a whimper when Lexa’s tongue danced inside. Clarke pulled Lexa’s hips into her and was so close to ripping off their shirts, when the lights came on and everyone was yelling “Surprise” and “Happy Birthday”. It made them both spring back, both panting with their lips swollen and hair mused.

Lexa’s mouth dropped open in shock, clearly not expecting an audience. Clarke watched her eyes gloss over before she was wrapped up in hugs from Anya, her teammates and friends. Clarke sat back and thought she did a good job because the smile Lexa was wearing was radiant. Lexa looked happy and it made Clarke feel really good that she had a hand in it.

It didn’t take long before she was swarmed by her own friends, but her attention wasn’t focused on them. It was completely focused on the brunette across the room laughing with her teammates.

Clarke pulled her attention away from her and looked at her friends who were watching her in amusement.

“What?!” Clarke asked already knowing what they were going to say.

“You’re a smitten kitten,” Raven sing songed.

“I am not,” Clarke started to say, but was cut off.

“You so are. Look around, you did this all for her. A girl that you don’t have feelings for.” Octavia stated bluntly. Clarke sighed and knew they had a point. Looking around she saw a banner she did herself that said, “Happy 21st Birthday, Lexa!” and it had scenes woven throughout that included football and surf lessons and other things important to Lexa.

The house was full of all of Lexa’s people, they had a full bar and more food than they knew what to do with, but Clarke had wanted to make sure all her bases were covered and didn’t want to leave
anything to chance.

It was a job well done if she said so herself.

“She’s never really celebrated her birthday before, I just wanted to do something nice,” Clarke replied, not looking at them.

“How long are you going to keep lying to herself. You deserve to be happy and Lexa makes you happier than you’ve ever been,” Raven stated, but Clarke saw her eyes lock on someone across the room and took the out that presented.

“Let’s stop worrying about me, I’m fine. Let’s worry about you,” Clarke smiled in triumph when both their mouths snapped shut.

“Me, what for?”

“Would you like me to introduce you to Anya. You can’t keep your eyes off her, I’m sure you two would get along.”

“Pssh, nah, I wasn’t looking at her. I mean sure she’s attractive, I’d be blind to not have noticed, but I’m good,” Clarke wanted to laugh at the blush that overtook her friend. It was rare to see and Clarke loved it.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” Clarke wasn’t convinced and saw Anya walking their way. “Hey, Anya,” Clarke heard Raven hiss in her ear and laughed. Octavia was on her other side, laughing as well, clearly enjoying the turn of events, but Clarke could still the worry in her eyes.

“What?” Anya growled.

“I just wanted to introduce you to my friends. This is Raven and Octavia.”
Anya nodded at them and muttered a greeting back at them. Octavia made excuses and left. Clarke saw out of the corner of her eyes, her friend go up to a tall, muscular guy, who from Lexa’s description had to be Lincoln.

There was a familiarity there that surprised her, but didn’t have time to question it as her attention was pulled back when she heard Anya laugh. Clarke was shocked to see the two of them with their heads together. Clarke shook her head in amusement and a little jealously before heading off to get a much needed drink.

Clarke looked around for Lexa and spotted her talking a few people she didn’t know, but caught Lexa’s eye and smiled wide. Lexa smiled back and looked around as if she was saying thank you. Clarke just nodded and held up a bottle, Lexa shook her head indicating she already had a drink. Their eyes stayed locked for another minute or show before Lexa’s eyes were blocked from hers when she was approached by someone.

Shaking her head and laughing, Clarke went about making a drink and ignored the tingle of envy she felt watching the interaction between them. Without thinking, Clarke poured herself a shot and then another when she saw the girl put a hand on Lexa’s arm. Clarke didn’t even realize she was gripping the bottle tightly with her jaw clenched until Raven tapped her on the arm.

“What’s the look about?” Raven asked and grabbed the bottle from Clarke’s hand. “You look pissed.”

“Huh, what, no, I’m fine, I’m good. I just need something to drink,” Clarke said not tearing her eyes off Lexa. “Anya, who is that girl talking to Lexa?”

Clarke missed the look that passed between them and the smug smiles directed at her as her gaze was so intense across the room.

“Oh, that’s Roma,” Anya replied shrugging her shoulders. “She’s in a few of Lexa’s classes.”

“Oh I see,” Clarke downed the shots that Raven had just poured, wincing at her choice of tequila, but relished in the burn as a warmth settled in her stomach. The haze of jealously was still strong. The alcohol doing very little to help like Clarke hoped.

“How many shots have you had?” Raven asked her friend.
“Umm, like four maybe.”

“Maybe you should slow down for now, okay?”

“I’m fine,” Clarke looked away from Lexa and at them, her eyes glassy. “You two are awfully chummy all of a sudden.”

Anya glared at her and Raven laughed and poured more shots making sure to keep them out of reach of Clarke. She watched them clink glasses and down the shots, neither wincing at the taste. Clarke didn’t know how they did it. Tequilla was nasty, but effective.

“Anya is awesome, thanks for introducing us. How I never met her before is beyond me.”

“Maybe you weren’t looking in the right place, Reyes,” Anya sassed. Clarke stood and watched them in awe as Anya was a scary motherfucker, but with Raven, she was completely different. Clarke wondered if this is a side of Anya that only Lexa got to see. It probably was and it made her smile and look for her before she remembered why she was standing her drinking.

Lexa still was talking to Roma and really, who has a name like that? Lexa was laughing and obviously enjoying her party, but with Roma hanging all over her, it was all Clarke could see.

“Yeah, okay. You both have fun. I’ll be back,” Clarke walked away and didn’t look back when Raven called her name.

She knew she had no right to be upset, they weren’t exclusive and Clarke had no claim on the brunette, so it was immature of her to feel like this, but she couldn’t help it. She had all these feelings and after the day they had and bringing Lexa to her spot, Clarke had thought that meant something to Lexa, but maybe she was wrong.

All the doubt and fears, Clarke had came screaming to the surface and Clarke did the one thing she knew how to do. She escaped from the situation and made it to her bedroom and closed the door loudly.

The music was thumping loudly throughout the house, making the walls and floors shake. Luckily the neighbors weren’t too close, the last thing she needed right now was a noise complaint. Clarke sat heavily on the bed and put her head in her hands. She didn’t know what was going through her mind.
With her thoughts and the music blaring, Clarke didn’t hear the door creak open or it being closed and locked. Nor did she hear the footsteps pad across the hardwood floor. It wasn’t until the bed sank down under someone’s weight, did Clarke lift her head and was met by her favorite pair of green eyes.

Clarke sighed not wanting to have this conversation right now and ruin Lexa’s birthday. Lexa looked so happy being surrounded by the people that mattered to her. She refused to take that away from her and forced a smile on her face.

“Why are you in here, Lex? You should be out enjoying your party.”

“I have been, but I saw you come in here and you looked upset. Besides I wanted to thank you for all of this. I can’t believe you went to such trouble for me,” Lexa looked away and blushed. “I mean thank you, Clarke. It means so much to me.”

“It was my pleasure. I was more than happy to do this for you. I meant it when I said you deserved it. You should go back out and join it. Afterall you’re the guest of honor,” Clarke smiled.

“I will, but are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine, had a few too many shots, but I’ll be good. I’ll be back out in a little bit,” Clarke stated with as much conviction she could. She could tell by the furrow of Lexa’s eyebrows that she didn’t believe her so Clarke did the next best thing to distract her.

Clarke kissed her.

It took longer than normal for Lexa to reciprocate, so Clarke bit her lip, which drew a groan from deep within Lexa’s chest. It had been a month since they last had sex and now they were alone and in a private setting, so Clarke decided to take full advantage.

Finally, Lexa kissed her back and next thing Clarke knew she was on her back looking up at Lexa, both their eyes clouded in desire and lust. Lexa didn’t move to kiss her, just stared down at her in something resembling admiration and Clarke was overwhelmed, she put a hand on the back of Lexa’s neck and pulled her head down to meet her lips desperately.

No time was wasted before Clarke was pushing her tongue in and kissing Lexa with everything she
couldn’t and wouldn’t say.

At least not yet.

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Clarke kissed her hard, biting Lexa’s lip. Hearing her whimper was the sexist sound she’d ever heard. Clarke was spurred on by the involuntary buck of Lexa’s hips. She knew they should wait, as she was taking Lexa away from her own party, but didn’t care at all because here she had Lexa all to herself.

It’s all she wanted, but was afraid to admit.

They kissed for awhile, Clarke enjoying the pull and slide of their lips against each other. She gave up control and let Lexa have it, fully set on enjoying the loss of control. Clarke rarely gave it up, but she trusted Lexa and wanted to give her that power over her.

Lexa seemed to sense the change and immediately took over. Dominant Lexa may be her new favorite thing. Lexa took her hands and held them above Clarke’s head. Clarke couldn’t help but shift at the strength Lexa displayed in her forearms. Clarke’s stomach clenched and her panties flooded when Lexa latched onto to neck, sucking hard. Clarke knew it would leave a massive hickey, but didn’t care.

Needing more friction, Clarke bucked her hips up trying to relieve the ache that was pulsing between her legs. Grinding up on Lexa’s bulge gave her slight reprieve, but it was nowhere near enough, making her growl in frustration.

“Lexa! Please!” Clarke whimpered in dissatisfaction.

“Patience, Clarke,” Lexa clicked the k in her name and Clarke was dripping. She wanted their clothes off now and could wait to feel Lexa’s skin against hers. She craved it, needed it, wanted it now. She could feel sweat gathering on her lower back and pulled on Lexa’s baby hairs on the back of her neck.

Finally after what seemed like hours, when in fact, it was only a couple of minutes, Lexa finally shifted and braced herself above her. She toyed with the hem of her shirt and if Clarke could move her hands, she would have torn it off herself, but was still restrained. She struggled to get free, but it
didn’t budge Lexa an inch. Lexa had an iron grip and Clarke found it downright sexy.

“Don't move,” Lexa said in a calm but assertive tone, easing up her grip, then letting her fingertips gently brush the soft skin of Clarke’s forearms. Clarke smirked as she decided to entertain the idea of letting the other girl claim dominance. She maintained eye contact with her until Lexa began to move down her body, assaulting her exposed skin with harsh kisses. Her neck, her collar bone, the valley between her breasts. Before she grew too accustomed to the advances, Clarke felt the girl on top of her sit back up, removing her own shirt. The colour of the green shirt had really brought out the hue of the brunettes eyes, but with the garment now gone, her breath got caught in her chest by the sight above her. How did she get so lucky?

Lexa had always been impressive to Clarke. But four weeks of intensive training meant Lexa was now nothing but lean, tight muscles. Clarke’s mouth fell open at the sight. “Fuck, Lexa. You look-” her words were cut off short. The blonde felt a firm grip round her wrists, as her hands were pinned up above her head once more.

“Did I say you could move, Clarke?” Realising Lexa was serious about keeping her hands where they were placed, she felt a rush of pleasure flood through her body. Clarke bit down on her lip in attempt to stifle her moan, but failed miserably, letting out a breathy, high pitched sigh.

“Do you like what you see?” Lexa said with a newfound sense of confidence. Realising the affect she had on Clarke gave her the assurance to carry on. The blonde she was still straddling nodded her head weakly. Her brow had furrowed due to her frustration, but Lexa found it nothing but endearing.

Lexa shifted her weight back and moved off the foot of the bed till she was standing, looking down at the beauty laid out on the bed. Clarke’s breathing had already quickened, which was made evident by the rise and fall of her chest. Her blonde hair falling almost perfectly over her shoulders. The brunette took a moment to fully appreciate the girl before her, then started to unbutton her jeans. She let them drop to the floor, leaving her in just her black bra and boxers.

Clarke looked her up and down as hungrily as if it was the first time she’d ever set eyes on her. She watched as the girl moved back onto the bed, but this time kneeling between her legs. “This needs to come off,” Lexa stated bluntly, her facade not waving in the slightest. She pulled Clarke's top up her torso and finally over her head, sending the girl a raised eyebrow as a silent warning to ensure her arms returned to their previous position.

Next off were the girl's jeans. Once removed, Lexa knelt back on her knees, admiring the matching black underwear set Clarke had chosen to wear. The thin material didn't leave much to the imagination. She could just make out the darker colour of her nipples.
“You're so beautiful, Clarke, you know that?” Clarke smiled in return. Not being free to reach out and touch what she’d been craving all month was beginning to take its toll on her. Lexa looked mouth-wateringly delicious and she just wanted to pull the girl into her. To allow their hot skin to press into each other.

Almost as if Lexa had read her mind, she lowered herself back down, joining their mouths once again. Clarke could feel Lexa's stiff length pressed against her. She rolled her hips almost involuntarily, trying to sate the need between her thighs. Her hands crept down and over Lexa's shoulders, enjoying the tingle in her fingertips as they brushed the smooth, soft skin. Assuming Lexa was too preoccupied kissing her to notice, she followed the swell of Lexa's triceps down to her elbows, moaning into the girl's mouth as she felt the newly developed muscles there.

Just as she had reached Lexa’s elbows, she felt the same pair of hands push her arms back up. Clarke groaned in disappointment into Lexa’s mouth.

“Babe, please?” Clarke wined. “I've missed you so much.”

Lexa couldn't hold back the smile when she heard Clarke's neediness.

“I've missed you too.” She replied, between kisses. “Let me show you just how much.”

Clarke nodded unable to resist anything her Lexa had to offer. Her underwear was ruined and she wanted, no needed Lexa to show her or else she was going to combust in frustration. She tangled her fingers in her own hair, in order to keep them from drifting down.

Lexa was barely brushing her body against hers as she ghosted kisses across her chest, stomach and thighs. It was setting her nerve endings on fire and all Clarke could think about was having Lexa between her legs, mouth against her, fingers in.

Clarke felt hands slip round her sides, so arched her back off the bed to give them access beneath her. It took just a moment and her breasts were free. Lexa untangled the bra from Clarke's arms, then let it drop somewhere to the side of the bed. Her hands came back and immediately made contact with her ribs, tracing delicate, sweeping patterns, causing the skin to goosebump and her nipples further harden, begging for attention. Lexa gently massaged the blonde’s generous breasts giving them plenty of attention to make up for lost time, but avoided the sensitive peaks, knowing it would rile Clarke. She planted open mouthed kisses against the soft flesh, letting her tongue and teeth graze as she moved between the two perfect shapes. Clarke closed her eyes and let the feeling take over.
Before Clarke grew too wound up, Lexa finally sucked her right nipple into her mouth, letting it out with a pop, causing Clarke to buck her hips and moan uncontrollably. The brunette smiled and let out the softest chuckle, finding this way of teasing Clarke to be very rewarding. Every movement and sound she provoked from the girl made her stomach flip. She would never get tired of this.

The tangled fingers freed themselves from the blonde locks and found a new home gripping either side of the pillow beneath her head. Clarke was growing more and more uncomfortable as the moisture continued to gather between her legs. She had never felt this needy before. No one had ever read her body the way Lexa did. No one had ever anticipated exactly what she needed, let alone before she knew herself.

“That feels so fucking good!” Clarke whimpered. The brunette had taken Clarke's nipple between her lips and was alternating between sucking softly and quickly flicking the stiff bud with her tongue. Her free hand was toying with her other breast, gently massaging. Clarke felt her clit steadily pulsing, her core clenching in response to Lexa’s movements.

Clarke's mind was blank. She was lost in the ecstasy of finally being in the arms of the girl she had missed so much. She wasn't sure if it was the month they’d spent apart, but it felt like every time with Lexa grew better and better. More intense. More intimate. Damn, this girl was special.

Without breaking contact with Clarke's breast, Lexa lifted herself up and inched her boxers down her legs. The girl beneath her was none the wiser, still very much lost in pleasure.

“Oh fuck Lexa, please don't stop!” She moaned, her hips slowly gyrating. “I missed you so much,” she breathed out, her eyes shut, mouth falling open as her laboured breaths quickened. “Please... fuck...”

Lexa hastily manipulated her underwear down and finally off, freeing her now completely hard cock. She couldn't wait to be inside Clarke again, but she was also worried she wouldn't last long enough to make Clarke come first. With her free hand, she took hold of her length and began to slowly rub up and down the shaft. She closed her eyes, still attending to Clarke's breasts and enjoyed the moans and gasps.

“Baby, you feel amazing in my mouth. You look so beautiful when you lose yourself.” Lexa mumbled against her.

“I need you, Lexa. I need you in me, please.”

Obeying the girl's pleas, she pulled herself away, then looked up at her as she tapped her cock
against Clarke's still covered pussy.

“Fuck…” she moaned, finally feeling Lexa where she needed her. “Please, Lex.. I'm.. fuck, please..” she trailed off, becoming more incoherent with each passing moment.

Lexa pushed Clarke's underwear to the side, only now realising just how wet she had become. The tops of her thighs were glistening and she could literally feel the heat from Clarke's core. She lined herself up with Clarke's entrance, then dragged the tip of her cock through the drenched folds, up to her swollen clit, coating herself.

“Lexa, I'm gonna…” Clarke’s arms shot down and gripped onto the brunette’s muscular shoulders. Her nails dug into Lexa’s hot skin as she rolled her hips, allowing Lexa to push fully inside her. She came immediately, letting out a silent cry. Her breathing faltered and caught in her chest. Her muscles gripped around the thick shaft. Lexa began thrusting into her, adding to the euphoria of Clarke's orgasm, only to feel her own release triggered by intensity of the warm, clenching of the blonde’s centre.

They pulled at each other, wanting to be even closer. Their lips met in a sloppy and desperate kiss. Fingers pressing into hot sweaty skin. It was perfect.

Once they came down from their highs, their eyes met and they shared a slow, soft kiss that said what they couldn't.

Lexa rolled them over so that Clarke was on top of her, head resting on her chest. She was still sheathed within Clarke's core. The residual flutters sent jolts of pleasure through her cock, causing her to moan softly.

“That was intense,” Clarke looked up and whispered into her ear.

“It was,” Lexa responded, pulling back slightly to look into Clarke's eyes again. “Thank you for everything, Clarke. It’s been perfect.” She kissed Clarke on the nose, causing the blonde to smile. She so wanted to let Clarke know she thought she was perfect, not just her birthday.

“You're so welcome, Lexa. You deserve nothing but the best.” Lexa just smiled in response as Clarke swept a stray lock of hair from her cheek. Lexa’s heart swelled. She’d never felt so loved. Was that what Clarke felt for her? Was that crossing a line? She knew too well of their agreement, but she couldn't help what she was feeling. She was starting to not care. She realised she was
helplessly falling.

They held each other for a few more moments, exchanging soft kisses and coy smiles. They knew they should get to the party downstairs, but didn't want to break the bubble of perfection they had.

“We should get back to the party.” Clarke said reluctantly. “Everyone is probably wondering where you are.”

“I'm exactly where I want to be.” Lexa boldly replied. Clarke's stomach flipped. “But you're right, we should get going.” A sad smile crept across Clarke's lips.

They untangled themselves from each other, only then realising the state of their hair and makeup. They quickly redressed while stealing glances at each other, then checked each other over, attempting to make their smudged makeup, less obvious. Once satisfied with their appearances, they made their way back down to the party.

The rest of the night went well, neither girl straying far from the other and endured the teasing that occurred when they showed back up after an hour.

Although they weren’t the only ones who looked disheveled and guilty.

Clare secretly loved the extra attention as Echo was nowhere to be found and Lexa reveled in Clarke’s constant touching, not caring for the reason.

Lexa’s birthday was a success and both girls couldn’t be happier.

Neither was willing to admit that day was the changing point.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the love.

Hope you enjoy the chapter and as always thank you to my wonderful beta :)

The days after Lexa’s birthday were extremely busy for both of them, but neither could go a day without seeing the other and always ended their days together. They still never stayed the night officially, but it got later and later when the other would leave.

It just became routine, one they easily settled into, but were reluctant to acknowledge.

Lexa had been paying attention to the weather when she’d heard there was a possibility of a huge tropical storm and Lexa was praying it would miss them, knowing Clarke’s competition was in a few days.

With every new report, it was becoming highly unlikely that the competition would be happening. Lexa hoped when Clarke found out, she wouldn’t push her away especially after how they’d been since her birthday.

Lexa couldn’t explain exactly what had happened, but she had felt the shift between them and knew Clarke had as well. She was afraid to say anything in case Clarke got scared and wanted to bail. Lexa didn’t want to take that chance and would wait for her to take the lead for now.

She was a very patient person.

Plus, Clarke was completely worth it.

Lexa checked the time and realized she’d been in the locker room longer than she’d anticipated as she had plans to have dinner with Clarke at her house. Supposedly, her roommates were out for the evening and gave them the whole house to themselves.

Lexa planned to take full advantage of that fact. With both of them so busy, it was hard to find time to be together like they wanted. It was always quickies or oral and Lexa wanted more. She wanted a full night to appreciate all of Clarke and explore every inch of her body. She got a taste of what could be on her birthday and Lexa desired more.

A lot more.

Checking to make sure she had all her stuff, Lexa made her way out to her jeep in order to head to Clarke’s. It had only been about twelve hours and she missed her. She still hadn’t gotten enough of her especially after being gone an entire month.

She didn’t think she’d ever get enough of Clarke.
Pulling up, Lexa made her way inside without knocking. Last time she knocked she was told quite forcefully that she shouldn’t bother knocking as she spent more time there than she did at her own place. Lexa wanted to refute it, but stammered and blushed and was laughed at for even attempting to say otherwise.

Looking around the kitchen and living room, she didn’t find her favorite blonde, so Lexa made her way to her bedroom. Stepping into the bedroom, Lexa heard the shower running and smiled. She’d rushed over here after practice and hadn’t showered as she got caught up in a conversation with her coach and then her thoughts.

Opening the door quietly, she heard Clarke singing “Girls just wanna have fun”. Lexa had to clamp her mouth shut to avoid laughing out loud and giving herself away. Quickly, she stripped out of her clothes and was already aroused imagining what was waiting for her in the hot shower.

Steam escaped when Lexa pulled the glass door open and stepped inside. Clarke was standing directly under the showerhead and hadn’t heard her, so Lexa leaned back and just appreciated the view. Clarke was massaging shampoo into her hair and the little noises escaping her was turning Lexa on even more than she already was.

Unable to take anymore, Lexa pressed forward, startling Clarke so much that she slipped and if it wasn’t for Lexa’s fast reflexes would’ve fallen. Lexa caught her and immediately pressed her into the shower wall where Clarke shivered at the feel of the cold tiles of her back. Lexa wasted no time connecting their lips and bodies, making them both moan in relief.

Lexa kissed her hard before biting down on her bottom lip and drawing a little blood. She was afraid she’d taken it too far, but the look on Clarke’s face said otherwise.

“Fuck, Lexa!” Clarke groaned before slamming their lips back together. Lexa could taste the blood, but wasn’t put off by it like she thought she’d be. She deepened the kiss, pulling Clarke’s tongue into her mouth. She could feel Clarke’s hips moving, trying to find some friction.

Lexa obliged and shoved two fingers deep into her pussy and curled them. Clarke screamed at the sudden intrusion, but her face morphed into pleasure soon. Lexa kept up a steady pace, but refused to put any pressure on her aching clit and knew Clarke was frustrated.

“Lex, please! Fuck me!”

“What do you think I’m doing?” Lexa sucked a dark hickey into her collarbone, before making her way down to her boobs and biting down on her nipple which made Clarke’s hips jump involuntarily. Lexa continued to leave hickeys anywhere her lips touched and soon Clarke’s chest, stomach and neck were littered with love bites.

As soon as Lexa knew Clarke was close and fluttered around her fingers, Lexa pulled out and and Clarke hissed at the sudden loss but it didn’t last long as Lexa stroked her cock a couple times before lining herself up to Clarke’s soaked pussy. Lexa bent down and lifted Clarke up and Clarke wrapped her legs around her and Lexa wasted no time pushing in and bottoming out.

“Fuck, Clarke! You’re always so fucking tight.” Lexa groaned into her neck and slowly pulled out as far as she could in their current position before rutting right back in. Shower sex was always tricky and Lexa wanted to take her time, but knew they had the rest of the night so she made short work of pumping her hips faster into her.

Clarke’s grip on her shoulders was painfully tight, but Lexa didn’t care in the moment as she felt Clarke fluttering wildly around her and knew Clarke was about to come.
“Cum around my dick, Clarke. Cum for me,” Lexa whispered in her and bit down on the lobe making Clarke clench hard around her dick before she exploded. Lexa didn’t know what happening as she was trying to help Clarke ride her orgasm out when Clarke clamped down on her shoulder with her teeth. Lexa hissed in pain, but it triggered her own orgasm and Clarke was milking her for every drop she had.

Once their shared orgasms tapered off, Lexa pulled her softening dick from between Clarke’s folds, set Clarke down on her feet and held upright as Clarke came back to Earth. Lexa watched as their cum leaked out. She bent down and lapped at Clarke to clean her up. Their shared cum might just be her new favorite flavor besides Clarke.

Clarke was sensitive and eventually pushed Lexa away. She reluctantly stood up and kissed the blonde nice and soft which was in total contrast to what they just did, but Lexa wanted to show Clarke they were more than just sex without saying it out loud. Lexa had come to term with her feelings, but Clarke had not and she needed to treat her like a scared baby deer as if she’d bolt at the first sign of something serious.

That was the last thing Lexa wanted.

“Let me wash you, please?” Clarke smiled and nodded. “Afterall it’s my fault you’re dirty again.”

“That’s very true, but you don’t see me complaining now do you? Come surprise me anytime if that’s what I get to experience.”

“Good to know. I’ll remember that,” Lexa lathered up a wash rag and started massaging it into Clarke’s porcelain skin. There was something intimate in them showering together and Lexa didn’t realize this was a very different intimacy than sex. Lexa didn’t linger as she planned as Clarke’s eyes were drooping which was a sure sign that she wasn’t sleeping.

Maybe Lexa could wrangle an invitation to spend the night. Make it a night of firsts for them.

Lexa finished up washing Clarke and went to make quick work of cleaning up herself when she was stopped by a hand on her shoulder.

“Let me, please.” Lexa nodded unable to form words. She’d never experienced this with anyone before and closed her eyes when Clarke started massaging shampoo into her hair and Lexa moaned in appreciation.

Her eyes sprung open when Clarke started washing her body, and leaving little kisses behind every place she cleaned. Lexa couldn’t control the smile that spread across her face at the action, not to mention her heart stuttered at the feelings it caused.

Next thing she knew Clarke had wrapped her lips around her now erect dick, but she wasn’t trying to get her off, no she was returning the favor. Lexa let her for a few more moments before she couldn’t take it anymore as Lexa felt like she was going to shoot her load again.

“Oh, stop Clarke, please!” Clarke looked up at her from her knees and Lexa almost exploded by the look alone. Clarke was biting her lip and licking them at the same time and Clarke had to know what she was doing to her.

Lexa grabbed the washcloth and finished bathing before linking her hand with Clarke’s and pulling her out of the shower. She didn’t bother with towels, just pushed Clarke back until she landed with a thud on the bed.

Lexa had plans to keep and she had every intention of fulfilling every single one.
Clarke was satisfied in every way after they’d collapsed after their fourth or fifth round. Clarke had lost count after her seventh orgasm, both of them succumbing to sleep completely sated and Clarke couldn’t find a better position to be in then cuddled up in Lexa’s arms.

Normally, Clarke would ask Lexa to leave or Lexa would get the hint. Not tonight though. Clarke wasn’t nearly finished with her. She didn’t want to lead Lexa on, but needed her close. With the competition in just a few days, Clarke was going to become even busier and wanted as much Lexa time as possible.

She knew Lexa’s season was starting up in a couple weeks as well as classes. The latter she wasn’t looking forward to, but a promise is a promise and she intended to keep hers. Clarke loved spending time with Lexa and if she was honest with herself, her feelings were deeper than she thought they’d be.

Clarke wouldn’t call it love.

She was enjoying what they were doing and was didn’t want anything more because Clarke was afraid it would change them and it wouldn’t be the same. Clarke was terrified that once Lexa saw all of her, that she wouldn’t stick around.

Lexa stirred and effectively broke Clarke out of her thoughts.

“Hey you,” Lexa mumbled sleepily against her shoulder, her arms tightened around her. “How long have I been asleep?”

“A few hours so not long. We wore each other out,” Clarke smiled and the grumble that Lexa let out.

“How long have you been awake?”

“Not long, just thinking.” Clarke felt Lexa stiffen slightly before she relaxed. “I was thinking of something I wanted to try.”

Lexa’s head popped up and her eyes narrowed in question.

“And what it is that?”

Clarke blushed and mumbled incoherent.

“What was that, I don’t speak gibberish,” Lexa teased rolling them over and pushing Clarke into the mattress with her body weight. They were both still blessfully naked and Clarke used that to her advantage.

“I want to try something new, but I’m not sure what you’ll think about it.”

“How about sharing it with me and letting me decide.”

“I want you to tie me up where I can’t move. My arms and legs.” Clarke turned away, worried what Lexa would think.

Lexa kissed her neck and nibbled her ear before she whispered.

“That is so fucking hot, Clarke,” Lexa punctuated her words when she joined their lips together in a passionate kiss that spoke volumes.
Not giving Lexa anytime to get comfortable, she flipped her on her back so now their positions were reversed and Clarke started grinding down on Lexa’s rock hard abs. Lexa groaned at the action and thrust her hips up. Clarke could feel Lexa’s stiff member against her thigh and wanted nothing more than to line herself up and sink down, but resisted the urge.

She climbed off Lexa and heading to her closet. This was a huge show of trust for Clarke, something she didn’t even do with her ex and they were together most of high school. She looked back at the bed and saw Lexa watching every move she made.

Clarke took a minute to admire the gorgeous woman naked in her bed. She admired her sharp cheekbones, long eyelashes, beautiful green eyes before raking her eyes south and admiring her strong shoulders, perfect round breasts, her eight pack and down her long lean legs. Her eyes locked on Lexa’s dick that was already leaking precum.

She licked her lips before grabbing out some silk rope she had bought when Lexa was away. They were the color of Lexa’s eyes and she shyly turned around to show Lexa who just grinned.

“Come back over here beautiful.”

Clarke flushed at the compliment. Lexa had a way of making her feel special without really even trying.

Lexa got up when Clarke approached slowly. Clarke kissed her long and deep, nibbling on Lexa’s plump bottom lip she couldn’t get enough of.

“Are you okay with this?”

“I’m more than okay with it, but the better question is are you?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Okay, lay down on the bed and spread her arms and legs out. If at any time, you want to stop, just tell me, please,” Lexa asked worry evident in her tone.

“I promise.” Clarke loved how much Lexa cared and wanted to make sure she was okay. She never had someone check to make sure she was satisfied and happy like Lexa did.

She was amazing.

Clarke climbed onto the bed and laid down as instructed. Her heart was beating a mile a minute, but Lexa was looking at her in such a way that made Clarke feel safe.

Lexa walked around and made quick work of tying her to the bedposts. Clarke attempted to move, but couldn’t, she wasn’t going anywhere and Clarke felt herself dripping down her thighs and soaking the sheets for what’s to come.

She watched Lexa prowl around the bed her eyes looked like they were feasting on her body and Clarke loved the attention and everywhere Lexa looked, it felt like she was on fire and she really needed Lexa to touch her.

Instead, Lexa surprised her and started stroking her cock. Clarke whimpered in frustration. Seeing Lexa pleasuring herself though was a huge fucking turn on and to add to it, Lexa was biting her own lip and moaning in pleasure.

Clarke needed Lexa to touch her, to relieve her ache that settled deep and was couldn’t move or shift
to find any sort of friction to help. She groaned and whimpered, and let out needy moans all the while watching Lexa.

“Lexa, fuck me, please. Touch me.”

Lexa didn’t respond, but she’d ceased touching herself and made her way to the bed. Clarke would call that a win.

“Where do you want me to touch you,” She stroked her neck. “Here,” Brushed a thumb over her nipple. “Here,” Dragged a finger thru her slit, barely making contact with her clit, but had Clarke’s hips bucking. “Here.” Lexa got on the bed and hovered over her and Clarke whined wanting to feel Lexa against her.

“Fuck, anywhere, everywhere, please!” Clarke groaned out. Her voice raspy and deep. “Baby, please!”

Hearing that, Lexa succumbed and attached their lips and Clarke sighed in relief at finally getting some contact as much as she was enjoying kissing Lexa, it was nowhere near enough.

Not even close.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.” Lexa kissed down her neck, nipping along the way before laying off to the side of her and lavishing Clarke’s boobs with attention. She swirled her tongue around one while her hand was pinching and rolling her nipple between her fingers.

Clarke tried to arch into the contact, but she was held so tight, it was impossible. It only heightened her arousal and she was sure Lexa could smell it.

Lexa switched sides, and did the same to her other nipple. Clarke knew Lexa loved her boobs, she had big breasts and was proud of them, but she really needed Lexa to move farther down her body.

Clarke didn’t say anything, knowing it was very likely Lexa would just extend her torture and she knew she wouldn’t be able to take it. She wasn’t quite ready to give Lexa the satisfaction of begging.

She hoped to hold out.

It was a losing battle.

Lexa bit down hard on her nipple that had Clarke crying out in pleasure. Lexa’s eyes shot up in concern but Clarke nodded her head to keep going. She really liked it. Just like in the shower, when Lexa bit her lip. Lexa enjoyed teasing her so they both were enjoying the different aspects of their exploration.

That was new. She never enjoyed it until Lexa.

Finally, Lexa made her way farther down, and kissed her right on her mound, making Clarke whine. She took her time kissing down each of her legs leaving her mark on the inside of each thigh but still avoiding where Clarke wanted her most.

Clarke was soaked and Lexa being right there, but not touching her was killing her slowly. Lexa blew her hot breath over her clit and Clarke moaned long and deep before Lexa teasingly ran a finger down her slit and parted her folds. She nudged her opening, but didn’t enter and Clarke growled.

“Lexa, I swear to God, if you don’t…” Her protest was cut off when Lexa slammed her fingers inside while taking her pulsing clit into her mouth and sucking hard. Clarke was already so close to
the edge, she knew it wouldn’t take her long.

As soon as she felt herself falling, she was yanked back from the cusp of her impending orgasm by Lexa retracting her fingers and tongue. She cried out in disbelief.

She was so fucking close.

“Fuck, Lex!”

“Patience.”

Lexa moved lower and pushed her tongue into her dripping entrance and Clarke was right back at the edge, she just needed one little push, but Lexa had other ideas it seemed and kept pumping her tongue in and out.

Clarke threw her head back in absolute bliss because nothing could beat having Lexa between her legs completely enthralled going down on her. Lexa pulled away again when Clarke felt the clench in her stomach and she was about to murder her girl...Lexa.

Clarke looked down at her and saw Lexa look up at her. Her chin, lips and nose were covered in Clarke’s arousal and then Lexa licked her fucking lips and Clarke was clenching at absolutely nothing, thrown into a completely unexpected orgasm.

“Did you just?”

“Fuck, yeah I did. I’ve never done that.” Clarke was floored as she didn’t know that was possible, but it obviously was as it happened to her.

“Hmmm, okay. Well I’m not nearly done with you,” Without another word, Lexa dove back in and this time was intent on giving her another orgasm. Lexa wrapped her lips around Clarke’s clit and sucked hard and pushed three fingers in setting a fast pace.

“I want you to cum for me again. Can you do that?”

Clarke was in heaven, the only thing better would be Lexa’s dick filling her up and knowing that was to come most likely, Clarke groaned.

“Yes, Oh my...fuck, I’m...I’m coming…” Clarke clenched down hard on Lexa’s fingers that were stretching her deliciously and came completely undone. Pulse after pulse of absolute pleasure wracked her body. Lexa had slowed down her movements helping Clarke to ride out her orgasm.

She cleaned her up with little licks knowing how sensitive she was and the thoughtfulness and care almost brought Clarke to tears.

How did she get so lucky?

“Come up here please.” Lexa did as requested and Clarke claimed her lips tasting herself on Lexa’s lips and moaned at the taste. She could feel Lexa’s rock hard dick against her thigh reminding her that she hadn’t gotten a release yet.

“Lexa, I want you inside me. I want you so deep that I feel nothing, but full. Please.”

“Are you sure?”

Clarke’s heart almost burst at that.
“Yes, fuck. Now, please.”

Lexa untied her legs and Clarke looked at her confused.

“Trust me, please,” Lexa looked at her pleadingly.

Clarke couldn’t help but nod. She completely trusted Lexa and it scared her.

Lexa lined herself up and slid all the way in with no problem given how wet Clarke still was. Clarke felt complete when she was joined with Lexa like this. Clarke thrusted her hips up to meet Lexa’s thrusts, but Lexa had other plans. She took one of Clarke’s legs and threw it over her shoulder, then straddled her other leg, making her dick slip even deeper and Clarke cried out at the feeling. She has never had someone so deep before and it was amazing. Lexa then picked up her pace, sliding in and out at a rough and brutal pace, but Clarke was relishing in the feeling of Lexa’s dick reaching the deepest parts of her. She knew Lexa was close as her movements became choppy and uncoordinated, but Clarke also knew she would try to hold off her own orgasm to make sure Clarke got hers.

She was amazing like that.

“Cum for me, Lex. I’m so close. Let go babe. For me, please.” Clarke moaned around, hands wrapped up in Lexa’s silky hair holding on for dear life.

Lexa froze before spilling her load inside her which triggered Clarke’s own orgasm. It was her longest and most powerful one yet. It was euphoric having Lexa empty herself into her and continuing to do so until their was nothing left.

Lexa’s hips stilled after a few minutes and she slumped boneless on top of Clarke. Clarke could barely keep her own eyes open. Lexa’s eyes shot open suddenly and she reached to untie her hands by tugging loose the slip knot.

Clarke whimpered as the blood rushed back into her hands, but Lexa was quick to massage the feeling back into her hands and had Clarke sigh at the gesture. Once she regained feeling again she started running her hands up Lexa’s arm and over her tattoo before repeating the same action over the tattoo Lexa had adorning her back.

It didn’t take long before she heard sexy little snores coming from Lexa and the last thing Clarke remembered before succumbing to sleep herself was that she loved this feeling.

It was new and wonderful.

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Just like Lexa predicted the competition was postponed until further notice. Lexa felt bad for her, but at least it was only temporary, not permanent, but she had a feeling that wasn’t the way Clarke would see it. Lexa had tried to reach out by calling and texting, but so far got no response.

Lexa was afraid of what that could mean.

The storm was supposed to be the worst they’d seen in the last ten years and everyone needed to hunker down and ride out the storm. Luckily it was just a nasty tropical storm, and not a hurricane. Lexa didn’t want either, but would take the less powerful one at the moment. She was at practice when she heard the news and wasn’t surprised. They’d cancelled practices until further notice too, as the storm was supposed to hit the next day.
Clarke’s competition was supposed to be in two days.

Lexa showered and packed up her stuff and headed out of the locker room. She had resigned herself to the first evening in weeks to not seeing the blonde she’d become accustomed too. What she didn’t expect was to find Clarke leaning up against her jeep waiting for her.

What Lexa saw almost broke her heart. Clarke’s hair was a tangled mess, she was still in her rash guard which meant she came straight from the beach, but what really got her was her eyes were rimmed red and tears were streaking down her face.

Lexa thought Clarke was beautiful even with the teary eyes and snotty nose.

She dropped her bag and engulfed Clarke into a firm hug. She wanted to convey that she was there no matter what, but thought actions would speak louder than words. The fact that Clarke had come to find her spoke volumes of the blonde’s feelings, but knew better than to point it out. Lexa was just content to hold her and let her cry into her shoulder.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean too. I…” Clarke didn’t remove her head from Lexa’s shoulder, just mumbled into her chest.

“Don’t be sorry, Clarke. You’re upset, you have every right to be upset, but listen to me,” Lexa tilted her head up so Lexa could meet her eyes. “This is not the end. It’s postponed, not cancelled. Apparently Tropical Storm Nia is a raging bitch!” Lexa smiled.

Clarke laughed out loud wiping her tears away and Lexa thought job well done since she got her to laugh.

Mission accomplished.

Lexa couldn’t stay her tears and gently swiped them away with her thumbs and cradled her cheek. She leaned forward and gently kissed her forehead and propped her chin on her head. She felt Clarke inhale deeply before she let it out.

“I know it isn’t, but god Lexa, this was my shot! What if they decided to cancel it? What if they decide to do it somewhere else? What if?” Lexa cut off her rambles.

“What if you they pick a new date, you go out there and kill it and get a ton of sponsors? What about that?”

Clarke looked at her in a way Lexa couldn’t describe, but it made her feel all tingly and warm.

“How do you always know just what to say to make me feel better?”

Lexa smirked. “It’s a gift. What can I say?” Lexa pulled back and smiled wide.

“Is that so?”

“Yep,” Lexa replied and popped the p and made herself laugh hysterically.

“Wow,” Clarke joined in the laughter.

Once their laughter subsided and they stood up straight again. Lexa cleared her throat, the smile fell into a more serious look.

“Really though, I’m just stating the truth. I look forward to watching you compete when the time comes.”
Surprise flashed across Clarke’s face.

“You were going to come watch me?” Clarke asked flabbergasted.

“Of course, why wouldn’t I?” Lexa asked confused. There was not a chance that Lexa would miss it. It was a huge deal to Clarke and she wanted to be there to support her. She knows that her friends will be there, but Lexa wanted to be there as well. The more support Clarke had, the better in her opinion.

“No reason,” Clarke said avoiding her eyes. Lexa knew there was more to it and figured it had something to do with her dad. She didn’t know much about him, but knew he was a huge influence on her life and she missed him greatly.

Lexa understood and wouldn’t push.

“I’ll be there with a huge sign that says ‘Clarke is the best surfer ever’ and I’ll have it in big bold letters and be screaming my head off for you,” Lexa just wanted Clarke to feel better and if she had to make a fool out of herself, she would do it in a heartbeat.

“You’re a dork, but thank you. It...it means a lot.” Clarke kissed her on the cheek and Lexa felt her cheeks warm.

“Of course. Anytime, Clarke.”

They stood next to each other looking out towards the stadium, Lexa put her arm around Clarke and let her lean into her trying to give her the support she needed.

“Want to get out of here?”

“Absolutely. Where to?”

“Your place, my roommates are home,” Clarke walked around the car and waited. Lexa got the hint, but instead of pressing the unlock button, she walked around the car and unlocked the car and opened the door for her.

It was Clarke’s turn to blush.

Clarke kissed her chastely on the lips before she hopped in. Lexa shut the door behind her and made her way to the driver’s seat.

As soon as the door closed, Clarke reached out and grabbed her hand. She pulled into her lap and stroked Lexa’s knuckles with her thumb. Lexa started the car and the song ‘Happy’ came on and Clarke started singing.

Lexa sat there for a moment and stared at her in awe. Only one thought ran through her head.

She could get used to this.

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“You should stay here with Nia heading in. It would be safer than your house,” Lexa said while they were sprawled out on the couch with Clarke’s head in Lexa’s lap. Lexa continued to run her hands through her blonde waves.

Clarke contemplated it as they had only spent the night together once, she was afraid that this could mean more to Lexa and didn’t want to lead her on, but she really wanted to wake up next to her
again. It was one of the best feelings, Clarke can remember having in a very long time.

It all had to do with the brunette.

Clarke knew this arrangement was her idea and knew Lexa had agreed because she wasn’t ready to be in a relationship either. It was perfect for them before, but Clarke found herself wanting more and that terrified her in a good way.

Now, she just needed to feel out Lexa to see how she felt, but would take it slow because she didn’t want to lose her.

She must have been silent for longer than she thought because Lexa looked down at her in curiosity. She was so fucking beautiful, Clarke said in her head, but actually said at out loud and watched Lexa’s cheeks pink and her ears redden. Clarke loved to fluster her, it was so easy and very enjoyable.

“Thank you, Clarke. You’re very sweet in your own way,” Lexa leaned down and kissed her.

When their kiss broke, Clarke spoke up.

“I think that’s a really smart idea. We have no idea how bad the storm will get. I mean if you’re sure..”

“I’m sure,” Lexa interrupted.

“Okay, count me in, but what about Raven and Octavia?” Clarke asked. She couldn’t just abandon her friends. That would make her a really shitty friend. Now that she thought about it, it was more Raven that she was worried about because Octavia was hardly home and Clarke honestly thought she had a secret boyfriend or something with the way she’d been lately.

Clarke had been so wrapped up in Lexa and surfing, she hadn’t had the chance to interrogate her about it lately. She planned to change that the next time they hung out.

“They can stay here too,” Lexa suggested.

“And how will Anya feel about all of us crashing your place. I mean Raven she might be okay with as they hit it off at your party, but add Octavia and me, I don’t think so.”

Lexa laughed.

“I already talked to her about it and she’s fine with it,”

Clarke sat up.

“She’s what?”

“She’s fine with it, to be honest I think she likes Raven, but damn if she’ll admit it. She’s a stubborn ass.”

“Wow and here I thought she hated me,” The last thing she wanted was Anya to hate her as it was Lexa’s best friend. If they were going to be more, that just wouldn’t do.

“She doesn’t hate you. She just doesn’t trust you.” Lexa stopped talking for a moment. “She doesn’t trust anyone really and she’s protective.” Lexa shrugged.

“I get that and I understand. It just surprised me is all. I’ll take you up on that offer though and I’m
sure Raven will as well because I know she likes Anya as well. She’s been walking around with a
dopey smile on her face and she doesn’t do that. Octavia will probably stay with her secret
boyfriend.”

“Secret boyfriend?”

“Yes, she hasn’t actually said she has one, but I suspect it. She’s been very tight lipped about it
which means he must be special. She always goes on and on about her boyfriends, but not this one.
That says something.”

“Well that’s great for her and I’m sure she’ll tell you when she’s ready. Obviously she has her
reasons for keeping it a secret. Maybe just wait for her to come to you instead,” Lexa suggested and
Clarke thought she looked a little scared. Clarke thought it was sweet of her to care so much.

“You’re just full of good ideas lately,” Clarke leaned in and kissed her, promptly forgetting
everything else when their lips touched. Every time was eclectic and every time butterflies erupted in
her stomach.

It made her realize even more just how special Lexa truly was.

“I just want what’s best for you and I want you to be safe. That’s all,” Lexa rubbed the back of her
neck awkwardly.

“Well, it’s very much appreciated, Lex. Oh before I forget,” Clarke reached over to grab her phone
that was thrown haphazardly during one of their many makeout sessions. “I want to text them and let
them know. I don’t plan on touching my phone later,” Clarke looked at her waiting for the
understanding to click and when it did, a beautiful smile spread across Lexa’s face.

“Hmm, that’s a good idea because once I get you into bed, I don’t plan on letting you leave.”

Clarke shivered at the thought, remembering the last time they had sex when she was tied up and
Lexa having her way with her. Clarke shook her head and focused on sending the texts. It took no
time at all to get their responses.

“Raven’s in and Octavia is out, no surprise there. When is the storm supposed to hit?”

“Tomorrow afternoon, I believe. We can go to your house in the morning and pack up what you
need and pick up Raven if needed as well. Does that work for you?”

“Yeah that works,” Clarke tossed her phone behind her. “Now where were we?”

Lexa wasted no time before she leaned in and kissed her. Lexa took her bottom lip in between her
teeth and bit down softly. It elicited a gasp from Clarke. Clarke wanted to even the field, but couldn’t
get the rest of her body to cooperate.

Besides Dominant Lexa was really fucking hot.

Barely even been touched and Lexa had Clarke already uncomfortably wet. Clarke rubbed her legs
together to get some friction that Lexa put a stop to with her hands on her thighs. Lexa broke the kiss
and stood up suddenly. She bent down and hoisted Clarke up as well and Clarke wrapped her legs
around her waist and shamelessly started grinding against Lexa’s abs.

“You want to keep doing that, or do you want me to get you off myself?” Lexa asked as they made
their way to her bedroom… their bedroom for the next few days. Clarke clenched at the thought and
felt a gush of wetness coat the inside of her thighs.
“I want you to touch me, Lex. I need you.”

“I’ll take care of you,” Lexa sat down on the bed with Clarke in her lap and kissed her long and hard.

“It’s going to be a long night again,” They both smiled blissfully happy just getting to be together.

It was a long night indeed.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Thanks again for all the kudos and comments. Didn’t expect everyone to still like it after losing my co writer :)  

Also huge thanks to my beta. Without you the chapter wouldn't be posted:)  

Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning, Lexa drove them over to Clarke’s house to pack. The sky was already dark and gloomy and looked like it was going to break any minute. So much for it hitting later, thought Lexa when she glanced at the threatening sky. What a crock of shit.

She really wanted them to be back at her apartment safe sound before all hell broke loose, but unfortunately looked like the weather man was incorrect on his prediction. The last thing Lexa wanted to do was drive in this, so she picked up speed and they arrived quicker than anticipated. Luckily, Anya had gone to the store for provisions while Lexa took care of Clarke and Raven.

“We need to hurry, the storm looks like it’s going to start any minute,” Lexa said as she parked.

“You’re right, we do. I just hope Raven is ready to go because it won’t take me long to throw some things in a bag,” Clarke replied as they rushed into the house.

The first thing they saw was Raven standing in front of them, her hands on her hips playfully glaring at them. At her feet were two bags already packed and another few bags scattered around her.

“Raven, what the fuck?! Why are you standing in the dark in the middle of the hallway like a creeper,” Clarke exclaimed after she had to halt in her tracks. Lexa thought it was sexy when Clarke was worked up, but she was also curious to hear Raven’s answer.

“I’m waiting for you two dumbasses, obviously. I already packed and here I am waiting for you with a massive storm about to hit and you two are late!”

“Give it a rest, Rae, we’re only a few minutes late.”

“A few minutes late in the midst of this weather is a lifetime, Griff. And Lexa, I expected you to be on time at least,” Raven stared pointedly at her and Lexa shrank a little under her gaze. If Lexa was honest, Raven scared her just a little bit. With her tendency to blow stuff up, she thought it was understandable. Plus she’s heard countless stories from Clarke that didn’t help either.

“I’m sorry Raven, but as you can imagine…” Lexa felt an elbow to her stomach and turned to glare
at Clarke. “What was that for?”

“Don’t apologize to her, she’s doing it on purpose. It’s what she does. She loves getting a rise out of people,” Clarke continued to stare at her best friend while Lexa looked back and forth confused.

“No wonder Anya likes her,” Lexa muttered under her breath. She knew Clarke heard because she started laughing uncontrollably while Raven ignored them and picked up one of the bags, flinging it at Clarke. Lexa snatched it out of the air in order to avoid it smacking Clarke in the face.

“Watch it, Reyes,” Lexa growled.

“Ohhh, is the Commander coming out to play?” Raven teased, completely unaware of exactly what she was provoking, but a hand on her arm snapped Lexa out of it.

“Relax, please,” Clarke leaned up to kiss her and Lexa felt the anger slip away just with the touch of Clarke’s lips.

“Oh ugh, is this what I’m going to have to put up with for the next few days. You two are gross and to think you’re just fuck buddies!”

Both their faces paled and they pulled back abruptly avoiding eye contact.

“You’re one to talk, Rae. I’ve seen the way you look at Anya, so who’s to say it will only us that’s gross.”

“Fuck you, Griffin,” Lexa was pleased to see that Raven’s face had turned beet red at Clarke’s observation.

Deciding to intervene before it became even more of a pissing match, Lexa took a few of the bags and headed towards the door. “Get a move on it, I don’t want to be caught in this storm,” It seemed they heeded her advice as Lexa heard shuffling behind her.

Walking outside, Lexa was met with a torrent of rain pounding the pavement. She sprinted to her Jeep, tossing the bags in the trunk and was soaked in mere seconds. Lexa looked back towards the front door to see the other two bolting for the car as well so she made her way to the driver’s seat and started the car. First thing she did was crank up the heat, because none of them needed to get sick.

Lexa waited for them to climb in and once they did, off they went to her place. Lexa had to listen to them bicker the entire way which gave her a headache.

She hoped to get some quality time with Clarke and she just hoped that Anya proved to be a good enough distraction for Raven.

Only time would tell.

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Lexa couldn’t be happier to pull back up to her apartment complex after having to drive through the storm that arrived early and listening to them bicker the entire ride back which took twice as long.
Lexa was exhausted and the day had only just started.

She adored Clarke, but these next few days with all four of them cooped up in a small apartment was really going to test her and not necessarily in a good way. She couldn’t wait to get inside and pawn Raven off on Anya. She didn’t think her roommate would have issues with that.

Lexa smiled when she felt a kiss pressed to her cheek.

“What are you thinking?” Clarke asked. Her blonde hair was plastered to her head and her clothes were deliciously stuck to her body outlining all her beautiful curves. Lexa wanted to take a bite of that long slender neck and take one of her erect nipples into her mouth. Lexa’s eyes wandered lower to the where her shirt was riding up and pale smooth skin was showing and Lexa felt herself getting hard.

She wanted to take Clarke in the backseat and fuck her til they couldn’t remember their own names and make Clarke scream in ecstasy...

“Stop ogling my friend when I’m sitting right here,” Raven snapped from the backseat. Lexa chose to ignore her and kissed Clarke.

“I was thinking about you, beautiful and what I want to do to you,” Lexa purred.

“I’m a mess, but thank you, Lex. Mmm, what kind of things?” Clarke asked, her voice dropped low in desire.

“You’re welcome. Things I can’t say right now.”

“You two need to get a room. Let’s go, I’m starving.” Raven snapped clearly annoyed by the two of them.

“Oh we plan too, Reyes. Hope you brought ear plugs.”
Oh hell no. There’s a sex ban. That isn’t going to happen.” Raven spoke loudly to make sure she was heard.

“We’ll see about that,” And with that Clarke jumped out of the car and headed towards the trunk. Not wanting her to be alone, Lexa immediately got out to help her. Raven was left in the car and was laughing her head off as Clarke flipped her off.

They left a couple bags for Raven before hauling ass into the apartment calling behind them that the rest were for her. Lexa could hear Raven yelling obscenities after them.

Once they entered the elevator the bags were dropped and Clarke was pushing Lexa up against the wall claiming her lips in a hot, hungry kiss. All teeth and tongue battling for dominance that had Lexa letting out a whine when her lip was bit and sucked into Clarke’s mouth.

The kiss alone had Lexa half hard, if they kept kissing, Lexa was going to pull the emergency button and take Clarke right then and there. It was a fleeting thought, but the effect it had on Lexa had her growl into the kiss.

Lexa heard Clarke’s answering whimper and effectively turned them around and slammed Clarke up against the wall, pressing the stop button behind her and slanting their mouths back together.

She pushed Clarke’s shirt up and captured a nipple in her mouth that had Clarke arching her chest into the contact.

“Lexa, fuck. Are you sure? We should…” Clarke’s words were cut off by a high pitched moan when Lexa bit down hard and soothed it with her tongue.

“I love your boobs, I can’t get enough of them. I can’t get enough of you.” Lexa didn’t notice Clarke’s hands going to her zipper. She did notice when Clarke stroked her bulge before pulling down her zipper. Lexa wasted no time in getting rid of Clarke’s shorts and panties. She almost couldn’t think clearly with the way Clarke was stroking her and running her finger over her head.

She could have come just from her touch alone, but wanted to be surrounded by Clarke’s wet, tight heat, so brushed off Clarke’s hand and silenced her protests with a deep kiss. Lexa grabbed her dick and lined herself up and Clarke sunk down immediately as Lexa thrusted up. They both let out guttural moans at the feeling of being together again.
Nothing felt better than being with Clarke.

Knowing they didn’t have much time, Lexa went to work with a quick pace, the angle they were at had Lexa hitting deeper with every powerful thrust. Clarke met her thrust for thrust and Lexa tried to keep their lips locked to avoid them making too much noise and drawing unwanted attention.

Lexa wished she wasn’t fucking Clarke against a wall, but considering their living situation for the next few days, Lexa took advantage of the opportunity. Lexa pumped harder and was urged on by the grunts and groans Clarke was letting out.

“Fuck, Lex, right there. Feels so good!” Clarke’s voice was high pitched and Lexa loved it. She wasn’t going to last much longer which was a good thing considering where they were. She pounded into her a few more thrusts when she felt Clarke tightening around her. It made it harder for Lexa to move, but Clarke felt so good, she didn’t care.

“Cum for me baby!” Those words triggered Clarke’s orgasm and she was coming hard around her dick. Lexa slowed down and let Clarke ride out of her high, her head falling heavily on Lexa’s shoulder.

When Clarke comes back to her senses, she kisses Lexa’s neck and jaw before reaching her mouth and leaving a peck there.

“I want you to come in my mouth.” Lexa almost lost it right then and there. Lexa looked at her, pupils blown before she lowered Clarke to the ground. Clarke didn’t bother pulling off Lexa’s shorts or boxers, just took her head in her mouth, hollowed her lips and sucked hard. Lexa was already so close to the edge, it wasn’t going to take much to tip her over.

“You’re mouth is fucking perfect. You suck me so well!” Lexa exclaimed, biting her lip in order to keep her moans to a minimum.

Clarke added her hand the mix and squeezed her from base to tip and swirled her tongue around her head and Lexa couldn’t stop herself any longer.

She tapped Clarke on the shoulder trying to let her know, but Clarke just wrapped her tighter around her.
“Fuck! I’m coming, fuck!” Lexa exploded and shot her load into Clarke’s mouth. Lexa watched Clarke swallow it all and milked her until she had nothing left. When she finally tapered off, Clarke licked her lips and Lexa’s dick twitched at the sight.

“I love the way you taste. Fuck! It’s so good.”

Clarke was so fucking beautiful. Lexa hauled her up and pressed her now flaccid cock against her. She kissed her deeply, tasting her own cum. She licked into Clarke’s mouth to taste more. Clarke had reached down to stroke her again, but knowing how long they’d been already, Lexa knew they couldn’t.

She stepped back.

“We should probably get going, they’re going to be wandering where we are.”

Clarke laughed.

“I’m pretty sure they already know, but I guess you’re right.”

Neither made a move.

It was fucking hard with the way Clarke was looking at her. Her hair was a mess from the rain and Lexa’s hands. Lexa could see the marks she’s left and when her eyes darted lower, she saw Clarke was pink and glistening and Lexa wanted a taste.

Fuck it, she thought before surging forward and sunk to her knees.

“Lex, I thought you said…” Once again, Clarke cut off the rest of what she was going to say, but the moan she let out when Lexa parted her folds and dove in was worth it. Lexa was super eager and sloppy and she knew it, but she wanted to be everywhere. Lexa pushed her tongue into her entrance as far as she could go and listening to Clarke’s whines and whimpers was a total turn on.

Lexa avoided her clit knowing it would drive Clarke crazy, but the grip Clarke had in her hair made it almost impossible to avoid it for long. She wrapped her lips around her enlarged clit and sucked hard and nipped slightly.
“OH, Lexa! I’m so close. Do that again, please!” Clarke groaned out. Lexa did as requested and nipped harder and the next, Clarke’s release flooded Lexa’s tongue and Lexa drank straight from the source. Lexa kept her tongue moving in and out to enhance Clarke’s high before bringing her slowly back down. Lexa cleaned her up, thoroughly enjoying everything Clarke and knew she could spend the rest of her life with this woman.

She kissed her clit, knowing she was sensitive before kissing her way slowly up her body. Lexa captured Clarke’s lips in a tender kiss.

“Now we really need to go. Couldn’t last long I see?” Lexa teased and watched Clarke’s eyes finally focus on her again.

“You’re one to talk.” Lexa laughed and kissed her again because she loved Clarke’s sassy mouth.

“Touche, gorgeous.”

“Raven’s going to kill us, but it was totally worth it.” Clarke joined in on the laughter.

“Probably and Anya will be pissed as well, but they can get over it. We should get up there though.”

Clarke nodded and reached for her clothes and got dressed. Lexa fixed her shorts and straightened her shirt up and tried to tame her hair, but it was no use. Once they were sufficiently clothed, Lexa pressed the emergency stop button and the elevator continued to ascend to Lexa’s floor.

Lexa wrapped her arm around Clarke and kissed the side of her head.

The doors slid open and they both froze which they saw who greeted them before promptly bursting into laughter at the expressions worn by the people waiting for them.

Anyá and Raven were standing there, arms crossed and glaring at them.
Clarke ignored them and instead grabbed the bags she dropped. She strutted out of the elevator with her head held high and a smirk on her lips. Lexa was right behind her and knew she had the same satisfied smile on her face as well.

“You two are completely out of your fucking minds,” Anya snarled at them. Clarke ignored them and grabbed Lexa’s free hand.

“Griffin, what the fuck has gotten into you? Sex in an elevator really?! Who are you and what have you done with Clarke?”

Clarke whipped around.

“First of all, fuck you Rae. I’m the same person I’ve always been. I’m happy, get used to it,” Lexa leaned over and whispered in her ear.

“I’m pretty sure I’m the one you just fucked, not Raven,” Lexa bit her ear and Clarke bit her lip to stop a moan. Damn, Lexa was insatiable, but Clarke loved it.


Anya glared at them and nodded at Raven.

“Where you going two go? There’s a massive storm outside in case you forgot.” Lexa asked clearly amused.

“Lex, you and I will be talking later and no shit, we’re going back to the apartment as we’re all stuck with each other,” Clarke watched as Anya grabbed Raven’s hand and led them down the hall. Clarke cooed after them which had her friend glaring back at her.

“You need to get laid, An,” Clarke jumped out of the way when Anya charged Lexa suddenly and Lexa took off at sprint to avoid her. Clarke stood next to Raven flabbergasted.
“Just because this is entertaining doesn’t mean you’re off the hook, Griff,” Raven nudged her shoulder and laughed.

“Yeah, yeah I know, I would never presume anything different when it comes to you,” Clarke turned and looked the other two who were on the floor wrestling. “They are so like you and O, it’s ridiculous. I’m gonna stop this.” Clarke took a step forward, but Raven grabbed her arm.

“Awe, c’mon, Clarke, this is fucking hot. Two sexy woman fighting, even you have got to admit your girl is looking fine with those muscles on display.”

Clarke’s heart stuttered at what Raven said, and really liked the sounds of it, but wasn’t going to give Raven the satisfaction of knowing that yet.

Lexa should be the first one to know.

Clarke looked again and had to admit Raven was right. She’d seen those muscles in action when they were having sex, but this was completely different and really hot.

“You’re right, fuck, but I’m still going to stop it,” Clarke replied.

“You’re a party pooper, this is just getting good,” Anya was on top straddling Lexa. She had Lexa’s hands pinned above her head and Lexa was trying to buck Anya off, but it was no use and Clarke watched Lexa lean back in defeat.

“You win this time, Anya, but it won’t happen again,” Lexa said while she caught her breath.

“Good luck with that, Lex,” Anya jumped off her and stood up. She reached down and pulled Lexa up with her. Clarke went and made sure Lexa was okay and from the corner of her eye saw Raven do the same.

“Are you okay?” Clarke was concerned and flitted her hands across her face. Lexa leaned into the contact which made Clarke smile.

“I’m okay, it’s the way we solve our problems,” Lexa shrugged her shoulders.
“You two are children, but I’m glad you’re okay,” Clarke leaned up and kissed her cheek.

“Are you two done now, can we get a move on,” Raven snarked, but Clarke noticed she was holding Anya’s arm and Anya didn’t shrug her off. Interesting, she thought.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

They continued down the hall until they got to the apartment and Anya unlocked the door.

“So Raven, you’ll be sleeping on the couch, it’s pretty comfy and Clarke, you can share my room if that’s cool?” Lexa looked at her to make sure. Clarke nodded.

Raven dropped her bags and plopped down on the couch.

“This will work just fine.”

“Glad we can accommodate you, Raven,” Lexa went over to the closet and grabbed a pillow, blanket and sheets. “We can make the couch like a bed if you’d like, Clarke told you’d prefer that.”

“Awe, Clarke, you looking out for me,” Raven cooed.

Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Of course, Rae.”

“Thank you both for letting me crash here,” Raven turned her attention to the hosts.

Lexa was about to respond, but Anya beat her to it. Anya had been leaning against the counter, arms crossed, a scowl on her face, but it was wiped off when she locked eyes with Raven.
“Don’t worry about it, it’s better for you to be safe anyways,” Anya’s voice had softened when she spoke to Raven and Clarke looked to see if Lexa saw. By the dropped jaw, she did.

Clarke decided to leave the two to their moment. She was happy that her friends had found someone even if they weren’t ready to admit it. It’s not like she had any room to talk. She was having sex with someone she deeply cared about and was still calling them fuck buddies.

She would be a hypocrite if she said something.

She picked up her own bag and headed into Lexa’s room and put down her bag. Clarke didn’t hear Lexa come up behind her and wrapped her arms tight around her. Clarke leaned back in her embrace and loved how safe and protected she felt.

She had never felt that way with anyone before. Lexa’s arms felt like home.

“I think Raven will fit right in,” Lexa kissed the side of her head.

Clarke laughed and turned around in Lexa’s hold. She captured her lips and bit softly on her bottom lip.

“Thank you for making her feel welcome.”

“She’s your best friend, of course I will, but I don’t think I’m the one that made her feel welcome. I think that honor is reserved for Anya.”

“Yeah, there is definitely something budding between them,” Clarke leaned back to see the soft look in her eyes.

“Yeah, looks like it. I’ve never seen Anya like that with anyone,” Lexa still looked in shock and Clarke found it adorable.

“I know, Raven is the same way, it will be interesting to watch it pan out,” Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa’s neck.
“True, but you know what’s more interesting than that. You,” Lexa kissed her head. “Me,” She kissed her cheeks. “In the bed, naked.” Lexa caught Clarke’s lips in a kiss, sliding her tongue in the minute Clarke gasped.

They kissed for several minutes and Lexa was maneuvering them back towards the bed, the door flew open.

“Nope, not gonna happen. You two out here, now,” Raven snapped her fingers and pointed.

Anyab tilted her head to the side and nodded.

“Ugh, I hate you, Reyes.”

“You love me,” They turned and walked away. Clarke sighed mournfully at Lexa, but followed dutifully after her friend. She felt Lexa grabbing her hand, but Clarke kept pulling her along.

It was going to be a long few days.

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It was only noon and Lexa had no idea how they were going to entertain themselves. Lexa knew exactly how it would go if it was just her and Clarke, but sadly they were saddled with their best friends who were intent on keeping them from doing just that.

To say Lexa was going to be frustrated was an understatement if they had their way. Lexa was so glad you acted on instinct and took Clarke in the elevator, but who knew when she would get the chance again.

Sharing a bed with her was going to be pure torture.

All, Lexa wanted to was touch Clarke and be close to her. Lucky for her, Clarke seemed to feel the same and gripped her hand tighter.
“So what’s the plan?” Clarke asked the room. “We have a whole lot of time to kill and I hope the power stays on.”

“Good question, I saw we take advantage of having power and do a movie marathon,” Everybody nodded their head. “Anybody have a preference?” Raven questioned and everybody shook their head. “Good, because I vote for all the Batman movies or Harry Potter.”

Clarke laughed and Lexa guessed there was some short of inside joke she wasn’t privy too. She locked eyes with Anya who shrugged.

“I’m game for either.” Anya casted her vote.

Lexa saw Clarke mouthing something to her, but couldn’t read her lips.

“Either or, I haven’t seen all of either,” Lexa felt a slap to her shoulder. She looked up to see Clarke glaring at her.

“What was that for?”

“She wanted you to choose Harry Potter, she’s obsessed. She loves both, but would choose HP over Batman any day. I love giving her a hard time.” Raven answered for her.

“You’re so mean,” Clarke pouted.

“Yep and you love it. Let’s see, what should we watch, hmmm.” Raven paced slowly back and forth and Lexa had to admit it was funny to see Clarke pout in the corner. She laughed out loud and the baby blues turned on her and Lexa reached out to console her girl….Clarke.

She wasn’t her girl, but Lexa hoped to change that.

Clarke pushed her away and didn’t want to be cuddled, but Lexa persisted and finally Clarke sunk into her embrace and Lexa let out a chuckle at her childish behavior. It was really cute.

Lexa succumbed because she couldn’t say no to Clarke.
“Reyes, I chose Harry Potter,” Lexa announced and Clarke’s smile was worth the huffs that their friends let out.

“Of course you do. You’re so whipped,” Anya got high fived for the remark from Raven.

“Shut it, Raven, I think it’s sweet.”

“Only because she sided with you, Blondie.”

“Play nice, An,” Lexa got slightly defensive, but Clarke rubbed her back and it soothed her.

“Okay, if this is how we’re going to do than I chose Batman.”

“Oh, me too, me too,” Raven shared a charged look with Anya that Lexa caught and smirked.

“So how do we settle this?” Lexa asked.

“Easy!” Raven grinned. “Rock, paper, scissors.”

“You’re so on,” Lexa jumped up, but Clarke pulled her back.

“Be careful, Lex. She’s sneaky.”

“I got this. I win against Anya all the time.”

“That may be true, but you haven’t played against Raven, I have,” Clarke retorted in a serious tone. “She’s ruthless.”

“Don’t worry, Clarke,” Lexa kissed her luck and had to resist the urge to deepen it knowing that she couldn’t take it any farther than that.
“Go get them, babe,” Every time Clarke said that, it caused a flutter in her heart and it was would be amazing if Clarke really meant it like she wanted her too.

Lexa turned around and faced Raven.

“Let’s get this over with.”

“You’re going down, Woods.”

“In your dreams, Reyes.”

Anya stood between them and started the count.

“One, two, three!” Both of shot out their choices and Lexa slapped her paper over Raven’s rock and smiled triumphantly.

Clarke smiled and rubbed Lexa’s shoulders. Raven stared daggers at her.

“Okay, ready, one, two, three!” Once again Lexa chose paper and Raven chose rock. Lexa had a feeling she would go back to her first choice and luckily she was right. She slapped her hand over Raven’s.

“I win!” Clarke jumped into her arms and kissed her and Lexa enjoyed that more than the win.

“I’ll get you next time. Watch your back,” Raven scowled, but seemed to take comfort in whatever Anya whispered in her ear. Lexa smiled.

“Harry Potter it is.” Lexa laughed at Clarke’s enthusiasm. She let Clarke get down and watched her rush to the movie shelf.

Raven and Anya huffed and grumbled as they made their way to the couch and spread out with blankets. Lexa chose the recliner that would fit both her and Clarke and waited for the blonde to join.
her. She did a couple minutes later with the remotes and cuddled up into her side. Lexa took a blanket and threw it over them.

They all settled in to watch the movie.

By the fourth movie, the table was littered with candy, pizza, drinks, chips and chocolate. Clarke had been started teasing her during the third movie. She kept rubbing up and down her legs, cupping her bulge and retreating. Every so often she would lean up and nibble and kiss on her neck and ear and it was driving Lexa absolutely crazy.

It was pure torture.

“Clarke…” Lexa whined. “Fuck, please stop. They’re sitting right there.” Lexa looked over and saw they had fallen asleep, but knew they could wake up at any moment. No matter how hard she had become, Lexa refused to do anything with them in the room. She wanted to be respectful to their friends, but Clarke made it so difficult.

“They’re asleep. Let me take care of you,” Clarke purred in her ear. She reached down and rubbed her bulge. Lexa was so weak for the blonde who was pressed up against her side. Clarke took her silence as permission and threw the blanket off. Clarke licked her lips causing Lexa to quietly groan, deep in her throat.

Clarke reached down and slid off her shorts, letting Lexa’s cock slap back against her taught abs. Lexa had become so desperate, she couldn't stop her even if she wanted to. She felt the urge to pull the blanket back up to give them some privacy. She looked around for it, but Clarke had thrown it on the floor just out of reach. Just as Clarke was about to finally do something, Raven popped up.

“What’s going on. Are you two about to have sex?” Raven shot up off the couch and froze. Lexa knew right away what she saw and flushed crimson. She reacted too late to cover herself up and Raven continued to stare wide eyed.

Clarke grabbed the blanket to cover her, but it was too late. Tears welled up in the brunette’s eyes and she jumped off the couch, running straight into her bedroom. She slammed the door and collapsed against it, tears streaming down her face. Raven’s reaction was exactly why she didn’t tell anyone.

She hadn’t been there more than a minute before Clarke bolted into the room to console her. Lexa
wrapped her arms around her tightly. Lexa cried into her shoulder, thoroughly embarrassed.

“Baby, sweetheart, Lex. It’s okay. You’re safe,” Clarke punctuated each word with a kiss to her head. “Raven doesn’t care. Not at all. She was just surprised. I promise, it’s okay.”

Lexa heard every word Clarke said, but didn’t pull her head back from Clarke’s chest. Her boobs were perfect pillows to rest her red, blotchy face. She just shook her head.

“She wants to talk to you if you’ll let her. Please, Lex. It will be okay. Do you trust me?”

Lexa looked up at that.

“I do trust you, Clarke. More than anything. You mean so much to me and I know how important your friends are to you. It’s one of the many reasons why you’re such an amazing person,” Lexa coughed awkwardly. She knew exactly what she wanted to say, but didn’t want to freak Clarke out.

“You’re amazing too, Lex. Raven won’t think anything different of you. I promise,” Clarke wiped away her tears and kissed her lightly on her lips. Lexa felt the tingle go all the way through her. She was petrified, but knew she should hear what Raven had to say.

For Clarke and for herself, she needed to learn to trust others with her secret.

“Okay,” Lexa replied in a small voice.

Clarke kissed her head again and Lexa leaned into contact finding comfort in Clarke’s touch.

“Come in Rae,” The door opened slowly. Raven walked in, her hand clutched tightly in Anya’s and she looked very upset.

“First of all, Lexa. I don’t care what you have down there. That doesn’t matter to me in the least. It doesn’t change anything. You’re a really cool person and you make Clarke happy. That’s all that matters to me. I’m sorry for freezing, I was just surprised.”
Lexa let Raven’s words sink in and a wave of relief rushed through her. Clarke was in her lap and Lexa had never been more grateful for Clarke’s support and understanding than right now. She seemed to know exactly what she needed without Lexa asking.

“Thank you, Raven. I just... I don’t tell anyone because you never know how people are going to react. It...it means a lot,” Lexa looked at Anya and could see the question in her eyes. Lexa nodded to let her know she was okay.

“Of course. Can we go back to the movie now? I mean if it’s all good now,” Raven asked still unsure of things.

“Yeah, we can. Sounds good,” Lexa stood up holding onto Clarke and they made their way back out the living room. “Oh and Raven. If you have any questions, please just ask me.”

Raven locked eyes with her and she had a very stern look on her face.

“Of course, I will and if anyone messes with you, I’ll blow them up.”

“Well that’s nice, thank you, Raven.”

They all made themselves comfortable and queued the movie back up. The rest of the evening went by flawlessly and Lexa felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. It was nice to be in a room with people who completely accepted her for who she is and didn’t ask her to change.

She looked down at the sleeping blonde in her arms and thought life couldn’t get any better than this.

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It was early afternoon the next day and Clarke was pleasantly surprised at how well they were all getting along. Minus the minor mishap the night before. Luckily crisis was averted. Mostly.

When Clarke had seen the color drain from Lexa’s face, she felt her heart plummet in her chest. Seeing the tears well up broke her heart because she knew it wasn’t the first time she was afraid of someone’s reaction.
She wanted to kill anyone who put that look on Lexa’s beautiful face. She deserved all the love in the world, not any of the negative bullshit people spouted. Clarke just wanted to love her… Fuck, did she really? Oh fuck. Clarke knew her feelings were deep, but didn’t think they were that deep yet. They weren’t even official… not yet.

She looked over to admire the beautiful girl next to her who was curled up on her side with her hand under her chin, blowing out little puffs of air. She looked so serene and relaxed in sleep. Clarke reached out and brushed a stray hair from her face. She was in awe that even in a deep sleep, Lexa reacted to her touch.

Her heart was so full, it felt like it would burst free from her chest any minute and she started breathing heavily. Thank god, Lexa was still sleeping so she didn’t witness her complete freak out. It’s not that she was opposed to loving Lexa, she just didn’t expect to feel this so soon. She swore off relationships of any kind and had done a pretty damn good job up until now.

Then in swoops Lexa and Clarke doesn’t stand a chance.

Clarke prayed Lexa would stay asleep for a little while longer because she really needed to talk to her best friend. She got out of bed carefully, trying not to wake the girl next to her. She still didn’t remember when they even came in here, but knew it must have been in the wee hours of the morning at least. No wonder they slept so late when she glanced at her watch.

Walking out of Lexa’s room, she was surprised to see Raven sneaking out of Anya’s and then proceeding to lay down on the couch and smile.

Clarke took a moment to enjoy the content look on her friends face, because she deserved to be happy and it was plain to see that Anya was the cause. She just hoped that Anya wouldn’t hurt her. She wouldn’t be able to take her, but she would damn well try. Clarke waited another minute before interrupting Raven’s solitude.

“Just so you know, I saw that,” Clarke laughed with Raven whipping around so fast that she got tangled in the blanket and her ass hit the ground hard. She groaned and gave Clarke a death glare, but Clarke could see the apprehension hiding in her eyes. Clarke didn’t let it sway her though.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Raven stiffly got up off the ground.
“Don’t play coy with me, Rae. It’s okay if you like her.”

“Please, can we not talk about this right now,” Clarke conceded only because it was very rare to hear her sound so vulnerable.

“Okay, if you want,” At Raven’s nod, Clarke continued. “Does that mean I can talk to you about Lexa?:

“Of course, I’ve been dying to talk to you about everything. I’m really sorry about what happened. I never meant to make her feel uncomfortable or make her feel bad. I’m sorry. I know how important she is to you and I hope you know I really don’t care.”

“Oh Rae, I know that. I know you so really it’s okay. I know you have questions, so ask them,” Clarke gave her a pointed look. She had a feeling what question it was because she knew her friend and waited for her to spit it out.

“Okay, if you’re sure. I really only have one. You have been having a lot of sex. Can she get you pregnant? Are you using protection? Are you being safe,” Raven fired question after question. “Technically that was more than one, but it’s all the same if you think about it.”

“It’s highly unlikely that she can, we aren’t using condoms, but I’m on birth control and yes we’re being safe. We both got a clean bill of health from the clinic before we had sex the first time. Does that satisfy your curiosity?”

“Not completely. You’re in love with her so why are two still labeled as fuck buddies. Ask her out already. What the fuck are you waiting for?”

Leave it to Raven to get straight to the point. She had always been like that and it was impossible to get anything by the woman. She was smart as a whip and loyal to a fault. Clarke was lucky to have her in her life and she needed to remember that before she tried to strangle her.

“Damn it, Rae. Keep your voice down. I think I am, but I’m scared. What if she doesn’t feel the same? What if she can’t handle my dedication to surfing? What if she leaves?” Clarke’s breathing became erratic again, but Raven was there to rub her back to help her regain control.

“You’re scared, I get it, but that girl looks at you with obvious heart eyes. She definitely feels the
same for you. I have no doubt. That’s part of being in a relationship, you need to talk to her and be completely honest if you want to make it work. You two are already in a relationship, you just won’t admit it,” Raven replied gently continuing to rub her back in circles.

Clarke knew Raven was right. She almost always was.

“I can’t tell her yet, I’m not ready. I want to, I do, but I think I’ll wait. I just need more time to figure out for sure how I’m feeling. I don’t want to lead her on or give her the wrong idea. She doesn’t deserve that. I know I probably already am a little, but I want to the best version of myself to be worthy of her. Lexa deserves only the best and I want to be that, more than anything.”

Words were spewing out of her mouth and Clarke had no idea where they came from. She knew they were true, but nevertheless, she hadn’t realized just how deep her feelings already were. She was still terrified of rejection and self-doubt as a major killer as well. Trusting in her feelings before only led to heartbreak.

She didn’t want to go through that again.

It would be a thousand times worse with Lexa than it ever was with Finn because she didn’t feel even half as much as she did with Finn as she did with Lexa. That meant something major, because she thought she was in love with Finn, but it was puppy love compared to the love she felt for Lexa.

Raven had been silent, letting her stew in her thoughts.

“I understand, Clarke. You know I do and it will be okay. I promise. I’m always here for you and will support you with whatever you decide. Besides you’d be a complete idiot not to jump at the chance to be with Lexa. She’s super sexy, smart, a fucking goddess and she makes you happy. That’s the most important thing.”

“Thank you,” Clarke hugged her hard, burrowing her face into her shoulder. “I’m so glad you’re here.”

“I’m glad I’m here too,” Raven pulled back from the hug. “Alright, enough of this sappy crap, let’s go wake up the others and get this party started. Let the second day commence!”

Just then the power went out and they were plunged into darkness, with only a little light coming in from outside.
“Smooth, real smooth,” Clarke cackled and got up to search for flashlights or candles. As she walked past Lexa’s room, the door opened and there stood Lexa in a tank top and boxers, sleepy eyes staring straight into her like she was peering into her soul. Clarke did the only thing she could think of at the time.

She kissed her.

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Lexa didn’t expect the display of affection, but nonetheless eagerly kissed her back. She felt herself getting harder the longer they kissed. She reluctantly pulled back from the kiss, but Clarke still chased her lips. Lexa pecked her lips once more and removed herself completely from her embrace.

If she didn’t, Lexa would take her into her room and they wouldn’t be seen for hours, but they’d be heard. It had barely been twenty four hours and Lexa missed being with Clarke. She craved her every minute of every day.

Not just her body. Just her.

“I don’t know what I did to deserve that, but please tell me what it was so I can do it again,” Lexa smiled wide thinking this wasn’t a bad thing to wake up too. She could definitely get used it.

“Just being you and to make up for not being in bed with you when you woke up,” Clarke looked up her and down. “I am a fool though, that’s for sure.”

“Oh, is that so? Hmm, wonder why you think that?” Lexa leaned back against the doorframe and flexed her abs. The look on Clarke’s face was priceless. She was practically salivating and damn if that didn’t make her feel good.

“You know exactly what you’re doing, and it’s unfair.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Clarke. See something you like?” Lexa husked.
“Hell yeah I do and if we weren’t being respectful to our friends, I’d take you back into your room and show you just how much I like it.”

Llea groaned and a million dirty thoughts raced through her mind. She would give anything to kick their friends out and have her way with Clarke, but considering it was a blackout and in the middle of a storm, it wouldn’t be very considerate of her.

Clarke looking at her like that and biting her lip was a major turn on for her.

“Fuck, Clarke. Now that is playing dirty,” Llea’s voice hitched and all the blood rushed below.

“Oh, Lex, you have no idea just how dirty I can be,” Clarke rasped and licked her lips.

“Tease,” Llea choked out.

“Not if I have plans to follow through.”

Llea bowed out to the queen because if they kept this up, she was going to cum in her boxers and that would be embarrassing especially considering the incident yesterday. She needed to end their little game because it was becoming entirely too hot to handle.

“Fuck, you win. You win,” Llea bit her lip and roamed her eyes all over the blonde’s beautiful body. “Just remember though, payback is a bitch.”

Llea strolled back into her room to get some actual clothes on and left Clarke standing there dumbfounded. It was a great feeling to have the last word.

She changed quickly and was relieved Clarke hadn’t followed her in because she knew at the moment she wouldn’t be able to hold back. She grabbed her clothes and made her way into the bathroom to take care of herself because she couldn’t very well go back out there with a hard on.

Pulling down her boxers, her cock sprung free and Llea knew it wasn’t going to take long to cum. To make less of a mess, she started the shower and when it was warm enough, she stripped off her tank and stepped in under the hot spray.
Deciding to take care of herself first, she gripped her length tight and pumped a few times.

She pictured Clarke on her knees taking her head into her mouth. She imagined Clarke wet, naked and soapy running her hands up and down her shaft and finally Lexa could see her rutting into her mouth feeling her wet hot mouth wrapped around her.

Lexa felt the familiar tightening in her stomach and cock and saw Clarke swallowing every drop of cum she shot out, just like in the elevator.

The picture was enough to make her cum.

Within a minute she leaned against the cold shower wall as her orgasm rushed through her. Normally, Lexa would be against cumming so quickly, but at the moment all she felt was blessed relief as her orgasm subsided. She stroked herself a couple more times, before she showered quickly and got out.

She got dressed and made her way back out to the living room. She saw that Anya had raided her candle stash and sighed.

“I just bought these, An. Now I’m going to have to go get more.”

“You’ll get over it and for once your candle obsession have become useful,” Anya laughed and made her way to the kitchen table where Raven and Clarke were already seated with drinks in front of them.

“Can’t knock my candles now can you. I told you they’d come in handy,” Lexa joined the others at the table and watched them all snicker.

“That’s not why you have them and you know it. The sad thing is this isn’t even all of your candles.” Anya glanced around the room that was bathed in a soft orange glow. Candles were scattered throughout the kitchen, living room and could even see flickering through the open doors to the bedrooms as well.

“They’re calming and relaxing. I enjoy them.”
“I think it’s cute,” Clarke leaned over and laid her hand on her thigh and squeezed.

“Thank you, Clarke. At least someone gets me,” Lexa was so wrapped up in Clarke’s blue eyes that she missed the eyes rolls their friends did.

“Of course, besides candles are very romantic in my opinion and you have good taste in the scents,” Clarke linked her hand with Lexa’s and rubbed her thumb across her knuckles. Lexa looked down and thought they were like two pieces of a puzzle who fit perfectly together.

Clarke’s hand fit just right in Lexa’s.

“Are you two done yet, because we have games to play,” Raven asked in false sweetness shuffling cards.

It was Lexa’s turn to grumble and glower at their friends for interrupting her moment with Clarke.

“Yes, you impatient one. What are we playing?” Clarke answered stiffly. Lexa thought she was just as unhappy as her to have their moment ruined.

Raven didn’t answer for a moment and Lexa could tell she was building the anticipation by the wicked smile plastered on her face. When Raven pulled the game from under the table, Lexa laughed loudly. She loved the game and couldn’t wait to play.

“Monopoly.” Raven proudly announced and Lexa saw Clarke’s head fall into her hands. It caused her to look questioningly at her. “Ignore Clarke, she is being a party pooper because she always loses when we play.” Raven directed a smug smirk at her.

Lexa had to bite back a smile.

“I thought we were friends, but you’re dead to me,” Clarke sighed out. “You know I hate to lose.”

“Stop being dramatic and let’s play. Not my fault that you suck at this game,” Raven pulled out the board and pieces.
Lexa leaned over while Raven and Anya set up everything and seemed to be fighting over who would be the banker. Lexa ignored them and focused on Clarke.

“So you’re a sore loser?”

“I never said that.”

“Oh, but it was implied,” Lexa teased. She knew Clarke was competitive, that much was obvious when she was out on the water. She should have known that she was in all aspects, but from the way Raven talked, Clarke got really upset at this game.

Lexa found it all highly entertaining.

“Awe, well I hope you don’t get too mad at me, I rock at this game!”

“Unfortunately that’s true, she does. She’s freakishly good at it,” Anya spoke up from beside Raven.

She could feel Clarke’s glare and just smiled.

“Told you!” Lexa sat there smug while the rest of the table rolled their eyes.

“Okay, enough of her boasting. Want to make this interesting?” Anya asked.

“Always.”

“Want to put your money where your mouth is?” Anya smirked.

Lexa debated, she really shouldn’t, but Clarke wasn’t the only one who was competitive.
“What do you have in mind?” Lexa asked unable to resist.

“My money’s on Raven,” Anya leaned slightly into her and Raven beamed. “Twenty bucks says she wipes the floor with you.”

Lexa shouldn’t been hurt that her best friend chose someone else over her, but was too fired up to care. She looked over at Clarke who had the same fire in her eyes as well and it made Lexa tingle all over. She wanted to put the fire she saw to good use, but shook her head.

Now was not the time.

Clarke piped up.

“My money’s on Lexa.”

“Is that so,” Raven spoke up looking around the table. “Okay, it’s so on.”

“Definitely,” Lexa said reaching across and shaking both their hands to seal the deal.

“Let’s play.” Anya said. Lexa chose to be the car, Raven the hat, Clarke the dog and Anya the thimble. They decided to go oldest to youngest so it went around the table and each had their turns. It was relatively peaceful at first.

It didn’t last long. It turned almost violent.

Hours later, Raven and Lexa were the only ones left. Clarke went bankrupt first, followed by Anya.

“C’mon Lexa, you got this.”

“No, Raven’s got this. She’s gonna kick Lex’s ass,” Anya grinned at Clarke’s scowl. “Got something to say blondie.”
“Your money is mine, that’s what. Lex won’t lose,” Clarke leaned over and gave Lexa a kiss on the cheek which has the tips of her ears turning pink.

“In your dreams, Griffin,” Anya put an arm around Raven’s shoulders and whispered something in her ear. Lexa watched Raven smile. She was entertained listening to the banter between them, but her main focus was on kicking Raven’s ass.

They both watched with bated breath to see how this would end. It went on a few more turns and before Lexa realized she was about to win. She looked over to Clarke and could feel her happiness radiating off her. She turned back to Raven and Anya and saw her shoulder slumped and a frown etched on her face, obviously coming to the same conclusion.

“I win!” Lexa exclaimed when Raven landed on Park Place that she owned. She jumped up knocking the her plate off the table in her excitement. She yanked Clarke up with her and they started jumping up and down. Lexa turned and watched Anya comfort Raven and for a second felt bad, but knew if the tables were turned, Raven would have gloated as well.

Lexa only then realised she had flipped the board

Raven got up and went to the kitchen and Anya stood behind watching her go.

Lexa stopped her celebration to start picking up the pieces from the floor. She gathered up all the pieces and put it back in the box. Getting up once she was finished, she stretched her back after sitting for hours.

Out of the corner of her eye, Lexa saw Clarke and Anya exchanging money. Her best friend looked like she wanted to kill someone as she watched her thrust the money into Clarke’s hand. Then Anya stalked back to Raven’s side.

The next moment, Clarke was in her arms and hugging her tight. Lexa sunk into her embrace, completely content to stay there or better yet, to take their victory back to the bedroom. She knew she shouldn’t and she looked back at the table to find the other two had disappeared.

“Where did they go?” Lexa questioned.

“Raven probably went to lick her wounds, honestly. She never loses at Monopoly and you just
handed her her first loss.” Clarke was super proud, but Lexa felt guilty for a second, but it didn’t last long when Clarke kissed her long and deep.

Lexa reciprocated because how could she not? Kissing Clarke was one of her favorite things to do. She pulled back to take a breath and leaned their heads together. She couldn’t stop the smile the spread across her face and it seemed neither could Clarke.

“Lexa, I...you...I...mean so much to me.” Clarke’s eyes turned glassy and it made tears well up in her eyes as well.

“I know what you mean, Clarke. You’ve become such an important person to me. I am so much happier having you in my life because I…” Clarke looked up and they locked eyes. Lexa swallowed thickly. “Because you’re you.” Lexa kissed her and tried to put all her feelings into the action. The desperation, the caring, the longing. She kissed her like she’d never stop.

She kissed her like a woman in love.

Chapter End Notes

If you want, come follow me on tumblr. mmeister911 :)
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the love on this fic. It's very much appreciated. I broke this chapter up because I was struggling with the second part. I'll post that later as another chapter.
Thanks to my beta as always :)

Enjoy

The storm passed and left some minor destruction in it's wake. Clarke was relieved that nobody suffered any lasting damages and nobody got hurt. That was a good day, but what really excited her was the email she got a week after Nia that informed her that the competition had been moved to the beginning of September instead.

It gave her three extra weeks to prepare, is the way she tried to look at it.

Clarke was thankful that it wasn’t cancelled like she feared it might be. She headed to the beach bright and early as usual to get her surfing in before Lexa showed up. Just the thought of the Lexa put a huge smile on her face.

They hadn’t talked about the almost confession the week prior, but Clarke had noticed a shift in their arrangement. They spent every almost every night together and saw each other everyday after they were finished with their respective tasks. Clarke loved it, but was still scared Lexa might leave.

Hell, she had left Lexa in her bed this morning to come surf. Her favorite thing about sleeping next to the brunette was the fact that she was a cuddler. It warmed Clarke’s heart when she would get out of bed super early and Lexa would grumble and groan losing Clarke’s body heat. Clarke would smile at how cute she was when half asleep and kiss her on the head.

Once Lexa woke up, she would join her on the beach and they would run together. It was another new thing they did. She wasn’t sure how it got started exactly, but it did and it was really nice to have a running partner. They pushed each other and made it competitive even though their run almost always got interrupted because they couldn’t keep their hands off each other.

The water was still very pleasant as she made her way in and paddled out. She spend the next hour trying to work on this one trick that she was still having problems with. Clarke needed it be perfect for the competition. She continued working on it until she spotted Lexa jogging down the beach. She decided to try one more time before making her way in.

Apparently, Lexa was her good luck charm because she nailed the trick and landed smoothly back on the wave and rode it in.

Clarke made a beeline straight for Lexa and kissed her. She ran her tongue across her bottom lip requesting entry that Lexa granted. Clarke took full advantage and slid her tongue in mapping Lexa’s entire mouth and could taste the mint toothpaste Lexa had used. She felt Lexa’s hands slid up her back to tangle in her hair. Lexa broke the kiss and pulled her head back to attack her neck with bites and kisses. Clarke couldn’t stop the groan she let out.
Their bodies were pressed tightly against one another and Clarke could feel her length pressed against her thigh. She couldn’t resist grinding against with Lexa doing unholy things to her neck. She hit a sensitive spot that had Clarke’s whole body jerk before Clarke captured her lips in another heated kiss. She had to slow it down or else they would end up fucking on the beach again and as hot it was, Clarke didn’t want to dig sand out of uncomfortable places again.

Stepping back, Clarke broke the kiss by placing one last kiss on Lexa’s plump lips and wrapping her arms around in a hug. Laying her head on Lexa’s shoulder, she felt her arms wind around her too and a kiss to the side of her head. Every time Lexa did the absent gesture, butterflies exploded in her stomach.

She didn’t think it could get any better than this. She was wrong.

“Hey,” Clarke leaned back to kiss her on the cheek.

She watched Lexa’s eyes flutter open like she was coming out of a dream.

“Hey beautiful,” Lexa’s eyes cleared from the haze of desire, but she could still feel her pressed against her. “I saw your trick. It was amazing, Clarke. Isn’t that the one you’ve been having problems with?”

Lexa was always so thoughtful and sweet. She was a fantastic listener and always made Clarke feel special and important. She made her feel loved. Clarke had been upset the other night because she hadn’t nailed the trick and Lexa had stopped going over her playbook for her upcoming game this weekend to pay attention to her.

In no time, Lexa had reassured her and made her feel like she could do anything. Turns out, Lexa was absolutely right. Clarke didn’t know what she would do without her and was hoping she would never have to find out.

Now she just needed to find the courage to tell her how she felt.

“Yeah, I did. Looks like you’re my good luck charm. Guess I’m gonna have to keep you around,” Clarke kissed her again on the corner of her mouth.

“Sounds good to me,” Lexa caught her lips in a chaste kiss and stepped back. “Are you ready for our run?”

“Yes, give me a minute and I’ll be ready. Are you good?” Clarke looked down and could see the visible outline of her bulge and couldn’t help but lick her lips at the thought of taking her in her mouth right then, but was interrupted by other surfers coming up the beach.

“Yes, I’ll be good. I basically have a constant hard on ever since I met you,” Lexa’s face turned bright red at the admission and she looked down at the sand. “I mean, yeah...I’m okay.”

“Lex it’s okay. You’re good. I’m constantly turned on when I’m around you, so it goes both ways. Never be embarrassed with me. I’ll never think any different or any less of you.” Clarke said with absolute certainty.

Lexa looked up and had the half smirk that Clarke loved so much, the smile that seemed was only reserved for her.

“Thank you, Clarke and that’s very good information to have by the way,” Lexa laughed when Clarke whacked her with her towel. She continue to lace up her shoes and as soon as he finished,
Clarke threw her towel at Lexa’s face and took off down the beach.

“You better run, you’re mine, Clarke.” She could hear Lexa’s feet pounding the sand behind her and urged herself to go faster.

“You’ll have to catch me first,” Clarke tossed behind her, but it was the wrong thing to say because it wasn’t even a minute later that Lexa caught up to her and tossed her over her shoulder in a fireman’s carry.

“What were you saying, care to repeat it,” Lexa asked heading towards the water.

Clarke looked behind her and stuttered.

“Don’t you dare, Lex. No sex for a week if you do,” Clarke threatened.

“As if you could hold out,” Lexa laughed. “Besides you love the water, I’m just being a good gir…person and helping you out.”

Clarke heard the almost slip and felt her heart beat overtime in response. She would love to be Lexa’s girlfriend.

“Well aren’t you sweet, but really it isn’t necessary,” Clarke hit Lexa’s back the closer they got, but it was no use, Lexa was too strong. She tried not to think how sexy it was as she wasn’t supposed to be turned on by this. Lexa’s show of strength though when she picked her up like she weighed nothing was hot as fuck. “Lex, please…”

Her words were cut off as she was thrown and submerged in the water. She came up for air spluttering and coughing out salt water. She threw Lexa a glare, but it didn’t last long. The sun was rising behind her, lighting up the sky pinks and oranges. It highlighted Lexa in a glow that had Clarke just staring in awe at her.

“You are so beautiful, and I’m so lucky,” Clarke wiped the water dripping in her eyes and saw Lexa duck her head in a bashful smile. She realized that Lexa wasn’t used to getting compliments like that often by her reaction and vowed she would show this wonderful, special girl just how amazing and beautiful she was.

She would do anything to keep that smile on Lexa’s face. All she wanted to do was keep her happy and be a part of her happiness in any way she could.

She just needed to find the courage to show her just how much she truly meant to her.

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Thankfully, the practices had been cut to one a day with classes starting back up as well. The first game of the season was Friday and classes started Monday. The game she was looking forward to, classes not so much. The summer flew by, but Lexa wouldn’t change a thing because she got to spend it with Clarke.

That was the best part of her summer... Hell, it was the best part anytime!

The weekend was planned to be spent at Lexa’s apartment as Anya would be out the entire weekend. Even though Anya didn’t say it, Lexa knew exactly where her best friend would be. She’d seen Raven almost as much as Clarke and minus the few teasing jabs about her extra appendage, they were on good terms. Which was a good thing considering they were with each other’s best
friends.

Normally, Lexa wasn’t comfortable talking about it, but Raven never made her feel awkward or weird about it. She treated her just like she did before, only this time made more jokes. They weren’t at her expense as they were said all in good fun. Lexa could see why Raven was so good for Anya, as they were a lot alike. Raven helped her feel more at ease and that meant more to Lexa than anything.

Lexa walked around her apartment, cleaning up after Anya. She sighed in annoyance as the girl never picked up after herself. There were clothes strewn across the living room, shoes all over the place, dishes in the sink and the floor looked like it hadn’t been vacuumed since the last time she did it. Even though it was Anya’s turn.

She loved her best friend, but sometimes she wanted to kill her.

She did a quick run through and tossed Anya’s stuff into her room and slammed the door. Lexa looked up at the clock and saw she had about an hour until Clarke would be there. She ran the vacuum through and had still time to spare to check on her meal she was cooking. She had decided to make dinner for Clarke and had a lasagna in the oven.

It was one of the few things she could cook

The lasagna looked done, just turning a delicious golden brown on top, so she decided to take a quick shower to wash of the day. It was a longer shower than normal as she was bombarded by thoughts of Clarke. Not sexual, just reminiscing on their time so far and the memories they made. She hoped to make a lot more of them in the future, but with Clarke being her girlfriend, not her fuckbuddy.

By the time she got out of the shower, she only had ten minutes to spare. She’d planned her outfit earlier in the day, so slipped on a pair of tighter boxer briefs, then her dark jeans, followed by a dark green tank top, leaving her feet bare. She went without a bra opting to be more comfortable, but mostly because she knew Clarke would notice. She left her down and pulled it across her left shoulder. Clarke had made a comment before that she loved her hair down, so wanted to accommodate her.

Lexa sprayed a light mist of her favourite perfume, then took one final look in the mirror. She was ready.

She went out and lit candles that she bought to replace the ones they were used last week. She smiled in satisfaction when Lexa heard a knock on the door. She wiped her hands on her jeans, suddenly nervous because when she thought about it, this was more of a date than an arrangement for sex.

Hopefully, Clarke wouldn’t have a problem.

Taking a deep breath, Lexa opened the door and was met with a breathtaking sight of Clarke. Stood before she was wearing light jeans, a light blue and white tank and her cute little toes were painted and slipped in white sandals.

“You look... absolutely stunning,” Lexa breathed out in one long breath.

“Thank you, Lex,” Clarke ducked her head. “You look gorgeous, I love your hair,” Clarke stepped forward and kissed her cheek. When she pulled back, Lexa reached up and touched the spot where Clarke had just kissed. She knew Clarke saw the action and was afraid of what she would think, but all she did was take her hand and kiss the inside of her wrist and hand before she linked their fingers
together.

“Thanks,” They lingered in the doorway for a few minutes completely lost in each other’s eyes. They came back to reality when the timer on the over dinged. Lexa’s eyes darted towards the kitchen and back to Clarke. “Oh, shit, c’mon in, I’m sorry I didn’t say that sooner.”

“It’s okay, it smells amazing in here, don’t let it burn,” Clarke glanced around the living room.

“Okay, make yourself comfortable. I have red wine for dinner because it pairs well with what I made, but if you want something different, I can do that for you too,” Lexa was a bundle of nerves wondering what Clarke was thinking.

“Wine is perfect, Lex,” Clarke turned and flashed her a wide smile and sat down at the table that was already set for two. Lexa had even placed tulips in the middle of the table knowing they were Clarke’s favorite. She watched Clarke lean up and smell them and she had a peaceful, happy smile on her face. “The flowers are beautiful. Are they for me?” Clarke looked over at her and Lexa lost her breath.

“Of course. A beautiful girl deserves beautiful flowers,” Lexa said as she pulled the lasagna and bread out of the oven. She made her way over to the table carefully and set down the lasagna and bread. “Hope you like lasagna.”

“Wow, Lex,” Clarke looked around again. “Did you do this all for me? And yes I love lasagna, I didn’t know you could cook.”

“I wanted to do something nice for you and I thought a homecooked meal and a movie sounded like a nice night. You’ve been so stressed with the competition coming up and I thought I’d take your mind of it, well at least try to.”

“You’re amazing, Lex. Thank you. That’s very sweet.” Clarke looked at the food in front of her while Lexa poured each of them a glass of wine. “Now, let’s eat because my mouth is watering looking at all this food.”

“Sounds good. Hope it’s good.”

“I have no doubt it will be.”

Lexa watched Clarke dig in and was completely turned on by the sinful moans and noises Clarke was making every time she took a bite. She was happy that she liked it, but it was hard to concentrate on her own food when she kept thinking about Clarke underneath her making the exact same noises, only louder.

Lexa couldn’t wait until dinner was finished because she had plans for later.

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Dinner was finally finished, but Lexa barely ate, entirely too focused on the woman across from her. She jumped up and grabbed the dirty dishes, putting them in the sink and sorted out the leftovers for later. Clarke watched on in amusement as Lexa raced around the kitchen.

“What are you staring at?” Lexa poured them some more wine.

“You, just you,” Clarke had a look in her eyes that Lexa swore almost looked like love and her heart skipped a beat thinking Clarke might feel the same.
“I’m just me.” Lexa offered her hand to her that Clarke took eagerly and led them over to the couch and sat down. She pulled Clarke into her lap. “I have a plan for what to we should do next.”

“Oh yeah, are you thinking what I'm thinking?” Clarke smiled, suggestively.

“Now I am, but before that.” Clarke stared her a moment before she talked.

“You are amazing and I...I’m so lucky to have you in my life.” Clarke leaned in and kissed her. Lexa couldn’t resist and ran her hands up her sides and wrapped them around her waist. She ran her hands up under her shirt before pulling the offending garment up and off. Clarke’s skin was flushed, her lips swollen and her eyes had darkened.

It was sexy as hell.

With one flick of her finger, the bra came off and her boobs spilled out, but Lexa didn’t take a nipple in her mouth, instead she just looked at her in wonder. She was so damn lucky. Lexa had prepared for this moment and grabbed the bottle of lotion she stashed on the table.

“Turn around and sit in between my legs.” Lexa asked politely.

“Umm, Lex, what’s going on?” Clarke questioned, but did as requested.

“I want to give you a massage. Actually, you know what hang on, I’ll be right back.” Lexa hopped up and went and grabbed the softest blanket she could find, then laid it out across the floor. She then turned her ipod on that was connected to the speakers to some soothing music. “If you want, get naked and lay down on your stomach. I want to take care of you.”

Clarke looked at her like she was everything and it was a feeling Lexa wanted to keep forever. Lexa nodded towards the blanket and watched as Clarke stripped off the rest of her clothes. Of course Clarke did it slowly and peeled the jeans off in a nothing but provocative manner. Lexa knew she was staring, but how could she not? She felt herself getting hard and ignored it because this wasn’t about her, this was about Clarke.

Finally after a couple tortuous minutes, Clarke had laid down on the blanket and Lexa took another minute to admire the beauty before her.

“Relax, I’ll take good care of you. I...I promise,” Lexa kissed her neck and brushed kisses down her spine. Clarke smelled divine. Lexa pulled herself back and put some lotion in her hands. She rubbed it together trying to warm it up. “This might be cold.” She put her hands down on Clarke’s back and felt her shiver in response. I’m sorry.” Lexa got up again and went and retrieved another blanket and covered her lower half up. “That help any?”

“Thank you, that was very sweet. This all is. You just keep surprising me.” Clarke choked up a little. “I’m so happy I met you. You make me so happy.”

Lexa leaned down and kissed her cheek and then her head. “Good because you make me happy too.” Lexa almost felt like they meant something else by saying that, but didn’t want to jinx it.

She rubbed into Clarke’s shoulders and could feel the tension and knots Clarke carried. She was determined to work them all out as Clarke needed a chance to be fully relaxed. Lexa knew how much pressure the blonde was putting on herself and wanted to do anything she could to help. Tonight was what she came up and she just hoped Clarke liked it.

“Lex, that feels incredible. Oh, fuck.” Clarke groaned out as Lexa worked a particularly tough knot out. She squeezed more lotion and continued working her shoulders until Clarke was boneless. Lexa
popped her knuckles and worked down her spine to her lower back. The noises Clarke was letting out made her happy and horny all at the same time.

“Tell me if anything hurts, okay?” Lexa continued pressing her thumbs into her back right above her butt. Clarke was so damn beautiful, even the shape of her back was sexy. She had wonderful dips and curves and muscles. It was the perfect contrast. Lexa leaned down and ghosted kisses down her spine.

She completely missed the smile Clarke had on her face and the tears she had in her eyes.

The massage continued as Lexa worked down towards her butt, working the muscles on her way. Clarke was making sinful noises, letting her know she must be doing the job right. Lexa pulled down the blanket and peppered the soft skin of her cute little butt in kisses, that had Clarke squirming to get away.

“Lexaaa…it tickles.” Clarke giggled. She kept doing it just to hear Clarke’s laugh. It was music to her ears.


“Now you’re doing it on purpose, but I can’t complain. It’s amazing.” Clarke looked back at her, prospering herself up on her elbows. Her eyes sparkling, blonde hair a little messy and tossed over her shoulder, naked body glowing in the candlelight. She got lost staring at the beauty before her.

So many emotions bubbling up, Lexa did her best to tamper them back down.

“You okay, babe,” Clarke asked, concern clear on her face.

“Never been better.” She smiled because it was absolutely true. Lexa went back to work and massages her legs and feet. Clarke laid back down and continued sighing as Lexa felt her whole body slowly letting out all the tension she’d been holding. It made her so happy that she could do this for her.

Lexa continued on to her arms and hands. She noticed Clarke was half asleep and loved seeing her face so relax. She couldn’t resist kissing her forehead and cheek before she maneuvered to peck her lips. Clarke semi responded, too happy and content to move in the moment.

Lexa moved to straddle her and brushed her hair aside so she didn’t pull it. She started to massage her neck and went harder to really finish up the massage. Her hands had started to cramp, but she wasn’t going to stop.

“How are you feeling?” Lexa whispered.

“I don’t have...any words.” Clarke paused. “It’s perfect. You’re perfect.” Clarke’s words were getting quieter and she was mumbling incoherently.

All lotioned up and completely relaxed, Lexa still didn’t quit. She finally did when she heard Clarke’s adorable little snores, knowing she was fast asleep. Instead of waking her up to move, Lexa laid down next to her and pulled the blanket up over them both. She brushed a few strands of hair from her face and Clarke scrunched her face up at the contact.

Content to just lay there and look at her… Clarke, Lexa watched her sleep and just thought back to
when she met her. It seemed like fate that their paths crossed that first morning and then again when they ran into each other.

Literally.

Clarke had become her everything. All it took was one summer for her to fall in love and her life to change.

Eventually, Lexa dozed off too and woke a couple hours later to see Clarke staring at her.

“Hey beautiful, you have a good nap?” Lexa’s voice still husky from sleep.

“I slept fantastic, thanks to you. You looked so peaceful just now.” Clarke blushed and leaned her head on Lexa’s chest.

“That’s because I’m with you,” Lexa kissed the top of her head and ran her hands up and down her back. She could have sworn she heard her purr. Lexa started playing with her hair next.

“I love when you do that.”

“Do what?”

“Play with my hair,” Clarke’s head popped up when Lexa stopped.

“Oh, okay.” She started back again. “How about we get into something more comfortable and get into bed. Lexa just wanted to cuddle and go to sleep with Clarke in her arms.

This was so much more intimate than sex and Lexa adored these moments.

“Sounds good to me.”

“Good, stay here.” Lexa quickly blew out the candles and made sure the front door was locked before making her way back over to where Clarke was waiting. “Ready?” At Clarke’s nod, Lexa bent down and swooped her up bridal style, then carried her into the bedroom.

“I feel like a princess,” Clarke laughed and buried her face in Lexa’s neck.

“You are and deserve to be treated like one, but I think you’re more of a queen than a princess,” Lexa replied setting her down on the bed. She rummaged through her closet and pulled out one of her practice jerseys. She came back and handed it to her. “Here, you can wear this to sleep in.”

“Thanks.” Clarke slipped the shirt over her head and covered her body that had Lexa whimper at the loss of skin. “Don’t worry, you’ll see plenty of me later, stud.” Clarke husked climbing under the covers. “You gonna join me or stand there and stare.

Making quick work of stripping her clothes. Lexa put on a tank top and boxers, then snuggled behind Clarke, wrapping her arms around her. Once they were situated, Lexa dug her head into the blonde’s shoulder and settled in.

They fell into an exhausted and peaceful slumber, wrapped up in each other with not a care in the world.

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The sunlight filtering through the gap in the curtains is what woke Clarke up out of her sleep. She felt Lexa’s arms still wrapped around her and smiled. She could stay here all day, perfectly content right where she was. Clarke glanced at her watch and was surprised to see it was already nine. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d slept in and found she liked it a lot. Really she knew it had everything to do with Lexa.

The woman she was head over heels in love with.

Clarke rolled over, careful not to wake her and just stared at the utter perfection before her. Her heart felt like it was going to burst from her chest. When she came over last night, she hadn’t expected Lexa to go to so much trouble. She had never had someone do all of that just for her.

Just thinking about it brought tears to her eyes and she wiped them away with one hand while the other stroked Lexa’s cheek, the skin soft under her fingertips.

“This love you,” she whispered to the still sleeping brunette. It was a relief to say the words aloud, but she still needed to find the courage to say it when she was actually awake. Clarke wanted the moment to be perfect, but hadn’t quite figured out how to do it yet.

She was going to combust if she didn’t say it, and when the words slipped past her lips, it didn’t scare her like she thought it would. It was a relief to finally get it off her chest, even if the brunette hadn’t heard her.

A bright idea popped into her head, so as quietly as she could, she freed herself from Lexa’s grasp without waking her up. She padded into the kitchen barefoot to make Lexa breakfast in bed. Lexa had spoiled her last night, it was the least Clarke could do this morning.

Besides, Lexa deserved to be treated right as well, not just her. Lexa was special.

Lucky for her, the kitchen was well stocked, so she got out the makings for pancakes and bacon. She knew that was Lexa’s favorite even though she was in training, Clarke hoped she would make an exception for this.

It didn’t take her long to whip up breakfast and was praying that Lexa didn’t wake up before she was done. She finally finished and plated it up. She spotted a tray that she could carry it all on and plucked a tulip from the vase, adding it to the side.

Clarke made her way back into the bedroom only to see Lexa sprawled out across the entire bed. Lexa still wasn’t used to sharing a bed and to be honest neither was Clarke.

Setting down the tray on the nightstand, Clarke sat on the edge of the bed and admired her for another minute. She couldn’t take being so close to her and not touching so she reached out her hand to touch her face.

Clarke traced her eyebrows and lips before placing the lightest kiss on her lips. Lexa’s eyes fluttered open and sleepy green eyes looked at her.

“Good morning gorgeous.” Clarke kissed her more firmly on the lips.

“Morning, Clarke. I could get us’ed to this kind of wake up. I’m surprised you’re still here. What time is it?”

“A little after nine.” At Lexa’s frightened expression, Clarke was quick to soothe her worries. “It’s
okay. We needed the rest.” To distract her, Clarke rolled Lexa over and climbed on top of her.

Lexa looked like she was going to argue when she started sniffing the air. “Do I smell bacon?” A wide smile spread across her face. “And pancakes?”

Clarke laughed and sat up.

“Yes, I made you breakfast,” Clarke helped Lexa sit up so she could lean against the pillows before she grabbed the tray and placed it on her lap. Clarke climbed off of her, but didn’t go far. She chose to snuggle into her side while Lexa ate. Every few bits, Lexa would feed her some and Clarke happily accepted.

“This is so good, thank you. This was very thoughtful and sweet,” Lexa asked almost inhaling the rest of her food. “You’re the best.”

“You’re welcome, I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

Lexa set the tray aside and captured Clarke’s lips in hers. Clarke was pushed into the mattress with Lexa’s weight settled comfortably on top of her. Clarke had no idea what she was thinking, but didn’t have time to ponder it when Lexa’s tongue had darted into her mouth and made her lose all rational thought.

She was really skilled with her tongue no matter where she put it use.

All Clarke wanted was to stay in bed with Lexa, but knew Lexa had practice and she had training. She enjoyed a few more minutes of heated kissing before she pulled back and broke the kiss.

“As much as I want to continue this, we both have somewhere to be.” Clarke groaned along with Lexa.

“Can’t we just play hooky and stay in bed all day?” Lexa tried, but with no real conviction in her voice. Clarke knew Lexa would never do that as she was captain of the team and that would look awful if she didn’t show.

“I wish we could, babe. One day we can. Okay?” Clarke kissed her on the nose which made Lexa blush.

“Okay, I know you’re right, but it still sucks,” Lexa pouted, her bottom lip protruding out.

“Don’t pout, I promise we will.”

“Alright.” Lexa climbed off her slowly, but made sure to press her body into her once more. It had Clarke arching off the bed trying to keep the contact.

“Ugh, where are my clothes?” Clarke glanced around the room.

“In the living room.” Lexa answered.

“Thanks.” She headed out of the bedroom to see her clothes strewn about and smiled at the memory. They didn’t have sex, but what they did have was so much more than that and Clarke couldn't wait to return the favour.

Clarke slipped on her underwear and bra after taking off Lexa’s jersey. She smiled down at the jersey, knowing how much it all meant to Lexa. She put the rest of her clothes back on and went to
find her. She was fully dressed and typing away on her phone.

“I have to go.” Clarke walked over to her and handed the jersey over.

Lexa held up her hands before she pushed the garment back towards her.

“You keep it.”

“Why?”

“Because I want you to have it… and maybe you’ll wear it to my game on Friday? That's If you can come. I mean I would love if you could, but I would understand if…” Lexa trailed off visibly nervous and her hands were shaking.

“I’ll be right there in the front row so you can see me and I’ll be wearing your number. You can count on that.”

Lexa’s answering smile was all she needed.

“Thank you. It means a lot to me knowing you’ll be there. Maybe you’ll be my good luck charm this time.”

“I would love that.”

“Me too,” Lexa stepped forward in her space and Clarke’s heart beat a little faster. “I’m going to be late if you don’t leave.”

“Trying to get rid of me?” Clarke feigned a hurt expression. “I guess I’ll just leave then.” She whirled around and didn’t even make it two steps before she was yanked back into Lexa’s arms. Clarke laughed and looked up and saw Lexa’s joyous expression and it sent tingles throughout her body knowing she was the cause of her the brightness in her eyes.

Making Lexa happy made her happy.

“Never.” Lexa brought their lips together and kissed her chastely. Clarke whined at the loss of contact when Lexa pulled back. Her heart fluttered at what Lexa said when it sunk in.

Maybe she did feel the same?

“Good to know. I’ll see you later. I...have a good practice.” Clarke kissed her again a little deeper than before. If they had time, she would pin Lexa on her bed and have her way with her, but alas they had responsibilities. “Call me later?”

“Of course. I...will. See you later babe.” Lexa walked her to the door and opened it for her. Clarke leaned up and left one last lingering kiss on the girl’s lips.

“Bye, beautiful. See you.” Clarke slowly made her way out, but not without one last look at Lexa who had a gorgeous smile on her sculpted face. Knowing that neither one of them wanted to go, she finally turned around and made her way to the elevator.

She turned around and saw Lexa lingering the doorway. Clarke smiled and waved her fingers. When the doors to the elevator opened, she stepped in and blew a kiss that Lexa caught and held to her heart. She returned it and Clarke did the same.

The doors closed and the last thing Clarke saw was the love of her life with a bright smile on her
face.
Chapter 14

Finally Friday night arrived.

Lexa was sitting in the locker room and it was almost time for the game. Her gear was all on except for her helmet that was waiting on the bench beside her. She had her hair draped over one shoulder and her signature war paint was already applied. Lexa could hear the roar of the crowd and the stomping of thousands of feet above her. Bands were battling against each other. But she had her phone in her hand, and was texting Clarke.

A small smile formed on her face when she saw Clarke’s text breaking through her nerves.

*Good Luck Babe*

The butterflies erupted in her stomach at the thought of the game that she had to play in just a few minutes.

*I’m nervous*

The confession surprised her and she wasn’t sure why she was suddenly so nervous as usually she was hyped up before the game. Part of it was Clarke coming to the game, but the other part she wasn’t so sure about. Her phone vibrated in her hand and interrupted her thoughts.

*Don’t be, you’ll do great*

The text was appreciated, but did little to calm her nerves. She looked at the clock and realized she was out of time. Before she put her phone away, Lexa sent one last text to Clarke.

*Where are you?*

She waited an extra minute to see if Clarke would reply and when she didn’t, Lexa put her phone in her locker, pulled her hair back and grabbed her helmet. She took one last deep breath and made her way out to join her team.

From the tunnel, Lexa could see the bright lights surrounding the stadium and lighting up the field. It was filtering into the tunnel and shining on her teammates and she could see the same look on their faces that she was wearing. Determination and anticipation. She nodded to them and headed to the front to lead her team out and hopefully to their first win of the season.

She was ready for war.
The rush she felt every time she ran out onto the field was a feeling that couldn’t be compared. It was the excitement, fear, and the feeling of coming home hit her as soon as her feet touched the turf. Ever since she started playing, this was the place she was meant to be, this was the place she felt the most comfortable and the most herself. It was a feeling she couldn’t completely describe no matter how many times she was asked.

Lexa stopped with her team behind when she saw the other team already on their side and staring daggers at them. Lexa smirked because their first game was against her arch nemesis Ontari and the Ice Nation squad. Ever since their freshman year when Lexa beat them in the championship game, the rivalry started and never stopped. It got worse each year and Lexa knew this year would be worse. She just had a feeling. Ontari was vindictive and would do everything in her power to get the best of her.

Lexa wouldn’t let that happen.

The feeling was mutual and Lexa hated Ontari just as much as she hated her. Ontari was captain of her team as well, but the way she ran her team was cold and ruthless. Lexa never understood it and refused to be anything like her. She liked to think she wasn’t and hoped her team agreed.

The feeling of not being the best rushed through her and she put a hand on her chest over her captain’s badge and remembered that she was captain for a reason and she would lead her team to victory and make the fans and her friends happy.

Lexa tore her eyes away from the glares and was almost overwhelmed by the packed stadium that was almost spilling over. It was a lot of pressure as they all expected her to bring home the win. Her eyes scanned the crowd for Clarke needing to know she was there. She searched for her while jogging out to the home side of the field. She finally spotted her right behind her bench in the front row and everything fell into place as soon as their eyes locked.

Nothing else mattered when she locked eyes with Clarke. She was standing there wearing her jersey and even had her face painted in the school colors and her number painted on her cheek. A full-fledged smile spread across her face and a matching one on Clarke as well. Lexa glanced to the side and saw that Raven, Anya and Octavia were all there. They were all sporting different school attire as well and Octavia was wearing Lincoln’s number.

Now that was curious.

She was completely distracted by the sight of Clarke. Honestly, she was relieved to have her there and it meant the absolute world to her. Lexa was so lost in watching Clarke that she didn’t hear her coach call her name. Not the first, nor the second, but by the third time, it finally registered and she whipped around to see her coach motioning her over for the coin toss.

Flushing red, she gave Clarke one last look and jogged over to her coach who gestured her to go out for the coin toss. She headed out there with Linc and Indra and on the other side were Ontari, Roan and Maya. They all shook hands except for their captains and the official looked back and forth between them.

“Grounders, you get to call it,” The referee flipped the coin in the air.

“Tails,” Lexa announced. The coin hit the turf and bounced couple times before landing face up. They all looked down at it and Lexa smiled.

He looked towards Lexa and her teams. “Do you choose to kick or receive?” Lexa looked at her teammates and after a brief discussion, it was decided.
“Receive,” Lexa announced with a small smirk on her face. Ontari flipped her off discreetly before she turned on her heel and stalked off. She snapped at the other two to follow who did so reluctantly it seemed like. Lexa shrugged her shoulders and walked back to her side, eyes connecting with Clarke’s again and smile lighted both their faces. Lexa didn’t maintain eye contact for long with the kickoff about to happen. She gave a little wave and turned around to face the field, but she could Clarke’s eyes on the back of head.

Lexa couldn’t contain her smile if she tried. Not even Ontari could dampen her mood now.

On the other side of the field, Lexa could see Ontari talking to her team and with the looks shot her way, it wasn’t good for her. She didn’t have time to ponder it as her coach called them in for a huddle. They all bent their heads and listened to his speech that Lexa could recite by heart and then they prayed.

Special teams ran out on the field for kickoff and Lexa chanced a quick sneak back to find Clarke’s eyes already on her. She mouthed thank you. Clarke shrugged her shoulders like it was no big deal, but it was. Clarke mouthed back you’re welcome and Lexa sighed in complete happiness.

Her attention was pulled back to the game when she heard a whistle blow to signal kickoff. The game started with a high kick back to the five yard line. Lexa watched her team blocking and listened to the crack of the helmets of the players as she waited for her turn. Her teammates were getting slammed hard into the turf, but Tristan made to the thirty five yard line before he was tackled.

The excitement was getting to her and it was torture to wait to get back on the field. Lexa bounced on the balls of her feet as she waited for the whistle blow before she could get back on the field. She felt an ache to be out there and couldn’t wait for her turn and finally she heard what she’d been waiting for.

It was her turn and she almost couldn’t contain her excitement. Lexa jogged out with her team and huddled before they lined up for their first play. She looked into the opposing team's eyes and saw sneers and all Lexa did was smirk. She was confident in her abilities while on the field without a doubt because out here she knew what she was doing. Anywhere else, not so much, but her on the field, Lexa was The Commander and nobody could best her.

The ball was snapped into her waiting hands before she dropped back and scrambled a little when she felt the pressure. She ducked under a high tackle and gripped the football which fit perfectly in her hand and let fly a perfect spiral. The ball sailed through the cool night air.

In the stands, Clarke had watched Lexa run out on the field and her first thought was she wanted to peel the uniform off of her hot, sweaty body. She must have been staring hard because she got an elbow to the ribs from Raven.

“What the hell?” Clarke tore her eyes away from Lexa to Raven.

“You’re drooling,” Raven stated matter of factly.

“Can you blame me?” Clarke’s eyes drifted back to Lexa huddling with her team and her ass looked fantastic in those tight pants.

Fingers were snapped in front of her face.

“No, I can’t, she’s sexy as hell,” Raven froze and looked over at Anya. Clarke wasn’t sure what they were, but knew there were feelings there. Right now, she was pretty sure they were just enjoying each other. Clarke knew that would change, it did for her and she hoped Lexa felt the same.
She was almost positive she did.

“Go ahead; finish what you were going to say?” Anya bit out. Clarke saw the tension building and Raven did what Raven did best.

“She is sexy that’s true, but she’s got nothing on you, cheekbones.” Raven smiled bashfully. Clarke knew she won Anya over when a small smile broke her through.

“You’re a pain in my ass, Reyes,” Anya snarked and pulled her closer.

“That I may be, but at least I have a hot ass,” Raven backed it up into her and Anya laughed, the tension effectively broken.

“And you call me and Lexa gross,” Clarke laughed.

“You two are sappy though,” Anya spoke up. “I’ve never seen Lexa like this, not even with Costia.” She froze. Lexa had mentioned an ex, but she hadn’t known her name until now. Clarke had no right to be upset though as per their arrangement, plus she hadn’t told Lexa about Finn.

She knew it was a conversation they’d need to have.

“And you two aren’t?” Clarke was more comfortable around Anya now that her and Raven were doing whatever they were doing.

“I saw something I liked and I grabbed onto it.” Raven kissed her on the cheek and seeing Anya blush was the next best thing.

“Why do I put up with you?” Anya asked linking their hands together.

“Beats me, but I love that you do. Plus, I’m sexy, smart and can blow shit up,” Raven sassed.

“True on the first part and the last part, let’s just not talk about that,” Anya said with a smile.

“Seriously, you two.” Clarke cut in, her eyes on Lexa, “I’m happy for you that you’re dating.”

“Whoa! Slow down, we’re just enjoying each other’s company and seeing what happens,” Raven looked at Anya who nodded in agreement.

“Mmm, sure. Okay,” Clarke knew they’d be more in no time.

“You’re one to talk, Clarke, you’ve been in a fuck buddy relationship for months, but anyone with eyes can see that it's more than that. It has been since basically the beginning,” Raven said matter of factly.

It was obvious. Clarke knew it. She turned away from them and decided to ignore them.

Clarke looked over to Octavia and saw her staring just as intently at the field as she was which got her attention.

“Is your secret boyfriend on the team?” Clarke questioned and Octavia’s face drained of color.

“Why do you ask that?” Octavia stammered.

“Just an observation.” Their conversation was interrupted by the other team kicking off from what Lexa had tried to teach her. She had been more interested in kissing, but still tried to pay attention because it was important to Lexa.
“I’m here to support the team, that’s all,” Octavia stated. Clarke didn’t buy it for a second. She looked towards the field. “Besides your girlfriend is on the team, I got to support that too.” Octavia smirked.

“She’s not my girlfriend and really.” Clarke scoffed. “You’re one to talk.” Clarke pointed at her shirt. “Whose number are you wearing?”

Octavia slipped on a jacket and Clarke laughed.

“It’s just a random number I picked up, that’s all. You’re missing your girl running out on the field by the way,” Clarke turned so quickly, she may have gotten whiplash.

She’d never seen Lexa play before and Clarke watched in awe as Lexa commanded the field like she was born to do it. Clarke could see the happiness radiating off of her and it made her smile to see the joy Lexa got doing something she absolutely loved.

Clarke had sat down on the metal bench to watch the first play of the game, but truthfully, she was more interested in just watching Lexa. The whistle blew and Clarke saw Lexa get the ball and she stood up clenching her fists as Lexa had the ball and made a amazing throw. It was a forty yard pass down the field like it was child’s play and ended in a touchdown. Clarke was overjoyed when she ran it in to score the first touchdown of the game.

Clarke screamed with the rest of the crowd and jumped up and down with her friends in the stands. The kiss that Lexa blew her after scoring made her blush and cheer louder. Clarke knew she’d have no voice by the end of the game, but it would be totally worth it.

Clarke was blown away by the war taking place between the two teams as the game continued.

It was the only way she could think to describe it. Two teams on opposite sides were both trying to defeat the other. It was a bloodbath and Clarke cringed every time someone got tackled. It was hard to watch, but luckily she hadn’t seen Lexa sacked because she wasn’t sure how she would react if she did.

She would probably try to run out on the feel and embarrass them both.

The other team got the ball, but Grounders defense stopped them by sacking Ontari on third and four. They lost five yards as Ontari had backpedaled and couldn’t escape the pocket before it collapsed at least that’s what Raven had explained in her ear. All Clarke cared about was that Lexa got to take the field again and Clarke got lost in the beauty that she got to witness Lexa do something she loved.

They scored another touchdown, but this time Lexa handed off the ball and Clarke watched Lincoln run it in and celebrated by doing a dance in the endzone with a few of his team. Clarke did notice that Octavia was cheering extra loud on that particular play.

Once again, a kiss was blown towards her and Clarke heard the crowd start to murmur around her and who Lexa had directed the kiss at. Clarke’s face lit up in a blush when her friends smirked and nudged her, but were nice enough not to draw even more attention to her.

By halftime, the game was 27 to 21. The Grounders were winning and Clarke was thrilled. She’d never been to a game before now and Clarke realized that she wouldn’t be missing anymore of the games. They were insane and intense and so much fun.

Before Lexa left the field she turned around and made sure to blow a kiss to her. She did that after every touchdown as well. Clarke wondered if that would be their signature from now on.
Clarke would absolutely love it, but not as much as she loved Lexa.

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Lexa was high on adrenaline from the first half and couldn’t wait for the second half. She burst through the tunnel still pumped from the game. Clarke being here was the major boost, Lexa needed and she hoped that Clarke would come to all her games. Lexa had played one of her best games yet and it was only halfway over.

Clarke was what she’d been missing. Before Clarke, Lexa loved to play and enjoyed being out on the field, but it’s true what they say. Being happy off the field as well as on the field can affect how you play and Lexa had never believed that until today. Today Lexa experienced what she’d heard and was a firm believer now.

In the locker room, Lexa’s teammates noticed the bounce in her step and smile on her face. They kept slapping her on the back, happy she was happy, but some others made lewd comments about her getting laid and Clarke being a hot piece of ass that they tap it as they spread out across the benches. Lexa heard and glared at them until they shrunk away from her gaze and stopped. Nobody would be making negative comments about her girl.

One day soon, she planned to make that a reality.

Lexa didn’t talk to anyone during halftime, she stayed to herself and tried to keep her mind on football. It didn’t work well, her mind drifted to Clarke. It was hard not to think about how good Clarke looked when she filled out her jersey so much better than she did. It was tight in all the right places and could even make out her nipples. The thought alone made her cock twitch in her pants and a small groan slipped past her lips. She leaned against the locker and banged her head once. It made the locker rattle and a few checked to make sure she was alright.

She did her best to ignore it because she still had the second half to play and now wasn’t the time to have such dirty thoughts when all of her concentration should be on the game and not Clarke. It was easier said than done. But Lexa knew when they won and Lexa was confident they would, planned to celebrate all night with Clarke if she had her way.

Halftime went faster than she thought and she was back on the field. Lexa hadn’t even realized the time was gone when she was tapped on the shoulder to signal it was time to go. She had completely zoned out and missed her coach’s pep talk and everything. Clarke was a really bad distraction, but one Lexa hoped to never get rid of.

They ran back out on the field to the cheers of the crowd to see the Azgeda players with their arms crossed and glares on their faces, but that wasn’t anything new. The Ice nation were determined to get under her skin anyway they could and so far she hadn’t let it affect her. Lexa knew of only one person that would have them do that.

Ontari.

What a bitch Lexa thought, but that was how she had always been. She was petty and immature and she would give anything to take her out for the season. Ontari was convinced if she was taken out, she’d have a chance at the crown. Lexa was determined not to let that happen or let her win. Azgeda came back out on the field aggressive and five minutes into the third quarter, Ontari threw a decent pass for a touchdown which tied the game. Lexa clenched her fists at the smug smirk thrown her way as Ontari sauntered off the field.

It wouldn’t last long if Lexa had any say in it and she did.
When her team got the ball back, Lexa ran out on the field to the fans doing the wave and smiled at them which had them going crazy. Within two minutes, Grounders scored again. Lexa chose to run a quick route and threw a beautiful pass to Tristan who was running a slant play down the middle. He sidestepped a few tackles and ran it in for another touchdown. Lexa turned and blew a kiss towards Clarke before she celebrated with her team.

What made it even better was her defense got an interception and they had the ball on the fifty yard line. Lexa lined up, got the ball and had no open receivers. She scrambled out of the pocket and once she passed the line of scrimmage, the race was on. She had Nyko and Gustus blocking for her, but the hype of running the ball herself was a thrill all on its own. Lexa couldn’t help but do a waltz into the end zone.

This time, it was her turn to smirk at Ontari who looked like she was going to murder her, but Lexa ignored her and blew another kiss to Clarke. Lexa was so enraptured by the smile on Clarke’s face that she completely missed the wide smile on Ontari’s and the evil glint in her eyes.

Lexa stood on the sideline with a towel around her shoulders and kept wiping her face and arms that were dripped sweat. She was handed a bottle of water and gulped it down as she watched the other team go out before they had to punt the ball. This time, Ontari stalked off the field completely pissed off.

Her team was up by fourteen points, but Lexa wanted to blow them out of the water because they deserved it, well at least Ontari did. She wasn’t sure about the rest of her team. Lexa went out and saw the exhausted looks on their faces made Lexa feel bad, but she remembered if it was her, they wouldn’t bat an eye.

The ball was put in play and in her hands, but she was waiting for Lincoln to run by her so she could pretend to hand the ball off. She faked the handoff before tossing to Lincoln who was wide open in the middle of the field, but this time after Lexa released the ball, she got hit by one of her own players when he was tackled hard and shoved into her. It knocked her down into the turf and Lexa felt the impact to her ribs and knew it would leave a bruise.

Once she got her breath back as the crowd had fallen silent when she took a minute to get up, but when she did the noise was deafening. Lexa gave thumbs up before she found Clarke in the crowd and blew her another kiss. The look of relief was clear on Clarke’s face and she blew a kiss back that Lexa pressed it right over her heart.

She didn’t care who saw or what anybody thought because at the moment all Lexa saw was Clarke. The rest of the game flew by and before she knew it, it was over and they’d won by a wide margin. Showing good sportsmanship, Lexa and her team went to shake the other team's hands, but when Lexa got to Ontari, she bypassed her hand.

“You better watch yourself, Woods.” She continued walking. “Oh and how did someone like you land a girl like that?” Ontari bit out. “Maybe I should show her what it’s like to be with a real woman instead of a freak like you.” Some of her team sniggered when Ontari leveled them with a withering look.

Lexa panicked for a moment thinking Ontari was going to announce it out loud for everyone to hear, but knew she wouldn’t because she knew all too well how well her digs worked and the knowledge that she could spill it at any time.

“Don’t be a sore loser. I beat you fair and square,” Lexa replied and walked over. Looking back, she saw Ontari was glaring daggers at her. “Good game, maybe you’ll beat me next time, but I wouldn’t
count on it.”

Lexa looked towards the stands again, but with everyone up and celebrating, Lexa couldn’t find her and resigned herself to seeing her favorite blonde after she showered and changed. Maybe one of these days, she’ll get a kiss on the field like she dreamed of.

Accepting congratulations and pats on the back, Lexa spent a few more minutes before heading back to the locker room. When she entered, she noticed that Indra had already been in and out because her stuff was gone. That was strange as they usually left together. Lexa didn’t think too much of it, she probably had plans. She pulled off her jersey and unhooked her shoulder pads and stretched her sore muscles. She stripped of her pants and was left in tight black boxers and a black sports bra.

Thoughts of Clarke invaded her mind as Lexa stripped and got in the shower. She let the hot water beat across her shoulders and back, helping ease the tension and knots she had from the game. She felt the tension loosen the longer she stood under the water. It felt heavenly, but not as good as Clarke’s arms felt.

The thought alone had her shutting the water off. She wrapped a towel around her and padded back to her locker. Assuming she was alone, Lexa was in for a shock when she saw Clarke waiting for and wearing very little clothes.

Lexa lost her breath at the beauty before her.

In front of stood Clarke who was wearing sheer black lace underwear set that left very little to the imagination. Lexa could see every inch of Clarke and her mouth watered at the sight. She didn’t know where she wanted to feast her eyes or mouth first.

“Wow!” Lexa exclaimed louder than intended. “Now this is the way to celebrate a win.” Lexa took a couple steps closer. She couldn’t tear her eyes away even if she wanted to.

“I wanted to give the captain of the football team a proper celebration,” Clarke looked at her phone and put on some music. “Sit.”

Lexa complied immediately.

All rational thought was lost when Clarke started moving her hips and body. Lexa was mesmerized by the way she moved so fluidly and her whole body moved to the beat. It was so fucking sexy.

At first, Lexa was entranced by Clarke and didn’t register the music, when she finally heard it; she smiled at the song choice. “

Lexa was on one of the benches between the lockers when Clarke approached her and put her foot up on the bench next to her. The half straddling had Lexa desperately reaching out when her hands were stopped just shy of touching Clarke’s hips.

“No touching.” Clarke pushed her hands down to her sides. “Not until I say.”

Lexa whined in despair.

“Please, Clarke, let me touch you,” Lexa begged helplessly, but knew it was no good when Clarke leveled her with a look that was pure mirth and desire. If Lexa wasn’t already sitting down, she was sure her knees would have buckled at the look alone.

“No, Lex. Keep your hands to yourself and I promise I’ll make it worth your while,” Clarke kept herself barely brushing her body against hers. Her towel had fallen leaving her chest exposed which
had Clarke licking her lips. Lexa smirked at the look of want on her face, but knew hers was the same.

“Fuck, Clarke. This isn’t fair,” Lexa groaned when Clarke finally pressed their bodies together and Lexa had a white knuckled grip on the bench trying to resist touching her or thrusting her hips up. Looking down, Lexa could see the shine of Clarke’s arousal and would do anything for a taste.

“Shouldn’t I call the shots as it’s my celebration,” Lexa whimpered when Clarke grinded down on her cock. She was painfully aroused and had been since she saw Clarke standing there in her lingerie set.

“This is your celebration babe. Just be patient and I promise you’ll like what I have in store for you,” Clarke husked in her ear, her voice dropping an octave that had Lexa an ache settle low in her belly. Clarke continued grinding for a few minutes before standing up and leaving Lexa reaching out for her.

“Babe, what?” Lexa’s words got stuck in her throat when Clarke took the towel off the lower half of her body and Lexa breathed a sigh of relief being free. She was already leaking precum and her tip was red and swollen. Lexa’s hands reached for own shaft, aching to find release, but her hands were once again batted away. “Damn it, you said I couldn’t touch you, you never said I couldn’t touch myself,” Lexa weakly struggled to free her hands, but Clarke held firm.

“It was implied,” Clarke's voice was dripping with arousal. “Will you behave?” Clarke asked as she released her hands. Lexa nodded not finding her voice. “Good. That’s very good.”

Before Lexa could even try to form a reply, Clarke had dropped to her knees and took the tip of her dick in her mouth. Lexa’s hips jerk up automatically at the feeling of Clarke’s wet mouth and tongue around her and it felt so fucking good. She was already embarrassingly close to coming with Clarke teasing her like she was and wearing Clarke wearing the lingerie was a new kink for her.

Regardless of the reasoning, Lexa couldn’t stop thrusting her hips.

“That’s it baby, fuck my mouth,” Clarke opened her mouth wider taking even more of her in and swirled her tongue around as well. Lexa keened at the feeling and the dirty talk doing wonders for her as well.

Her hands hurt from gripping the bench so tight and all she wanted to do was wrap her hands into blonde curls, but was doing her best to comply to Clarke’s wishes. She did start to pump her hips faster as Clarke started stroking the base of her dick.

“Clarke, fuck, that feels so fucking good,” Lexa’s stomach clenched as pleasure shot down to her cock. The pressure was building and Lexa was far past caring if it was too quick or not. “Baby, I’m gonna come. Oh god!” Lexa rutted a couple more times and he orgasm hit her like a freight train. She saw stars as she emptied herself into Clarke’s mouth.

Clarke greedily swallowed it all and loved hearing Lexa lose control. The moans and whimpers were a major turn on and Clarke was dripping by this point. She milked Lexa for all she could and helped her ride out her high. Lexa slumped back on the bench and Clarke smiled.

“You good?”

“Never better.”
“That’s great because we’re not done yet,” Clarke stood up and took off her panties that were slightly sticking to her. Lexa’s eyes shot open and her head popped up. Clarke knew she’d found her second wind.

Lexa shot off the bench so fast, Clarke let out a squeal when Lexa was pressed against her, but had yet to touch her. She admired her self restraint and couldn’t help but admire how good Lexa looked buck naked with her strong shoulders, her firm abs, long toned legs and so much more.

Clarke surged forward and smashed their lips together. She wasted no time before her tongue was tangling with Lexa’s. She shoved Lexa back and pushed her to lay on her back. Clarke saw Lexa shudder when her back collided with the cold metal of the bench.

“Fuck that’s cold,” Lexa stuttered a bit.

“Let me warm you up baby.” Clarke husked and kissed her harder. She laid her body on top of her and was surprised but not to feel Lexa hard again. She moved up and straddled her stomach and grinded her core on her abs, whimpering at the feeling, but it wasn’t enough.

“You’re so wet, Clarke. Let me touch you please!” Lexa surged up to capture a nipple between her teeth and bit down hard. Clarke moaned when the heat traveled to her core and had her grind down harder.

“Only for you, fuck, always for you. You can touch me!” Clarke’s breathing had become erratic and she knew she was close, but Lexa’s abs as great as they were, were not enough to make her come right now. She sidled up until her core was dripping over Lexa’s face and Clarke saw the look of pure want on Lexa’s face. Finally Lexa touched her and Clarke felt it everywhere. Anywhere Lexa touched, Clarke felt it burn straight to her soul.

“Mmm, oh god, babe!” Lexa groaned.

“Don’t tease me, please. I need to come so badly. Getting you off was such a turn on.” Clarke bucked into Lexa’s waiting mouth. The first swipe of Lexa’s tongue was heaven.

“Ride my face!”

“Oh my god!” Clarke grounded down harder when Lexa flicked her clit with her tongue before moving and dragging her tongue from her clit to her opening. It felt so fucking good. Clarke was on the verge of cumming. Lexa seemed to sense it, with one hand on her hip keeping her steady, Lexa shoved three fingers into her core and sucked her clit hard into her mouth.

Clarke came with a scream and clenched hard around Lexa’s digits that she almost blacked out from the intensity of her orgasm. She bucked wildly into her face, Clarke was afraid she hurt her and she went to get off, but Lexa held her firm and went back to lapping at her. Clarke was extremely sensitive, but it wasn’t long before the whines turned to whimpers that turned to long drawn out moans. Clarke was thrown into a long unexpected orgasm that had built slowly before exploding out of her.

Looking down at Lexa, she moved back down her body and collapsed on top of her trying to regain her breath. She could feel Lexa’s heart beating rapidly and was sure hers was doing the same.

When she finally had the energy, Clarke saw that her face, chin and nose was covered in her essence and Clarke couldn’t resist bending down and kissing her senseless, tasting herself on her lips and licking into Lexa’s mouth to taste even more. Who knew she tasted so good.

“You taste amazing,” Lexa mumbled kissing her back.
“That would be you, babe, not me.”

“How about both of us.” Clarke argued back and was rewarded with a nod. She captured Lexa’s lips in a soft, slow kiss and felt Lexa pressed against her thigh.

“That works. You’re so damn beautiful.” Lexa smiled her half smile and Clarke’s heart melted. Clarke peeled herself off of Lexa and felt their skin sticky from sweat. She reached down to pull Lexa up and looked down at her cock that was proudly at attention. Lexa was standing so close, Clarke could feel it poking her lower stomach and her belly clenched at the thought of being filled by Lexa.

Nothing compared to Lexa.

Her hand reached down and touched Lexa’s length and it jumped in her hand. Clarke smirked and stroked it from base to tip. What Clarke hadn’t expected was for Lexa to push her down where her hands were pressed on the bench and ass up in the air. Clarke moaned at the dominant display.

“Lex, what…” Her words were cut off when Lexa thrust into her from behind and completely bottomed out inside. Clarke fucking loved it this way because Lexa reached so deep and it felt so good. She clenched down hard on the intrusion as she felt her walls pulsing and Lexa’s dick twitched.

Clarke knew that neither of them were going to last long. Lexa kept her thrusts long and slow and before she knew it, Clarke was begging her to fuck her.

“Fuck baby, faster please.” Lexa didn’t listen, continued to pull herself out tortuously slow and dragging the tip of her shaft against Clarke’s clt that made Clarke’s eyes roll back in her head. She needed more.

“Harder babe!”

“You had your fun, it’s my turn.” Lexa’s pace increased some but before Clarke had a chance to enjoy the faster pace, Lexa had slowed down again. Clarke whimpered in satisfaction, and tried to thrust her hips back to encourage Lexa to pick it back up. Hearing Lexa’s groan, Clarke knew it wouldn’t be long until she gave in. “You like my dick in you baby. You want it hard and fast?” Lexa thrust hard and Clarke mewled at the feeling.

“Yes babe! I love it. You fill me up so…” Clarke moaned. “Good! Fuck!” And then Lexa slapped her ass as she increased her pace and she squeezed down hard on Lexa’s dick and was soaked. It was just what she needed. “Fuck! Do that again!” Clarke groaned and when another smack hit her ass she bucked her hips back again and Lexa was so deep, Clarke saw stars.

It seemed to do the trick because Lexa rutted into her with abandon, between thrusts, she’d slap one ass cheek and then the other. Every thrust Lexa dragged her dick across her front wall and her clt and Clarke felt the familiar build in her stomach.

“This what you want baby. For me to make you mine!” Lexa thrusts were getting sloppy and Clarke knew she was on the verge of coming. “Oh fuck!”

Clarke held off her orgasm wanting them to come together. She wanted to share that with Lexa.

“Come with me, Lex. Please.” One more brutal thrust and Lexa broke apart and shot cum deep inside her. It triggered Clarke’s own orgasm and it was by far the most intense, amazing, earth shattering orgasm she’d had and just knew it was the same for Lexa. They both rode out their highs
before Lexa slumped her body across her back and she could feel Lexa’s harsh pants against her neck. Lexa jogged her hips a few times as their orgasms finally tapered off.

Lexa pulled out and Clarke moaned when their combined cum dripped out of her and down her thighs. She almost came again at the feeling, but knew she’d black out if she came again.

Besides they’d gotten extremely lucky that nobody had heard them or walked in on them. Clarke was nervous for them to keep going, but Lexa draped across her was amazing and perfect and thought it would be even better to continue this on a bed instead of a cold, hard, metal bench that had made her boobs sore from being pressed so hard into.

“Are you okay?” Lexa’s voice was gravelly and laced with sleep and it was really sexy. Clarke loved when her voice got like that. Lexa reached down and rubbed her ass cheeks which had her rearing back a little because it was so sensitive and raw, but Clarke wouldn’t have changed a thing.

Who knew Lexa had it in her. She wondered what other kinks Lexa had. She was determined to find out.

“I’m perfect. Are you okay?” Clarke asked turning her head and brushing her lips over Lexa’s sweaty forehead.

“Mhmm. How about we shower and head back to my place?” Lexa asked with a hopeful glint in her eyes.

“You read my mind.” Clarke arched her back bumping Lexa back from her who just laughed. “A shower sounds fantastic. Plus I’m not quite done with you.” Both their eyes went wide when they heard a door slam open and both of them scrambled to grab their clothes and haul ass to the shower.

Their luck had run out it seemed.

Lexa had put her hand over Clarke’s mouth to silence her giggles because the last thing she needed after winning a big game was to be caught having sex in the locker room. Her coach wouldn’t be very welcoming to that knowledge.


“Yeah, I’m good, I must have lost track of time, I’ll be gone soon. I’m almost done.” Lexa called back.

“Okay, just wanted to check. Great game tonight. I’ll see you at practice. Have a good weekend.”

“Thanks, you too.” Lexa’s shoulders sagged with relief when she heard her coach’s steps echoing away and a door slammed closed. “You’re so bad.”

“You love it.”

“Oh I definitely do,” Lexa swallowed her smug expression in a kiss. “As much as I want to go for another round, maybe save it till we get home.” Lexa’s breath caught when it dawned on her what she said, but Clarke just smiled.

“Well I am there enough, so it is like my second home.” Clarke kissed her again and Lexa’s fears eased just by the touch of her lips. “Yeah, we should wait and once we get out of her, we’ll have no interruptions and I have plans to make the most of it.”

Lexa moaned and had all sorts of dirty ideas that flashed through her mind.
“That sounds perfect.” Lexa kissed her and they lost themselves in each other for a moment and their hands wandered. She couldn’t get enough of Clarke’s smooth silky skin underneath her fingertips.

“Fuck, Lex. You are amazing.” Clarke moaned out with Lexa’s lip trapped between her teeth. Lexa’s heart was beating overtime because Clarke’s moans were a major turn on.

“You’re making it really fucking hard to wait.”

“Maybe that’s my plan.” Clarke nipped on her ear and once again, Lexa was hard and poking into Clarke’s thigh. It would be so easy to slid in and bury herself in Clarke’s velvety walls.

“Claaarkeee.” Lexa whined.

“Lexxaaaa.” Clarke responded with a smile and a love bite to her neck. Lexa knew she was going to leave a mark but didn’t care.

Fuck it.

Lexa slid in suddenly into Clarke’s soaking cunt and Clarke’s nails dug into her shoulders. This time there was no teasing, she set a quick pace and reached down to stroke Clarke’s clit with her thumb.

“Oh MY GOD!” Clarke let out a deep moan and met her thrust for thrust. Clarke wrapped a leg around Lexa’s waist and Lexa was able to slid even deeper where their hips were flush. Lexa stayed still for a moment to let Clarke adjust and as soon as she received a nod, she sped up her back and you could hear the slap of their skin over the shower.

It was loud between the water, their moans and Clarke’s head hitting the wall of the shower. Lexa situated herself to put a hand behind Clarke’s head while she continued to bottom out. She slid all the way out to the tip before she slammed back in. It had both of them were their eyes closed and mouths fused in a desperate kiss.

Lexa broke the kiss to breath and leaned up to Clarke’s ear. A shiver went down her spine and felt an answering one in Clarke.

“I can’t get enough of you, no matter how many times we fuck, it’s never enough,” Lexa groaned when Clarke squeezed her shaft and Lexa could feel Clarke’s walls fluttering around her dick.

“I know…” Clarke whined at a hard thrust. “What you mean!” Clarke scratched her back and Lexa knew she drew blood, but she could feel her orgasm approaching and with one final thrust she was coming once again inside Clarke and felt Clarke shatter around her. Wave after wave of pleasure pulsed through them as Lexa was milked for every last drop of her cum. She pumped her hips slowly in and out to prolong both their highs before slowly pulling her softened cock from Clarke’s folds.

“Fuck!”

“You’re telling me, I thought we didn’t have time for another round.”

“We didn’t, but I couldn’t resist you when you look so fucking gorgeous.” Lexa kissed her deeply. “But now we really need to hurry up and shower.” Lexa was eager to have Clarke laid out across her bed and have her way with her again. She could just imagine Clarke’s face pressed into the pillows with her ass in the air and nope now was not the time for those thoughts. If the thoughts continued, Lexa wouldn’t let Clarke leave anytime soon.

They really needed to shower and get going before her coach came back again.
Clarke’s laugh was music to her ears and Lexa smiled loving hearing that sound come from her.

“Okay, Lex, but we have plenty of time.”

They finished up as quickly as they could, but there were still many lingering touches and kisses before they finally got out. They dried off and got dressed before Lexa grabbed her bag and they left the locker room hand in hand.

Lexa knew she would never be able to look at this locker room the same way again.

The rest of the night was spent with them tangled up in Lexa’s bed and for both of them it was the perfect night.

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The next morning could be found with Lexa in bed holding Clarke in her arms. Clarke’s head was on her chest and their legs were overlapping under the covers. It was the best way to wake up according to Lexa even if Clarke did snore a little. It was cute soft one and Lexa couldn’t help but nuzzle closer to her in response.

Lexa had a plan on how to ask Clarke to be her girlfriend and to tell her how she felt. She wanted to wait until after the competition next week, but wasn’t sure she could hold out that long. Part of her couldn’t wait to tell Clarke she loved her and the other part was terrified that she’d scare her away. Lexa knew she had to take the chance though if she wanted a future with her.

She wanted Clarke to be hers and only hers.

Lexa was so in love with Clarke and that was the last thing she’d expected to be. She had thought a friends with benefits relationship would be just that, but boy was she wrong. Lexa wouldn’t change a thing though because loving Clarke was the best thing that had happened to her.

“I love you,” Lexa said leaving ghost of a kiss to her hair and felt her heart constrict when she said the words out loud. Next time she said them she planned to say them when Clarke was awake.

Eventually the kisses Lexa kept placing on her head, cheeks, nose and lips stirred Clarke from slumber.

“Good morning,” Lexa smiled into her hair and Clarke let out a huge yawn.

“Morning, Lex,” Clarke husked burying her face into her shoulder. “How long you been awake?”

“Not long.”

“You sleep okay?” Clarke asked as she stretched her limbs and Lexa heard some popping as she did do.

“I slept great considering we only passed out a few hours ago,” Lexa poked Clarke in the ribs that made her squeal. Lexa’s face lit up in realization. “Oh, is someone ticklish, how did I not realize this sooner.”

“Please, Lex, don’t.” Clarke started to squirm away, but Lexa held firm and switched their positions where she was on top and had Clarke pinned to the mattress. Lexa leaned in as to kiss her. At the last second, she pulled away and attacked Clarke’s side’s with her fingers. Lexa was absolutely delighted. “C’mon, Lex, this isn’t fair. You’re too strong.” Clarke bucked her hips to throw her off, but Lexa didn’t budge.
“What,” Lexa continued her assault on her naked body. “are you not,” Lexa leaned down further. “liking this,” Lexa brushed her lips over Clarke’s and loved the whimper she got when she pulled back.

Clarke laughed and continued to squirm.

“Please stop, please,” Lexa was a goner when she looked into her baby blue eyes almost conceded when she say the devilish glint her eyes. Lexa attacked harder, she refused to give up and Clarke wouldn’t either.

“You give up yet? Who’s in charge?” Lexa moved down with one hand to squeeze Clarke’s thigh that made her jump. “Just say it! Who’s the boss?” Clarke was laughing uncontrollably now.


“I don’t think so.” The tickle war continued until Clarke couldn’t take anymore and needed to breathe.

“Fine, you win!”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t hear you?” Lexa cocked her head to the side in question, a smirk on her lips.

“You win, you’re the boss, you’re in charge,” Clarke yelled.

“Now that’s more like it,” Lexa stopped and smiled. “That wasn’t so hard was it?”

“You’re going to pay for that, Woods.”

“Looking forward to it, Griffin,” Lexa fell on top of her and shifted to get comfortable. Clarke wrapped her arms around her and they snuggled into each other.

For a few minutes they were content in the silence until Clarke shot up effectively knocking Lexa off to the side.

“Oh, I forgot to show you I recorded the end of the game!” Clarke grabbed her phone before she slipped back into bed with Lexa. “Want to see?”

Lexa nodded, mostly because Clarke was so excited to share.

“Yes,” Lexa scooted closer so they shared the same pillow. She waited patiently for Clarke to get it loaded. It started and Lexa watched the last play of the game and then saw her and her team shaking hands with Azgeda. Lexa froze when she saw Ontari talking to her on the video and remembered what she said.

Ontari and her had met during summer camp back when they were in their early teens. They were the only two girls on the team and became fast friends. They did everything together that summer and Lexa considered her a really good friend. Ontari turned out to be the worst friend. She had walked back in on her changing and saw her extra appendage and promptly burst out laughing. It was humiliating and completely crushed her. To make matters worse when she went to camp the next day, Ontari had told the entire team and they all proceeded to make fun of her and bully her for the rest of camp. She went home crying and upset because of them.

It was a day she would never forget and the day she was ashamed of what happened. The scar still lingered today and Ontari had cut open the still raw wound.
Finally the video ended.

Clarke turned towards her with a bright smile that quickly fell when she saw Lexa’s face. She tried to morph her face into smile, but knew it was more of a grimace. She rolled over on her side facing away from Clarke and missed the crestfallen look Clarke had.

“Lex,” Clarke touched her shoulder. “What’s wrong?” Lexa could feel Clarke trying to pull her closer, but Lexa resisted.

“Nothing’s wrong,” Lexa put as much enthusiasm as she could in her voice. “I’m okay, just tired.”

Clarke didn’t say anything at first, just got closer and put her arms tight around her and Lexa melted into her embrace.

“I’m here,” Clarke uttered so quietly, Lexa barely heard, but those two words were enough to break the dam and tears leaked out and down her cheeks.

“Clarke...I..” Lexa choked on her own words as she sniffled and started crying harder. Clarke just pulled her closer and held her while she cried. Lexa rolled over and buried her face in her shoulder and let the tears fall.

“Shh, it’s okay baby. It will be okay,” Clarke soothingly rubbed her back. “I’m here, I’m here.” Clarke peppered her head and shoulders with kisses.

Lexa held her so tightly, she was afraid she hurt her. Lexa started to scramble back completely sickened by her memories and didn’t want to taint Clarke with it.

Clarke held firm and didn’t let her.

“Clarke, please, you shouldn’t have anything to do with me, I’m a freak,” Lexa cried as she fought her desperate to escape.

“Baby, please, it’s me. Calm down. Please.” Clarke hushed in her ear. Lexa let Clarke’s voice soothe her and she relaxed into her hold.

Tears were still flowing, but she tried to regain her composure. Lexa stayed in Clarke’s arms until she managed to stop crying and looked up at Clarke in fear.

“I’m sorry...I’m sorry...” Lexa whispered feverently. “I didn’t mean too...” Lexa stammered, her words not coming out right.

“Don’t apologize, you have absolutely nothing to apologize for. All I want to do is help,” Clarke kissed her head. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Lexa nodded, but wasn’t where to start.

“The quarterback on the other team used to be my friend when we were younger. Ontari is her name. We were in the same summer camp and being the only two girls, we became good friends. Well it didn’t last and she turned out to not be who I thought she was,” Lexa took a deep breath, the painful memories at the forefront of her mind.

Clarke looked at with concern written all over her face, but also a hint of anger. It made her feel a little better already.
“She found out, I’m guessing,” Clarke asked.

“Yeah, she walked in on me changing. I thought everyone had left. I purposely would take longer in the shower to make sure, but she forgot something.” Lexa stated matter of factly. “I’ve come to term with myself a long time ago and I know exactly who I am, but sometimes those comments get to me.”

Clarke was silent, so Lexa continued.

“I just need to know you’re okay with me, being…” Lexa gestured to herself. “Me. That you really don’t have a problem with it because if you do than I’d like to know. I need to know before we continue our…re...arrangement.”

“What comment did she make? Is my first question and there is absolutely nothing wrong that I see. Lex, it’s not about your body, it’s about you. What is between your legs doesn’t define you, it doesn’t make you who you are. You’re an amazing, wonderful girl. I have no problem with your body or anything else.”

Tears welled in Lexa’s eyes because if it was possible she’d fallen even more in love with Clarke.

“You really think so?”

“I know so. What did the bitch say?” Clarke squeezed her hand tightly.

“She said ‘ ‘Maybe I should show what it’s like to be with a real woman instead of a freak like you’,’” Lexa tore her gaze away and looked at the wall.

“Lex, you’re not a freak. Not at all. Ontari is narrow minded and afraid of what she doesn’t know nor understands, but she doesn’t matter. All that matters is what you think about yourself. Not what I think or anyone else,” Clarke put her hand over Lexa’s heart. “What matters is how you feel in here.”

Lexa was in awe of Clarke.

“I’m not ashamed of myself. Hell I could have opted for surgery…” Clarke interrupted her.

“You better not,” Clarke said seriously. “I happen to love it.”

Lexa laughed, only with Clarke could she feel better so quickly. Clarke smiled.

“But I didn’t because I’m comfortable in my body and it would feel like losing a part of myself,” Lexa finished quickly so Clarke wouldn’t interrupt her again, but had a smile on her face the entire time.

“Baby, your body isn’t the definition of who you are. You were born beautiful and you have nothing what so ever to be insecure or ashamed about. You’re perfect just the way you are,” Clarke’s eyes drifted to her lips. “Can I kiss you?”

“You better,” Lexa said as she leaned in. Clarke claimed her lips and deepened the kiss. The kissed for several minutes before they pulled away. Lexa leaned their foreheads together and brushed their noses together that had Clarke scrunch her face adorably.

“You make me incredibly happy.”

“You make me happy too.”
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading and for the comments and kudos. They make my day, truly. I've been super busy and I hope to have the next chapter out next week, but just in case I can't. I hope this holds you over. Thanks as always to my beta and my friend :) Without them, this wouldn't be ready in time :)

Enjoy!

The next two weeks became very hectic and insanely busy for both them that they barely had time to see each other. With school, work, practice and training, neither one had any time for anything else and quite frankly Clarke was getting upset about it.

She had no right to be mad as they weren’t together, but usually Lexa made time for her and lately she’d been too exhausted to even make it over to her place. Clarke hadn’t had sex in a week and the frustration was starting to get to her.

The competition was still important to her, but it was no longer the only thing. Lexa had become an integral part and without her being around, Clarke found herself lost. She couldn’t concentrate, couldn’t nail her tricks and was fed up. It wasn’t just the sex she was missing. She’d gone without sex for longer and could do it again if needed.

No what she missed was Lexa.

She hadn’t seen her in four days and the last time she did, it was a quick hello and a kiss before Lexa had to scamper off to class. She loved how dedicated Lexa was to football and her classes, but Clarke missed how easy it was during the summer. She went from seeing her every day and sleeping in each other’s beds every night to nothing. Clarke understood the demands and pressure they were both under, but damn it if she didn’t wish it was a little different.

She needed Lexa. This was exactly why she hadn’t wanted to get into a relationship, but with Lexa, it was inevitable.

Clarke tried again and again to nail the trick, but fell every single time. She was pissed at herself, but mostly pissed off at Lexa. She knew it was irrational and knew it wasn’t really Lexa’s fault, it was their insane schedules and with classes back in session, it made it even worse. After what felt like the hundredth time, Clarke finally called it quits and stomped her way back to the beach. She couldn’t help but look to see if a familiar brunette was jogging down the beach.

She wasn’t.

Frustrated, Clarke grabbed her stuff and stormed towards house. Once inside she threw her things down and plopped down on her bed. Clarke pulled out her phone and sent a text to Lexa.

Want to hang out tonight?

She tossed her phone down and laid back on her to wait for her reply. Before, Clarke would get a reply almost instantaneously, now it seemed to be longer and longer and she hated it. She wondered
if she did something wrong, but as far as Clarke knew, everything was going well. Even after the hiccups after the game, she thought they were okay.

At least she hoped so.

Her fears were feeding off her anxiety and she bolted out of her bed, intent on going to Lexa’s apartment to talk face to face when her cell dinged. She lunged for it and knocked it behind her bed. On her hands and knees, she stretched for it and couldn’t reach it. She pulled her arm out and looked around her room for something to use. Clarke spotted a hanger and grabbed it. She bent back down and used the hanger to grab the phone and slid it towards her.

When she looked down and saw who had texted her, her shoulder slumped in disappointment. It was from a number she didn’t recognize and chose to ignore the text. Clarke figured it was the wrong number as all it said was ‘hey’.

Not wanting to sit back and be one of those clingy girls who gets upset when they don’t see their girlfriend or boyfriend, she stood up and straightened her shoulders. She plugged her phone into charge and went to take a shower.

She stripped and turned the water on hot needing to feel the burn of her sore and tense muscles. Her mind drifted to the way Lexa relaxed her entire body during the massage. She remembered how good her strong hands felt pressing into her and rubbing out the knots. Clarke sighed. She wasn’t supposed to be thinking about Lexa right now.

When she stepped in, the scorching hot water beat down on her skin. Clarke only lasted a minute before turning it down to something more normal. Her thoughts drifted back to Lexa. No matter how hard she tried, Clarke’s thoughts never strayed far from her. She imagined her kissing her lips, her cheeks, her neck and her hands gliding over her wet, naked body. Clarke mimicked what she thought Lexa would do if she was there. She ran her own hands down her body and cupped her breasts. It wasn’t the same, but would have to do. She pinched and rolled her nipples with one hand while the other traveled lower.

When she cupped herself, she bucked into her own hand, already wet and needy. She needed to cum and Clarke needed it badly. She flicked her already hard clit and rubbed her thumb furiously, but it wasn’t enough. She inserted not one, but two fingers into her cunt and keened at the feeling. It didn’t compare to Lexa’s fingers or her dick, but it would be enough for her to come. She only pumped a few times and rubbed her clit before she orgasmed. It was a shallow one, but it helped ease the ache slightly.

She was grateful for it no matter how small, but she needed to see Lexa and soon because she felt like she was going to combust.

Finishing her shower quickly, she got out and wrapped a towel around her, her wet hair dripping down her back when she thought she heard her phone. She made a mad dash back into her room and grabbed her phone. This time a smile spread across her face when she Lexa had finally replied.

_I would love too_

Her smile soon fell when she read the next text.

_But I can’t, we have a stupid team dinner._

_I’m sorry._

Clarke’s heart plummeted in her chest, she just missed her and didn’t know when they’re schedules
would match up again. They had stopped sleeping over at each other’s place because they ended up not sleeping and then we’re exhausted for the day and it was running them both down. Clarke had agreed it was for the best when Lexa suggested, but didn’t mean she had to like it.

In fact, she hated it and couldn’t help but wonder if Lexa was handling this any better than her. Part of her hoped she wasn’t so she could be in the same miserable boat as her, but the other didn’t want that for her.

Misery loves company and all that, but she loved Lexa and wanted her happy.

She sunk into her bed with tears in her eyes that track down her cheeks. She doesn’t bother replying and eventually cried herself into an exhausted slumber.

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At her own apartment as she got ready for class, Lexa stared at her phone and felt awful for turning down Clarke. If she could, she would ditch everything to be with her, but she couldn’t. That didn’t mean it didn’t bother her.

It did a lot. Lexa just wished Clarke knew that.

Lexa begrudgingly got ready for the day and repeatedly checked her phone to see if Clarke texted back. She didn’t and Lexa wondered if Clarke was mad. She couldn’t blame her if she was, they had barely saw each other after her first game. They had another game Friday and this team night was important and Lexa, as the captain had to show.

She missed Clarke so much it hurt and the fleeting passes they had was nowhere near enough. Lexa wanted more and their stupid opposite schedules was messing it up. She was determined to find time for her, but with classes on top of everything else and the homework, Lexa had no idea what to do.

She felt stuck.

It was going to be another long day of classes and then practice. She felt like her phone was attached to her hand by how often she checked it. By the time classes were over in the early afternoon, Lexa still hadn’t heard from her and started to worry. She decided to call Anya as she didn’t have Raven or Octavia’s numbers yet.

Anya answered on the first ring.

“What do you want?”

“Can I have Raven’s number?” Lexa asked.

“Why do you want Raven’s number?” Anya questioned and she could feel the smug tone in her voice.

“Because I need it, that’s all.” Lexa retorted.

“Nope, sorry, can’t help you kid.” Anya laughed.

“An, stop being a jackass and give it to me.”

“No can do.” She paused. “Not till you tell me why you need it so bad.”

“Why am I friends with you again?”
“Because nobody else will put up with you, that’s why.”

“Clarke does…” Lexa trailed off.

“Uh oh, trouble in paradise.” Anya teased and Lexa let out a long breath.

“Can I please have her number? I haven’t heard from Clarke and that’s unlike her.”

“Oh crap, there really is a problem, isn’t there?” Anya asked seriously.

“Not really a problem. Ugh, I’m not sure. We’ve both been so busy, we’ve hardly seen each other and it’s frustrating.”

“You’re disgustingly in love and I hate it, but why don’t you make time for her. Raven’s told me Clarke is just as miserable not being able to see. Woman up and do something.”

“Who are you and what have you done with my best friend?”

“I’m still the same person, asshole.” Anya bit back. “Oh and Raven is here and said she hasn’t talked to Clarke today or seen her. She’s been with me.” Lexa could hear the smile in her friend’s voice.

“Raven wants me to tell you also to fucking ask her out already officially and that you two are idiots. I happen to agree.”

Lexa smiled because Anya was falling in love for the first time and it was marvelous. Anya had always prided herself on being the lone wolf who could sleep around and not get attached. She didn’t care if it was male or female, all she cared was that it was consensual sex and she snuck out before they woke up. It was enough for her, she’d say countless times, but now with Raven, Anya completely lit up and she was a whole new person and she had Raven to thank for that.

“Oh is that so, well what about the two of you then huh? You’re just as gross as me and Clarke.” Lexa thought for a minute and wondered if they really were. Lexa didn’t care either way. She was so in love with her.

“That’s neither here nor there.”

“Sure it isn’t.” Lexa laughed.

“I’m sorry, Lex, can you hear me, the service must be baaa…” The call cut off and Lexa knew exactly why she did it, but had other things on her mind right now to worry about. She had an a little over an hour until practice and was going to go to the library to get some homework done.

She decided to skip it, there was something way more important to attend to.

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Lexa arrived at Clarke’s house and knocks on the door loudly. She waited impatiently, but there was no answer. Lexa knows Clarke is there because her jeep is in the driveway and she checked the beach first. Only place left is here because Lexa also knew Clarke’s schedule and knew she didn’t have class today.

Opening the door, Lexa stepped in quietly and looked around. She didn’t spot Clarke anywhere, but saw her surfboard leaning against the wall. She made her way to her bedroom and peeked inside and saw Clarke sprawled across her bed naked. Her hair was a tangled mess and the towel that was wrapped around her body was in a heap on the floor and Lexa just stared.
She was perfection.

Lexa stood there transfixed just taking her in.

Finally after a few minutes of ogling and her shorts becoming tight, Lexa made her way over to the bed and brushed Clarke’s hair from her face. The pout that formed on her face was adorable and Lexa couldn’t resist placing a kiss to her lips. Clarke sighed in contentment and muttered something that sounded like her name.

Lexa’s heart fluttered at the thought.

Clarke’s face was scrunched up and Lexa could see the tear tracks on her face and hoped she wasn’t the one to put them there. She kissed each cheek and wiped away her tears and when she looked up, Clarke’s eyes had opened slightly and were staring up at her with so much longing and dare she say…love?

Did Clarke love her? Her heart was no beating wildly at the thought. She also let the three words slip, but would rather Clarke hear them when she was coherent and alert, not dazed and sleepy. Her thoughts were interrupted when Clarke shifted and laid her head in Lexa’s lap. Lexa looked down and softly smiled at her.

“What are doing here? I thought you were too busy.” Clarke asked her voice still husky from sleep. Lexa loved when her voice got like that, it happened when she was sleepy and when she was horny. With Clarke’s head in her lap, she felt herself getting hard. They hadn’t had sex in a week and Lexa was feeling the withdrawal.

Plus, she was very aware that Clarke was still completely naked.

“I wanted to check up on you. You didn’t text me back,” Lexa rubbed the back of her neck. “I was worried.”

Clarke shifted her head to get more comfortably and Lexa let out a whimper when she pressed harder.

“Oh, I must have fallen asleep, and didn’t check my phone,” Clarke said vaguely not looking at her, just burying her head into her stomach.

Lexa knew she wasn’t telling the whole truth.

“Why were you crying, babe?” Lexa paused to get control of her voice. “Was it because I’m not able to see you tonight and because we hardly have time together lately?” Lexa felt horrible knowing she made the woman she loved cry.

She wished she could change it, but right now with class and practice and her job, she was stretched so thin. She hated hurting Clarke and vowed to make more time for them somehow. Lexa had just been so tired lately and her homework had seemed to double since last semester.

Lexa felt like she was drowning, but with Clarke, she felt free and she wanted to hold onto that feeling forever and the fact that Clarke was hurt because of her, tore her up because she couldn’t fix it like she wanted too.

“I was just disappointed and my emotions are all over the place. We’ve hardly had time together and I know this is just a sex arrangement and all, but I miss you and—” Clarke babbled, but Lexa bent down and kissed her. The angle was awkward, but the feel of Clarke’s lips on hers again felt amazing and sent shivers down her spine.
It was a short sweet kiss.

“It’s never just been an arrangement to me. You mean so much to me, Clarke.” Lexa honestly said looking into Clarke’s big blue eyes, still hazy with sleep.

“I keep trying to tell myself it was at the beginning, but it wasn’t for me either. Ever since I saw you on the beach, it’s been so much more. You mean so much to me too, Lex.” Tears welled in Clarke’s eyes as she leaned forward to take Lexa’s lips in a kiss.

Lexa had her own tears in her eyes and once again the three words threatened to spill from her lips, but she held her tongue.

Kissing Clarke right now was more important besides Lexa still wasn’t sure she wouldn’t scare her off when she confessed she was head over heels in love with her. Clarke pushed up and Lexa ended up on her back with a naked Clarke straddling her. She could feel Clarke pressed against her and her hips bucked up. She was happy she was wearing sweats because there was only a thin layer of clothing between them.

Lexa groaned when Clarke bit her lip and moved to her ear. “I want you.” Clarke grinded down to emphasize her point and Lexa’s eyes rolled back into her head. She looked over at the Clarke and wanted to cry when she saw the time.

“Baby, we can’t. I have practice. I’m going to be late if I don’t soon,” Lexa’s voice regretful. Clarke wasn’t stopping and Lexa was having a hard time remembering anything else when Clarke bit her neck hard and had a hand moving down her chest and underneath her waistband.

When Clarke wrapped her hand around her dick, Lexa let out a long drawn out moan. Nothing felt better than Clarke’s hand or mouth or her velvety walls. She was already hard and leaking precum.

“Baby, are you sure you want me to stop. We won’t have sex, I know we don’t have time, but we can at least get each other off. Please, Lex. I need you.” Lexa’s will crumbled and she skated her own hand down Clarke’s smooth, lean body until Lexa was cupping Clarke’s pussy. She slid two fingers into her drenched cunt and Clarke immediately started riding her fingers. “Baby, I need more.”

Lexa added another finger and felt Clarke clench down around them and she slid in and out with ease with how soaked she was. Clarke wasn’t only thinking about herself though because she was pumping Lexa’s cock fast and hard. “Oh, my! God, I’ve missed you.” Lexa could feel the sweat gathering in the small of her back, but didn’t care. “Fuck, Clarke!”

Clarke wasn’t fairing much better. She was riding her fingers hard. “Lex, fuck, I need more, please!” Lexa knew exactly she needed and rubbed her clit. “Oh yes, thank fuck!” Clarke’s head was thrown back and Lexa could see droplets of sweat clinging to her skin. She leaned up and licked them off before taking a nipple into her mouth. Lexa kept her rhythm but it faltered when Clarke squeezed the base of her dick.

“I’m gonna cum! Cum with me baby!” Lexa groaned out. She felt Clarke’s clench harder around her digits and her walls fluttering before her hand was drenched in Clarke’s orgasm as she was coming hard.

“Oh yes, Oh fuck! Lexaaa!” Clarke gripped her dick tighter and rubbed a thumb over the head and she was coming all over the inside of her sweatpants.

Yes, baby! Fuck! You’re so good at that. Clarke...I…fuck!” Lexa groaned out as her high hit.
They helped each other ride it out and Clarke collapsed on top of her and snuggled in. Lexa tried to catch her breath.

She was not embarrassed to have cum so quickly because they’d gone without for a week and it was too long. This wasn’t enough, but it was all they had time for.

“Baby,” Lexa kissed her sweaty forehead. “I have to go. I’m going to be late and it won’t look good.” Lexa smiled when Clarke looked up and pouted. “Believe me, I would rather stay here with you and I promise we’ll make time for each soon.”

“I miss you, Lex. I hate going days without seeing you. I mean, I miss the sex too, but I miss you more.” Clarke sniffled and Lexa’s heart broke.

“I know, baby, I know.” Lexa answered, “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I’ll make it up to you.”

“You don’t have to. I really don’t even have the right to be mad, we’re not together and you’re busy doing what you love. I have no room to talk as I’m busy too.”

“Clarke. I want us—” Lexa’s phone went off in her pocket and she groaned at the interruption. She wanted to ignore it, but she had a feeling she knew who it was. Lexa answered it on the second ring and Indra’s voice floated through the line.

“Where the hell are you? Practice starts in ten minutes and you’re always here early!” Indra practically yelled through the phone.

“I was…I’m running a little late, I’ll be there soon. Just stall for me, please.” Lexa’s grip tightened on Clarke’s bare waist before she idly traced her fingertips across her side.

“You’re with Blondie, aren’t you? You’re so whipped.” Indra laughed. “Fine, but you better hurry. You know how Titus can get if we’re late.” Indra hung up without a goodbye, but Lexa was used to it.

“You have to go right?” Clarke got up and sat there looking at her. Her hair was even more messed up, her cheeks were flushed and her lips swollen. She looked like goddess and Lexa wanted to forget everything else but her.

Stupid responsibilities.

“Yeah, I do, but how about I come over after,” Lexa paused and considered. “Or better yet, you come over to my place. I shouldn’t be late. Maybe nine o’clock,” Lexa asked hopefully.

“That sounds great. Maybe we can have more time together and maybe finish our conversation?” Clarke said.

“I would love that.”

“Okay, get going, stud. I’ll see you later. Text me if plans change or the time, please.”

“I’ll be there, I promise and I will,” Lexa walked into Clarke’s bathroom to clean up and saw the mess she made of her boxers and sweatpants. She cleaned up the best she could and made her way back into the bedroom. “I gotta go, but I’ll see you tonight, beautiful.” Lexa leaned down and kissed her softly.

“Be careful. See you.” Clarke said as she laid back on the bed and looked at Lexa knowingly. Lexa groaned. “Like what you see?”
“You know I do. You’re playing with fire.”

“I can’t wait to get burned then.” Clarke laughed and that was the last thing Lexa heard as she closed the door with a smile on her face.

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The key is under the mat. Let yourself in and I’ll see you soon, beautiful.

The text from Lexa read on her phone. It was a little after 8 and Clarke was outside Lexa’s door. She was really excited to finally get time with Lexa. She thought tonight might be the night she asks her to be her girlfriend. She looked down at what she was wearing and thought it was an appropriate outfit to wear when you wanted to ask someone to be your girlfriend. She was wearing a blue sundress that Octavia said brought out her eyes. She had on silver strappy sandals and her hair was half pulled back while the other hung in curls around her shoulders.

It was a perfect outfit in her mind.

She took the key from the hiding spot and unlocked the door. Clarke stepped inside and looked around. She had her bag on her shoulder and a grocery bag in the other and set them down on the island. It was her first time being in Lexa’s place by yourself. She knew her friends would tell her to snoop, but she didn’t want to do that. She trusted Lexa and trusted in what they could build together. It was a scary thought.

According to the text, Clarke had less than an hour to kill till Lexa was home, but she couldn’t stay at her house any longer as Anya and Raven had come there and they were very loud about their appreciation for each other. She was glad her friend was happy, but there was only so much she could hear or see before she had enough. They didn’t believe in limiting their bedroom activities to the bedroom and when she came out to get a drink, well Anya had Raven bent over the counter...

She was scared for life.

Lexa had said she was going to dinner, but Clarke still wanted to make sure she’d had enough to eat. She knew Lexa could eat a lot during training even though she ate healthy stuff. Clarke decided to make a garlic lemon chicken with asparagus. It was a quick, simple meal and knew Lexa would enjoy it. She made sure to make triple the normal amount and got to work. Within fifteen minutes, she had it prepped and in the oven to cook.

The timer was set for twenty minutes.

Clarke settled onto the couch with her sketchpad she brought. She hadn’t had a lot of time to sketch lately and thought now would be a good time. Clarke wanted to sketch something for Lexa, but wasn’t sure what to do. Their talk still lingered in her mind as did the name Costia who she’d heard absolutely nothing about. Clarke realized they really knew nothing of each other’s past relationships. Clarke wanted to fix that because without them being honest, they didn’t have a future and she really wanted one with Lexa.

Staring down at her sketchpad, Clarke had been drawing without paying attention and when she looked down, she wasn’t surprised to see Lexa’s profile coming to life and the smile that seemed like it was reserved just for her. Clarke continued to work on it and make it even more real with Lexa’s crinkles around her eyes, her sharp jawline and pouty lips. The eyes were the trickiest part because their was so much depth and emotion hidden behind those green eyes, it was hard to capture with a charcoal pencil, but Clarke was determined.
The timer went off and Clarke pulled it out and set it on the stove. Lexa was due back any time now and Clarke couldn’t wait. She dished it up on plates, Lexa’s piled much higher than hers and set them back in the oven to keep warm. She made her way back to the couch, hoping to finish the sketch before Lexa got home.

Before Clarke knew it, an hour had past, her sketch was done, but Lexa still wasn’t home. She checked her phone and there were no new messages. She debated leaving, figuring Lexa just got caught up with her team. She could understand, just wish Lexa would let her know so she wasn’t waiting around for her to not come home.

She decided to stay for a little longer.

Clarke decided to move to Lexa’s bedroom and wait for there. She grabbed her sketchpad and headed into the Lexa’s room. It smelled like the lavender candles, Lexa loved so much. A small smile graced her face just thinking how happy Lexa got when she’d get a new candle. It was adorable and Clarke secretly loved it, but would often complain just to get the blush that coated Lexa’s cheeks when she made fun of her.

Clarke just loved her.

Making herself comfortable on Lexa’s bed. She sunk into the soft, pillowy mattress and let out a contented sigh. She felt a slight headache coming on and wanted to take some tylenol. She remembered last time that Lexa kept some in her nightstand. She pulled open the drawer and rooted around for the bottle. Clarke found it, but there was a picture underneath that caught her attention.

It was Lexa with a slim, stunning, dark haired woman. They had their arms wrapped tight around each other and Lexa looked absolutely gorgeous and so incredibly happy. Clarke felt a tinge of envy looking at the picture because the two of them made one gorgeous couple and Clarke felt like she didn’t compare. Her guess was that it had to be Costia and the picture looked to be an older one, but that didn’t stop the feelings that washed through Clarke at the sight.

Taking a deep breath to calm down, she put the picture back where she found it and took the pills by dry swallowing them. Clarke laid back on the bed and continued to sketch. Her mind was all over the place after seeing the picture. Did she measure up? Was she good enough? What if she didn’t compare? All these questions swirled through her head and before she knew it, she fell asleep clutching the sketch she completed of Lexa hoping she wouldn’t leave her.

Clarke had never felt this way before with anyone else ever and she wanted to make it official. She wanted to be able to call Lexa her girlfriend.

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The team dinner went a lot longer than Lexa expected and to make matters worse, her phone died and she had no way to contact Clarke.

She felt even worse than she did before because Lexa had promised she’d be there and here it was after 10 and she wasn’t home like she promised. She stopped and got flowers for her even though Lexa figured she wouldn’t be at her apartment, she could always give them to her tomorrow. She selected a dozen red roses from the late night vendor and made her way home.

Her thoughts were all over the place. On one hand, the news her coach shared with her was the best news she could ask for, but the other part felt bad that it was keeping her away from Clarke. She knew Clarke would understand once Lexa told her the news, but it didn’t make her feel any better.
She had to learn how to balance her commitments if she wanted Clarke to be a part of her future.

She did want that more than anything else. Even more than football.

Clarke was her dream come true and she wanted to make Clarke her girlfriend. She was tired of pretending that they were only fuck buddies when in fact they were so much more than that.

The next time, Lexa saw Clarke, she was going to tell her how she felt. She couldn’t keep hiding her true feelings, it wasn’t fair to either of them.

Lexa made her way up to her apartment. She was thinking of all the ways she could make it up to Clarke. The first thing she smelled when she stepped inside was chicken which made her mouth water. Her gut twisted though when she realized Clarke had been here waiting for her and had left when she didn’t show.

Damn it. Lexa felt bad instantly.

She went to her room to get her charger so she could text Clarke and apologize profusely, but when she opened the door, she saw the woman of her dreams asleep on her bed and Lexa’s first thought was she could get used to coming home to this every night.

This was turning into a routine for them it seemed. Lexa finding Clarke asleep, but Lexa wasn’t complaining. She had an angel asleep on her bed and Lexa was so very lucky. It did surprise her that Clarke was still here though. She saw the sketchpad in her hand and pulled it out. She went to set it down on the nightstand when a sketch fluttered out.

Lexa bent down and picked it up. When she looked down at it, she was staring at her own face. The detail was incredible and was better than a photograph in her eyes. Lexa was overwhelmed with love for Clarke. She felt her eyes prick with tears as she put it back in her book. She wasn’t sure if she was supposed to see it or not and didn’t want Clarke to be even more upset because she had seen it.

The next thing Lexa noticed was her drawer on her nightstand was open and went to close it, but the pill bottle was standing straight up and blocking it from closing. She pulled the drawer out further and noticed the old picture of her and Costia had been moved. Lexa looked over at Clarke and sighed. She needed to give her the full history with her ex. There wasn’t a lot to it, but Clarke still deserved to know.

Maybe that wouldn’t be tonight though.

“Baby, wake up.” Lexa sat down and rubbed her back while admiring her figure in the dress. Lexa couldn’t help it. She was beautiful.

“Lex..you’re home?” Clarke mumbled clutching her pillow she was using tighter.

“Yes, sweetheart, I’m sorry I’m late. It ran over. If you wake up more, I can tell you about it, but if you want to sleep, that’s perfectly fine too.” Lexa continued to rub small circles across her back and shoulders.

“Mmmm, that feels really good.”

“I’m glad. I’ll leave you be. Just sleep. I’ll be here when you wake up.” Lexa said pulling the blanket up and covering her.

“Promise?” Clarke said into the pillow.
“Yes.”

Lexa smiled when she heard Clarke softly snoring again. She headed into the kitchen and pulled open the oven door to see two plates of food. Lexa’s heart melted at how thoughtful Clarke was when she basically stood her up. It was through no fault of her own, but she still felt shitty.

The food was still warm and she dug in. It was delicious. She was halfway through when the door to her bedroom opened and Clarke stepped out, still bleary eyed from sleep. She rubbed her eyes and came into the kitchen. Lexa pushed back her chair and opened her arms. Clarke came right over and plopped right in her lap and snuggled in.

Lexa felt kisses being placed on her neck.

“I thought you were going to sleep more, babe.”

“No, I’d rather be here with you. Besides you sounded excited when you said you had news,” Clarke placed another lingering kiss to her pulse point and Lexa shuddered.

“It’s hard to concentrate with you doing that,” Lexa stated and felt Clarke smile against her neck.

“I don’t hear you complaining.”

“I’d be stupid to.”

“Very true, you would,” Clarke leaned back and pressed a kiss to her lips. “Now are you going to tell your news or should I just go home.”

Lexa wrapped her arms tight around her.

“Please don’t leave,” Lexa said desperately, the thought of Clarke leaving wasn’t something she could handle. “I want to tell you.”

“Tell me.”

“I’m being scouted by Los Angeles Chargers-” Lexa was cut off when Clarke threw her arms around her and squealed.

“I’m so happy for you baby! You’re going to be in the NFL, I just know you will,” Clarke kissed her quickly and hopped up. “They’d be stupid not to consider you. You are amazing.” Clarke grabbed her hand and pulled her up.

“Thanks, Clarke, but it’s just a scout, it’s not a guarantee. It was why I was late because my coach kept me back after and when once we were done talking, my phone died and I couldn’t text you and I’m really sorry.” She rushed out.

“Baby, it’s okay, I’m not mad, I was a little upset, but this is huge news.” Clarke pulled her along.

“Where are we going?”

“To celebrate!” Clarke’s smile could have lit up the room and Lexa would follow her anywhere. They entered the bedroom and Clarke stopped suddenly and put her free hand over her heart.

“Oh, Lex,” Clarke sniffled a little.

“Baby, what’s wrong,” Lexa asked coming around to stand in front of her.
“You got me roses...I-” Clarke looked at her with tear filled eyes.

“Of course, I did. I felt really bad and you deserve them. I mean they are pretty flowers, but nothing compared to you.”

“Smooth talker.” Clarke smiled. “The only time I got flowers was when my dad would give them to me. Nobody else had ever done this. Thank you, Lex.”

Lexa was a little caught off guard not expecting the level of emotion, but when Clarke threw herself into her arms, Lexa held her tightly.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know-” Lexa kissed her head.

“No, it’s okay, It’s perfect, you’re perfect.” Clarke kissed her long and deep before pushing Lexa back towards the bed. “Now it’s really time to celebrate. What do you say?”

“Hell yes!” Lexa switched their positions and used the momentum to put Clarke on the bed with Lexa straddling her.

It was going to be a long night of celebrating.

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Clarke was already turned on and when Lexa threw her down on the bed and Lexa’s weight settled on top of her. Clarke knew there wasn’t any other place she’d rather be. Lexa was placing kisses across her bare shoulders and neck.

“You in dresses in a huge turn on for me.” Lexa whispered against her skin.

“I’ll have to keep that in mind.” Clarke replied as she arched up into Lexa’s mouth. She struggled to remove her shirt. She kept fumbling with the buttons. Lexa had moved up to kissing her ear and Clarke’s whole body felt like it was on fire. It had been so long and earlier was nice, wonderful even, but she wanted bare, sweaty skin and for Lexa to fill her and fuck her into oblivion. She couldn’t concentrate on undoing the buttons, so she said fuck it.

The shirt came apart and buttons flew everywhere. Lexa looked at her in shock, but Clarke didn’t want to hear her objections and pulled her mouth back to hers. She sucked on her bottom lip and kissed her fervour while her hands roamed all over the exposed skin she found. Lexa said up quickly and took of the ruined shirt and unhooked her bra and threw both behind her.

Clarke sat up with her and put a hand behind her neck to fuse their lips back together. It was a rough, harsh kiss, but it was exactly what Clarke needed and wanted. She could feel Lexa’s cock through her jeans pressing into and she needed Lexa now or she was going to implode. She was fucking dripping for her. She reached down to unbutton Lexa’s jeans.

“Take them off now!” Clarke harshly demanded parting their lips briefly. “I need you to fuck me right now.

Lexa groaned.

“Anything you want baby.” Lexa shimmed out of her jeans and boxers and stood there proudly for a moment and Clarke licked her lips in anticipation. “Do you have preference for this dress?”

“No, why?”
Lexa didn’t answer, she ripped it down the middle and Clarke’s shivered briefly at her newly exposed skin, but lex’s lips and hands were everywhere. She didn’t stay cold for long. Everywhere Lexa touched sent heat straight to her pussy. Lexa ripped her underwear off as well. Clarke was fucking screwed. Who knew ripping clothes off like this would be so fucking sexy.

To be wanted so much was an amazing feeling.

“Are you ready for me?” Lexa reached down and dragged a finger through her wetness and Clarke keened at the motion and let out a long moan.

“Fuck, Lex!”

“So wet for me, aren’t you?”

“Only for you.” Clarke tilted her hips towards her finger, but Lexa pulled back. The next thing Clarke felt was the head of Lexa’s dick nudge her entrance. “Fuck me now, Lex! I fucking need you!”

Lexa slammed inside and Clarke’s eyes rolled to the back of her head.

“Is this what you want?” Lexa panted as she set a rough, brutal pace, the headboard banging against the wall. “Need me to fuck you.” She pulled out all the way and Clarke whimpered at the loss before Lexa thrust back inside and hit Clarke so deep, she was sure she was in heaven.

“Yes, baby. Fuck!” Clarke had never felt so full and Lexa reached deep inside, Clarke couldn’t keep still. She tried to match her pace and when she did, Clarke whined because nothing was better than this. Hearing their skin slap together, the slick noises of Lexa’s dick sliding in and out of her soaked cunt and it felt fucking amazing. Clarke dug her nails into Lexa’s shoulders and Lexa continued to pummel into her oblivion.

Lexa never slowed down and Clarke felt herself climbing higher and higher, their sweaty skin sticking together, but then Lexa’s dick sliding in and out repeatedly hitting her front wall and rubbing her clit just right was going to throw her into her biggest orgasm ever.

“Fuck, Clarke. You feel so fucking good! So tight and wet.” Lexa’s thrusts started to get a little choppy and Clarke knew she was close.

“I’m close too, babe. Let go!” The next moment, Clarke’s high hit and wave after wave after wave of absolute pleasure coursed through her entire body and seemed to go on and on. She was thrown into a second orgasm when she felt Lexa release her load deep inside her.

“Fuck, Clarke!” Lexa continued to jog her hips extending both their highs until Lexa fell on top of her. “Give me a minute and we can go again. I’m not done with you.”

Clarke vaguely heard what Lexa said, her mind still in the clouds from the what just happened. She had never come that long or that hard before and she fucking loved it. Lexa was amazing.

“Baby, I want to try something.”

“What’s that?” Lexa asked with her head resting comfortably on Clarke’s boobs.

“I want to try anal,” Clarke blushed and turned her head.

Lexa’s head popped up.
“You want to what?”

“You heard me, but we don’t have to if you don’t want too.” Clarke replied feeling really embarrassed.

“No, I want to, I mean if you’re sure.”

“I’m sure.”

Lexa leaned up on her elbows and kissed Clarke.

“We’ll go slow and if you don’t like it, we can stop. Okay?”

“Okay.” Clarke was nervous, but she had heard how pleasurable it could be and wanted to try. She had never suggested this before with anyone else, not even Finn. She felt completely safe and secure with Lexa and knew she wouldn’t judge her.

“Get on your hands and knees.” Lexa shifted their positions as Lexa pulled out and Clarke felt their combined release flood the bed. She moaned at the feeling. She got on her hands and knees and looked over her shoulder at Lexa who was stroking her now erect cock.

“That was fast,” Clarke tilted her head.

“I may have been thinking about this for a while. I’ve never done this though.”


“Likewise. If it gets to be too much, just say the word and we stop. I won’t be upset.” Lexa kissed her shoulder.

“Okay, Lex.”

Clarke felt Lexa’s fingers drag once again thru her gathering wetness and Clarke moaned. Lexa got off the bed and Clarke turned to look at her. "What are you doing?" “I just want to make sure. I don’t want to hurt you. So I’m getting lube. The last thing I want to do is cause you pain.”

Clarke nodded. She felt Lexa get back on the bed.

"What kind of lube is it?"

"A water based lube. I'm lubing you and my fingers." Clarke felt the cold lube coating her ass. Clarke than felt Lexa nudge her hole with her finger first trying to prep her. Clarke thought it felt different, but nice.

"Add another finger please." When Clarke felt two fingers filling her ass, she felt the burn, but wanted more. "Do three, please." Clarke knew she needed more prep before she could take Lexa's cock. She felt Lexa slid her fingers out and push back in with three. It felt amazing to be filled this way. Lexa moved them around trying to stretch her hole.

"You're sucking my fingers so good, Clarke."

"It feels different, I'm not sure how to explain it." Clarke replied rutting back into her fingers for a few minutes.

"Are you ready for more or we can just do this for now? It's whatever you want, babe,” Lexa said groaning as she stroked her own cock.
"It will hurt, but I want to take your cock, please." Clarke could feel Lexa shifting and pulling her fingers out. She whined at the lost, but the next moment, she felt as Lexa pushed herself slowly in and Clarke felt like the burning sensation of her asshole trying to stretch to accommodate Lexa’s dick. It hurt, but not as much as she thought it would. Thanks to the preparation, it was oddly pleasurable.

“Are you okay?” Lexa asked and didn’t move a muscle.

“Yea, I’m okay. Just go slow.”

The next few inches still hurt, but now it was more pleasure than painful. Lexa reached around and rubbed her clit and Clarke loosened enough for Lexa to fit almost her entire length. Lexa pushed a finger in her pussy and started fucking both of her holes at once and Clarke saw black spots dancing in front of her eyes.

She was mistaken before when she’d felt full. Because this was full and it was overwhelming in pleasure. Spark after spark of pleasure was felt throughout her entire body. Clarke couldn’t think about anything other than Lexa inside her.

“You can go a little faster.” Clarke moaned and felt Lexa pick up the pace slightly, but not enough to hurt her.

“Fuck, Clarke, you’re squeezing me so good.” Lexa slowly pulled in and out while plunging her fingers at the same time.

“I’m not going to last long.”

“Me either.” Lexa groaned and panted.

Clarke whined and a few thrusts later, she was coming and gushing all over Lexa’s hand. Lexa kept her pace and prolonged her orgasm before she abruptly pulled out and spilled her seed on her back. Clarke face planted into the bed with Lexa following, but this time she shifted the side and put her arms around her.

Clarke snuggled back into her embrace.

“You good?”

“I’m perfect. This was perfect, you’re perfect, this may not be the best time, but I can't wait any longer, Lex…” Clarke paused and gathered her courage. “Will you be my girlfriend?” Clarke asked as she turned her head to look at her. Clarke saw shock and awe cross her features before the smile that Clarke loved so much spread across her face.

“Only if you’ll be mine.” Lexa said and kissed her.

“Deal. Goodnight babe.”

“Goodnight girlfriend.”

They both fell asleep with smiles on their faces both over the moon to be able to say they were girlfriends now and not fuck buddies.
Here is the next chapter, I really hope you enjoy it. I struggled a lot on this and without the help of distantstar, this chapter would not be possible. Thank you so much my friend. I couldn't have done it without you. :)

I love all your comments and kudos. It means a lot. :)

The morning sun shined in through the windows and cast a heavenly glow across Clarke’s features and Lexa just stared at her in awe. She looked like an angel lying there in her bed. Lexa couldn’t believe that Clarke was her girlfriend. It meant everything to know that the beautiful girl in her arms was hers.

Finally.

Lexa took a moment more to admire her before checking the time. It was still early and she knew Clarke had her morning routine, but Lexa wanted to wake her up in a new way this morning. She hadn’t had a chance to do what she’d thought about ever since they’d been sleeping over at each other’s place.

Lexa shimmied down Clarke’s glorious naked body and placed featherlight kisses across her chest, stomach and inner thighs as she did and felt Clarke shift in her sleep and whimper. Lexa smiled and glided her hands up her sides feeling the silky smooth skin of her body. She could smell Clarke’s arousal and started to pepper kisses across her mound and her clit. Clarke jerked slightly into her mouth and Lexa huffed out a small laugh.

She checked to make sure Clarke was still sleeping and dragged a finger through her gathering wetness before licking into her eagerly. She could live off her flavor alone, it was addicting. Clarke had started to moan and call out her name. Lexa pulled back her hood and attacked her clit with her tongue. Clarke was writhing and panting and Lexa loved being able to make Clarke feel so much pleasure.

It was an amazing feeling.

Clarke started mumbling incoherently in her sleep. She bucked her hips into her mouth repeatedly before Lexa delved back in and sucked her swollen clit into her mouth and adding two fingers into her soaking wet pussy which she took easily. Lexa pumped a couple times and bit softly on her clit. Lexa looked up Clarke’s body towards her pretty face. As Clarke’s eyes came open, Clarke completely came apart.

“Oh, Lex. Oh god!. What-” Clarke’s words were cut off when she let out a long moan and arched up
into Lexa’s mouth and fingers. Lexa watched as Clarke’s head fell back and her eyes closed.

Helping Clarke ride it out, Lexa continued her pace as Clarke came. Lexa kept her fingers pumping in and out, but moved her mouth down to catch every drop of cum that came from Clarke. She drank it right from the source and Lexa couldn’t get enough.

Once Clarke finally came back to Earth, Lexa kissed her way up her body and kissed her hard.

“That was unexpected,” Clarke kissed her right back, wrapping her hand in Lexa’s tangled hair.

“I’m not done,” Lexa reached down and guided her cock into Clarke’s wet channel and bottomed out immediately.

Clarke’s grip tightened on her shoulders and Lexa stayed seated deep inside her and didn’t move. She just smiled down at Clarke under her. She looked and felt so perfect.

“Baby!” Clarke groaned feeling Lexa so deep. “Move please!” Clarke angled her hips up trying to encourage Lexa to move -which it did.

“Like this?” Lexa stifled a groan and pulled tortuously slow out to her tip and pushed oh so slow back in. She started a slow and leisurely pace, just enjoying the feeling of being inside Clarke’s velvety walls. She would never get over how good it felt to be sheathed within Clarke. Lexa didn’t have a lot of experience, but knew by far that Clarke was the best sex she’d ever had.

With her ex, it was all vanilla and on her terms, but Lexa thought she loved her and enjoyed being with her. Granted her ex was her first so maybe that's why it wasn’t the greatest. She hoped Clarke was her last though.

It was hard to keep the slow pace when all Lexa wanted to do was pound into Clarke’s tight pussy, but she was drawing out both their pleasures. She made sure to drag the tip of her cock against Clarke’s front wall every time. Clarke’s moans and whines were music to her ears.

“Faster, Lex, please! I need more.” Clarke whimpered in between deep breaths.

“No baby, trust me.” Lexa repositioned and took Clarke’s legs and threw them over her shoulders which had her slipping even deeper and both groaned at the feeling. “Fuck, Clarke. You feel amazing!” Lexa still didn’t increase her pace, but could feel their sweaty bodies slipping and sliding together.

It was a slow build up and Lexa could feel the pressure in her dick and her movements became slightly choppy as she her orgasm approached. It made her pick up her pace slightly and Clarke keened at the feeling and grabbed Lexa’s ass and pulled her even deeper.

Lexa didn’t think it was possible.

“Make me cum, Lex! Fuck!” Clarke whined and bucked her hips wanting more, wanting faster. “Please!”

Lexa set a blistering pace no longer worried about increasing their pleasure, she knew the build up would absolutely be worth it and the sensation of slipping in and out of Clarke made little groans leave her own lips.

“Yes! Oh yes! Lexaaa!” Lexa hit her g spot continuously and Clarke was coming apart before her eyes. She leaned up and captured Clarke’s lips and kissed her lovingly.
“That’s it, cum for me baby!” Lexa slid in and out with and dragged Clarke’s orgasm out as best as she could. She wanted to prolong it as long as she could. Clarke’s pleasure was most important.

A tight squeeze of Clarke’s pussy was sending her over the edge. Spurt after spurt of her cum erupted into her cunt and Clarke continued to squeeze every last drop out of her. Her pleasure kept rolling through her and Lexa was in bliss.

“God Clarke! I...damn you feel good! I can’t-” Lexa struggled for breath and had to throw a hand down to the bed to brace herself with from completely collapsing.

Clarke reached up and stroked Lexa’s cheek softly. “I’m not sure what I did to deserve that because that was amazing baby.”

“Thank you for asking me to be your girlfriend. I’ve been wanting to ask you myself, but with our arrangement, I didn’t want to scare you off.” Lexa shifted and pulled her soft cock from Clarke’s folds. Clarke whined at the loss before she moaned as their combined cum dripped from her stretched cunt.

“Ugh, baby! Why did you move. I love you being inside me.” Clarke pouted and Lexa kissed the pout away, “I didn’t want to be distracted while we’re talking, beautiful.”

“Okay,” Clarke still frowned. “I know, it’s why it took me so long to ask you because we both agreed to the arrangement and we both had said we weren’t ready for a relationship.”

Lexa knew Clarke was right and couldn’t refute Clarke’s logic, “That’s true, babe, but whether we cared to admit it or not, we’ve been in a relationship the entire time. Neither one of us defined it. I was just enjoying being with you in any capacity.” she offered Clarke a shy smile.

Clarke didn’t answer for a minute, she just kissed her cheeks, her head, her nose and finally her lips. Lexa sunk into the kiss and soft lips against hers and lost herself for a moment before pulling back.

“What was that for?”

“For being you.” Clarke kissed her again lightly. “I know we were, my friends gave me so much shit, but I didn’t want to admit it because I was terrified.” Clarke paused. “I feel so much for you, Lex and my last relationship didn’t end well.”

They hadn’t talked about their exes and Lexa knew the conversation was finally here. Lexa knew she had to talk about Costia. It wasn’t painful anymore, but it still wasn’t an easy thing for her to talk about. “Yeah, Anya did too. I understand about previous relationships, Clarke. My ex and I were together all through high school and we broke up when she left for college.” Lexa hoped her opening up first would encourage Clarke to as well. “She left me stating the distance would be too much. It hurt a lot because she didn’t even give us the chance to try and see if we could work. She just ended a four year relationship like I didn’t mean anything to her.” Lexa turned her head away and blinked back tears.

Losing Costia was hard, but turned out to be for the best. What she felt for Costia was puppy love compared to what she felt for Clarke. Losing Clarke would devastate her and she knew she wouldn’t recover from it. She felt hands stroking her back and she pulled herself together before finally looking back to meet Clarke’s crystal blue eyes.

“Baby, it was her loss. She missed out on how amazing you are. Her loss is my gain.” Clarke kissed her shoulder and met her gaze and held it. “If I get a sponsorship, I won’t leave you like that, I would do everything in my power to make us work.”
“I hope so, Clarke. I don’t want to lose you.” Lexa admitted to her.

“You’re not going to, Lex.” Clarke looked at her with an open expression. “I guess it’s my turn.”

“No,” Lexa brushed a thumb softly over Clarke’s cheek, “you don’t have to if you’re not comfortable.”

“I want to. My ex and I met in high school as well. We were together for three years. I thought he was everything a girl could want and for awhile he was when it was easy and convenient for him. When…” Clarke choked up a bit. “When my dad died, I spiraled out of control. I thought it was my fault and Finn, well he didn’t like it. He hated my mood swings and my constant crying as he put it. He thought I should just get over it. He broke up with me not long after. So I lost my boyfriend and my dad in one fell swoop.”

Lexa gathered Clarke into her arms and held her. “He was an idiot.” Lexa kissed the top of her head and held onto her a little bit more tightly as they sat in her bed, “I would never do that.”

“I know you wouldn’t, babe and yes he was. It’s for the best, I know that now. I could never count on him even before, so I should’ve known. I started partying and drinking a lot. I had a few one night stands…” Clarke tensed, but Lexa just rubbed her back encouraging her to continue. “It left me feeling empty so I stopped eventually. I decided to just focus on surfing and making my dad proud. Then I met you.” She looked up at Lexa.

Lexa smiled when she saw a wide smile spread across her girlfriend’s face, “best thing that ever happened to me.”

“Oh you mean watching me like stalker?” Clarke teased.

“That too, but no. Not paying attention to where I was going and running right into you. It was the start of something fantastic and the best is yet to come now that you’re my girlfriend.” Lexa toyed with Clarke’s hair.

“Is that so?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Say it again.” Clarke asked.

“What? Girlfriend?” Lexa raised her eyebrows teasingly at her and leaned and kissed her.

“Yeah, I love the sound of it.”

Lexa almost said I love you, but held her tongue, “Girlfriend. You’re my girlfriend and I’m the luckiest girl in the world.”

“No that’s me.” Clarke smacked her stomach lightly.

“Not a chance, sweetheart.” Lexa assured with a laugh. She was so happy. It had been a while since she felt like this.

“How about we both are?” Clarke suggested and climbed on top of her.

Who was Lexa to argue with Clarke when her blond hair was dancing in the sunlight and her body draped over hers. She didn’t stop there, no Clarke started grinding down on her abs and Lexa lost all coherent thought feeling the wet slide of her arousal coat her stomach. A grunt left her lips and she
felt herself arch up into it needing more.

“Whatever you say, baby.” Clarke leaned down and whispered against her ear, “we have the whole morning you know, to show how much we mean to each other.”

Lexa felt her eyes roll closed with the sensation of Clarke grinding on her. But she did manage to argue back, just a little bit, “yes, yes… we do-” it was the right answer. Argument over.

A few days later, Lexa found herself seated next to Clarke at a table at a local bar and grill restaurant. They were surrounded by friends and she tried but she couldn’t quite keep her eyes off of her girlfriend or her hands if you counted how many times she found her hand sitting on Clarke’s leg hidden under the table. She blushed a little when Clarke looked at her each time. But Lexa, not one to waste the opportunity, would still trace her hand back and forth over the top of Clarke’s thigh anyway. Clarke of course would try to focus on other things. But Lexa could feel the little shivers happening across Clarke’s skin. Needless to say, things had been going very well. They made time for each other as best as they could - even if it was just falling into the same bed at the end of each day and sleeping and cuddling.

With their hectic schedules both were too exhausted for sex.

They had been invited by Raven and Anya to dinner and they could not decline or they would come after them. According to their friends, they had hardly seen each other with all them being so busy and it was determined it was time for a group hangout and with Clarke’s hand in hers, Lexa was enjoying herself and realized she had missed seeing her friends. With school, football and Clarke, it left Lexa no time to hang out with her friends. This was a good idea, not that she would admit that to Anya. She would never let her live it down.

Taking a look around, Lexa saw her friends smiling and chatting. It made her heart feel full and she wondered if Octavia and Lincoln would finally admit they were dating.

“Are you having fun, babe?” Clarke whispered in her ear.

Lexa was brought out of her thoughts by the soft breath against the shell of her ear. It was just a tiny breath but it made her heart flutter, “yes, I am. Are you?”

Clarke leaned into her shoulder, “I’m with you so I’m great.”

“What about our friends?” Lexa asked looking around at their friends who were caught up in their own conversations.

“Oh, they’re alright.” Clarke smiled and kissed her cheek.

Lexa laughed and kissed Clarke’s knuckles. “Just alright. They’re our friends, babe.”

Lexa smiled and Clarke grinned. “True, watch this.”

Lexa wondered what Clarke was going to do and hoped it didn’t cause a problem for anybody. She knew her girlfriend loved to tease her friends, the three of them had an interesting friendship, that was for sure.

Clarke just smiled and threw a fry at Octavia.

“What the hell, Clarke?” Octavia grumbled pulling her attention away from Lincoln to glare at the
“fry now in her lap and then across at them.."

“When are you going to admit you and Lincoln are together?” Clarke put her elbows on the table and set her chin on her hands and asked innocently back, and the whole table went silent.

Octavia looked around at everyone before directing another glare at her.

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about.” Octavia sipped her drink and Lincoln rolled his eyes.

“You’re not as sneaky as you think are, Blake.” Raven chimed in from across the table.

“They think I’m sneaky, Rae.” Octavia ripped, setting her drink down too firmly onto the table, “like you’re one to talk.”

“Unlike you, I’m not hiding anything.” Raven turned and kissed Anya smack dab on the lips.

“Oohhh.” Several voices around the table both teased and cheered. But Lexa laughed when suddenly the kiss didn’t quite remain PG. She threw her napkin that broke them apart, “knock it off you two, we are in public.”

And her protest was met by deaf ears. Lexa huffed and sank back into her chair with a sigh as they started up again, “I can’t take her anywhere.”

Finally they came up for air.

“Unlike you, O, I’m not ashamed to be seen with her. She’s amazing and I’m lucky we met.” Raven said and kissed Anya’s hand. Anya just smiled at her warmly.

“I never said I was ashamed….” Octavia stopped herself and looked to Lincoln and sighed. “We’ve been together for six months and I love him.” Octavia threw a look at the table. “You win. This time. But don’t get used to it.” she added quickly. Earning a playful kiss on her forehead from Lincoln.

“You know how I love winning.” Raven grinned triumphantly. “About time. I’ve known for months.”

“Wait, you knew and you didn’t tell me?” Clarke scowled at her friend. Lexa rubbed her shoulder affectionately and she asked, “did you know too, Lex?”

Lexa looked taken aback for a moment and sighed. “Not exactly, no. I had my suspicions when I saw her wearing his number at the game.” She kissed Clarke’s cheek in apology.

Clarke smacked her shoulder. “You should have told me. I knew she was dating someone, but I didn’t know it was Lincoln. What do you have to say for yourself?” She stared down Lincoln who shrank under her gaze.

“Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?” Raven chimed in, “wait, you didn’t know, Clarke??” she asked in pretend shock, setting her cup down and grinning.

“Shut up, Reyes!” Octavia snapped. “You’re making it worse.” She snuggled back lightly into Lincoln though almost as if to say now she finally could.

“How about everyone just calms down.” Lincoln finally spoke up. “We kept it to ourselves because it was new and exciting and it was my decision.” He looked at Lexa pleadingly. “You know how our team is. Plus it was nice having something that just ours.”

“Believe me, I do.” Lexa answered him. The team could do the worst with that information and have
an absolute blast doing it. She still glanced over at Clarke and smiled at her, for absolutely no reason other than being glad she was there. She also squeezed Clarke’s thigh a little.

Anya spoke up. “If you both are happy, that’s all that matters.” She took Raven’s hand in hers and smiled. “I mean, you could have told us, but we get it.”

“Ugh, fine. I won’t forget this.” Clarke sulked and leaned farther into Lexa.

“How about we change the subject and leave the lovebirds alone for now.” Raven suggested and turned her eyes towards Clarke. Lexa wasn’t sure she liked the look Raven was wearing.

“How are you two? Did you two finally admit your feelings yet? We have a running bet on how long it will take you two idiots to pull your heads out of your asses.” Raven grinned and high fived Octavia.

“That depends on who’s winning.” Lexa teased back, not missing a beat. She took a drink from her glass. She could hard-ball just as hard as Raven.

“Well, I have to say that was fucking hot.” Clarke whispered in her ear and slowly moved her hand up her thigh.

“Nope, none of that.” Octavia said as she climbed into Lincoln’s lap. Now that it was out in the open, apparently they were going to be all lovey dovey. Lexa rolled her eyes at the two of them. “We’re in public.” Octavia teased.

“Like you really care.” Clarke replied. “You’re practically dry humping Lincoln,” She turned her gaze to Anya and Raven. “And you two can’t keep your hands off each other.”

“Stop changing the subject. Are you two finally together or not?” Anya asked. Lexa raised her eyebrows because last she knew her best friend couldn’t stand Clarke.

Lexa looked at Clarke and smiled before she kissed her chastely on the lips. “Yes, we are. It happened the night we had the team outing and Clarke made me dinner for when I got home even though I was late.”

“You deserved it babe. I’m so fucking proud of you.” Clarke kissed her again.

“Proud of her for what?” Anya asked glaring. So much for her warming up, Lexa thought.

“She made you dinner? She only ever makes us breakfast and we have to beg for that to happen unless she’s being nice which is rare.” Octavia spoke up curling farther into Lincoln.

“Lex is being scouted by the NFL, they are coming to the next game.” Clarke beamed and Lexa blushed under all the looks directed her way. “And for the record, I’m a sweet person, you two are just assholes.”

“Hey!”

“We are not!” Octavia looked at Lincoln. “Tell her, Linc.”

Lincoln held up his hands in surrender. “I’m vastly outnumbered here, I think it’s best to keep my mouth shut.”

Anya asked over the rest of the noise, “you’re being scouted by the NFL??” she stared at Lexa, pride starting to glimmer in her eyes but clearly trying to desperately not make a scene at the table.
Everyone else at the table dropped into stunned silence.

Lexa heard her and smiled at her best friend. “Yes, An. I am. Can you believe it?” Lexa had tears in her eyes as well because it’s been her dream forever and it was so close to coming true and Anya had been there with her every step of the way. She got up quickly and pulled her friend up into a tight hug.

“I’m so fucking proud of you, Lex.” Anya whispered.

“Thanks, I couldn’t have done it without you.” Lexa whispered back knowing Anya didn’t like to show emotion a lot in front of others. She had been waiting for a perfect chance to break the news. This night had been it.

“Okay, okay, let go of her…” Raven injected, but she too had tears sparkling in her eyes as she tugged Anya away. Anya rolled her eyes. Raven smirked out and picked up her glass, “hey! Lexa! Going into the NFL!” she cheered. “And to you two idiots finally making it official. I’m not sure which one I’m happier about honestly.”

“You’re ridiculous, Rae.” Clarke smiled and pulled Lexa into a deep kiss to the cheers of their friends. “Obviously the NFL is the best part.”

Lexa smiled, kissed Clarke back and couldn’t contain how happy she felt in the moment. “I think the best part is you.”

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Clarke was in her bedroom freaking out because it was their first official date. It was Saturday night. Her competition was next weekend and she wasn’t as nervous for that right now as she was for this date. Lexa had asked and she of course had said yes.

She couldn’t wait to go on their first date.

Rummaging through her closet, she yelled at her friends to help. “Guys, will you come here for a second, please.”

It was rare that all three of them were home at the same time these days. She missed her friends, but she had been so wrapped up her own things, most of all Lexa which was her favorite.

They’d officially been together a week and Lexa was in a great mood as her team was still undefeated and winning last night against the the Floukru. Clarke had gone again wearing Lexa’s jersey and cheered loudly for her girlfriend who led them to another victory.

Once again, Clarke and Lexa celebrated all night long. Clarke was sore in all the right places.

Her door burst open and her friends piled onto her bed and shoved the clothes away letting them fall on the floor.

“You bellowed, Griff?” Raven asked.

“What can we do?” Octavia asked and smiled.

“I’m surprised you’re here, O. I thought you’d be banging Lincoln. I was going to rent out your room since you’re never here!” Raven shoved her.

“What about you and Anya. You two go at it like rabbits.” Octavia snarked. “Well, I take that back,
nothing compared to Clarke and Lexa.” She smirked over at Clarke who glared.

“She’s fucking hot and great in bed, plus she can’t get enough of me.” Raven countered. “I mean, I’m a fantastic lay. It’s no wonder.”

“So full of yourself all the time, Rae. Are you two together or what?” Octavia asked. “And please Lincoln and I are much hotter and god, he fucks me so good.”

“Nah, we are just dating and seeing what happens, but I promise you when I’m ready to take the next step, I won’t take as long as Clarke did.” Raven smiled. “Yes, I’ve heard you screaming, I wasn’t sure if it was a good thing or bad thing honestly.”

Octavia laughed until she was hit in the face with a sock and busted out laughing even more when raven got hit as well.

“Can you two focus on me, please and stay out of my relationship, please,” Clarke huffed and dug through her closet. She was standing in a matching red lace panty set and couldn’t find something to wear.

“What’s the problem?” Raven asked in between fits of laughter. “We will focus on you, Clarke.”

“What’s got your panties in a twist anyways?” Octavia asked.

“It’s my first date with Lexa since we became girlfriends and I’m freaking out and I have no clue what to wear. I don’t want to screw up.” Clarke panicked and started throwing clothes from her closet. “Why do I not have anything nice to wear? What if she realizes being with me is a mistake? What if…” Clarke trailed off and sunk to the floor, tears gathering in her eyes.

Her friends were quickly at her side. “She is going to leave you, Clarke. We will find you something to wear.” Octavia rubbed her back and stood up. “Trust me.” Clarke nodded.

“Lexa looks at you like you hung the moon, she isn’t going anywhere. She isn’t Finn.” Clarke blanched at the name.

“I know she isn’t, and Finn is ancient history, but what if it gets to be too much, Rae. With my surfing and her NFL dreams, those are two very different dreams. I…” Tears streamed down her face and she looked away.

Clarke didn’t know for sure where her fears were coming from. Her competition was in a week was part of it, but Lexa had been nothing but supportive and vowed to be there the entire day. It made her feel better, but at the same time, she was afraid Lexa would realize she wasn’t enough and her dream is stupid.

Finn never supported it, he pretended to in front of everyone, but when they were alone, he was just like her mother and would berate her for her choice. Looking back, she couldn’t believe she stayed with him as long as she did. Her fears were coming to the forefront and Clarke was panicked and that was not how she thought she’d be before their date.

She finally got to call Lexa her girlfriend and she was scared to death that she was going to ruin it somehow, someway. Tear stricken eyes met worried brown eyes.

“Hey, none of that. You two will figure it out when the time comes. Okay?” Clarke sunk into her embrace when Raven wrapped her arms around her. Clarke felt herself calming down and looked at her best friend in gratitude.
“But what if it doesn’t work, Rae. I’ve never felt this way about anyone before, it’s…” She pressed a hand to heart. “I can’t even describe the feelings she provokes in me.”

“I think i get what you mean. Lexa feels the same way as you. You can see it in the way she looks at you, the way she talks about you, basically in everything she does. We all see it, it’s why we tease you so much.”

“You guys love to tease.” Clarke smiled slightly, feeling a little weight being lifted because she had amazing friends.

“We do, but we do it with love. Besides you love it too.”

“I do.”

“Feel better? Good, now let’s make sure you’re smoking hot. Lexa won’t be able to keep her eyes off you...or her hands.” Raven waggled her eyebrows and made Clarke laugh.

“Thank you.” Clarke replied sincerely. “I don’t know what got into me.” Her phone signaled a text message and she checked it. It was the random number again. They had been texting on and off all week. Clarke ignored it once again because she had more important things to focus on.

Like her date tonight.

The time showed she had two hours until Lexa showed to pick her up for their date. Clarke had no idea where they were going and when she asked, all Lexa would do was shake her head and tell her she’d find out later. Don’t ruin the surprise.

Clarke wasn’t a big fan of surprises, but she trusted Lexa and wondered if tonight would be the night she told her she loved her. They’d only been together officially for a week, but unofficially it had been about 4 months. She didn’t think she’d be able to keep in much longer.

Lexa was incredible and Clarke knew just how lucky she was to have met her.

Octavia emerged from the depth of her walk in closet, holding up an outfit triumphantly.

“Are you sure about that?” Clarke asked dubiously.

“Absolutely, what do you think, Rae?” Octavia asked.

“I think it’s perfect.” She looked over at Clarke. “Let’s get you looking smokin hot.”

“I’m so lucky to have you both. Thank you. Love you.”

“We love you too, Griff.” Clarke pulled them into a hug before they ushered her into her bathroom to fix her hair and makeup.

Clarke couldn’t wait to see Lexa’s face when she saw her.

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The jeep pulled up and parked in front of Clarke’s house and Lexa wiped her sweaty palms on her pants. She checked herself in the rearview mirror to make sure she looked alright. She was wearing dark jeans, boots, and a green button up that Clarke had told her brought out her eyes. She paired it with her black leather jacket. Her hair was down curled around her shoulders and she put a few signature braids in it.
Her makeup, Lexa thought was on point with her eyeliner dark enough to make her green eyes pop. She wanted this date to go perfectly and was worried she was going to screw it up. It took her days to plan it and Lexa just hoped that Clarke loved it as much as she thought she would.

The worry was evident in her eyes and she tried she smooth out the wrinkles in her forehead. She took a deep breath and approached the door slowly. She had tulips in her hand. It took her a minute to actually knock on the door. With a deep breath, Lexa finally gathered up her courage to knock and heard the commotion from within:

“I got it!” Someone yelled, Lexa thought it was Octavia.

“No, I do.” Raven snapped back. “I need to give her the talk.”

“Why do you get to give her the talk? Why not me?”

“I blow shit up, you don’t. I’m scarier.” Raven replied.

“Bullshit, I am. I do martial arts with Lincoln. I could kick her ass if she hurt our Clarke.” Octavia fired back.

Lexa didn’t expect the door to come flying open and the two woman still arguing right in front of her. Nor did she think they would include her in their argument.

“Lexa, which one of us is scarier?” Octavia demanded and crossed her arms.

“I am, I’d blow you up if you hurt Clarke. C’mom tell us.” Raven leaned against the doorframe staring daggers at her.

Lexa looked between them and didn’t know what to say. She was very confused, but not scared. If anything she was more amused because they both loved Clarke so much, they just wanted to make sure she wouldn’t hurt their best friend. That was the last thing Lexa would ever want to do herself and if she did, she would let them both at her.

Thankfully, Clarke had emerged from her room and all Lexa could focus on was Clarke. Her mouth dropped open in shock and her pants became painfully tight.

“What in the hell are you two arguing about?” Clarke asked as she grabbed her purse. “Knock off you two and stop trying to scare my girlfriend.

“But Clarke…” They whined. “We just wanted to give her the best friend speech.”

“Rae thinks she’s scarier because she can blow shit up, but I do martial arts.” Octavia came up to Clarke and hovered around her.

Lexa could see Clarke fighting a smile and felt her heart beating out of her chest. Clarke looked so damn good.

“I think, I’m going to take my girlfriend and leave you two knuckleheads to figure it out yourselves.” Clarke bypassed them and kissed Lexa on the cheek. Leaving them both staring at each other.

“You ready to go, stud?” Clarke asked, but it didn’t click in Lexa’s head at first. She was in awe of the Clarke and how radiant she looked. She couldn’t keep her eyes off of her. They kept roaming up and down her gorgeous body that was sheathed in a strapless dark blue dress. She was wearing silver high heels and her hair was pulled back on one side.
Clarke was stunning and Lexa was at a loss for words. She hoped she wasn’t drooling because the sight of Clarke in that dress had Lexa wishing they could cancel the date and take her into her bedroom.

Fingers were snapped in front of her face and Lexa focused on Clarke who had a smug smile on her face.

“You ready?” Clarke laughed and grabbed her hand. She pulled towards the door. “See you two later.”

“Be good, don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” Raven called out.

“That isn’t saying much, Rae.” Clarke replied as she shut the door. Clarke turned and pressed up against Lexa. Lexa’s brain short circuited.

“You look…absolutely stunning. Devine, a goddess among us mortals.” Lexa breathed out and wrapped her arms around Clarke. She couldn’t believe this gorgeous woman was her girlfriend. “I’m sorry, I just, you look breathtaking. I just...I’m so lucky.” Lexa rambled. Her words cut off suddenly.

Clarke felt Lexa’s lips find hers and start sucking desperately, and at the same second she felt that same desperation in the warm hands that moved to her waist. Clarke groaned just a little as Lexa’s tongue found its way into her mouth and teased hers. Clarke lifted her hands into Lexa’s hair and started returning the kiss to those warm lips she couldn’t get enough of. Ragged breath escaped Lexa’s mouth at last when she broke the kiss, she still grasped at Clarke though as she struggled for air. “Clarke….” her name sounded broken from Lexa’s pretty lips as green eyes found hers.

Clarke was trying to regain her own breath as she stared into Clarke’s lust filled eyes. “I thought…” Clarke kissed her swollen lips. “Kissing was supposed to be for the end of the date when you walked me to my door?”

“I just couldn’t help myself.” Lexa stared deeply into her eyes. “I mean, damn Clarke, how could I resist? You look phenomenal.” Lexa ran her hands up and down her body and squeezed her ass. “You keep that up and we’ll miss our date.” Clarke said sternly, but with a smile on her face.

“You act like that’s a bad thing.” Lexa said as she opened the door of the jeep for her girlfriend and helped her inside. Lexa went around to her side of the and got in, she glanced at Clarke a few times and fiddled with her seatbelt and offered her hand to Clarke.

“I never said that, beautiful, but I’m looking forward to our date.” Clarke said taking the offered hand. Lexa tried to keep her composure, but the slit of Clarke’s dress was high and Lexa tried not to look, but it was impossible.

“Good to know.” Lexa turned on the radio when she started the jeep. ‘Ash Lux’ was playing the song ‘Dirty’. Lexa’s mouth dropped open as Clarke started singing along with the song. She could feel Clarke’s eyes on her and Lexa did her best to drive within her lane with Clarke singing the words into her ear and teasingly running her hand up and down her thigh. Arousal pooled in her stomach and she couldn’t take it anymore.

She whipped into the parking lot of the beach, put the car in park, unbuckled her seatbelt and reached across and crashed her lips against Clarke’s. She moaned at the taste of Clarke and unbuckled her to pulled her into her lap. Pink soft lips teased hers right back as though Clarke was tasting her. Hands slid up her back under her jacket and Lexa wanted more and moved to suck at
Clarke’s neck. But Clarke’s hands slid to her face, “that’s for later, baby…” she said wistfully. Lexa looked up, to find Clarke breathing hard, and looking at her with eyes that had only thin scraps of irises left.

“You promised me a date, babe.” Clarke pecked her lips and Lexa groaned.

“You shouldn’t look so fucking hot and then maybe I could think straight.” Lexa replied and opened the door.

Clarke laughed. “Baby, there’s nothing straight about you.”

Lexa climbed out of the jeep with Clarke around her waist. She gently set her on her feet and reached into her jacket pocket. “Turn around, please.”

Clarke looked at her skeptically, but did as requested. Lexa pulled out the blindfold and put it over her eyes. “Trust me,” Lexa whispered in her ear and kissed her neck.

“I do.” Clarke said reaching out blindly. “May I have your hand,” Clarke asked sweetly.

“Of course. Let me guide you and I promise I won’t let you fall.” Lexa squeezed Clarke’s hand tightly and led her towards the beach. Lexa’s nerves came back in full force as she guided her girlfriend carefully down the beach.

When she got them to their spot, Lexa stopped Clarke and took a deep breath before she pulled the blindfold off and Clarke’s expression was priceless and it made Lexa’s heart beat even faster.

The sun was setting in reds and oranges over the ocean, and to Clarke, the sound of the ocean hitting the shore sounded like Lexa’s heartbeat which sounded like home. There was a table on the beach, draped in linen and decorated with candles glowing softly. A slight wind made them dance a little and at the center of it all, looking terribly nervous, stood the love of her life.

Clarke was in awe. She was speechless and didn’t know what to say, “this ...this is where we first saw each other?” she whispered, her eyes looking from the table, to the candles, to Lexa’s pretty and nervous face. Lexa was nodding. And Clarke’s heart was bursting, “Lexa its….” she lost her words as they fell apart.

Lexa smiled, “yeah…” she licked her bottom lip just a little, nervously, and tucked it into her mouth as her eyes moved past Clarke. That made Clarke look behind her as well. Lincoln was there holding a picnic baskets in his hands. With a smile on his face, he strode forward and handed the basket off to Lexa. Smiled at both of them, tucked his hands into his pockets and walked away.

Lexa held the basket in one hand and pulled out one of the chairs for Clarke. She took her fingers and kissed them before helping her around the side of the chair and down into it to sit. Still staring at her girlfriend, beautiful against the sunset, trying to look calm and maybe failing a little as she got around the table to her chair Clarke found words again finally to finish her thought, “it’s where we had our first kiss.”

“It is and I got scared.I thought you were going to reject me.” Lexa looked her right in the eyes. “Even then, I knew you were going to be someone important to me, Clarke.” She started pulling out containers from the basket. Wine, steak, mashed potatoes and green beans. She had more, but put the basket on the sand next to her. “L...I wanted this to be perfect because you deserve it.”

“You were adorable, that day,” Clarke could hardly fit air into her lungs, she was choking on so many feelings for her girlfriend, amazement was one, that Lexa was so adorably cute and also she was such a romantic were others, nerves were somewhere in there too but mostly ...she knew she
couldn’t breathe because she was falling more and more in love, “Lexa, it's perfect. You’re perfect. It doesn’t matter what or were…” her words trailed off a little as she looked over the dishes, “you cooked this?” she asked, she knew it, “Lexa-” Clarke was lost for words.

“I was in awe of you even then. Just watching you out on the water, you were mesmerizing.” Lexa took her hand and kissed her palm. “I’m glad you think so.” She rubbed the back of her neck. “I remember you saying once that it was your favorite meal that your dad used to make you...and I...I hope it’s okay. I tried to make it as close to what I remember you telling me. I’m not sure if I got it-” Lexa mumbled.

“How Lexa always knew what she was thinking or feeling before she said it, Clarke would never know. Clarke knew what Lexa said was true, Lexa was coming to know her better than anyone else. Before that would have scared her to death, but now it just sent a warmth through her that Lexa took the time to pay attention to her and engage in what she wanted. The last person to do that besides her friends was her dad, but now she had Lexa.

Tears gathered in her eyes as she looked at her girlfriend. She didn’t say anything for a moment as she was trying to gather her thoughts. She took a bite of her food and moaned. She moaned at the taste. It was delicious. Lexa sure knew how to cook. It wasn’t exactly the same as her dad’s, but it was close and that was all that mattered to her. It was the thought that counted and Lexa was the most thoughtful, genuine person she knew. She looked across to find Lexa was watching her waiting hopefully so Clarke laughed, “it’s perfect,” she said to her, picking up another bite with her fork, “so good.” And it was perfect, because Lexa had made it just for her, and Clarke would have thought so even if it had burned. She enjoyed the slight blush that crossed Lexa’s beautiful cheekbones before Lexa also finally took a bite to eat. Really starting to dig into her food finally Clarke asked, “Hey, Lex, where did you learn to cook?”

Lexa swallowed her bite of food and took a sip of her wine. “I taught myself how to cook. I’ve been cooking since I was about ten. My dad couldn’t cook to save his life and I was tired of takeout, so I looked up recipes and just started cooking. It was a lot of trial and error, but eventually I made things edible and from there, I just continued to get better. I enjoy it immensely, it’s relaxing honestly.”

“Lexa..” Clarke broke in, her eyes trying to betray her watching Lexa struggle for words and get more nervous with each one, “I’m sure its great. I am sure.. You cooked it for me? That’s... “ Clarke reached out across the table and found Lexa’s hand. She would have kissed her, but it was too far to reach. Lexa’s fingers were trembling just a little, “I can’t wait to taste.” she said, biting her lip. But she looked at all the food with a grin on her face because her girlfriend was just so cute when she was nervous and she knew that absolutely no one else in the whole world, not even Anya, ever saw Lexa, who was known to be a bad-ass football player, like this, “thank you.” she looked at Lexa’s fingers in hers and then up at her eyes.

“I know next week is your competition and I know you’re nervous even if you won’t admit it.” Lexa stroked Clarke’s hand with her thumb. “I know you, babe and I know you’ll do fantastic. I’ll be there cheering you on and screaming at the top of my lungs.” Lexa grinned.

Clarke cleared her throat and thought back fondly on all the memories, “my dad actually. My mom was always at work so he cooked a lot and soon as I was big enough I started helping. First thing though I tried to make on my own was a cake for his birthday one year,” Clarke blushed a little bit
and reached for her wine and swallowed some of it down, “I burned it to a crisp.” she laughed, shook her head a little at the memory of her dad sitting there and trying not to choke to death, telling her her chocolate birthday cake was the best thing in the world, “he ate it anyway.” Clarke smiled.

It took her a long time, to understand he meant every word about it being the best cake in the world - it had nothing to do with the fact that it was burned at all, but it was the fact that she had made it just for him. Her smile got a little watery as she stirred at her food, “you’re amazing, Lex, you know? This…” she looked around them at the beautiful setting and the waves hitting the beach as they had done since the Earth began and would continue on doing forever before looking at Lexa again, “dinner on the beach, made by my beautiful girlfriend?”

Lexa had tears in her eyes as she looked at Clarke. She cleared her own throat. “He sounds like an amazing man. I wish I could have met him.” She paused and got up and came around the table and knelt in front of Clarke. “I’m forever grateful to him for raising such an amazing woman and I know that he is so proud of you, Clarke just like I am. He will be watching you next week, I just know it.” Lexa stood and kissed her forehead. “This…” Lexa gestured around. “Is all for you because I want to give you the world if you’ll let me. I love you, Clarke. I’m so in love with you.”

Clarke’s eyes were watery already from what Lexa was saying, but the minute she actually got to her knees in front of her the tears started streaming down her face. Quickly as she could she pulled Lexa onto her lap and as Lexa struggled in surprise to straddle her Clarke was already tangling her fingers into Lexa’s hair and pulling her face close, “I love you,” she started dropping kisses all over Lexa’s face, “I love you so much, Lexa…” Clarke moved and took Lexa’s face in her hands so she could look in those beautiful eyes that always had her so trapped. Her heart was pounding a mile a minute, “do you have any idea how much I love you?” she couldn’t keep the words back any longer. The feeling had grown too big. Clarke moved in quickly and sucked Lexa’s pretty lower lip into her mouth, it was warm between hers and Lexa started groaning and squirming in her lap. Clarke tightened her hands at Lexa’s waist and let go of that pretty lip only to suck dark welts like the sunset onto Lexa’s neck.

Lexa groaned and held onto Clarke’s head. Her heart beating rapidly. She pulled back and removed Clarke’s lips from her neck reluctantly. “You love me?” Lexa asked, complete wonderment in her voice. “Yeah I do have an idea because I love you more than I ever thought possible. My life wasn’t complete until you walked into it.” Lexa kissed her quickly and got off her lap. Clarke watched the entire time and she kept a hold on her hand and rummaged through the basket at her feet. She pulled out two blankets. “Want to lay on the beach with me and look at the stars?” Lexa had already started packing up the food.

“That sounds perfect.” Clarke replied helping to pack the food up.

“Good,” The food was stored away and Lexa went to spread the blanket out. She set the other one at the top as a sort of pillow. She went to turn towards Clarke when she was tackled onto the blanket hard. Lexa laughed as Clarke landed on top of her.

“Did I do it right?” Clarke asked shyly, moving her hair out of her eyes to look at Lexa.

“Yeah, you did. You’re learning. It was a perfect tackle, babe.” Lexa kissed her lightly on the lips. “You can tackle me anytime.” Lexa teased.

“Oh, I plan on it.” Clarke replied before she leaned down and captured Lexa’s bottom lip between hers. Clarke started sucking on it again. She put her hands in Lexa’s hair as she did. God, she loved sucking on Lexa’s bottom lip. Especially when it made Lexa groan and gasp, and grasp her by the waist and lift her hips up from the blanket and into hers. Clarke smiled and opened her mouth at the same time Lexa did and a wet velvet tongue found hers. Clarke sighed softly, listening to Lexa grunt
as the kiss broke, “I thought we were supposed to be watching the stars?” she reminded, but she was watching them dance in green eyes that looked at hers. And she had forgotten she was the one who tried to be the football player that got them down here like this.

“Yeah, we are, but I already have the best view. Nothing can top this.” Lexa said rolling them over and grinding down in Clarke’s clothed center. “If you really want to watch the stars, tell me now…” Lexa bit down softly on her pulse point.

Clarke groaned and shot her hands down to Lexa’s waist, “if you stop doing that now…” she gasped out as Lexa rutted into her again, “ah…already seeing…stars…” she ground her teeth a little at the feeling of Lexa’s teeth on her throat. She loved it when Lexa got like this and rolled her head back and used Lexa’s belt loops to pull her closer and she could feel how hard Lexa was inside her pants, “Lexa…” Clarke tried to say. But she was pretty sure her girlfriend’s name was a groan. She managed to wiggle a couple of fingers down into Lexa’s waistband.

Lexa was straining against her pants when she felt Clarke’s fingers dip below her pants. She groaned into the kiss. She sat up and pulled Clarke with her before she fumbled for Clarke’s zipper, but couldn’t find it. “Fuck, Clarke. Take this off before I rip it. I want to make love to you.” Lexa whispered against her ear and placed a kiss making Clarke squirm. She yanked Clarke’s underwear down her legs and groaned when she saw her wetness coating her thighs.

Clarke nodded. Somewhere part of her was dying with amusement and love that Lexa was so needy that she couldn’t find the zipper. But the larger part of her wanted the dress gone. So she found the zipper on the side and before she had it halfway down Lexa was peeling the dress from her body. Clarke decided it wasn’t fair, and pushed Lexa’s jacket off her arms. She moved in closer, holding Lexa tight by the back and licked at her throat before sucking on it, causing more marks to bloom to life. Lexa started to tear open the buttons of her own shirt, but Clarke stopped her hands, “I got you, babe,” Clarke whispered roughly in Lexa’s ear and Lexa groaned, sat back on the blanket with her hands behind her to support her and squeezed her eyes shut tightly as Clarke opened the buttons on her shirt. After the last one, it fell back, parting and allowing Clarke to see Lexa’s skin shimmering in the rising moonlight.

Lexa let the shirt fall off her shoulders and she took a look at Clarke and her skin sparkled and her chest heaved in the lacey red bra she was wearing. Lexa sat up and stripped her own bra off before she reached around and unhooked Clarke’s bra and took a nipple into her mouth and sucked it hard. It pebbled instantly and Lexa stroked the other nipple with her thumb and forefinger and Clarke moaned above her with her head thrown back. “Let me show you how much I love you…” Lexa released her nipple with a pop and shifted lower to place kisses across her stomach and hipbones. She took a long look at Clarke’s arousal before she took a long swipe with her tongue. Lexa repeatedly thrust her tongue in and out of her quickly and Clarke wrapped her hands in Lexa’s brunette curls and held her against her cunt.

Clarke ground her teeth together and tightened her fingers as Lexa’s tongue licked her clit again and again, “Lexa…” she growled out, unable to keep from lifting her hips with each swipe.

She felt Lexa’s smirk, “Yes, beautiful?”

Clarke tightened her fingers more, “ah.. Lex… please….” but she felt Lexa smile more and start to suck on her clit and a finger slide into her. Clarke moved one hand from Lexa’s hair only to throw an arm over her eyes as that finger started to move in and out of her, joined by another. She couldn’t stop the sounds Lexa was pulling out of her if she wanted to, but she didn’t even try. Especially when the licking started again, “that’s it.”

Lexa’s own groans found their way to Clarke’s ears as her fingers sped up, “you are so beautiful,
Clarke, like this, under me, calling for me, coming apart for me—"

"Fuck, baby!" Clarke felt the familiar sensation building in her stomach. Lexa was so fucking good with her tongue and fingers. She knew she wasn’t going to last long. Clarke clenched around Lexa’s digits and felt herself coming apart. Lexa’s words repeating in her head. It made her orgasm that much more intense. “I love you, Lex!” Clarke gasped as she flew over the edge and grasped at Lexa’s shoulders and held on tight as it rushed through her.

“That’s it beautiful,” Lexa crawled up Lexa’s body, her own pants so tight now as to be painful after watching Clarke fall apart from her like that, as though Lexa shot her into the stars. She hoped she had. She moved up faster and found Clarke’s panting lips and started kissing them again and again, licking at her pink tongue as she whispered, “you are so beautiful. I love you so much, Clarke. So so much…” she wrapped her hands around Clarke and buried her face in blonde hair at Clarke’s throat. Lexa started sucking at skin, her hips moving down slowly into Clarke's as she did. She didn’t know she was. She only wanted to be closer and closer as close as she could get. Clarke’s fingers were slipping inside her waistband suddenly though and it did both, stilled her slow thrusts and sent shivers down her body.  Lexa pushed up just a little, just enough to look into blue eyes staring at her.

“Take them off, Lex. Please!” Clarke groaned and she undid her belt and unbuttoned her jeans. She tried pushing them off herself, but couldn’t reach far enough. Her arms weren’t long enough. Lexa whimpered in frustration. “Please, love. I need you.” Clarke flipped them and landed on top again. She grinned and pushed Lexa’s jeans down her long lean legs as well as her boxers. She pulled them off and licked her lips at the sight of Lexa’s erect cock, already dripping. She straddled her quickly and grabbed Lexa’s rock hard member and lined it up before she sunk down on it and impaled herself deliciously. Clarke stayed still in order to adjust to her size. Lexa slid in easy due to how drenched Clarke was.

Lexa slapped her hands around Clarke’s waist and ground her teeth and rolled her head back on the blanket as Clarke started to ride her, relentlessly. She couldn’t help but thrust up into Clarke’s wetness around her, sliding up her only to slide back down again-

“Clarke!” Lexa cried out, she tossed her head back at the sensation of warm liquid dripping onto her stomach, “ah, Clarke-” they were on a beach! God… they were out here in the air of the beach and Lexa couldn’t get enough of Clarke. Her hands tightened. Her body shuddered, she opened her eyes only briefly enough to see blue ones staring down at her, she lifted one hand to grasp one of Clarke’s breasts.

Clarke smiled, as she rode Lexa harder, she looked down at the emotions twisting beautifully over Lexa’s face, the set of her jaw, the way she had her eyes squeezed shut only to open them when Clarke found her voice, “open your eyes, Lex.” she asked, as fingers squeezed at her nipple and at her waist, “Lexa…? I want you to look at me..” she knew the woman under her was just about to come undone.

Lexa’s eyes locked with Clarke’s and she didn’t have a chance to warn her before she rutted up into Clarke and unleashed into Clarke’s tight warm cunt. She kept her eyes locked on Clarke’s as she came apart and saw the minute Clarke fell over the edge again. Her body quivered and then clenched and Lexa felt herself spurt the last of her load as Clarke squeezed painfully tight around her and Lexa whimpered at the sensation. She got to make love to Clarke, finally. “I love you, baby!” Lexa rocked her hips as they both came down from their high. “I love you so much.”

Clarke was breathless, and it took some time, as she stared down at Lexa looking up at her with starlight in her eyes, “I love you too…” she whispered. Clarke leaned in slowly and settled her weight onto Lexa, tucking her face into Lexa’s neck. She closed her eyes and felt Lexa turn her head
just enough to look at her, set one hand on her back, and she felt the brush of Lexa’s lips at her temple and then she felt the flutter of Lexa’s eyelids against her skin as she closed them as well.

Lexa shifted them slightly so she could lay the other blanket over them in case they fell asleep. Lexa felt herself dozing when she heard the chime of a phone.

“Baby, is that your phone?” Lexa asked as she rubbed circles across her back.

“Yeah, I think so, but nothing is more important than being here with you. Whatever it is can wait.” Clarke mumbled and snuggled further into her.

Lexa didn’t argue and settled back with Clarke’s weight resting comfortable on her. She heard her own phone chim as well, but ignored it. She could check it later as well. She had her beautiful girlfriend in her arms who loved her too. Nothing could top this moment.

Neither woman noticed a shadow lurking in the parking lot who had been watching them the entire time...
The text message bothered Lexa more than she wanted to admit. She kept it to herself after she saw it, not wanting to worry Clarke. They were in a really good place, and the last thing she wanted to do was stress her girlfriend out with her competition this weekend. She wanted to make everything go as smoothly as possible for her.

She knew how much this meant to Clarke. It was everything. It was like what football was to her and she refused to be the one to spoil it for her or to let a text spoil it for her, or the person -whoever it was- that had sent it spoil it for her. She would tell her after this weekend. Lexa pulled her phone out of her pocket slowly and checked the message again like she had been doing the past few days.

It was only three words.

But it creeped her out.

I see you.

Lexa hoped that didn’t mean what she thought it did, but she wasn’t going to let it taint their night. It was the best night of her entire life and some stalker wasn’t going to ruin it for them. Staring down at it she debated deleting the message. Her fingertip was caught at a hover over the screen to just do it. But finally decided against it. It could be used later to prove to the police if it came to that.

Lexa threw down her phone in frustration and rubbed her hands over her face. It had been a few days since the beach and she had felt on top of the world, but with the text looming over her head; it was hard to be completely happy. She chose to try and ignore it for now and focus on her upcoming game and her girlfriend’s competition.

Speaking of Clarke, she would be at the beach right now. Forgetting the text for now Lexa smiled at the thought of her girl and her soft kisses.. She had been half asleep when Clarke had brushed her lips across her cheek early, early this morning. Lexa knew how much this meant to her and Clarke was getting in as much training as she could between classes and work. Plus, Clarke was making sure to make time for them, which put a bright smile on her face.

Lexa didn’t have a class until later the least she could do was surprise her because it had been far too long since she had been able to. It was barely past seven am and Lexa knew Clarke would be out on the water, trying to perfect everything.

To Lexa, she was already perfect.
There was nothing more she needed to do, but she knew how stubborn and competitive her girlfriend was so she kept her mouth shut and supported her.

Clarke’s smile made it worth it.

Ldexa threw on some clothes and raced out of her apartment. She arrived at the beach ten minutes later after a brisk jog to find the love of her life right where she predicted. Like the very first time, Lexa stood there mesmerized by the beauty and grace, Clarke possessed out on the water.

Lexa’s knees buckled slightly and she plopped down in the sand and felt it go up her shorts. She huffed in frustration, but it soon turned in a sigh when she saw Clarke complete the trick she’d been having problems with.

She almost clapped, but held back not wanting to interrupt her.

Transfixed, Lexa waited on the warm sand and stared at the sun still rising from behind Clarke. Lexa looked at their spot and a huge smile spread across her face. When she planned their first date, Lexa had no intention of telling her she loved her, but it slipped out. Lexa didn’t regret it, but she had a whole plan on telling her after her competition so if she won or not, Lexa wanted to Clarke to know she’d always have her.

It happened better than she could have imagined. Clarke loved her too.

So lost in thoughts, Lexa didn’t notice Clarke had spotted her and made her way towards her until a shadow fell across her face. She looked up and there was Clarke in all her wet, beautiful glory looking at her with eyes so full of love.

 Clarke fell to her knees in front of her in the sand, curled a hand around the back of her neck and met Lexa’s lips in a loving kiss. Desire was hidden behind the kiss, but they kept it innocent enough with only slightly wandering hands.

After all, they weren’t alone.

“Hey, you,” Clarke purred when she broke the kiss. Her eyes danced prettily. Her smile brightened everything. Lexa kissed her cheek, “hey beautiful.” she collapsed and pulled Clarke into her lap, “I wanted to surprise you.”

“Baby, I’m getting you wet-“ Clarke began. Lexa smirked and earned a smack to the shoulder, “You definitely surprised me though.”

“Good, I’m glad. I missed you,” Lexa kissed her temple and breathed her in. Clarke smelled like sunscreen and the ocean. It was intoxicating to her.

“I left you sleeping only a couple hours ago,” Clarke snuggled in further and kissed her jaw. “I missed you too.”

“If our friends could hear us now-”

“We wouldn’t hear the end of it,” Clarke finished her thought.

“I love you,” Lexa whispered in her ear.

“I love you too,” Clarke kissed her and Lexa threaded her hands through her wet hair and fused their mouths together. Clarke’s hands had gone up the back of her tank top and pressed against her hot skin.
“Baby, we can’t. There’s people around,” Lexa pulled back to see Clarke pout.

“Then don’t look so hot all the time,” Clarke retorted and latched her lips onto her neck and sucked. Lexa’s hips lifted involuntarily. She put her hands on Clarke’s shoulders to gently push her back. “Uhh, Clarrkee. Love, we can’t.”

“I can’t help it, you’re irresistible,” Clarke argued.

Lexa looked into her eyes and her pupils were blown. It made it harder, but there were people all around and Lexa couldn’t help but to see if they were being watched again. She had an eerie feeling and didn’t hear what Clarke had said. “What was that?”

“Say it again?”

“Say what?”

“Love,” Clarke’s smile lit up her face. “It’s really nice to hear you call me that,” Clarke breathed. Lexa tucked a piece of wet hair behind her ear.

“I’ll say it every day for the rest of my life if you want, my love,” Lexa smiled and kissed Clarke’s inviting lips. “If you’ll have me.”

“I would love nothing more,” Clarke sealed the promise with a kiss that once again didn’t stay chaste. In fact it was downright dirty as Clarke’s tongue pushed into her mouth before leaving her breathless. Clarke seemed a little breathless too and looked around them at the populated beach before looking at her again, “Let’s get out of here.”

“What about your training?” Lexa asked, her eyes hazy with desire.

“I have a different training regimen in mind-“ Clarke leaned in and bit her neck for emphasis.

“I love the way you think.” Her hand settled automatically on Clarke’s back.

“Thought you would.”

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Clarke was so bored at work. Part of it was because she wanted it to be over. Another part of it played into the first part, because after it was over she had special plans. Part of it was also because it was her last shift for the week because her competition was in two days and she needed to spend as much time at the beach as she could. She trusted in her abilities, but she was going up against pro surfers and that thought alone was enough for her to panic.

The coffee shop was busy and Clarke was annoyed. Two people had called off and that left her and Harper to cover everything, and Clarke was so close to killing someone tonight. Worse, a glance at the clock showed her still had two hours left of her shift and she had no idea how she was going to survive it.

Until Lexa walked in.

Her night just went from awful to fantastic just by the mere sight of her girlfriend who looked sexy in a pair of khaki shorts and a black tank top showing off her deliciously toned arms and lean legs. She was so distracted by her that she hadn’t noticed a customer talking to her. She could feel Lexa’s smirk from here.

The customer was unhappy, but that was nothing new.
She served him and ignored the fact that he was checking her out by ogling her generous cleavage. The manager apparently liked them to wear tighter shirts that left very little to the imagination. Catching Lexa staring though and licking her lips made her clench her legs to help with the ache that had started to develop since Lexa stepped through the door.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket and she pulled out. Clarke assumed it was one of her roommates and almost dropped her phone when she saw it wasn’t. She shuddered when she read the newest message. At first she thought it was a wrong number, than a prank, but after the text she received the night at the beach, Clarke knew for sure it wasn’t.

She had a stalker and the thought terrified her.

The fact she had no idea who it was, scared her the most. She thought it might be Finn, but he broke up with her and last thing she heard was he moved to California for college. She couldn’t think of anyone else who would do this because she hardly interacted with anyone outside of her friends and if she did, she was always friendly. Her brow furrowed and her hands trembled as she shoved her phone back in her pocket. Clarke braced herself on the counter for a moment and blocked everything else out. The hum of the espresso machine, the drip of the coffee maker, the chatter of the customers and just breathed in and out slowly, trying to get her heart beat under control.

When Clarke looked up and saw the concern written all over Lexa’s face and her heart nearly burst with love for her. She nodded her head to indicate she was okay and faced the remaining customers with a fake smile. Clarke could still feel Lexa’s eyes on her over her laptop and she knew she couldn’t keep this from her much longer. She needed to tell her and let her in on it. Clarke didn’t think she was lying about; she just wanted to wait till after her competition when she could clearly focus on it.

The problem.

She didn’t like to think about it that way because she wasn’t sure if really was one, but didn’t like the word stalker so this was the next best thing. Clarke didn’t have time to worry about this too much even if the messages had increased slightly. It wasn’t enough to cause her too much stress.

Yet.

Clarke took Lexa a black coffee and set it down beside her, but couldn’t resist leaning in and brushing her lips across her ear. “You look fucking hot, Woods.”

“I’m meeting someone, so wanted to look my best,” Lexa replied.

“Oh, should I be jealous?” Clarke purred and brushed back her hair from her neck. Clarke knew she had to be careful as she was at work, but in that moment, with Lexa trembling, everything else fell away and it was just the two of them.

“Not at all, Griffin, I only have eyes for you,” At that Lexa turned around and did the half smile Clarke loved so much and Clarke was tempted to kiss it off her face, but knew she couldn’t. At least not yet.

“Good, because I’d hate to have to kill someone for trying to take my girl,” Clarke whispered and stepped back.

“Your girl?” Lexa’s smile lit up her face.

“Yes, I love you,” Clarke said as she fixed her apron.
“I love you too,” Their moment was interrupted by the clang of a bell and another wave of customers crashing through the door and Clarke let out a long groan at the sight of them. “Duty calls.”

Lexa pouted. “Alright.”

“Don’t leave, I’ll be back.”

“I’ll be here.”

The hour until closing seemed to drag on forever, the only thing that kept her sane were the heated looks Clarke exchanged with Lexa during that time. Otherwise, Clarke would have snapped on someone. She was tightly wound up and needed a release. The competition being so close put her on edge and she needed a distraction and she had the perfect one in mind.

But slowly the coffee shop emptied of all customers except Lexa.

Clarke let out a huge sigh of relief as she flipped the open sign and locked the door. Harper didn’t bat an eye that Lexa was still there, she just smiled and got to work doing their closing duties. It didn’t take long as they’ve worked together enough times to have it down pat. They clean the machines; wipe down the counters and tables. Lexa even helped put up the chairs so they could mop. It is a small coffee shop so even that is done quickly. Once finished, Harper made her excuses and left them alone.

“Hey you,” Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke’s waist and leaned in for a kiss, but at the last second Clarke put a finger against her lips.

“Follow me, babe,” Clarke turned and grabbed ahold of Lexa’s hand and pulled her with her back behind the counter and through the employee’s only door and into the stockroom. Lexa looked around in confusion, but Clarke shoves her against the door and slammed it closed.

Clarke pressed her body into Lexa’s and sees her suck in a deep breath, her eyes closed and she leaned her head back. It gave Clarke unlimited access to the column of her neck and she moved in to take full advantage. She sucked and licked and bit into Lexa’s smooth, soft skin and the whimpers Lexa lets out turn Clarke on even more. It was what she had been needing and she left marks all over her throat wanting everyone to know Lexa was hers.

Only hers.

“Cla-“ Lexa’s words are cut off when Clarke kissed her. She swiped her tongue across her full bottom lip and when Lexa gasped, she swept inside. Lexa tasted like coffee and a hint of her cherry Chap Stick and Clarke wanted more. She kissed her hard and sucked Lexa’s tongue into her mouth and swallowed her whimpers with her mouth. Clarke could feel her hard length pressed against her thigh and smiled into the kiss.

“Let me take care of you, love,” Clarke whispered against her lips and unbuttoned her shorts. She pulled boxers and shorts down her long legs and enjoyed the sight of Lexa hard and dripping.

Clarke moaned and put her hands on Lexa’s ass to pull her into her. She licked her lips and licked the tip of her shaft and Lexa’s knees buckled, but Clarke held her up and took her tip in her mouth and hollowed her cheeks.

Lexa’s hands had laced into her hair, holding her steady. “Mmm, fuck! You’re so good at that-“ A loud moan ripped from Lexa’s throat when Clarke added a hand to stroke the base of her dick and Lexa’s hips were bucking wildly into her mouth.
“That’s it baby,” Clarke mumbled around her cock. “I love it when you fuck my mouth.” Lexa groaned and rutted harder. Clarke opened her mouth wider to take more and Lexa took full advantage. She moaned around her shaft and sent vibrations through Lexa and Clarke locked eyes with her girlfriend as she bit down hard on her lip and moaned. Clarke kept up her ministrations.

“Fuck, baby!” Lexa’s hips slowed and Clarke knew she was close. She wanted to swallow every drop of cum she released. “Please-“ Lexa’s eyes squeezed shut, but the connection was still there. Clarke sucked harder and faster until Lexa’s orgasm ripped through her and she was shooting rope after rope down Clarke’s throat. She didn’t let up though, kept her tongue there, silently begging for me.

“You taste amazing,” Clarke released her dick and pumped it a few times with her hand and a few more weak spurts trickled out that Clarke licked off with her tongue. “I really love you.”

Lexa didn’t respond for a few minutes, her chest was heaving and she looked ready to collapse, but Clarke wouldn’t let the happen. Her hair was sticking to her forehead and Clarke thought she looked so damn beautiful, she couldn’t stop staring. “I...love you...too,” Lexa gasped and Clarke smiled smugly.

“Did I wear you out?” Clarke asked standing up.

“Never, I just need a minute,” Lexa replied without opening her eyes.

“If you say so stud,” Clarke leaned in and kissed her swollen lips.

“I do,” Lexa moved so swiftly, Clarke didn’t have time to react before she was the one up against the door and her shorts and panties were ripped off her. Clarke moaned at the feel of the cold door against her back, but was soon swallowed by the moan that she let out when she felt the first swipe of Lexa’s tongue on her clit.

“Fuck, Lex! I-“ Lexa was relentless in her assault and Clarke was loving every second of it. She was already so wet from going down on Lexa, she knew her climax wouldn’t take long. Lexa’s tongue moved faster from her clit to her entrance and back again before she sunk three fingers in her that sent shockwaves through her body. Clarke’s hands had purchase on Lexa’s shoulders and she was digging in. Clarke couldn’t contain her moans as she was right on the edge gasping for breath.

It was a freefall into the abyss when Lexa curled her fingers and hit her g spot and Clarke let go chanting Lexa’s name loudly. “Lex, Lex, Lexa!” Her fingers dug harder into Lexa’s back.

The orgasm left her breathless and her legs shaking where she couldn’t hold herself up, but Lexa caught her and helped her ride out her orgasm with soft little kisses. Clarke’s body hummed in pleasure and the aftershocks still coursing through her body. It took her a minute for her breath to catch up. But as she it did at last and all she could feel was her heart pounding and Lexa’s arms around her waist Clarke finally moved enough to help her up. She kissed her slowly, the taste of herself turning her on again as she tangled her hands in Lexa’s hair and teased Lexa’s soft lips with hers. She loved how Lexa was shaking and finally green eyes opened, “you’re amazing.”

Even though she was still feeling a little wobbly Clarke smiled at Lexa, even after a shitty day, Lexa made her feel so happy, “that was all you, babe.” she credited. Clarke moved in, taking Lexa’s face in her hands. She kissed Lexa’s lips again before she could protest, “I just ..” she kissed Lexa’s warm lips again for good measure, “I just stood here.”

“You did more than stand there, love. You’re the amazing one,” Lexa kissed her neck and just laid her head on her shoulder. Clarke grabbed her hand and lead her over to where she had blankets
stored and her backpack.

“Close your eyes,” Clarke whispered in her ear and watched Lexa close her eyes and the trust she could see in her face made everything worth it. There in the partial dark of the room she just stood there a second to take it all in. She always wanted to remember this. Clarke took a tie and made sure to secure it around lex’a’s eyes. “Can you see me?” She kissed Lexa’s lips and backed a step away.

“No, I can’t, but I want too,” Lexa whispered and tried to chase her lips, but missed and caught her eye. Clarke laughed.

“In time, love,” Clarke stripped Lexa of her shirt and bra and took a moment to admire Lexa in all her naked glory.

She was so lucky.

Clarke laid out a few blankets to make sure they had a soft place to lay before she took a feather and guided Lexa to the ground. Clarke made sure to strip the rest of her clothes too. She loved the skin to skin contact with her girlfriend. It always sent butterflies soaring in her stomach. Clarke pulled her backpack close and moved and knelt onto the blankets where Lexa was waiting so trustingly, “babe,” Clarke leaned in to whisper in Lexa’s ear, “I planned all day for this.” She bit the shell of Lexa’s ear, wrapped both her hands around her waist and bit softly into her throat. Clarke sucked a little bit before leaning out just enough to catch Lexa’s lips with hers that had been searching for her mouth. As they kissed Clarke trailed her hands up Lexa’s body and over her ribs to settle under her breasts. She broke the kiss, and Lexa actually whimpered a little. Clarke smiled at the adorable noise, “shhh.” she whispered on the soft skin of Lexa’s collarbone before taking one of Lexa’s nipples between her lips next. She sucked on it lightly, liking the way Lexa’s body jolted and the way her girlfriend almost moved to take off the blindfold but stopped herself.

Still as Clarke sucked more of Lexa’s breast into her mouth Lexa reminded, “I want to see you..”

“I know baby and you will,” Clarke took the feather and started lightly running it down Lexa’s neck, chest and stomach. Lexa’s body jumped in response to the featherlight touch. She continued her exploration of Lexa’s firm body and enjoyed seeing Lexa doing her best to not move. “Are you ticklish?” Clarke asked as she moved towards her stomach and sides. Clarke traveled farther and Lexa stood at attention and Clarke couldn’t wait for the next part of her plan.

“No, I’m not ticklish,” Lexa replied, before she laughed as Clarke tickled her sides with the feather.

“Not ticklish, my ass, Lex.”

Clarke moved the feather lower across her thighs and over her dick that jumped as soon as it was touched. She wanted to take her in her mouth again, but she didn’t want to ruin her idea. “Do you trust me?”

“With my life,” Lexa replied instantly.

“Good,” Clarke grabbed something from her bag and sucked it into her mouth and rolled it around with her tongue. She had to make sure it was really wet. She also pulled out lube as well.

“What are you...gonna do?” Lexa asked, her hands going towards the blindfold.

“No, Lex,” Clarke ran her hands across Lexa’s taut shoulders and slid them down the silken skin of her back until she was cupping her ass. Clarke poured some lube on her ass and rubbed in around her back hole. She didn’t want to hurt her girlfriend. She gently massaged her sexy ass with her hands and kissed Lexa hard. Clarke bit down hard on her lip as she inserted the plug into her ass.
Lexa lurched forward and let out a guttural moan.

“Oh, fuck, what the hell is that?” Lexa groaned and gripped onto Clarke’s shoulders. “Ahh-”

“It’s a butt plug, but say the word and I remove it. I want you to be comfortable with it,” Clarke kissed her lightly, but it turned dirty quick and Clarke was on her back with Lexa hovering over her, the blindfold still on.

“No, it’s...umm..good,” Lexa moaned when Clarke shifted it a little and removed it before she inserted it again.

Clarke grabbed the back of Lexa’s neck, pulling her down, “do you like it?” her voice dropped a little as she asked the words against Lexa’s opened lips that were kissing hers. She reached behind her, found the plug and pulled it back out partly before working it back in. Lexa was gasping beautifully above Clarke. It was a bit of a difficult angle, but to have Lexa’s lips moaning softly against hers as they kissed made Clarke’s whole body hum. Still she managed to whisper out, “or I can s..stop.” Clarke dropped her head onto the blanket and worked the toy out and then in.

“Fuck, Clarke. I’ve...never done this before.” Lexa’s body was trembling above hers. “I like...I like it.”

“Good, baby. Good.” Clarke’s body was aching with need and she needed more. Clarke could feel Lexa’s length against her thigh and if she shifted just right, Lexa could slid right in. “I need you, baby.”

Lexa nodded, the sensation of the plug in her ass making her weak and tingly at once, it was hard to stay up. But she heard Clarke’s pleas, she felt herself nodding her head and she wrapped one arm around her beautiful girl and used the other to tug her legs further apart. Lexa gripped Clarke’s hipbone and used it to hold her as she buried herself inside Clarke hard. Under her, Clarke let out a little yelp and Lexa stopped and looked at her to be sure she was okay but Clarke was already quickly nodding her head, “I’m okay, I’m ...Lexa...” Clarke’s words fell away and blunt nails suddenly clawed into her shoulders, and she started to thrust in and out and in again. She scrabbled a hand tighter at Clarke’s back because Clarke was so wet and tight and just squeezing her. Lexa grunted. The plug buried in her was making her see stars. She groaned a little more, “Clarke.....” she moved her other hand to get leverage on the blanket under her and picked up her pace a little more.

“Oh god, Lexa!” Clarke lifted her hips to take her deeper. The feeling of Clarke sliding up and down her length sent shivers racing across her skin and up and down her spine. She wanted the blindfold off and through clenched teeth she ground out, “Clarke, can I take off this damn-”

“Yes,” Clarke’s voice broke on the word. She felt Clarke’s hands move to her face to start to remove the blindfold, “look at me Lexa!”

Lexa reached up as fast as she could to help her, breathless, together, they got the blindfold off her eyes and tossed it somewhere into the dark. She kissed her sloppily, the sensations were too much and she knew she was going to cum hard. Lexa picked up her thrusts and pounded into her hard. “Fuck, baby!”

Clarke matched her rhythm and met her thrust for thrust. “Oh, baby. I love you!”

Lexa was sweating, but she panted back. “I...love you too.” She grunted, keeping her head in Clarke’s neck as she kept a hard pace. Lexa could feel Clarke hot and wet and squeezing around her and she could feel the toy in her ass. It was shooting pleasurable jolts through her cock and with
Clarke tight around her, she was so close to her climax. The sensations all together were too much and Lexa felt her pace stutter. She moved her hands to Clarke’s ass to hold her in place.
“Claarkee...I’m gonna cum.”

“Me too, baby!” Clarke curled her hands around Lexa’s face again. Lexa’s lips were bruised from kissing but they mashed into hers, warm and needy and Clarke started sucking on the lower one. Lexa grunted, her pace staggered, so did Clarke’s and the feel of Lexa’s fingers tightening was enough to send her flying over that edge, “oh, Lexa!” she shouted Lexa’s name into the air of the room. Clarke saw white spots. She saw stars. Then she was falling down and down and unable to catch her breath into warm sweaty arms wrapped around her. Lexa was grunting her name, and she came undone again as her beautiful girlfriend started biting her neck spurting inside her.

Lexa grunted and her climax rushed through her and she bit down on Clarke’s collarbone to muffle her moans. It was incredible with the penetration in her ass and her cock surrounded by Clarke’s warmth, it was too much and had her exploding inside her girlfriend. “Fuck, oh fuck!” Lexa emptied into her and collapsed her sweaty body on tops of Clarke’s and panted in her ear. Once she got her breath back after a couple minutes, Lexa kissed her deeply. “Let’s take this back to your place.”

“Good because I’m nowhere near done with you yet,” Clarke rolled them over and straddled her. There was still time for one more round here until they moved to somewhere more comfortable. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

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Lexa woke up in Clarke’s bed the next morning, she knew before she opened her eyes. One of Clarke’s hands rested on her back. The soft tapping of keys in the quiet told her girl had brought her computer to the bed rather than leave her. It made Lexa’s heart flutter a little bit. She felt so happy. She could get used to this. She rolled onto her side and trapped Clarke’s hand, bringing it to her lips to kiss it as Clarke looked at her in surprise, “morning beautiful,” Lexa’s voice was husky still as memories of the amazing night before replayed in her mind. She kissed the fingertips again, sucking on the middle one just for good measure before letting it go and shifting to sit up. Lexa refused to let go of that hand though, “what are you doing?” she asked. Lexa moved Clarke’s hand back to her mouth and sucked on her pinky mischievously, watching blue eyes the whole time.

Clarke was focused on the upcoming competition tomorrow and was looking at the list of surfers that was just posted. She was distracted by Lexa who was so damn beautiful and was being a little shit this morning, but Clarke loved it and could get used to it. “Morning, love,” Clarke paused what she was doing and leaned down to kiss Lexa. “I’m checking the list of my competitors, I’m curious who I’m going up against. I didn’t wake you, did I?”

“No,” Lexa answered, “but waking up with you, I could get used to..” she started kissing her way around Clarke’s wrist and up to the back of her hand again, smiling at Clarke who shivered just a little. Lexa exhaled then moved back and adjusted her pillows to sit next to Clarke, “so who’s your competition?” she asked, glancing over at the computer screen. Still, with a smirk, she refused to let go of Clarke’s pretty hand. Lexa traced her thumb back and forth across the back of it.

Clarke rolled her eyes, but her heart skipped a beat when Lexa wouldn’t let her hand go. “I’m going to have some stiff competition. There’s Echo Black, Nia Queen who won last year and Niylah Hunter. Those are just a few, there’s twenty of us competing. It starts Saturday with the finals on Sunday.” Clarke looked over at Lexa and smiled. She was looking forward to seeing some of them, she hadn’t seen them since her last competition. “You’ll be there right?”
“Of course I will,” Lexa nuzzled her face briefly into Clarke’s neck, blonde hair tickled her nose, “couldn’t keep me away for the world.” she smiled and dropped a kiss on Clarke’s skin before unburying her face from that little piece of heaven. Lexa glanced at the screen, “Nia?” she considered, “didn’t we have a hurricane called that? Fitting there is also a surfer.” she smiled at Clarke, “I know who my favorite is already though. Guess who?”

Her heart burst full of love for her girlfriend. “Thank you, baby. I need you there.” Clarke put the computer on her nightstand and then snuggled into her. “Yeah, we did. It definitely is. It works for her though. She’s an ice queen.” Clarke looked up at Lexa. “I don’t know, wanna tell me?” Clarke kissed the corner of her mouth. “I’m excited to see some of them, it’s been awhile, plus I get to show off my new girlfriend so that’s a win already.”

“Well,” Lexa began, she let go of Clarke’s hand at last and pulled back the covers a little and moved and straddled Clarke, “she’s this beautiful blonde, you know, that I can’t seem to keep my hands off of?” Lexa leaned in, wrapped her hands around Clarke’s face and kissed the tip of her nose before pressing a lingering kiss to her lips, “she’s going to blow the competition out of the water too. I just know it.” Lexa leaned back enough to watch Clarke blush, “and show off your new girlfriend huh?” she asked, she smirked a little before asking, “introduce her maybe to the other surfers?” she was excited for that, to know who Clarke surfed with, “who first?”

With Lexa on top of her, Clarke was having a hard time remembering what she was going to say. Every time Lexa kissed her, it felt like coming home. “She sounds wonderful,” Clarke kissed her and played along. “I can’t wait to meet her,” Clarke held Lexa in place with her hands tight on her hips. “Yep, my new girlfriend,” Clarke loved saying that. “Of course. I’d say Nyilah first, she is, she’s cool.”

“Cool huh, should I be jealous?” Lexa asked pressing her hips down into her.

“You have nothing to be jealous of, she is just an idol who I may have kissed last time I saw her, but it was right after the funeral and she was still in town. One thing led to another..” Clarke trailed off not wanting to upset Lexa, but wanting to be honest. “I didn’t sleep with her though.”

Lexa took a minute to answer and Clarke was worried. “I’ll just have to make sure she knows you’re taken. That’s all,” Lexa smiled and Clarke relaxed. “I love you, babe.”

“I love you too and you have nothing to worry about. I’m yours and yours only.” Clarke leaned up and captured Lexa’s lips and swiped her tongue across her lips. “You are everything to me, Lex.”

“You’re my world, Clarke,” Lexa kissed her lips and buried her head into her shoulder. “I look forward to seeing you surf.” Lexa kissed her shoulder.

“It means so much to me that you’ll be there.”

“I wouldn’t miss it, plus I get to meet all these hot surfer chicks too,” Lexa grinned and Clarke slapped her on the back.

“Watch it, babe,” Clarke knew she was joking, but the text came back to the forefront of her mind and she tensed. “Don’t make me take back my offer.”

“You wouldn’t.” Lexa had felt her tense and rubbed up and down her arms trying to help. “You’re gonna be great, I know it. Don’t be nervous.”

“That sounds vaguely familiar.”

“You told me that before my first game,” Lexa remembered how just a text from Clarke calmed her
down, but it was seeing her there to support her that made all the difference. “It helped.”

“Really?” Clarke asked doubtfully.

“Yeah, really. To know you were there and supporting me meant so much and that was before we became official. It will be so much more tonight.” Lexa had another game tonight and knew Clarke would be there like she had for every game so far these season. Granted this was only the third, but it still mattered. “Speaking off, I got class in a couple hours.”

Clarke groaned, she didn’t want to leave the comfort of the bed, but knew she needed to get some more training in. “Yeah I have one this afternoon, but I need to head to the beach. Want to join me?”

“Oh, fuck! Lex!” Clarke gripped her ass and pulled her deeper.

“Let me relax you,” Lexa replied as she picked up the pace.

“Okay.”

They spend the next hour making love before they finally pulled themselves from the bed and got dressed. Lexa going to her drawer that she somehow acquired before they made their way to the beach to start their day with a completely different activity, but nowhere near as fun.

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Bright and early the next morning, Clarke found herself hand in hand with Lexa on her way to check in. It was finally the day of the competition and Clarke was excited, but nervous as hell. It was different to see the beach packed so early. There were people everywhere, other surfers, spectators, vendors and the huge tent in the middle that read ‘sign in.’ It was a beautiful day with the sun shining bright and the light dancing over the water. Clarke paid more attention to the water than she did anything else because it helped calm her nerves.

“Clarke, baby?” Lexa squeezed her hand and Clarke tore her eyes away from the ocean to look into the gorgeous eyes of her girlfriend.

“I’m sorry, what did you say?” Clarke asked.

“I asked if you want to check in?” Lexa pointed to the tent a little ways down the beach.

Clarke glanced quickly over at the tent beckoning her and the line that waited and the rest of the people surrounding it, “yeah…” she said finally. Lexa grinned at her beautifully in the early morning and started that way but Clarke didn’t move and the clasp of their hands tugged her back. Lexa turned around, “Clarke?” she asked gently, looking her over.

“What if I mess up?” Clarke blurted out, looking out at the waves and then whipping her eyes to Lexa’s, “what if I get something wrong and I-” she really needed these sponsors. This was her dream.

“Look at me.” Lexa said, and Clarke locked eyes with her. Lexa went on, “You aren’t going to mess up. Not a chance. You got this. I believe in you.” Lexa kissed her on the cheek. “No matter what happens, your dream will come true.” Lexa looked over Clarke’s shoulder and smiled. “Looks like there’s a few people wanting to talk to you.”
Lexa’s words calmed her a little, and the kiss on her cheek tingled. She smiled a little and finally felt like she could breathe. Seeing Lexa glance behind her Clarke turned as well, “Nyilah and the others,” she recognized them waving at her just a way down the beach, with a grin on her own face she glanced at Lexa. It was time to fulfill her promise and show her new girlfriend off. Clarke started off toward them, tugging at Lexa’s hand, “come on.. I want you to meet them.”

Lexa looked at them and nodded at Clarke. She made sure to link their hands together before Clarke dragged them up to meet them.

Clarke dropped her hand and hugged them immediately. Lexa noticed one in particular linger and stare a little too long at her girlfriend. “Hey guys, it’s been awhile.”

“It sure has, Clarke. We’ve missed you.” A blonde said standing close to Clarke.

Clarke looked back at Lexa and held out her hand. “Guys, I want to introduce my girlfriend, Lexa. Lexa this is Nyilah, Echo and Fox. They are some of the best surfers I know.”

“You’re one to talk, Griffin. You would have joined us, but…” Echo stopped abruptly and Clarke’s heart clenched. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, I know what you meant.” Clarke smiled reassuringly even though she didn’t feel it. She’d been here fifteen minutes and her father was already mentioned, she knew it was going to happen though.

“It’s nice to meet you all.” Lexa shook hands with them and Nyilah held tightly onto her hand while the others shook hers and smiled. Clarke smiled at seeing them all get along.

“Have you all signed in yet?” Clarke asked. She could feel a little bit of tension between Nyilah and Lexa and wanted to diffuse it.

“No we haven’t, have you?” Fox spoke and smiled. “Let’s go. We don’t have long.” Fox turned and headed up the beach.

Clarke smiled and followed the rest of them, but Lexa pulled her back and kissed her chastely on the lips. “What was that for?”

“Just because I can,” Lexa saw out of the corner of her eye Nyilah and Echo had stopped and were waiting for them. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

The blue check in tent loomed larger than life and the fear came back full force. Clarke stepped up to the table to check in with Lexa right beside her. She saw other surfers doing the same thing and getting their numbers. “Clarke Griffin, checking in.”

The woman in the chair on the other side of the table pushed a book for her to sign across the table to her, “name here please,” she stated in a pleasant tone. And as she signed her name into the tablet the woman turned around and dug through some bags behind her. When she set the pen down and pushed the tablet back over the table the woman handed her a number and two bottles of water, “here you go, Miss Griffin, you’re in the second heat.” she said, “good luck. Next!” she had been polite but she was quick to do her job.

Clutching her number card and reading it over and over again in her head, Clarke sidestepped away on trembling legs, “number thirteen,” she said and looked from the card up at Lexa. The number made it more real and the adrenaline was mixing with nerves, “I can’t believe it's here. That I’m
really about to do this…” win or lose. She took a deep breath and tried again, “this how you feel before a game?”

“Yeah, it is, but the excitement, anticipation and adrenaline makes it all worth it. You’re going to be fantastic out there, I promise.” Lexa pulled her off to the side so she could take a deep breath and get her nerves under control. “Take a deep breath for me,” Clarke did as requested. “Let it out slowly. Keep doing it,” Lexa stroked her hands up and down her arms hoping to calm her down.

The deep breaths were helping until she heard another voice that she hadn’t heard in two years. “Well look who finally decided to crawl out of their hole. Think you can beat me this time, Griffin?” Clarke’s blood ran cold because she knew she was going to be there, but she was hoping to avoid her as much as she can. Clarke should have known Nia would love the chance to rub in her face.

“Nia, how lovely to see you.” Clarke said through gritted teeth.

“I was surprised to see you’re competing again. I mean especially last time when you didn’t show to the final. I knew then you were just too scared to face me because you knew I’d kick your ass out there.” Nia smirked and Clarke scowled.

“I suggest you take a step back.” Lexa growled and went to step in front of Clarke, but Clarke held her back.

“Who is this? You’re guard dog?” Nia stepped forward. “You have no idea who you’re messing with.”

“I could care less. I’ve heard about you, you’ve won the past four years, but I’ve heard you play dirty out on the water and sabotage your other competitors. How can you say you’re better than everyone when you don’t give them a fair chance?” Lexa snarled and tried to take a step.

Clarke was watching the back and forth like a tennis match and could admit the protectiveness of her girlfriend was amazing. “Nia, you know damn well why I missed it, but since you’re a cold hearted bitch, that doesn’t matter to you. I promise you that this year, you will not win.”

“We’ll see about that. I-” Whatever she was going to say was cut off by the announcer stating the first heat was set to start in twenty minutes. Nia rolled her eyes and stalked off.

“Hey,” Lexa said, taking Clarke by the arm. When she turned her there was more determination in Clarke’s blue eyes than ever. Lexa felt her heart flutter and slid a fingertip down the side of her face as she glanced through the busy tent toward the direction the ‘Ice Queen’ went and looked back at Clarke, “I’m proud of you.” She was happy when Clarke gave her a little smile. She knew what had happened and why Clarke had missed. Lexa couldn’t help it if her eyes watered up just a tiny bit. She ran the back of her hand down the side of Clarke’s face again, “he would be proud too you know. Proud as hell.” she smiled.

Tears threatened to fall and Clarke brushed them away. She was so damn lucky to have Lexa and her dad would have loved her. “Thank you, Lex. He really would have loved you.” Clarke wrapped her arms around her in hug and squeezed her tight. “I don’t know what I’d without you here.” Clarke sucked in another deep breath and rolled her shoulders as she pulled back. She gave Lexa a watery smile. “Will you do my sunscreen?”

Lexa laughed. “I’m sure I would have loved him too, just not as much as I love you,” Lexa pulled down the beach so they could watch the first heat. Lexa shrugged off the backpack she was carrying and dug through it for the sunscreen. She turned around and saw Clarke had laid out a blanket and two towels for hers. Lexa made sure they had room around them as she knew their friends would be
coming any minute. “I’d be happy to help, babe. Lay down.”

Clarke laid down on her stomach on the blankets and tried to be calm and closed her eyes. But she was so worked up. She turned her face out to watch the water, “this good?” she asked. She sensed Lexa moving around beside her somewhere. Expecting the touch of her girl’s hands and looking forward to it she waited a second before she picked up her head to look at her, “Lex?”

Clarke laughed, despite her nerves, because Lexa was simply staring down at her. She watched as green eyes travelled up and down her body before landing on her ass. Clarke snorted, “Lexa?” she asked.

“What…” Lexa stuttered distracted by the silky smooth expanse of Clarke’s back. She squirted sunscreen in her hand, but too much came out and it splattered on her girlfriend’s back. “Oops, sorry, babe.” She rubbed it in, making sure to cover every inch of her skin. Her back, shoulders, legs and arms. “Roll over, beautiful.”

Clarke did and looked up into Lexa’s eyes. “Anything for you.”

Lexa smiled and put more sunscreen into her hands. “I want to make sure you’re sufficiently covered. I have plans for later.” Lexa dropped a kiss on her lips. She spread it over he chest, stomach and legs as well as her face. “All done, love.”

“Thank you.” Clarke sat up and pushed Lexa down on her back. “You’re turn. Take off your shirt, please.” Lexa obliged and yanked it off showing her tan, lean body in a bikini top and Clarke’s mouth dropped open. Lexa looks sexy as hell in a green bikini top and black and green board shorts. “You look hella hot.” Clarke looked around and saw a few other girls and guys ogling her girlfriend. Clarke couldn’t blame them, but she felt her jealousy flare up. Clarke tossed the sunscreen to the side and bent down to brush her lips across Lexa’s. They were interrupted before Clarke could deepen it.

“Look what we have here,” Ontari’s tone was gleeful and it set Lexa on edge. “I mean you would think I’d seen it all with the interesting videos online recently.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Lexa snapped and jumped to her feet.

“Oh you haven’t seen them?” Ontari smirked and folded her arms looking not only Lexa up and down but Clarke as well before glancing at Lexa again, “and you call yourself a good girlfriend, well… relatively speaking, I guess. All things considered....”

“What do you want, Ontari?” Lexa growled and Clarke’s jaw clenched when she remembered who this bitch was. The one that hurt her girlfriend and that was not okay in her book. She started forward as well.

“What videos?” Clarke’s face paled at the devious grin that spread across Ontari’s face. “I haven’t posted any videos. She stepped forward. “If you say one thing to my girlfriend again, I’ll beat the shit out of you. She’s ten times the woman you’ll ever be,’ Clarke hissed. “And don’t even say what I know your thinking in your tiny little brain.”

“Griffin,” Ontari smirked shaking her head, “you have no idea what I’m thinking-” she broke off and blatantly slid her eyes up and down Clarke’s body and even in the light of the sun, Clarke suddenly felt her skin crawl.

“Stop looking at my girlfriend, Ontari. What the fuck are you doing here anyways? Last I heard, you thought surfing wasn’t even a sport.” Lexa’s hands were clenched at her sides and she was vibrating with anger towards and she knew Clarke could feel it. She bit her tongue before she said more.
“I can look at whatever I want to and there’s nothing you can do about it,” Ontari’s eyes raked over Clarke again and lingered on her breasts and Lexa lost it.

She stormed forwards her with her fist raised and and she was within inches of Ontari when she was yanked backwards. Lexa struggled against the iron grip and knew it wasn’t Clarke. When she saw who it was, she ceased her struggles and glared over at her. The smirk planted on her face was driving her crazy.

“You need to leave, now before I kick your ass,” Anya snapped and stepped forward.

“I’m with her, get the fuck out of here,” Raven said standing shoulder to shoulder with Anya.

Ontari looked at them all before she shrugged her shoulders and turned and left. Only after Ontari had vanished through the crowds Lexa spun on Anya, “Anya, why did you stop me?” She demanded, trying not to seethe because she knew -even if she didn’t want to know- that Anya had been right.

Anya replied calmly, folding her arms, “because beating a member of an opposing team might keep you out of your next game if not the entire season-”

“But-!” Lexa tried to protest, as it hit her, Anya might be right about that.

“On top of that, you’re being scouted by the NFL remember?” Anya added. She stepped into Lexa’s space just enough to punctuate, “you don’t want let her ruin that. You can’t let your temper get the best of you over someone like Ontari.”

Lexa was glad Anya had been able to think of these things because that was also a good point. Still she objected, “but she had it coming! She deserved it! She-”

“Lexa,” Anya cut her off standing toe to toe with her, “so do you-”

“But Anya!” Lexa cut her off again.

But Anya was quick to clarify, “you deserve your chance at the NFL. Don’t let her ruin it.”

Lexa finally grew quiet, and sighed. She took a deep breath and nodded.

“Besides!” Raven added in, moving over to squeeze Clarke whom had been watching this back and forth between the two friends carefully. Raven grinned, “don’t forget the most important reason of all. This girl right here. Clarke,” she said to her, “you ready to kick some ass out there?”

Clarke took a moment to reply. “Yeah, I...yeah I am.” She looked around at her friends and walked over to stand next to Lexa and link their hands together. “Let’s just forget it for now, okay? I need to focus on this right now. We’ll figure out the rest later?” Clarke whispered in her ear.

Lexa nodded.

“Whatever you want, babe,” Lexa’s anger simmered as soon as Clarke touched her. She took a deep breath and let it out. “This is your day.”

“Anybody care to tell us what’s going on?” Octavia asked and threw her arm around Clarke’s shoulders.

“Nothing worth talking about right now.” Clarke replied as the horn went off again signaling the start of the first heat. Clarke turned towards the water with her friends surrounding her and Lexa right
next to her. “Thank you all for coming, it means a lot.”

“We wouldn’t miss this for the world. You got me this weekend, Griff, but next weekend I’m out of town.” Octavia smiled and moved over to Lincoln. “I wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

“We’re here for you, Clarke.” Raven said and hugged her. “I love you, and you’re going to be great.” Raven nudged Anya.

“You got this, Blondie,” Anya rolled her eyes.

Clarke smiled and nodded her head before they all made their way to the blanket that was spread out. Their stuff scattered around them to watch a day of surfing. They had coolers, blankets, bags, towels and food. Clarke could feel the pride and love radiating off of them even Anya and Lincoln and it made her heart swell. The only thing missing was her dad. She knew her mom would never come even if she asked her.

Unfortunately, Clarke was used to it the disappointment that was her mother.

The first heat started with Nia and Tris. It was only Tris’ second competition from what the website said and Clarke had missed the first. Watching her perform out on the water against Nia found Clarke holding her breath for the younger girl. Tris had talent on the waves. She made a good bottom turn that led into a 180 and Clarke found herself hoping hard for the girl. But Nia was already showing a lot of aggro and as Tris tried for an aerial Nia hit a backdoor. She slid past Tris far to close than to be an accident, making the girl nervous so badly that Tris had to bail out of being afraid of being knocked out of balance, “dammit…” Clarke murmured, as she looked at the younger girl struggling to get out of the surf. She felt Lexa’s fingers squeeze her hand and looked over at her. Lexa offered her a comforting smile. And they both turned to watch Nia get out of the water raising her hand in the air, with her board in the other, to the shouting of the crowds. Nia all but ignored Tris who stood aside looking a little dejected as she strode past.

The scorecards went up and to nobody’s surprise, Nia won the heat.

“She intimidated her.” Clarke said quietly. “What a bitch.”

Lexa didn’t have to know the moves to have seen the truth. She nodded, “I know.”

But the Ice Queen still had not done anything against the rules. So it was allowed a pass. Clarke pulled in a deep breath as she watched the first scores go up, “I really hope the ASP catches her someday.”

“ASP?” Lexa asked, trying to keep the mood lighter for the sake of Clarke. She was nervous enough. Clarke smiled at her and clarified, “Association of Professional Surfing. I don’t know why they call it the ASP. The words are out of order. It's also the World Surf League.”

“Well, I feel stupid. I didn’t realize there was a league,” Lexa looked down dejected.

“Baby, it’s okay,” Clarke reassured her and smiled. “I have to go and get ready for my heat, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m good, I just need to do more research is all. Good luck, baby! I love you,” Lexa kissed her quickly and slapped Clarke on her ass making her jump and blush,


“Go get em, Clarkey!” Octavia yelled.
“Break a leg, Griff!” Raven slapped her on the back.

“Good luck, Clarke.” Lincoln nodded at her and wrapped his arm around his girlfriend.

“Knock me dead, blondie,” Anya spoke so softly, Clarke barely heard it.

Clarke kissed Lexa one more time and waved to her friends. “Thanks guys!” She turned and jogged off towards the tent and her surfboard. Nerves were strong, but her determination to win even stronger.

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A few minutes slipped by, but they seemed like the longest, and to Lexa it almost felt like she was going to be the one going out there as her eyes moved from the tent, to their group of friends gathered and laughing and sitting on the beach with drinks and coolers and pointing out different people. Raven was busy trying to get everyone to look at her sunglasses, but all Lexa could think of, was Clarke.

“Relax, Lexa, oh my God.” Anya muttered, casting a amused look at her.

Lexa just glared at her and turned back to the waves.

The horn announcing the second heat sounded a second later and she knew her breath stopped when Clarke’s name was called out over the speakers. She would be up against someone named Monroe, but Lexa had no idea who that was and didn’t care really, especially not when she saw Clarke with her board in her hands running out toward the water. A wide smile burst over Lexa’s face, “that’s my girl,” she said to herself. The others suddenly were on their feet and screaming out Clarke’s name and clapping for her and beside herself with excitement Lexa joined them and shouted it louder, “that’s my girl!”

“Oh wow,” Anya commented, sounding actually impressed, “look at her go.”

Lexa’s gaze was locked on Clarke the whole time. She watched her pop up and ride the wave with ease. The way she turned into the wave and did an aerial was fantastic. Lexa still didn’t know the correct terms, but she knew Clarke was doing well. Lexa heard the announcer briefly announce Zoey Monroe who glided across the water with ease. Unlike the other heat, they both kept it clean. She knew this was based on a scoring system. Three judges would hold up scores up to 10 and whoever got the highest score won the heat.

“Yeah, she’s something special, alright,” Lexa’s voice was in awe as she watched them pass each other and high five and the sportsmanship displayed between the two surfers was amazing, but their skills on the water was a thing of beauty.

“Go, Clarke!” Octavia screamed running towards the water. “You got this!” Lincoln chased after her laughing.

“Just wait, she has something up her sleeve,” Lexa stated and cheered louder. She wanted Clarke to hear her.

Lexa watched as Clarke got another wave and scaled across the lip before doing the trick she’d been practicing. Lexa couldn’t remember the name of the trick, but all she knew was Clarke did it absolutely perfectly.

A excellent execution and their friends agreed. As they cheered her on jumping up and down on the beach, Raven pulled Anya close abruptly and kissed her right on the cheek and as the crowds roared
her girlfriend on Lexa took off at a run toward the water needing to be as close as she could to watch her come in, “that’s it beautiful! Go! Go! Go!” she shouted. She was breathless. She knew. She was counting the seconds tick past. Clarke was close enough now that Lexa could see the smile on her face and the happy tears pouring from her eyes mixed with seawater. Then she was out of the wave and running back onto the beach a few seconds ahead of Monroe and it seemed not only Lexa but absolutely everyone there froze in place as they waited for the scores.

Then they were running to each other.

Lexa met Clarke in the middle and they collided into each other. Lexa pulled her into a hug, picked her up and spun her around. People around them were clapping for her and Clarke was wearing a huge grin which Lexa matched. Lexa leaned back and kissed her, but it was sloppy as they couldn’t stop smiling.

“You two idiots know that was just the first heat right?” Raven laughed.

“It doesn’t matter, I’m proud of my girlfriend, so shut up.” Lexa replied and kissed Clarke again.

“Idiots, the both of you,” Anya replied and pulled Raven into a kiss.

“Look who’s talking,” Clarke replied, smile still on her face.

The crowds were clapping and cheering. Their friends, despite all the reminders it was only the first heat, were laughing and hugging them both but suddenly over the noise of it all the announcer’s speakers crackled to life over the air. Clarke and Lexa looked at each other-

The announcer went on, “it was close but we have a winner. The winner is…”

Clarke and Lexa gripped hands, and waited with bated breath as the score cards went up.

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Chapter End Notes

If you want to follow me on tumblr, I may start posting sneak peeks if people are interested. Same username as here. :)
Thank you for all the love. Never in my wildest dreams did I think this would be so popular when I took it over. You all are amazing. :)

Thank you to distantstar for helping as usual and you all should check out her fics, they are great :)  

Hope you enjoy :)   

Keep the guesses coming. Loving it :)  

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“...Clarke Griffin!” the announcer called out. Her heart had been beating a mile a minute and she had actually been wringing Lexa’s hand, but her mouth dropped open and joy spread through her when it was her name called.

Cheers went up across the beach and she was jumping for joy before she could stop herself. She was going to the second heat! She was going into the second heat and she was one step closer to her dream coming true. She pushed hair out of her eyes. With the sound of the crowd’s excitement roaring in her ears she stepped in and took Lexa’s grinning face in her hands and kissed her, “can you believe I won!” she asked Lexa, she asked all her friends. They were nodding in excitement.

Lexa hugged her hard, “of course I can, babe! You were amazing out there! I’m so proud of-” her arms loosened just a little and Clarke turned to see what had caught her girlfriend’s attention.

Monroe approached her and her friends with a smile on her face, “That was a hell of ride, Griffin. You deserved the win,” Monroe shook her hand.

“Thanks, yours as well, either one of us could have won though,” Clarke took her offered hand and pulled her into a hug.

“Do me a favor?” Monroe asked as she pulled back.

Clarke looked at her in surprise. “What’s that?” She linked hands with Lexa who stood next to her and squeezed her hand.

“When you get to the final, kick Nia’s ass because you’re the only who can,” Monroe’s voice had dropped lower when she looked back and saw Luna, Niylah and Fox walking toward them with smiles on their faces.

Clarke nodded just a little, and glanced past them to where Nia was smoking in the background near the tent, “if I get there,” she looked at Monroe again, “I can promise you I’ll do that. She deserves to be knocked off her high horse.”

The others had arrived, “good job, Griffin.” Fox raised her arm and gave Clarke a high five.
Niylah just stood there with a suggestive smile on her face and her arms folded, “you looked great out there.”

Luna nodded politely, but didn’t say anything.

Clarke felt an arm come around her waist and pull her close possessively. She turned away from the others to look at Lexa whose jaw was clenched. “My girl did do fantastic,” Lexa kissed her cheek.

“Okay, we’ll catch you later and good luck in the next heat,” Monroe nodded and left with her three friends to catch up with some of the other surfers.

Their friends had gone back up the beach and left Clarke and Lexa alone.

Clarke watched them leave and turned back to Lexa, who looked beautiful with the sun beating down on her. She didn’t know what to think about what just happened because it was odd. She wasn’t particularly close to any of them and the fact that Nia was watching them all interact made her suspicious. Clarke glanced to where Nia had been standing and she was no longer in sight.

“Well that was interesting,” Lexa smiled and kissed her cheek again, “apparently nobody likes the Ice Queen,” Lexa glared over at her, “ I just met her and I hate her so I can’t imagine how much worse it is for them.”

“Yeah, she thinks she’s better than everyone else and wants them all to treat her like royalty,” Clarke pulled Lexa with her back toward where her friends were set up, “how she got a sponsor with an attitude like that is beyond me.”

“I don’t know much about surfing, babe, but even though she plays dirty, she is good,” Lexa said sheepishly and Clarke gave her a look.

“Excuse me?” Clarke pretended to be hurt and slapped Lexa’s bare stomach feeling the hard ridge of her abs. That really wasn’t fair.

“You are better, love. So much better than her and I know you’ll kick her ass when the time comes,” Lexa reassured her girlfriend.

“Now that’s more like it.” Clarke reached for Lexa and pulled her in and kissed her when they stopped in front of their friends, she sucked at Lexa’s perfect bottom lip and loved how it slipped between hers. She listened to the little sounds Lexa started making and smiled into it, ignoring the catcalls and whistles from their friends, and the very loud groan that was surely from Anya. Finally she broke the kiss and turned towards them. “Leave me alone, guys. I just want to kiss the love of my life.”

“Wait, what did you say?” Raven had jumped up from where she had been cuddled up with Anya. “Oh My God!”

Clarke raised her eyebrows and scoffed at their enthusiasm. She didn’t get the big deal because it’s not like this was her first relationship, but her friends were always over enthusiastic when it came to her love life.

“You finally said it,” Octavia finished for Raven and squealed.

“I swear you two have nothing better than to harass me about my love life. Yes -I love Lexa. Yes -I was an idiot. You two were right, happy now?” Clarke rolled her eyes for effect and went back to kissing Lexa.
“Man, it never gets old to hear that, I’m right. I am a genius after all,” Raven puffed out her chest and smiled at all of them.

“Yeah, like we don’t get tired of hearing that, Rae. We get it, but for the love of god, shut up already,” Octavia laughed and hid behind Lincoln when Raven went after her.

“You’re just jealous, O. Besides you can’t even face me because you’re hiding behind your monstrous boyfriend like a little bitch,” Raven taunted.

“Uh, oh!” Clarke whispered to Lexa. “Shit is about to go down. The one thing Octavia hates is to be called a chicken.”

Lexa laughed and leaned farther into Clarke. She eagerly accepted Lexa’s weight and wrapped her arms around her and waited for the show to start.

“Wait, will Raven really attack or will O?” Lexa asked as she stepped forward. But Clarke held her back.

“Oh, they both will, they are five year olds, I swear,” Clarke watched as Octavia darted out from behind Lincoln and jumped on Raven’s back who was doing her best to throw her off, but Octavia was like a monkey and wasn’t easily shaken. Clarke would know from her fair share of experiences.

“I wish we had popcorn,” Lexa teased. Clarke watched Lexa and saw her eyes light up in anticipation.

Octavia had taken Raven to the ground while their significant others stood there and smiled. Sand was being thrown and they were wrestling and drawing a crowd. Clarke knew it was all in good fun, but others didn’t.

“Knock it off you two. People are staring,” Clarke clapped to get their attention.

They both froze and stared up at her in outrage.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Griff. Are we embarrassing you?” Octavia teased as she got up off Raven and stared at Clarke.

“We are so sorry, your royal highness,” Raven said gleefully.

She laughed and turned away from them to kiss her laughing girlfriend which turned out to be a giant mistake.

She had almost managed to connect their lips when she suddenly felt herself yanked away from Lexa, who stood there still ready to kiss her, but who’s eyes flashed open in confusion when the kiss didn’t come. Clarke laughed at her friend’s antics when they pulled her into a group hug because they loved doing random shit like this. She pushed at them a little, but they didn’t let her go and before she knew it, Lexa, Lincoln and even Anya, whom Clarke had suspected was dragged in by Raven, had joined in the laughing and squeezing.

They were jumping up and down and Clarke enjoyed the happiness that was radiating off her friends. Clarke soaked it up and let it fill her up because she needed it. In about ten minutes or so, the next heat would start and Clarke was looking forward to watching Fox and Niylah go head to head.

Secretly, Clarke was rooting for Niylah, not that she had anything against Fox. She was just closer to the blonde surfer over the dark haired one.
Butterflies fluttered in her stomach but the joy she felt with everyone there tampered them down. There were still two more heats to go and Clarke knew she shouldn’t be as happy as she was right now because anything could happen, but with her friends and girlfriend surrounding her, she couldn’t be anything but ecstatic.

All smiles, they pulled out from the group hug and just stared at one another until they all burst into laughter, holding on to each other. Nothing could ruin this moment.

That was until she heard one voice she never expected to hear again.

“Hello, princess.”

Clarke whipped around and her face drained of color. She gripped Lexa’s hand like her life depended on it, “Finn.”

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Lexa’s face fall and glance at her because of her sudden death grip, and at the name her friends stepped forward and stood side by side with her and Clarke was grateful for their support. She looked over the boy she once thought she loved and he looked the same. His shaggy brown hair fell over his brow and she once found that endearing, but now she thought it looked stupid. He looked like bum in her honest opinion and seeing him in person now, she couldn’t believe she spent years with him.

Finn gave her a smile and brushed his hand against his blue shorts. He flexed his so called muscles as well and Clarke wanted to gag. He still had that stupid baby face and sweet smile, but she knew it was all a mask.

He was a snake underneath.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Raven snapped and stepped in front of Clarke.

“You’re not welcome here, Collins,” Octavia stood shoulder to shoulder with Raven and they were flanked by Anya and Lincoln. Clarke thought they looked intimidating, but Finn was never one to back down even when he was outmatched.

God, he was an idiot. Lincoln alone could snap him like a twig. The visual caused a little smile to appear before it was wiped away when Finn’s smile got bigger.

“I’m here to see, Clarke. I mean this is a big deal after all. I couldn’t believe it when I saw her name on the list of competitors. I just had to come back and see for myself. I mean, I was Clarke’s biggest supporter,” Finn flashed another smile and tried to take another step, but was blocked by her friends.

He just snorted and took a drink from the can of Red energy drink he was holding. He must have finished the rest of it because he tossed it down into the sand and started to polish off the beer he had in his other hand.

So far, Lexa hadn’t said a word, only had an arm around her waist protectively and when Finn took a step closer, Lexa pulled her backwards.

“Baby, it’s okay, I can handle him,” Clarke tried to reassure her worried girlfriend. Lexa’s jaw was clenched and the hand not around her clenched so hard, her knuckles were white.

“No, Clarke,” Lexa gritted out. “He doesn’t deserve to breathe the same air as you, let alone be near you.”

Her heart beat rapidly at Lexa’s words. Normally, she didn’t like anyone telling her what to do, but with Lexa, it wasn’t her doing just because, Lexa was doing it because she loved and cared about
“Lex-.” Clarke’s words were cut off when Raven snapped again.

“You were not ever that and you know it. You’re an asshole and I’m so glad she’s done with you,” Raven took a step, but Anya grabbed her arm quickly and held her back.

“Get the fuck out of here, Finn,” Octavia growled.

“What? Can’t a guy wish a girl good luck? I mean c’mon, guys. What do you think I’m gonna do?” Finn held his hands up in surrender with a stupid grin on his face.

“That boyish charm won’t work like it does on others, we know the real you,” Raven scowled in Anya’s embrace.

“Look, I don’t know you, but I suggest you leave,” Anya said obviously picking up on the tension. “My girlfriend will kick your ass if I let her go,” At the word, Raven ceased her struggles and looked up at Anya and smiled.

“Girlfriend?” Raven questioned with a smile.

“Yeah, if you’ll have me?” Anya leaned down and brushed their lips together.

“Of course,” Raven kissed her back, and Clarke stepped forward with Lexa right behind her. Clarke appreciated the silent support.

“Congrats, guys,” She ignored Finn and concentrated on her friends enjoying their moment. Clarke turned towards Finn at last. “You and I have nothing to discuss, leave now,” Clarke pulled Lexa in front of her and wrapped her arms around and put her head on her shoulder. “I don’t want you here, Finn.”

Finn’s expression changed slightly at the sight of Clarke wrapped around Lexa, worry creasing his face and shock before he smoothed it out. “C’mon, princess, you and I had something special.” he reached toward her.

Clarke flinched back, “no we didn’t. Not at all.” She kissed Lexa’s neck and felt Lexa’s heart skip a beat, “I am so much better without you.” She could tell Finn was getting mad, but she ignored him expecting he would leave.

Lincoln stepped forward and crossed his arms. He towered over Finn and Clarke was awarded to see him gulp. “I’m pretty sure you were asked to leave,” Lincoln’s voice was sharp and Finn stumbled back a step, apparently, he learned something finally.

Never mind, Clarke thought when he didn’t. Because apparently Finn was an idiot-

“I just want to talk to her for a second, I’m not the devil, I was a stupid kid and made mistakes, but I’ve learned from them,” Finn pleaded with Clarke with his puppy dog eyes that used to work.

“No, Finn. Just leave me alone.”

Luckily, the horn blew signaling the next heat and Finn stormed off but not without a backward glance. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him kick sand and head toward Mt. Weather’s ‘Red’ Vendor. She tore her eyes from her ex and focused on the heat.

“Are you okay?” Lexa whispered, hugging her a little.
“Yeah, I’ll be okay. I just didn’t expect for him to be here, is all. It was a shock,” Clarke tensed in Lexa’s arms and felt a chill on the back of her neck. She knew Finn was watching them without her looking up. “I have you and that’s what matters.” Clarke captured Lexa’s lips in a searing kiss, teasing her with her tongue and thoroughly enjoyed Lexa chasing her lips when she pulled back. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Lexa kissed her lightly on the lips and turned to watch the heat.

When Clarke looked to where Finn had been standing. There was an empty beer bottle in the sand with nobody else in sight. It left an unsettled feeling in the pit of her stomach. Finn was unpredictable when he was upset and the sight of her happy with someone else seemed to upset him.

She took a deep breath and felt Lexa’s body with hers and let it all out. She couldn’t worry right now. Clarke had a completion to win. She was so close to her dream and Finn wouldn’t ruin it.

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Niylah won her heat and by the way she was smiling and clapping, Lexa could tell Clarke was happy about that. So she clapped a little too but without much enthusiasm and tried to bite back her irritation at how -when the blonde won- she immediately started bypassing everyone else standing on the beach ready to congratulate her and made her way to Clarke, “I did it!” Niylah squealed, wrapping Clarke up in a hug that lasted way too long for her liking, especially with the way Niylah was smirking at her over Clarke’s shoulder.

Finally though, and much to Lexa’s relief, Clarke pushed Niylah back. Soon as they broke apart Lexa took Clarke’s hand and kissed her knuckles, letting her lips linger a little and did her best to not glare at Niylah. She was trying to pretend that everything was fine, but first Clarke’s douchebag of an ex showed up out of nowhere and now Niylah is all about her girlfriend.

Now that was suspicious, Lexa thought, with a final touch of her lips to Clarke’s fingers she promised herself that once Clarke won, Lexa would sit her down and have an honest conversation about the texts. She had a few people at the top of her list and couldn’t wait to nail their ass for causing them problems.

Clarke was finally truly happy and she was too and she would be damned if anyone ruined it for them.

It was hard as hell not to say something to her ex. She couldn’t believe he had the balls to show up here and act like he was the good guy. It was a relief to her if she was honest with herself that Clarke had nothing to do with him. Lexa wasn’t sure if she would have been able to keep her goal if Clarke had decided to talk to him.

“Babe?” Clarke’s voice interrupted her thoughts and she turned to see Clarke beam at her.

“Yes, beautiful?” Lexa kissed her knuckles again and watched Clarke’s cheeks flush red.

“Can we go get some food?” Clarke asked.

“Of course, love.” It was nearing noon and Lexa knew Clarke was hungry. She was too. “Should probably stick to something light as your next heat is soon.”

“You’re right, thanks baby,” Clarke clasped their hands together and pulled towards one of the many vendors.

“What are you in the mood for?” Lexa asked. She knew the real reason Clarke wanted to go get food
even though their friends had brought some. Clarke needed some space and Lexa was happy to provide it in any way she could.

Her friends had bombarded her as soon as Finn had disappeared and she could tell Clarke was agitated. Lexa pulled her away and told their friends the next heat had started and that her girlfriend needed to pay attention because they were her competition and she could be going up against one of them.

Clarke had looked at her gratefully when they sat further away from the group. Lexa had situated herself behind Clarke so her girlfriend could lean into her Lexa could still cuddle while they watched.

“Let’s see, how about a sandwich?” Clarke pulled to a vendor that was serving pulled pork on buns. Lexa’s mouth watered at the sight.

“Isn’t that too heavy for you, babe?” Lexa asked, but still walked towards the tent.

“Never, besides it smells delicious,” Clarke stopped in front of the counter and ordered two sandwiches with fries. Lexa pulled money from her pocket and paid for it silencing Clarke’s protest with a kiss.

Clarke rolled her eyes, but her eyes twinkled.

“Can’t argue with you there,” Lexa said while they waited for their food. It didn’t take long and soon they had plates with massive sandwiches and fries. “Good choice.”

“Thank you,” Clarke trailed her hand down her arm. “I do have good taste.”

Lessa picked up on the innuendo and smiled. Now was not the time, but Lexa wished she could wipe the worry Clarke was trying to hide. Clarke hadn’t voiced it again, but she could see it was still there. She just laughed and shook her head and admired how well her girlfriend looked in a bikini.

When they made it back to their spot, their friends had all scattered as there was a break now that the last heat of the first round was over and Echo had won. Lexa wondered who Clarke would be up against, but decided not to ask.

“You can have your taste later, babe in more ways than one,” Lexa enjoyed it when Clarke dropped the fry she attempted to put in her mouth. When Clarke leveled her with a look, Lexa shrugged her shoulders. “You taught me well.”

“Oh, please, you were naughty before you met me. Don’t even pretend like I corrupted you. If anything you corrupted me,” Clarke tossed the fry she dropped in the sand at her head.

“Not possible, love, but good try,” Lexa took a big bite of her sandwich and moaned at the taste. She could feel Clarke’s eyes on her and purposefully licked her lips. She was answered by a groan that slipped past her girlfriend’s lips.

“I love you,” Clarke said around her bite of food.

“I love you too,” Lexa mumbled and smiled like a chipmunk as she didn’t want to miss saying it back. It was so hard not to say it and now that she could say it, Lexa didn’t want to miss a chance to tell Clarke what she meant to her.

They scarfed down the rest of the food, with some part of them always touching, a hand, a foot or a leg. Lexa couldn’t not touch her, it was like a magnetic pull and if they weren’t near each other, she
felt like a part of her was missing.

She had never experienced anything like what she had with Clarke.

Nothing and no one would come between them.

Lexa would not let that happen.

When they were finished, Lexa kicked back with her head in Clarke’s lap. Clarke carted her fingers through her hair and she let out a sigh in contentment. It was perfect. It was them in their own space and world, “Clarke?” Lexa spoke as she realised where exactly it was they were sitting.

“Yeah, babe?” Clarke looked down at her, her heart burst with love at the sight of the pretty girl in her lap, looking content and happy.

Lexa rolled over and looked up at her, “this is our spot.” she smiled.

Clarke started laughing, their spot. She looked around the busy beach but all the activity felt like watching a dream. This was their spot. So many of their firsts had happened right here, “it is Lexa.” she said at last, and leant down and gently pressed a kiss to Lexa’s perfect lips. She felt Lexa smiling, and a hand snake behind her neck. When the kiss broke Clarke sighed in contentment and went back to watching the people and the waves with Lexa resting right there. Before they knew it time had flown by and it was time for Clarke’s second heat.

Reluctantly, Lexa got up from her cozy place. She helped Clarke get to her feet and kissed her quickly, “You’ll do fantastic babe, just like your first ride. You got this, babe,” Lexa smiled. “I’m behind you every step of the way.”

Clarke smirked and Lexa blushed. “I didn’t mean like that, get your mind out of the gutter.”

“But baby, there’s so many things we haven’t tried yet,” Clarke smiled innocently. “You are the best, Lex. Thank you for everything.”

“Dirty girl, go kick some ass and I’ll see you after,” Lexa kissed her again and slapped her ass. “I love you.”

“I love you more,” Clarke grabbed her surfboard and called over her shoulder as she ran off.

“Not possible,” Lexa yelled after her.

Lexa watched her leave, a huge smile on her face just knowing her girlfriend would kill it out there. She turned around and was met face to face with none other than Finn.

“That’s a nice piece of ass, isn’t it?” Finn blocked her path when she tried to shoulder past him. Her blood boiled instantly at what he’d called her girlfriend. She felt every muscle in her body tense up but she made herself stay still. She could handle this. The last thing she wanted to do was cause a scene. This was Clarke’s dream and she would not be the one to ruin it.

“What do you want?” Lexa’s eyes looked behind him for Anya or Lincoln, but they were nowhere in sight.

“Oh, nothing at all. Just that whatever you think you have with Clarke, it’s a lie. She’s good like that. She will manipulate any situation and make you fall in love and then she’ll get bored and drop,” Finn said gleefully. “I just wanted to give you some friendly advice is all.”
“You know absolutely nothing about me or my relationship with Clarke,” Lexa bit out and clenched her fists and resisted the urge harder to knock him to the ground.

That wouldn’t bode well even if it felt hella good.

“Oh, but I do,” Finn stepped closer and Lexa stood her ground. “I bet you started off as friends with benefits. It was all sex and she couldn’t get enough of you. It was her idea too, I know. It’s how we started.” Finn licked his lips. “Gotta hand it to her. She’s a firecracker in bed.”

Lexa was so close to punching him because how would he know that if he wasn’t the stalker. She bit her tongue from asking because she didn’t want to show her hand.

Luckily, her friends interrupted and in that moment, Lexa was so happy to see them.

“You really have a death wish, don’t you?” Anya snapped, moving to stand between her and Finn.

“Get the fuck out of here and leave Clarke’s girlfriend alone,” Octavia shoved him, but Lincoln was quick to grab her.

“If you don’t leave in the next ten seconds, I swear to god, I’ll make you wish you were never born,” Raven got right into his face.

Finn smirked and looked over at Lexa. “Just remember what I said,” With that he disappeared once again.

“What the hell was that about?” Raven rounded on her. “Whatever he said, do not listen to him, please.”

“Nothing, it was nothing,” Lexa looked down at the sand and scuffed with her bare toes. “Clarke is about to ride, so we should get settled before it starts.” Lexa turned and started to walk off, but Anya grabbed her arm.

“You all go ahead, I need to talk to, Lexa,” Anya waved them away with her free hand while Lexa rolled her eyes. She really didn’t want to do this right now with so many people around and she never knew who was listening.

“Tell me what’s going on?” Anya demanded as she locked eyes with her.

“Nothing,” Lexa deflected. “What’s going on with you and Reyes? Girlfriends huh?”

A massive smile spread across her best friend’s face. “Yes, but you’re not going to distract me. Spill now and don’t pretend otherwise.”

Lexa sucked in a deep breath and cursed her best friend in her head. She didn’t want to talk about it because it made the doubt creep in farther. Deep down, Lexa knew Finn was full of shit and was just trying to get under her skin. Lexa hated that he had succeeded even a little bit. She trusted her girlfriend completely, but there was still that tiny voice saying she wasn’t good enough for Clarke.

Not wanting to Anya to see the tears in her eyes, Lexa whipped them down again to avoid her best friend’s inquisitive gaze. “Nothing much, he was just spouting shit.”

“If it was really nothing, you wouldn’t be upset and would have kicked his ass before we got here. He obviously said something that got to you. What was it?”

Looking around, Lexa spotted their friends off to the side with worried expressions and saw Clarke
head into the water against Luna Rivers. Clarke hadn’t said much about her, so she assumed they weren’t friends, but she memorized the program so she could keep up with her girlfriend. Fingers were snapped in front of her face, “Lexa!”

“What?” Lexa snapped irritated. She hated how well her friend knew her sometimes. She decided to try and derail the topic instead, "After practice the other day, some idiot almost hit me as I was walking to my car."

“That’s college kids for you, but stop trying to change the subject,” Anya growled.

“I’m not,” Lexa kept her voice level, but Anya saw right through it once again.

“Don’t play dumb,” Anya stepped forward into her personal space and dropped her voice. “What did the asshole say?”

Lexa sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “Just that it was all a game to Clarke to get me to fall in love with her and basically I mean nothing,” Lexa frowned. “That it was just about sex.”

When she looked up, Anya was furious. “I’m going to punch that motherfucker in the face and make it so he can never have sex again. Who the fuck does he think he is?” Anya scowled and balled her fists. If Lexa hadn’t grabbed Anya’s arm, Lexa knew Anya would go kick his ass into next week.

The thought had a smile spread across her face.

“How the fuck are you smiling right now?” Anya growled.

“You’re like a guard dog, all bristly and mean on the surface and so fiercely protective, but on the inside you’re all gooey and soft,” Lexa laughed when Anya narrowed her eyes.

“He shouldn’t get away with saying shit like that and I’m gonna make sure of it,” Anya turned and glared at people walking around them.

“It’s fine, Anya, stop. You’re causing a scene,” Lexa rubbed a hand over her face, but still kept a hand locked around her friend’s bicep. “It got to me a little bit, I’ll admit. He was with her a lot longer than I’ve been.”

“Don’t listen to him at all, he is a jealous ass and Clarke is better off without him,” Anya shifted from foot to foot.

“Since when did you become a fan of hers? Last I knew you couldn’t stand her,” Lexa wore a smug expression as she looked at her friend.

“I’m not, but you’re head over heels in love with her and she’s important to you and well…” Anya mumbled. “She’s not so bad-“

“I knew it!” Lexa exclaimed, “I knew you didn’t really hate her,” Lexa stuck out her tongue. “I saw how you admired her when she surfed.” she put her hands on her hips and smirked.

Anya scoffed and Lexa laughed.

“She’s not the bad and I’d be blind to not see that she’s a good surfer,” Anya shrugged. “I-“ The horn went off to signal the start of Clarke’s heat. “We’ll finish this later, let’s watch your girl kick ass again.”

“Sounds perfect to me,” As usual Lexa’s attention was on Clarke.
Lexa was in awe of the grace Clarke possessed out on the water. Luna didn’t stand a chance. She expected Clarke do the trick she’d been practicing, but Clarke didn’t do it. Maybe she was saving it for the final heat.

Clarke rode wave after wave and the last wave, Clarke swooped around Luna so perfectly, a hush had fallen over the crowd, which was rare considering the size of the spectators. By the time, the heat was over, Lexa knew without a doubt, Clarke had won.

She headed towards the surf to congratulate her girl once again. One more heat to go before the final one tomorrow.

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As predicted, Clarke won the heat and had her next one later in the afternoon. Lexa was so fucking proud of her girlfriend, she didn’t have words for Clarke when she bounded towards her with a huge smile on her face.

“You did it again, babe!” Lexa kissed her and did her best to keep what Finn said out of her head, but it was a struggle. His words kept replaying in her head.

“Thanks, love. I couldn’t have done it without you,” Clarke threaded her fingers through her hair and pulled lightly.

“Sure you would’ve. You would kick ass regardless if I was here or not,” Lexa faked a smile.

Fucking Finn.

Clarke stared at her for a moment. “What did he say to you?”

“Who?”

“My jackass ex,” Clarke’s voice hardened.

“Oh, him,” Lexa played dumb.

But Clarke was having none of it, “please do not listen to word he said. I love you, Lex and only you. I can imagine he didn’t say anything nice because he’s a manipulative jackass. I really wish I was never with him,” Clarke tried to look in her eyes, but Lexa refused. “Baby, please look at me.”

Lexa heard the hurt in Clarke’s voice, but still didn’t lift her head. She should’ve pretended better, it was Clarke’s day and here she was ruining it. Lexa hated Finn with a passion for putting doubts in her head about her girlfriend.

“I’m sorry, babe, it’s your day, we can talk about it later,” Lexa tried for nonchalance.

“No, we can talk about it now. Nothing is more important to me than you,” Clarke gripped her shoulders hard. “You’re the best thing that’s happened to me and I’m not moving from this spot until you tell me, please,” Clarke’s voice broke on the last word.

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Her eyes shot up to meet Clarke’s watery gaze and her heart constricted. “It’s no big deal. He just said this was only about sex for you,” Lexa mumbled quickly.

“Can you repeat that please slower,” Clarke touched her cheek and Lexa melted into it.

“He just said this was only about sex for you,” Lexa tried to turn her head, but Clarke held her firm. “That it was all that mattered to you. He implied other things, but that was the jist.”
“First of all, do you believe him?” Lexa froze and didn’t say anything. “I see,” Clarke replied dejectedly and went to turn away.

“No, Clarke, I…I don’t believe him, but he played on my doubts like a fiddle,” Lexa groaned and buried her head in Clarke’s chest.

“Awe, babe. What doubts? Have I done something to make me doubt you?” Clarke asked stroking her back. “Have I not showed you how much I love you? Lexa’s head shot up.

“No, babe, no. You’ve been fantastic and wonderful and better than I could ever imagine. Sometimes, I think I’m not good enough for you or you’ll get bored,” Lexa confessed.

“I love you, Lex. I wasn’t looking for anything serious when I met you, but I don’t regret any of it. It was never just sex with you, I was falling in love with you way before I ever admitted it to you,” Clarke spoke softly, aware of the people around them.

“I love you too. I’m sorry, I let him get to me, babe, but I’m even more sorry to ruin your day,” Lexa put their foreheads together and kept a firm grip on Clarke’s hips.

“He does that,” Clarke scoffed. “But thank you for talking to me and no, Lex, you didn’t ruin anything,” Clarke leaned in and kissed and brushed their noses together.

“Are you sure?” Lexa couldn’t resist asking.

“Yes, love. Positive,” Clarke reassured her and kissed her head.

“Why is he here?” Lexa wanted to know, but she knew Clarke would have never invited him.

“I’m not sure; honestly, his family still lives here, so maybe to visit them.”

“I think there is more to it though, the way he looked at you, I wanted to kill him,” Lexa gritted her teeth. “I do not like him at all.”

“I know, Lex. I don’t either. He’s here now, but he’ll leave again and I hope we never see him again.” Clarke locked eyes with her. “But know that I’m with you and only you. You are my whole world, Lexa Woods.”

“You’re mine as well, Clarke Griffin,” Lexa kissed her again and slipped her tongue in when Clarke gasped.

“Fuck, babe, I-“ Clarke couldn’t form words. “How do you always manage to turn me on by the simplest things?”

Lexa kissed up and down her neck, acutely aware people were starting to look, she pulled Clarke up the beach away from prying eyes slightly. Clarke followed willingly. Lexa kissed her again and pushed her back up against tree. Lexa made sure to put her hand behind her head so she didn’t hurt herself before Lexa pressed into her where every part of them touched.

A fiery tingle rushed through her system, but Lexa needed more.

“How much time do we have until your next heat?” Lexa panted in her ear, her shorts becoming uncomfortable since she was wearing her compression shorts underneath as well.

“Two hours, why?” Clarke kissed her cheek and whispered in your ear. “You being naughty?”

Lexa laughed and groaned when Clarke bit down on her ear. “Hell yes, I am. That good with you?”
“Perfect,” Clarke leaned back again and fiddled with the waistband of her shorts.

“Follow me,” Lexa took a few steps and stopped. “Wait, do you want to watch the other heats?” Lexa didn’t want her to miss any opportunities especially because this was so important to her.

“The next one is in twenty minutes, can you be quick?” Clarke bit her lip suggestively.

“Come with me and find out,” Lexa pulled her along and locked hands with her beautiful girlfriend. She saw Finn lurking in the corner of her eye and she smirked at him and continued on up the beach to Clarke’s house.

Lucky for them, it was so close. They were on a time crunch and Lexa wanted to make the most of it.

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Once the door closed behind them, Clarke untied her own bikini top and watched her girlfriend lick her lips, her pupils were dilated and her green eyes were nearly black with arousal. Clarke took a minute to admire her beautiful girlfriend. She raked her eyes down her sexy collarbone, to her perky breasts to her defined abs and down her long, toned legs. Her eyes were drawn to the bulge in her shorts that begged for attention.

Fuck, her girlfriend was hot.

Stalking forward, Clarke pinned Lexa up against counter in her kitchen. Memories flashed through her mind of the first time Lexa had been there, what had started out as an innocent lunch, turned into Clarke with her legs wrapped Lexa before her friends interrupted.

Today, that better not happen.

The moan, Lexa let out, made arousal pool in the pit of her stomach. “You’re so fucking beautiful,” Clarke kissed her lips and plunged her tongue inside. She pulled back and drifted her lips to her jaw, down her neck and lathered kissed to her collarbone before she moved up the other side. Lexa had leaned her head back to give her more access and Clarke made appreciative noise and she sucked mark after mark into her tanned skin.

“No, baby, that’s you,” Lexa groaned when Clarke bit down on her pulse point and her hips rocked forward. Clarke could feel her shaft pressing against and rubbed against her for a moment. It drew a choked gasp from her girlfriend. “Claarrkee…”

“Don’t worry babe, I got you,” Clarke pulled down Lexa’s shorts and boxers and Lexa’s proud dick stood at attention. She untied her top and Lexa stood proud in all her naked glory looking at Clarke like she was going to pounce.

Which she did.

Their positions were flipped and Clarke was the one pinned onto the counter. Lexa knelt before her and Clarke swore it was the sexiest thing anyone has ever done. “Let’s get these off of you,” Lexa growled and nipped at her thighs, Clarke could feel her wetness dripping down her thighs. “Already so wet for me, fuck you smell so good,” Lexa inhaled and tore off her bikini bottoms.

Lexa ran her hands teasingly up and down her legs and Clarke felt like she was going to combust.

“Baby, please! We don’t have much time,” Clarke groaned when Lexa picked her up and carried her over to the dining room table. Lexa whipped her around and bent her over the table. She felt the rough scratch of the wood against her nipples and shifted uncomfortably for a moment before the
thought was wiped completely from her mind.

She was impaled by Lexa’s dick and she spread her legs farther to accommodate her. They had no time for soft and slow, but that wasn’t what Clarke was in the mood for. She wanted to be fucked and fucked roughly. Lexa slid all the way in and pulled out to the tip before Lexa plunged back in deep and hard. “God, Clarke, you so fucking wet and tight,” Lexa’s body was pressed against her back and Clarke could feel her nipples drag across her. Lexa’s hips were jack hammering into her and Lexa whimpered and groaned in her ear with her hot breath ghosting over her neck.

“That’s it, fuck me, Lex. Give it to me rough,” Clarke panted out as she tried to find something to hold onto, her hands scrambled against the table helplessly until she stretched her arms to grab the sides while Lexa pounded into relentlessly. Clarke clenched around Lexa’s length and felt sweat dripping down her back. Her stomach and hip bones would be bruised after this, but she couldn’t care less right now when Lexa was fucking her like she meant it.

Lexa leaned up off her back and Clarke missed the warmth, but before she could form words, Clarke moaned loudly when Lexa slammed into her and dragged against her front wall.

A slap landed on her ass cheek and Clarke lurched forward. “Is that what you want?” Another smack echoed and Clarke screamed loudly, the burn was heavenly and she gripped down even harder on Lexa which made it hard for her to move. Clarke was deliciously tight around her and she knew she wouldn’t last long.

The slap of their skin echoed through the house, but neither paid any mind to it, too absorbed in each other. “Yes, fuck yes!” Clarke screamed out as she pushed back into Lexa. “Fuck me babe!”

If it was possible, Lexa picked up even more speed and the table started moving with them. Lexa had curled her hand in her hair and yanked Clarke’s head back. Clarke groaned and loved the action because combined with her hair pulled and the spanks, Clarke was on the verge of coming undone. The scratching of the table on the wood floors couldn’t hardly be heard over the screams and moans between them. Clarke could barely make it out. She was so close to climax, that’s all she wanted.

Right now, she wanted an orgasm more than she wanted win the competition.

And that was saying something.

Slap after slap rained down on her ass making it sting and Clarke knew she’d be bruised and would be sore, but it was worth it when she clenched down one last time and flooded Lexa with her climax. Clarke saw stars and her head fell down against the table as she rode her orgasm out. It seemed to go on and on as pleasure rolled through her body. “Fuck, Lex!” Next thing Clarke knew she was coming all over again when Lexa finally let go and Clarke felt Lexa’s cum splash against her inner walls.

Lexa collapsed against her and panted in her ear. Lexa untangled her fingers from her hair and rubbed her ass. “I didn’t hurt you too much, did I?”

“No, baby, no. I asked for it,” Clarke was boneless, but she knew they couldn’t stay this way. She had her next heat soon. “Baby, we need to get dressed. As much as I would like to stay like this with you inside me, we need to go back.”

Lexa groaned.

Clarke shifted and felt Lexa’s softening cock slide out of her along with their combined release that went all over the table. Clarke moaned as it dribbled out. She padded naked to the closet to grab
something to clean it up with and came back to Lexa in the chair naked with her head on the table. She had the most peaceful expression on her face.

“Do you want to stay here and sleep?” Clarke asked as she cleaned up their mess.

“No, I want to be where you are and be there to support you,” Lexa stood up and Clarke’s gaze went straight to between her legs where her now flaccid shaft shined with their combined cum.

“Okay if you’re sure,” Clarke threw the other towel she grabbed. “Clean up and get dressed before I forget everything else and take you back to my bed.”

“That wouldn’t be so bad,” Lexa smiled and wiped herself off before she went find her clothes. “But I’ll get dressed so you’re not tempted,” Lexa’s eyes wandered down her body and Clarke felt herself pool again, but shook her head.

“That would be appreciated,” Clarke went to find another bikini because the other one was ruined. She shook her ass more than usual and was rewarded with Lexa following every movement as she bit her lip.

Clarke laughed.

Five minutes later, Clarke came back out to Lexa guzzling water and smiled. She checked her watch to see how much time they had and sighed when she realized they may miss the start of the heat.

“We need to go,” Clarke called as she opened the door.

“Coming,” Lexa came towards and kissed her quickly.

“That’s what she said,” Clarke laughed as they made their way back towards the competition, their hands linked.

“Nerd,” Lexa smiled wide and Clarke knew with Lexa by her side, she could accomplish anything. Even with this competition that would make or break her career.

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The third round of heats was underway and of course Nia got into the final heat and Lexa rolled her eyes at her blatant disregard for everyone else. Hell she even gave her sponsor Mt. Weather the cold shoulder and Lexa wanted to say something, but didn’t want to make it worse for Clarke when she went up against her.

Lexa knew she would even though her heat hadn’t started yet. She had faith in her girlfriend’s abilities.

Her girlfriend was over at the tent getting her rash guard on and when she saw Lexa watching, Clarke smiled and waved. Jealousy erupted in her when she saw Niylah smirk at her and throw her arms around Clarke, again. Lexa took a step towards them, but was stopped by Octavia.

“Whoa, I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Octavia stepped in front of her.

“Why not? She has her hands all over my girlfriend,” Lexa clenched her fists and motioned over to the tent where Niylah was.

“True,” Octavia glanced over too, “but she’s trying to get a rise out of you,” Octavia looked at Lexa and gestured up and down, “Clearly, it’s working like a charm.”
“I’m not a jealous person, usually,” Lexa scoffed at herself. “I just…ugh.”

“It happens to the best of us, besides, look,” Octavia pointed over to the two of them. “Clarke shrugged her off. They are friends, nothing more.”

“Maybe for Clarke, but clearly it’s something more for Niylah,” Lexa pouted and looked away.

“That may be true, but Clarke keeps looking this way, she’s hardly paying attention to her,” Octavia turned her around. “See…”

Lexa looked up and met Clarke gazing at her in concern. Lexa trusted Clarke, but not everyone else. She smiled and nodded. “Thank you, Octavia.”

“No problem,” Octavia shrugged her shoulders, “I’m just glad I was here to stop you,”

“Oh right,” Lexa remembered, “Clarke had mentioned something about you going out of town. Where are you going?”

Octavia smiled. “Just going to see my brother, we try to get together every few weeks.”

“That’s cool, What-“ Lexa’s question was cut off by the rest of their friends showing up. Raven’s face was somber as she arrived. “What’s the look for?”

Raven didn’t answer. Instead she looked at Anya who sighed, took her phone and handed it across, “you need to see this.”

Lexa didn’t like her tone. It was too calm, too much full of warning. It made her wary immediately, “see what?” she asked, taking the phone from her friend.

“Just watch, Lex,” Raven requested without her usual snark and that made Lexa worry more. There was never a time she remembered since meeting Raven that she didn’t have some sort of smartass remark. She thrived off making other people uncomfortable and embarrassing the shit out of them.

Lexa looked down at the phone. She hit play on the active screen and she had to watch helplessly as video after video flashed across the screen. “Is this real?” Lexa demanded, hoping it wasn’t, hoping it was some sort of joke her friends were up to but the tension in her belly and the looks on her friends faces said it was not and she knew that they would never ever make a joke out of something like this.

Octavia glanced over her shoulder. “what the fuck?” Lexa demanded, livid that someone invaded their privacy like this.

Slide after slide showed Clarke outside of her house, surfing, going to the store, at campus, in her bedroom and the list went on. Lexa dropped the phone when it showed a video of Finn and Clarke kissing.

“How did you find this?” Lexa’s voice was low and firm. The phone was in the sand. The slice of betrayal was sharp and Lexa felt like she couldn’t breathe as she looked at each of them. “Tell me.”

Anya stepped forward and Lexa held up a hand to stop Anya from touching her. She wasn’t sure she could handle it right now.

“Lex, I found it. I wanted to find some videos of Clarke at the last competition. This was not what I expected to find,” Anya must have read her right and hesitated to put a hand on her shoulder.

“But how?” Lexa gazed towards where Clarke was standing. She was facing the water with her board next to her and even from here, Lexa could see the fierce look of determination on her face.
She knew she’d have to come clean about everything, but she wanted to wait until after the
tournament.

But this - this would destroy her and any chance she had at her dream. Lexa refused to let that
happen.

“I googled Clarke’s name and these came up,” Anya answered when Lexa glared at her.

“Listen,” Lexa decided finally, “we keep this to ourselves until the competition is over, Clarke can’t
know about this,” Lexa looked at each of them and received uneasy looks in return.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” Lincoln spoke up from behind Octavia. “I mean, she has a right to
know.” He looked over toward Clarke and then back at Lexa.

“And she will, but not until after,” Lexa looked to Raven for help. “Raven, what do you think?”

Raven didn’t answer at first. She just looked down at the ground and shrugged until Anya nudged
her. “I’m not sure, she’s going to be pissed and upset which is understandable, but she’s so much
better now and this could drag her back down,” Raven looked at Octavia.

“Rae’s right.” Octavia agreed, “Clarke is so much happier now and to know that someone has
invaded her privacy right now might drive her to the way she was after her father died. This
competition is everything to her, so my vote is to wait.”

“Mine too,” Raven nodded in agreement and gazed towards her girlfriend.

“I don’t know Clarke that well,” Anya decided, “so it’s whatever you all decide, but as soon as the
competition is over, someone has to tell her. This is not something you can keep from her.”

“None of are saying we’ll do that, we’re just waiting a day or so, that’s all. Turn it around, An, how
would you feel?” Raven asked imploringly.

“Violated, honestly and then pissed off,” Anya answered truthfully and wrapped her arms around
Raven.

“Linc, do you agree?” Octavia turned and asked him.

“I agree with what Anya said, you all know her better,” Lincoln looked around.

“So it’s settled, nobody says a word and we all need to pretend like nothing is going on. When it’s
time, I’ll tell her what was found,” Lexa’s heart was beating a mile a minute. “When I find out whose
responsible, I’m going to kill them,” Lexa bent down to pick up Raven’s phone just as the horn
sounded.

It was Clarke’s heat against none other than Niylah Hunter. Lexa resisted the urge to roll her eyes.
Niylah may be out in the water with Clarke right now, but she was the one who got to take her home
at the end.

Her mind was spinning with all kinds of possibilities and didn’t know which way to turn, but one
thing, Lexa knew for sure was that nobody was going to hurt her girlfriend, not if she could help it.

Lexa faced the water. Forgetting everything else for now she cheered and cheered for Clarke until
she was hoarse. Once again, Clarke outshined the other surfers, at least in her mind. Twenty minutes
flew by and the when Clarke made it to shore, Lexa ran to meet her and scooped her up in a bone
crushing hug. She held on longer than normal because she just needed to feel Clarke in her arms,
whole and safe.

For now they were safe with each other.

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Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

This chapter is my longest yet, so I hope you enjoy it. I may not get a chapter posted next weekend, we will see. Hope you all have a safe and wonderful holiday.

Warning, I don't know much about surfing either, but I tried

Thanks to my wonderful beta and friend Distantstar. You're the best!

Hope you like it :)

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Another text had come through when Clarke got home with Lexa beside her. She heard it come in as they hit the door and went inside, “I’m going to get a shower,” Clarke tried to stay calm. She didn’t want Lexa to worry yet when she knew she would soon enough. Also she needed to wash the sand and sweat off her body.

Lexa smiled at her, “I’ll order a pizza,” She said and started toward the phone.

“Thanks,” Clarke started toward the bathroom, but stopped and cast Lexa a smile over her shoulder, “I love you.”

Lexa looked up at her from her cell, her green eyes lit up beautifully, “I love you too,” she said and put the phone to her ear. Clarke sighed and watched a few seconds more as Lexa started to place their order. Her girlfriend knew so much about her, right down to her favorite pizza. Taking a deep breath Clarke turned away and slipped through the bathroom door.

Clarke closed the door and it clicked solidly shut behind her. She moved and turned the water on and took her phone out. Even touching it made her nervous right now. She dreaded every single time she felt or heard it go off when she used to get excited about it.

Without looking at it she set it aside and stripped off her clothes. Clarke grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her shoulders. Finally she reached out and picked up her phone and unlocked it. The picture she had set weeks ago as the wallpaper was an image of her and Lexa standing out on the beach. Lexa’s arms were wrapped around her shoulders and she was kissing Clarke’s cheek. Clarke ran a hand through her hair nervously. The sound of the unoccupied shower behind her still pounding away, filled her ears as she opened the text.

Clarke sucked in a deep breath when she saw the message. It was getting out of hand and as soon as the competition was over, she was coming clean to Lexa.

She couldn’t keep this to herself anymore.

It was starting to freak her out and her heart beat a mile a minute when she read the words of the latest message. ‘You looked beautiful out on the water’. Clarke clenched her fists and her first immediate thought went to Finn because he used to say that to her all the time, but why would he do this now? It had been two years since he broke up with her. Even though she had contemplated
breaking up with him before her father died.

Another came in right after. ‘Too bad your father couldn’t be there.’

The texts just added more stress on top of everything. Clutching the phone a little tighter in her hand Clarke sucked in a deep breath. Not only was it her first competition in two years, but it was also the first without her father there to support her. Her friends and Lexa were there and she was very grateful for them, but they couldn’t fill the void of her father not being there. She had debated asking her mother to come but she knew it would be pointless to even try.

The shower hand been running hot for a few minutes now and steam had filled up the bathroom, but Clarke still hadn’t moved from where she stood with her phone in her hand, her knuckles white as the towel she had around her body clenched around it. She didn’t feel safe in her own home anymore. She wasn’t even sure if she was being watched right now. She was nervous and didn’t want to drop the towel.

Clarke sunk to her knees on the tile floor that was damp from the steam in the air. Her heart hurt and her head felt like it was going to explode. She didn’t know what to do. She knew she was supposed to be over-the-moon with joy that she was going into the final heat, but the texts brought it all crashing down around her.

A knock sounded gently on the closed bathroom door and her phone slipped from her grasp. It clattered to the floor. Clarke scrambled to pick it up, “who is it?” she asked, her heart racing inside her.

“Babe, its me,” Lexa said from the other side and Clarke could hear the concern in her girlfriend’s voice, “are you okay? Can I come in?”

Clarke debated a moment, but ultimately decided she needed Lexa close because she felt much safer in her presence, “yeah, babe, please…” her voice broke a little at the end. The door opened and Lexa stood there a moment and didn’t move, “please-”

Clarke was off the floor and in Lexa’s arms before she could finish and it was right where she needed to be. She clung tight and felt Lexa’s warm, bare back as she was still in her bikini top. Lexa just held her and pressed gentle kisses to the side of her head, “baby, what’s wrong?” Lexa whispered in her ear. She rubbed her back as well in an attempt to calm her down but Clarke’s only response was to press further into her. “Okay we don’t have to talk about it,” Lexa soothed, “but let's take a shower.” Lexa went to take a step back but Clarke grasped at her harder. Lexa stopped, “I’m not going anywhere, I just need to strip.”

At that, Clarke’s head shot up, eyes brimming with tears, “you have my attention,” she half-heartedly joked, “I’m sorry, I’m a mess.” she dropped her towel and watched Lexa’s eyes flit down briefly before they shot back up to her face.

A flush spread across Lexa’s face that Clarke found endearing.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have stared. But I just couldn’t help but admire you.” Lexa took off her bikini top and Clarke saw her nipples were hard, but that wasn’t the only thing that was hard she noticed and it made her legs turn a little bit to jelly.

“It’s okay, when you look at me like that, it makes me feel like the most beautiful woman in the world,” Clarke wiped at her tears that stained her cheeks.

“You are though,” Lexa smiled and went to take off her shorts. Clarke watched her like a hawk as
the shorts slipped down her long, toned legs and she audible gulped as all of Lexa’s firm body was revealed. Lexa stepped closer and cupped her cheeks and gently thumbed away her tears. “You are to me,” Lexa leaned in and kissed her on the forehead. “I’m here for you, always.”

Clarke leaned into her touch and closed her eyes. “I love you. Thank you.”

“I love you too,” Lexa drag her hands down her arms to link her hand and pull her towards the shower with her. The hot spray felt good against her sore muscles and Clarke sighed as she stood under it for a moment. She soaked her hair and body before she switched positions with Lexa and let her relax under the spray.

Lexa moaned and Clarke bit her lip and enjoyed the water cascading her girlfriend’s gorgeous body. She stepped forward only to get turned around. She thought Lexa was going to do something naughty, but instead Lexa surprised her.

“Is this okay,” Lexa kissed her shoulder as she massaged shampoo into her hair and lathered it up well. Clarke felt her use her muscles to give her a scalp massage followed by a shoulder massage and Clarke felt herself relaxing bit by bit.

“That feels really good love,” Clarke sighed and braced herself against the tile wall that was cold under hands.

“Good, just relax,” Lexa continued her ministrations before gently pulling her under the water. Clarke tilted her head and felt Lexa run her hands through her hair to rinse her hair out. “I got you.”

Clarke let herself be maneuvered around in order for Lexa to condition her hair and Lexa went through the same process and it felt really fucking good. Next she watched Lexa get her body wash and lather her hands up and Lexa gently and carefully started washing her. The feel of Lexa’s hands felt like silk on her skin and it felt so good. “You’re amazing, Lex.”

“You deserve only the best,” Lexa said as she worked her way to around to wash her back, but and legs. Lexa also left little kisses behind that had Clarke quivering under her touch. “I’m so damn lucky.”

Clarke moaned when Lexa swiped her hand through her wet folds. “No, I’m...the lucky one,” she got out around her whimpers. “Fuck, babe.” All other thoughts were completely wiped from her mind and the only thing left was she wanted was to make love to her girlfriend. She didn’t want fast and hard like earlier, she wanted soft and slow. “Baby, make love to me.”

Immediately Lexa popped up and looked directly into her eyes. “We don’t have to do anything tonight; I can just hold you and we can fall asleep. You’ve had a long tiring day, love,” Lexa washed the suds off her body and smiled.

“You’re sweet, but I’m okay.” Resorting to necessary methods, Clarke reached down and took ahold of Lexa’s hard shaft, “besides I think this part of your anatomy has something else in mind.” She smiled and stroked her once and then twice as Lexa groaned and rolled her hips into her hand.

“That’s unfair,” Lexa whimpered. “I can’t help it if my gorgeous girlfriend is naked in front of me all soapy and wet,” Lexa groaned when Clarke grazed her thumb over the tip of her shaft and she jumped in her hand.

“Please, love. I need you,” Clarke felt bad when she realized what she was doing. She didn’t want to manipulate Lexa and make her do something she wasn’t comfortable with. “If you really don’t think it’s a good idea, we won’t,” Clarke removed her hand and kissed her lightly on the lips. “I would
never force you, Lex.”

“I know that, babe,” Lexa turned the shower off and jumped out to grab them both towels. Lexa wrapped Clarke up first before drying herself off. “How about we go lay down?” She asked. Clarke looked at her for a moment and Lexa dropped a quick kiss on her lips, “I just want to feel your naked body pressed against mine.

“That sounds perfect,” Clarke smiled took her fingers and tried to lead her girlfriend to bed, but Lexa stopped her.

“Go ahead, love. I just need to clean up,” Lexa kissed her cheek and Clarke pouted. “I’ll only be a minute.”

“Okay, babe,” Clarke knew what else Lexa was going to do, but knew her girlfriend wouldn’t be able to sleep without taking care of it. The thought alone turned her on, but knew tonight wasn’t the night. She’d try again in the morning.

Clarke went into the bedroom and laid down naked and waited for Lexa. She heard the shower running a little longer before it shut off. Lexa slipped into the room a few seconds later in nothing but a towel. Her hair was wet. Her smile as she stood illuminated in the door behind her was soft and even though Clarke smiled back at her and laid there absorbing her girlfriend’s beauty as she crossed the room. Once Lexa lifted the blanket and slid into bed beside her she opened her arms and Clarke snuggled into them and sighed contently. She felt Lexa’s breath on the back of her neck and soon as she was comfortable, she felt exhausted and it was hard to keep her eyes open.

“Sleep, Clarke.” Lexa whispered. Clarke felt soft lips ghost a kiss over the back of her neck and before she knew it her breathing evened out and she fell asleep. She didn’t notice the ding of her cellphone or Lexa’s hand that carted through her hair.

She fell into a dreamless sleep in Lexa’s arms.

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The next day dawned bright and early. Lexa stirred first and saw it shining through the windows. And she was cocooned in soft blankets in her safe haven with the love of her life. Clarke was still passed out warm and soft in her arms and had a cute little snore going on. Lexa moved one arm just enough to grab her own phone from the nightstand and laid back to check through her messages.

She was relieved to see no new messages from the unknown number and she did have one from someone else whom finally had gotten back to her and she wasn’t sure how this was all going to go but she needed to try. Finishing up on her phone she tossed it off to one side and cuddled back around Clarke to wake for her to wake up when she remembered she had heard Clarke’s phone go off.

Lexa debated back and forth and whether or not to check Clarke’s phone. She had been given the passcode weeks ago and Clarke had told she had nothing to hide that she could look at it whenever she wanted, but Lexa didn’t want to invade her privacy like the perv had done. On the other hand, she needed to know in order to protect her better. She didn’t know what to do, but then heard Clarke’s voice in her head again telling her it was okay.

She reached over and took Clarke’s phone laid back and entered in her passcode. Her heart plummeted in her chest when she saw the new messages from last night and now understood why her Clarke was so upset. The latest message had her attempting to sit up in bed when she saw it was a picture of her and Clarke. But the movement made Clarke stir and Lexa froze. She didn’t want to
wake her up when she needed sleep and the final only a few hours away.

Lexa flopped back and stared at the picture of Clarke sitting in her lap in the sand, watching the other competitors and smiling like she hadn’t a fear or care in the world and Lexa’s anger flared when she realised this person had been at the competition. She clutched Clarke’s phone a little harder and glared at it as she went through the list of suspects in her head to watch out for later today; Ontari, Finn, Niylah and that bitch Nia, just to name a few. She would definitely be keeping an eye out for them.

The smell of bacon and fresh coffee caught her attention and she sniffed the air more. It smelt heavenly and Lexa’s stomach rumbled loudly. She looked down to see Clarke’s eyes flutter open, set her phone aside, and peppered kisses to her head.

For Clarke, the soft good morning kisses were the perfect way to wake up. So was the feeling of Lexa’s hair sliding over her skin like silk. Clarke turned onto her back and reached up goggily and grasped those pretty curls in her fingers and trapped the lips that were teasing against her lips in a kiss. The little moan that left Lexa’s lips against hers and the way she brought her hands up to the sides of her head set Clarke’s senses tingling even if she was only halfway awake as they kissed and kissed in her bed. Finally the kiss broke but Lexa still held her face in her hands Clarke found herself looking into her girlfriend’s eyes, “good morning babe,” she rasped out.

“Good morning, Beautiful.” Lexa kissed Clarke’s forehead and let her lips linger a few seconds while she closed her eyes while Clarke couldn’t see them and got ahold of all her worries for now. When she was ready she lifted her lips, supported herself on one elbow and smiled down at Clarke, “it’s your big day.”

Clarke smiled at her and felt so in love. She lifted one hand too and tracked her thumb across Lexa’s temple, “anyone ever tell you you’re very sweet to wake up to?”

“I’m sweet as pie, what can I say?” Lexa leaned in and kissed her again. “But I smell breakfast and I can hear your stomach rumbling too.”

Clarke twirled one pretty brown curl around her finger, “maybe there’s something I want more than food right now.” She moved and straddled Lexa and gripped her hips to hold her still. When Clarke moved it was pure torture and Lexa had a hard enough time resisting her last night. She wasn’t sure she could resist her again.

“Baby, our friends are-” Lexa tried to say but was cut off when Clarke grinded down on her and it turned to a groan instead.

“And...your point is...” Clarke leaned down and nipped at her bottom lip and kissed her hard, all teeth and tongue. She moaned at the feel of Lexa’s dick pressing against her inner thigh.

Lexa couldn’t help it. She slipped a hand around the back of Clarke’s neck to hold her because her mouth was soft and the little bites making her breathless. But she didn’t realise Clarke had shifted as she was so caught up in the kiss, so when she felt Clarke started to sink down on her, Lexa jolted up into warm wet heat surrounding her.

“Oh fuck!” Lexa bit her lip to stop her cries from being too loud and squeezed her eyes closed. She held on so tightly to Clarke’s hips, Lexa knew she’d leave bruises, but Clarke didn’t complain. She pushed up into Clarke just a little bit more, “Clarke..” the name was a rasp from her bruised lips. She wanted to be gentle and go slow-

“Please, baby,” Clarke whispered against her lips, “Make love to me,” She rotated her hips and felt
Lexa hit deeper and Clarke let out a croak when Lexa pushed up hard. “Lex…please.” Clarke swore she saw stars.

“Your wish is my command,” Lexa pulled back and pushed up hard one more time making herself gasp and her fingertips flutter on Clarke’s hips before shifting to one elbow and flipping Clarke onto her back and sliding out of her. Clarke whined at the loss but Lexa wrapped her arms around her and entered her again quickly. Lifting her face and moving her hair aside Lexa captured Clarke’s lips in a tender kiss and started thrusting into her with a slow steady pace to bring them to climax slowly.

Clarke dug her nails into Lexa’s shoulders and she threw her head back against the bed. Lexa continued to rock into her. Clarke felt Lexa pull almost all the way out before she slid slowly back into her. The pace was maddening, but it’s what Clarke asked for and Lexa delivered in her own way. She met Lexa’s gaze and felt like she was staring down into Lexa’s soul. Clarke quivered around her when Lexa dragged her dick against her ridged front wall. “Oh god…baby!” Clarke mumbled into the sheets when she turned her head. Clarke’s hands migrated to Lexa’s ass to pull her deeper, but Lexa resisted and Clarke whined, “Lexaaa…”

“Shhh… let me make love to you.” Lexa husked against Clarke’s ear. She thrust in deep and slowly and kissed Clarke as she did, copying the motion by sinking her tongue through Clarke’s lips. She felt Clarke start clenching and her walls start to flutter but she wanted to prolong it, “are you close?”

“Yes, god yes! I just need you to go faster,” Clarke dug her nails into her ass which made Lexa jump and press deeper and Clarke moaned loudly when Lexa hit her cervix, “Right there, babe!”

Lexa hit it again and again until Clarke became unraveled and started to scream incoherent things. Her hands drifted from her ass to the sheets and had them in a white knuckle grip. Lexa took her legs and threw them over her shoulders which allowed her to slide deeper.

“Such a good girl, babe,” Lexa grunted as she repeatedly slid in and out. Lexa wasn’t going to last much longer. She had to use one arm to hold herself up. She ground her teeth together and gripped the sheet under her hand. Her hair fell loose to tease Clarke’s skin, “such.. a.. good. Girl…” drops of her sweat were falling onto Clarke’s body. She looked up from them and into blue eyes.

“OH MY GOD!” The scream ripped from Clarke’s throat, “Fuck…yes,” Clarke met her gaze and her eyes glazed over in the pleasure.

“I love you so much, Clarke… I love you so much,” Lexa released the arm she’d been bracing against the bed and wrapped it in the hair at the back of Clarke’s head. Lexa kissed her sloppily, grunting and holding one of Clarke’s hips down to the bed as her thrusts got choppy as she neared her own orgasm.

“I…love…you..too!” It was more of a scream, but Lexa never got tired of hearing it. “Ah, oh, fuck! I’m coming!” Clarke rippled around Lexa and she held Lexa’s ass as her orgasm rushed over her.

Lexa’s pace stuttered when she felt Clarke tighten down around her. She could barely move, but did her best to move what little she could. Clarke’s release flooded her around her cock and triggered her own climax, “fuck…” Lexa moved her other hand to Clarke’s other hip as well and ground her teeth together in her mouth.

Rope after rope of shot deep into her girlfriend which caused Clarke to tip over the edge again and clench down again and milk Lexa for all she’s worth. Lexa lowered her legs and slumped over on Clarke. Both panted heavily and their sweaty skin stuck together.

Clarke’s hands ran up and down her back before she brushed back her hair that sticking to her head.
Lexa sighed and could stay here all day, but knew they had things to do.

Their moment was ruined by banging on the door.

“If you two are done fucking, food’s ready,” Raven called through the door and cackled.

“You’re the worst, Rae,” Clarke groaned, hiding her face in Lexa’s shoulder.

“You should be much happier after all those screams we heard,” Raven’s voice faded.

Lexa laughed on top of her and Clarke poked in the sides, “are you laughing at me?”

“Never, but our friends have terrible timing,” Lexa shifted to pull out and Clarke whimpered as the sheets were ruined when it escaped out of her.

“At least they let us finish, we should be grateful for that,” Clarke wrapped her arms around her when Lexa went to get up. “No, don’t leave, stay a little longer.” She wrapped her legs around her and Lexa laughed and put her hands under her ass. Lexa lifted Clarke up with her and Clarke squealed in happiness.

That was a sound, Lexa always wanted to hear.

“Go clean up and get dressed, love,” Lexa set her down gently, patted her ass and kissed her chastely. “I’ll strip the bed first.”

“Ugh, fine. Stupid friends,” Clarke grumbled and made her way to the bathroom and Lexa admired the way her butt swayed when she walked. She looked up to catch Clarke smiling at her. “You have shame.”

“With you, never,” Lexa laughed as Clarke stuck her tongue out. She glanced toward the closed bedroom door to indicate their friends, “you love them.”

“I do, but not as much as I love you,” Clarke smiled cheekily and shut the bathroom door.

“I love you too,” Lexa called out loudly. She stripped the bed quickly and cleaned herself off and couldn’t stop smiling when she got dressed in white board shorts, a black bikini and black tank top.

“Babe, the food is gonna get cold.”

The bathroom door opened again and Clarke sauntered out in her bikini and Lexa’s mouth dropped open. Clarke ignored her and went to grab a pair of jean shorts and pulled a red tank top on. “What are you waiting for, let’s go.”

It took a minute for Lexa to get her bearings. She grabbed Clarke’s hand and they made their way to the kitchen.

“About fucking time,” Octavia rolled her eyes as they appeared. “I mean you couldn’t do that last night?”

Lexa’s face flushed red. “It was a long day and we were tired-“ Lexa saw the forgotten pizza box in the trash and assumed their friends had helped themselves.

“We don’t have to explain ourselves to you,” Clarke cut her off. “Besides what are you all doing here?”

“Excuse you, we live here,” Raven pointed to Octavia and herself. “They are here because they’re significant others and they made breakfast for all of us. Cuz you know we can’t cook worth a shit.”
Lexa looked at Clarke and saw pain in her eyes and it made her think back to what she found on her phone. Lexa squeezed her hand trying to give her strength. Clarke smiled at her.

“I’m sorry that was rude. Thank you. I’m just nervous about… the final today,” Clarke replied and sat down at the table.

Lexa followed suit and looked at her plate that was full of pancakes, bacon, eggs and toast. Her mouth watered she the sight and she dug in.

Thank God it was still warm.

“Don’t listen to Raven,” Anya said and kissed Raven’s cheek, “she’s just giving you crap. Don’t be nervous, you’ll do great.”

“Yeah, you will, Griff,” Raven agreed with her with her girlfriend.

“I’m used to it,” Clarke started in on her food.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Raven scoffed. “You wouldn’t know what to think if I stopped teasing you or giving you shit. You’d think something was wrong,” Raven took a piece of bacon and bit into it.

Clarke laughed and batted her eyelashes. “I would think something went bat shit crazy if Raven Reyes was nice.”

The whole table bust out in laughter at the look of shock Raven had on her face. Lexa saw Raven pout and that was a first, but it seemed like she was only doing it to get affection from Anya who currently coddled her girlfriend. Lexa rolled her eyes at how far Raven was trying to take it.

“That was rude, Clarke. Just rude,” Raven stuck out her bottom lip.

“Shut up, Rae. Stop being dramatic,” Octavia smiled where she was nestled up to Lincoln who fed her bites of food. “You know we all love you. That’s what you’re waiting for.”

“Way to ruin my fun,” Raven sighed and bit back a smile. “You two are so easy to rile up, it’s loads of fun for me.”

“I don’t understand how the three of you are friends,” Lincoln asked as he took a drink of orange juice. “I mean you all bicker constantly.”

“That’s true, you guys do,” Anya added. “It’s crazy. I mean Lexa and I argue sometimes, but with you all, it’s crazy. I mean it’s obvious you all are the best of friends and extremely loyal to one another, but damn…it baffles me.”

“We love each other and have been friends forever,” Clarke stirred around the remainder food on her plate. “We’ve been through alot together and without them, I’m not sure where I’d be. They are my family. Yeah, sometimes I want to kill them,” Clarke smirked at them, “But I’d be lost without them.”

Lexa saw tears in the corner of Clarke’s eyes, but before Lexa could comfort her, she was pushed to the side by her friends who hugged her tightly. A look was passed by Raven over Clarke’s shoulder that spoke volumes.

Lexa knew what Raven was trying to convey and Lexa pinched in between her eyes. She knew Clarke’s friends were fiercely protective about Clarke and while she knew it extended to her now,
Lexa knew they would do anything for their best friend. The videos were the start of it for Clarke or so she thought, but that wasn’t the case. Lexa didn’t know how long it had been going on, and a part of her was hurt that Clarke hadn’t shared it, but the other part said she had no right to be upset as she kept it from her as well.

Still was.

“I’m sorry for getting all emotional, I’m just all over the place,” Clarke said when her friends got up. “I’m just so stressed and I’m so close to my dream coming true and I’m nervous,” Clarke reached out blindly for Lexa’s hand who was quick to take and squeeze it. Lexa wanted to anchor her girlfriend as best as she could because today was a huge, exciting day for her.

Whether she won or lost, she’d still be a winner to Lexa.

“Don’t worry about that, we’re used to your crazy moods,” Octavia laughed and pushed a strand of hair from her face.

“Yeah, Griff, when it comes to surfing, it’s fucking scary how focused you can get. I’m surprised Lexa is able to lure you away from the beach,” Raven smirked mischievously.

Lexa’s cheeks turned bright red and she looked down at her linked hand with Clarke’s.

“Hell, Clarke is a miracle worker, before her, all Lexa did was study, go to class and practice and sleep. She hardly interacted with anyone unless I dragged her out,” Anya piped up and laughed at the glare Lexa directed her way.

“That’s not true at all,” Lexa protested and stood up. “Stop lying, An. I went out, and I have friends.”

Lincoln couldn’t hold his laughter in. “Lex…” He laughed again. “We had to drag you out with the team most of the time.”

“Did not, just because I didn’t want to get shit faced and hungover the next day,” Lexa’s face reddened more when she realized how that sounds. “I…” Lexa spluttered and sat back down defeated. “I hate you both.”

“Awe, Lex,” Clarke cooed and kissed on the cheek. “Give it up, love. You’re a dork, but you’re my dork.”

Lexa turned to see blue eyes sparkling at her with so much love it made her heart hurt. She couldn’t believe someone out there wanted to mess with someone as wonderful and amazing as Clarke. Lexa’s smile widened as she took in her girlfriend. “I love you and I’ll happily be your dork.”

“Ugh, gag alert.”

“Nerd alert.”

“Total Commander heart eyes.”

“You guys make a great couple, I’m happy for you,” Lincoln said loudly over the catcalls and groans. He smiled at them and Lexa was grateful to have him as a friend.

“Thanks, Linc,” Lexa replied and ignored the rest of their friends.

Finally they all settled down and went back to their food. It didn’t take long for it all to be gone.
Clarke got up to help as did Lexa, but they were ushered away.

“What, we can help,” Clarke went to take a step, but was pushed back. She put her hands on her hips, “What the hell guys?”

“Go relax,” Octavia stood there with Lincoln behind her. “We got this.”

“C’mon love, it’s your day, that’s why they’re doing this,” Lexa rubbed a hand down Clarke’s back. “They are just being nice,” Lexa felt Clarke’s shoulders deflate before she stalked off.

“Way to go, now she’s pissed off,” Lexa grumbled. “You know how important today is.”

“Yeah, we do and besides you should go see her. You’re the only one that get through to her lately.” Octavia said.

“I love her and I’ll protect her from whoever this is,” Lexa vowed and looked each of them in the eyes. “But she’ll need more than just me, she’ll need you all too.”

“We know and she has us no matter what,” Octavia promised.

They all nodded at her and Lexa turned and made her way to Clarke’s bedroom. She stood there a moment as Clarke had her head bowed and her hands folded in her lap. The sun was shining through the blinds Lexa had opened, and it cast a beautiful light that surrounded her girlfriend.

Clarke was praying.

When Clarke’s head popped and she turned to look at her, Lexa walked towards her like it was a magnetic pull that she couldn’t and didn’t want to escape from. As soon as Lexa was close enough, she ran a hand down her face and caressed it.

“I didn’t know you prayed,” Lexa kneeled down in front of her where she sat on the edge of the bed.

“I haven’t since before my dad…” Clarke took in a huge breath. “It was something we did together every night before I went to bed. “I stopped after…” Lexa’s heart broke when she heard the pain in her voice.

“It’s okay, you don’t have to explain,” Lexa laid her head in her lap and felt Clarke run her fingers through it. “I think it’s great that you want to do it again. I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“You’re a welcome interruption though,” Clarke smiled when she snorted in disbelief. “You are, Lex, and besides I was almost done anyways. Actually, babe… I-“ Lexa leaned in and kissed her and swallowed Clarke’s moan when she straddled her. Clarke fell back on the bed and laughed. “If you wanted me in bed, all you had to was ask.”

“I liked my way better,” Lexa nipped at her lips, her jaw and then her neck and that had Clarke roll her hips up into her. “What were you going to ask me?” Lexa continued her exploration of Clarke’s neck and made sure to hit all her sensitive spots like below her ear, her pulse point and the hollow of it as well. “You taste good.”

“It’s hard to think clearly when you’re doing that,” Clarke struggled for breath. “I was… I was… ohhh.“ Lexa bit down on her pulse point and sucked hard. She left a very visible mark for all to see to know she was taken. Lexa knew it was possessive, but she hated having to stand by and watch other guys and girls ogling her girl. “I…fuck babe.” Lexa felt Clarke try to grind into her rapidly forming bulge again.
“I want everyone to know your mine. I want to mark you everywhere to show that you belong to me and only me. Say you’re mine, Clarke. Please,” Lexa desperately ground harder into her needing to hear Clarke’s confirmation. “Please, love.” Her hand fumbled with the button of her shorts, but as soon as they were undone, Lexa wasted no time shoving her hand down between Clarke’s folds and was met with wet, molten heat. Lexa groaned into her neck. “Say it!” Lexa commanded in her ear.

“Fuck, I’m yours! Only yours! I don’t want anyone else, just you!” Clarke screamed when Lexa sunk in three fingers easily with how drenched Clarke was, “Thank fuck!” Clarke whimpered and clawed at Lexa’s shoulders. “Make me cum, please!”

“Desperate are we?” Lexa knew they didn’t have a lot of time. She knew Clarke wanted to be early so she fucked her harder and faster with her fingers and made sure to curl them to hit the ridged spot that made Clarke see stars. She wanted to see Clarke shatter and added a fourth finger, “I love fucking you,” She felt Clarke stretch to accommodate her fingers and it was marvelous to be surrounded by the smell and feel of Clarke.

“Oh my god! You’re fingers are magic. Fuck! Please let me come, please!” Clarke demanded breathlessly. Lexa curled her fingers and saw Clarke’s eyes roll back in her head as she clenched down around her digits and walls fluttered wildly.

“Come for me, love,” That’s all it took before Clarke arched her back and screamed her name over and over again as she shattered around her fingers. Clarke’s orgasm washed through her. Lexa didn’t remove her fingers instead letting Clarke ride it out until she fell back against the sheets, exhausted. Lexa jumped up and yanked off Clarke’s shorts and her own as well before she situated herself between her legs and pushed in and bottomed out inside her.

“Oh fuck, you’re so wet. She already felt on the verge of coming and with Clarke fluttering around her as well, Lexa knew it wouldn’t take long for Clarke to fall off the edge again and her to fall with her. “Clarke, I love you!”

“I love you too. Are you mine, Lex? Say you’re mine.” The roles had reversed and Lexa found it unbelievably sexy when Clarke took charge. “Whose dick is this?” Clarke clenched down hard around her and moaned.

“Yours, fuck, only yours!” Lexa pumped her hips a few more times and felt Clarke’s release and another pump later, Lexa’s orgasm shot through her and she was coming hard into Clarke. Lexa let out a long groan and she fell over onto her limp as a noodle. She took a minute to get her breath back and her heart rate under control before she spoke. “Well that was quick.”

“That’s okay; we are on a time crunch again. Besides you’re insatiable,” Clarke kissed the side of her head.

“With you, always. Have you seen yourself?” Lexa asked as she gazed into her vibrant blue eyes. Lexa was overcome with emotion for the girl beneath her and felt tears start to fall. She ducked her head quickly, but it was too late.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” Clarke tried to sit up, but Lexa pinned her to the bed with her body. Lexa was still inside her and knew she should pull out and went to do just that, but this time, Clarke shook her. “Stay and tell me what’s wrong.”

“Nothing’s wrong. I’m just so lucky to have you is all,” It was the truth, but not everything that was wrong. Her stomach clenched at the omission, but she smiled slightly. “I just still can’t believe you’re with me. You could have anyone. There’s a bunch of people that want you.” She thought of Finn and Niylah and grimaced.
Lexa felt Clarke stroke her chin and she looked up. “That’s sweet of you to say, but Lex…” Lexa met her eyes and Clarke stretched to kiss her lips. “I just want you. Only you, babe. I’m head over heels in love with you. I don’t want anyone else. You’re perfect for me.” Lexa shifted and Clarke moaned.

“Good because I’d hate to have to hurt someone,” Lexa replied. “I would kill someone if they ever hurt you, I’d protect you with my life,” Lexa’s mind flashed back to those videos she saw yesterday and she shivered just thinking about it. She had so many unanswered questions and it drove her crazy.

Clarke got a faraway look in her eyes, but it was wiped away quickly. “I’d do the same for you, babe,” Clarke promised and held her tighter for a moment. “What time is it?” Clarke asked suddenly.

Lexa checked her watch and groaned. “We need to get up and look like we didn’t just have some amazing sex,” Lexa grinned and Lexa pulled out of her and dropped to her knees again. She cleaned Clarke up with her tongue and tasted their combined release and Lexa lapped it up quickly. Clarke was shifting and groaning above her, but it didn’t deter her. She smiled into her “There all clean.”

Clarke quivered under her touch for a moment before she sat up and grabbed Lexa’s arms to haul her up. Lexa stood before her buck naked from the waist down and the next Clarke had taken her dick in her mouth to clean her up in return. Lexa’s eyes closed in ecstasy and bucked her hips. “Fuck, Clarke.”

“Just returning the favor, Lex,” Clarke smiled wickedly and released her with a loud pop. Clarke hopped off the bed. “I’m glad I have a ton of swimsuits,” Clarke laughed and changed while Lexa watched dumbfounded until she turned around. “Umm..Lex..,” She gestured to her shorts.

Hastily, Lexa pulled up her boxers and shorts and tilted her head. “Oops,” She made her way over to her and wrapped her arms around her. “You’re going to do fantastic out there. I know it.”

“You’ll be there right?” Clarke asked timidly.

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Lexa kissed her lips and took Clarke’s hand in hers. “Are you ready?” Clarke stood still for a minute and looked around her room. Lexa noticed her eyes fell on a picture of her dad and her that had been taken that last summer and she blew a kiss at it. “He’s with you, love, every single day. He’s watching over you and I bet he will cheering so loud for you up there. But remember you carry a part of him,” Lexa pointed to her heart, “In here.”

Clarke kissed her hard and deep before she pulled back and pressed their foreheads together. She nodded. “Thank you. I don’t know what I’d do without you-“

“You won’t ever have to find out, babe. I’m here for as long as you’ll have me, I’m not going anywhere,” Lexa promised.

“Forever?” Clarke questioned.

“Forever won’t be long enough, but it’s a start.”

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To say Clarke was nervous was a understatement. She wanted this more than almost anything else. This had been her dream since she could remember and now she was so close she could almost taste it.

As she stood on the beach with her family around her and Lexa’s hands in hers, she was content, but
no matter how much they wanted to help her right now, they couldn’t. This was something she had to do alone and the fact that Clarke had their support meant more than words could say.

The heat was due to start soon and Clarke was trying her best to calm her nerves. Back in her bedroom she was thoroughly content and satisfied, but the minute they stepped out of their bubble, everything came rushing back: The texts, her dad, the competition, Nia, and Finn.

She needed this win not just for herself, but for her dad as well for always believing in her.

“Where’s your head at?” Lexa squeezed her hand and Clarke gripped tighter and drew strength from Lexa’s steady form.

“ Everywhere,” Clarke answered, “And nowhere.” Clarke knew after today was over, she needed to sit down and talk to Lexa about everything because she didn’t want any more secrets between them. Clarke knew there was something Lexa wasn’t saying, but didn’t push. She trusted her girlfriend completely and knew that when Lexa was ready to talk, she would.

“You’re not alone, remember that,” Lexa gestured to their friends who had given them space. They sat a little ways down the beach and stared out at the water. Clarke laughed because she knew her friends were eavesdropping even if they were pretending not too.

She knew them. They were her sisters in everything, but blood.

Clarke tore her eyes from them and met the forest green gaze of her girlfriend. Her friends were right, Lexa definitely had heart eyes, but Clarke knew hers were just as bad. Around her the beach was coming to life. The vendors were setting up with their brightly colored tents and the smell of food wafted through the air. Spectators were filling up the beach with their towels, coolers and other essentials.

The beach was packed full and they are all here to watch her. Some to see her win and others to see her fail, but she would show them. Clarke spotted Nia over by her sponsor’s tent arguing with someone vehemently. Clarke hoped whatever it was proved to be a distraction as she knew she’d have to be careful out on the water because Nia would do anything to win.

Fingers were waved in front of her face that brought her back, “Are you okay?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah, I’m good. I’m sorry, I got a little distracted,” Clarke put her arms around her neck and kissed her long and deep. Once they broke to breathe, she smiled. “Thanks I needed that.”

“Anytime, I’m happy to be of service,” Lexa kissed her again. “Just for a little extra luck and smiled against Clarke’s lips.

“Dork.”

“Yep, but all yours!” Lexa jumped at her and tackled her to the sand. She started to tickle her and enjoyed Clarke’s attempt to get away. “Say uncle!”

“Never,” Clarke laughed so hard she couldn’t breathe, but she loved the playful side of her girlfriend even if it meant she was tortured by tickles.

“C’mon, love,” Lexa switched tactics and tickled her sides, legs and then her feet. Clarke squirmed under her touch, but was fruitless in her attempt to get away. Lexa was too damn strong. “All you have to said is one word!” Lexa was laughing so hard, it made Clarke’s heart flutter and butterflies erupt in her stomach. She gave in.
“Uncle, uncle!” Clarke gasped and Lexa stopped right away.

“And you call us children,” Octavia sassed and looked down at them. “Hmpf,” She crossed her arms, but a smile threatened to break across her face.

“Lexa started it,” Clarke shoved her and stuck her tongue out.

“Did not, you called me a nerd,” Lexa tackled her again.

Clarke held up one finger, “technically, I called you a dork.”

“Children, behave,” Anya hissed. “Clarke, there are tons of people here and you’re not setting a good example and Lex, stop acting like a baboon.”

The rest of them laughed so hard they were holding their sides and tears streamed down their faces.

“You two are ridiculous,” Lincoln sighed as he tried to keep his composure.

“Rude, much,” Lexa released Clarke and got to her feet. “We were just having fun,” Lexa directed at Anya who had her arms crossed and tried to keep the smile off her face, but failed.

“Knowing how the two of you are, it wouldn’t be long before it delved into something more and believe me, nobody needs to see that,” Raven teased and slowly backed away when Lexa advanced on her, but Clarke held her back.

“You two are one to talk. How many times have I walked in on you?” Clarke put her hands on her hips and stared intently at all of them. None of them said a word. “Okay then, and do tell how many times you’ve walked in on me and Lexa?

Again, nobody said anything.

“Exactly,” Clarke grabbed Lexa’s hand and hauled herself up.

“That’s completely uncalled for, Griff,” Raven stepped forward, “I mean you two have been fucking for months, I am however in a new relationship as of yesterday and that means a lot of sex,” Raven raised her eyebrows and smiled.

“It’s completely called for,” Lexa agreed with Clarke.

Clarke’s attention was taken away by someone waving at her. It was one of the people in charge and she knew it was time.

She kissed Lexa quickly, “I gotta go. I love you.” She tilted her head towards the judges.

“I love you too, you’ll do great,” Lexa stepped closer, “Don’t forget the trick you’ve been working on.”

Clarke’s eyes lit up because she completely forgot about that trick, “Lex, you’re a genius,” She kissed her again and hurried off, but not without hearing everyone wish her luck. She grabbed her surfboard on the way. She blew a kiss back at Lexa who snatched it out of the air and pressed against her heart. Clarke smiled.

Regardless of the outcome today, she would still be leaving here a winner.

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After meeting with Alie, the person in charge of the competition, just outside the tent Clarke came
face to face with Nia, who stood there with a smirk on her face and a bottle of some popular Red drink in her hand. She casually approached her and took a healthy swallow of her bottle before she spoke.

“Well, well, well, look who it is,” Nia sneered. “I wasn’t sure you’d show. I thought you’d run away with your tail between your legs like last time,” Nia was so close, Clarke could smell her breath and it was not pleasant.

“Not a chance,” Clarke stood toe to toe with her, “I’m going to beat you like I should’ve done two years ago,” She wouldn’t back down, “Oh and you’re breath is rank. I suggest you step back.”

“Or what?” Nia challenged and purposefully blew out air. Clarke didn’t rise to the bait nor did she so much twitch her nose at the smell. Nia continued, “You know you don’t stand a chance, Griffin.”

“You think you’re big shit and everyone should bow down to you like your queen?” Clarked asked, “well I have news for you, I won’t be doing that. In fact the only thing you’re going to see is me kicking your ass out there,” she pointed out to the ocean. “That is if you actually don’t cheat, but I guess you’re just that bad, you have to resort to cheating to win.”

Clarke couldn’t resist the jab and was rewarded when Nia’s face paled. Her icy blue eyes narrowed in anger and her fake platinum blonde hair swept into her face when she growled threateningly.

Well she tried too. Clarke just laughed and enjoyed the way Nia got even more riled up.

“Just you wait, I’m going to-“ Nia’s words were cut off when her sponsor approached with his son, if Clarke remembered correctly.

Clarke straightened her back. She knew this was Mount Weather and while it was a sponsor, it was not the one she wanted to land. Clarke had heard shady things about them and it was no wonder why Nia had a spot with them.

It was a perfect fit.

“Nia, shouldn’t you be getting ready?” The older man asked her politely. Nia just stared at him. “We’ve talked about this,” He added. He puffed out his frail chest and narrowed his eyes on her. Finally, Nia listened and stomped off and he turned to Clarke, “I’m sorry about her, dear. I’m Dante Wallace, CEO of Mount Weather and this,” He gestured to the other man, “is my son Cage.”

Clarke bit the side of her cheek to keep her from saying anything negative. She didn’t trust them at all, “Nice to meet you, both,” Clarke held out her hand and shook both their hands, but pulled away quickly. She got an icy feeling from Cage even though his father seemed warm, he didn’t at all.

“I just wanted to wish you good luck,” Dante smiled, “Depending on how today goes, and we see something in you that we might want on our team.”

“That’s nice of you to say, but shouldn’t you be rooting for your own person, not the competition?” Clarke asked.

“That may be true, but we’d like you to consider us,” Cage jumped in before his father could speak. His predatory eyes scanned down her body and lingered on her boobs. Clarke resisted the urge to cover herself. “I mean, when we see great talent, we want to snatch it up first.” Cage smiled, but it held no warmth like his father’s did. He took a swig of his bottle of Red and smacked his lips.

Clarke watched the action and wanted to turn away, but wouldn’t give him the satisfaction. “I’ll take that into consideration,” Clarke looked at her watch. “Actually, I need to get going,” Clarke went to
turn, but was stopped by an arm on her shoulder.

“Here, have one on me,” Cage handed her a bottle. Clarke took it, but planned on dumping it first chance she got. The last thing she’d do was actually take a drink of whatever it was. It could be sabotage and she wasn’t stupid.

“Thanks, have a good day,” Clarke tucked her surfboard under her arm, grabbed her bag and jogged off.

On her way down the beach towards the water, she passed multiple photographers from surf magazines and the sponsors. Clarke did her best not be intimidated by all the people. She was used to surfing alone and crowds like this were a lot to handle. Yesterday she was able to zone it all out and just focus on surfing, today however, Clarke found it hard to concentrate because today could be the start of her career and that put a ton of pressure on her shoulders.

Besides the crowd today seemed even bigger than yesterday. There had to be thousands of people here and Clarke knew after the tournament was over for them; they were having one for younger kids which she thought was sweet, so Clarke knew not everyone here was to see her, but it sure felt like it right now.

She did her best to focus on the task in front of her.

The final was set to start in a few minutes and Clarke needed to get ready. She threw the bottle in the first receptacle she found. Once Clarke got closer to the water, she set down her stuff and attached the leash to her ankle before she pulled on her rash guard.

Clarke rolled her shoulders and stretched as she tried to loosen her body. Her body was sore, but in the best way possible. Lexa just had a way about her and just thinking about her girlfriend brought a smile to her face.

An announcement was made that it was five minutes until the start of the biggest ride of her life. Nerves started to flutter again, but the thought of Lexa helped calm her. She looked down the beach to see Lexa with their friends. It was like an invisible magnet when their eyes met.

Lexa mouthed ‘Good Luck’ and blew her a kiss. Clarke caught it like Lexa did earlier and pressed it to her heart.

‘I love you’ Clarke said back.

‘I love you too.’

Clarke made her way into the water because the final heat wouldn’t start until they both in the water. It was a race to see who got past the swells first. Clarke ducked under the first one and rode over the second one and finally after the third she was out in calm water waiting for the next set. Nia was close, but luckily not close enough to talk without yelling which of course Nia started to do.

“I’d hate for something to happen out here to you. I mean accidents happen all the time,” Nia taunted from her perch on her surfboard. “Drowning, head injury, sharks and the list goes on and on!”

Clarke ignored her. The horn sounded and the heat began. The final heat was thirty minutes to get in as many rides as she could before the timer went out. The judges would score them by each ride and tally it up for the total to announce who the winner was.

There was a medical jet ski out here too just in case and Clarke wished they could hear Nia’s threats, but they weren’t close enough. They were only out here in case one of them got hurt. It was standard
The first set came in and it wasn’t the best, but the more rides, Clarke got, the better. She paddled fast to get to the lip before she started to go down and she popped up, it wasn’t a high wave, but Clarke rode the face down with ease before Nia came out of nowhere for the other side and looked like she would clip her. Clarke bottom turned quickly to go up in the air and she landed not so smoothly, but she stayed on her feet. Nia looked at her in outrage that she missed.

Clarke smirked, but the stunt Nia pulled was dangerous and could cause serious injury and the thought alone terrified her because people have died surfing and she didn’t want to be one of them.

Out of breath, Clarke straddled her board to get her breath back. Nia had finished her ride and came up to her with a smile on her face.

“I’ll get you next time,” Nia sneered, “I promise you that.”

“If that’s the way you want to win, then go ahead and try, but I won’t make it easy for you,” Clarke did her best to keep her voice level when in fact she wanted to strangle her.

“There’s nobody out here to protect you now. Your posse is on the beach, I wonder what they’ll say when they see you fail,” Nia laughed shrilly and Clarke wanted to cover her ears.

“I don’t need their help to take you down, Nia. I’ll do it myself,” Clarke bit back, but noticed Nia was shaking, “Nervous are we, Nia. Did I crack that smug armor you wear? You’re shaking.” Clarke indicated with a nod.

The retort Clarke didn’t hear because she saw another set coming in and made a quick turn and left Nia in the dust. When Clarke looked back Nia hadn’t moved. She didn’t dwell on it and instead took advantage of the fact that she’d finally shaken Nia.

Clarke rode it easy especially without Nia trying to knock her off, she had a great ride and rode it a ways before she hopped off and back over the wave. She thought she was doing pretty well until Nia zoomed past her on another wave and did a kickflip, Clarke groaned in disbelief.

How in the hell did she pull that off?

Fuck, Clarke closed her eyes and thought of her dad and could picture him on the beach telling her she could do this and could see him running back forth yelling at the top of his lungs. It was almost like he was there.

Lexa was right.

It pumped her up and Clarke felt her heart burst with love for the brunette. The smile grew on her face when she saw a set at waves that looked about ten feet start to roll in and Clarke knew she’d found her perfect wave for her trick, she’d spent the last few weeks working on. Clarke started to paddle hard and she popped up perfectly and steadied herself, she rode the line to build up momentum before she hit the lip, propelled herself in the air, grabbed the bottom of her board and did a backwards 360 in the air and landed back on her board and crested down the wave with a huge smile on her face. She nailed it when she needed too and the look of shock on Nia’s face and the hoots and hollers of the crowd were priceless.

Nia was pissed and stared daggers at her, but Clarke didn’t care, she was on a high from executing her trick perfectly. The horn sounded again and she knew that meant she only had time for one last ride and Clarke was going to make it count.
Time was ticking away, but she let Nia take the first ride because once she did her last one, she had to go back to the beach, it was a rule and one she was grateful for. Clarke checked her watch and swore because she only had two minutes left, but grinned when she saw a beautiful set coming her way.

They were massive, at least forty feet or so and Clarke felt the familiar thrill rush through her. Clarke paddled harder than ever before in order to make the wave. Clarke popped up and scaled the top of the huge wave and crested down the face of it, it was almost like a free fall. One wrong step, and Clarke would go face first into the surf. It was like racing down the face of building and once she got to the bottom, Clarke turned out to ride the line to make it into the curl just as the waves start to crash. She got into the barrel and dragged her hand down the wave feeling the warm water splash against her hand. Clarke even saw a few dolphins riding the wave and grinned in triumph.

When she emerged from the barrel, Clarke fist pumped in the air and felt thousands of eyes directed on her, but was only concerned with one. Cheers erupted and Clarke felt on top of the world. She paddled in and got off her board. Clarke didn’t even make it to completely to shore before Lexa flew into her arms and wrapped her legs around her. Clarke had to drop her board to catch her, but it was worth it. The force of the jump knocked her back a few steps, but Clarke managed to stay on her feet.

“Babe—“ Clarke’s words were cut off when Lexa kissed her. Lexa’s tongue trailed along her bottom lip and delved in as soon as Clarke gasped. Clarke wound her hands into Lexa’s hair and kept their mouths fused together.

Now this what was missing, now Clarke felt complete because even though her dad wasn’t here physically, she knew he was watching over her.

“Um, guys,” Lincoln interrupted. “There are a ton of people who want to talk to you, Clarke, and Lex, get down,” Lincoln laughed when Lexa shook her head, and kissed Clarke again.

The kiss broke and Clarke sucked in a huge breath. “Now that’s a way to celebrate,” Clarke smiled and unhooked her arms from under Lexa’s ass.

She finally noticed everyone gathered around her and smile took over her face. Clarke couldn’t count how many congratulations she heard or hands she shook after Lexa got down. She didn’t let Lexa go far instead linked their hands together and pulled her with her. Clarke hugged all her friends and accepted numerous cards from sponsors that Lexa took and put in her pocket for her in which rewarded Lexa with a kiss each time. Clarke’s cheeks hurt from all the smiling already and she hadn’t even heard yet if she actually won.

Even though it already felt like she had.

Off to the side, she saw Nia conversing with Cage in hushed whispers, but didn’t get a good look with cameras flashing in her face constantly and people surrounding her no matter which way she turned.

After a few more minutes, the announcer asked the crowd to quiet down which took a little time. Clarke clasped Lexa’s hand hard in one hand and had Raven’s in the other and Octavia’s hand on her shoulder while behind her stood Anya and Lincoln in silent support as well.

Clarke couldn’t put into words how thankful she was to have them all. Raven and Octavia had always been there, but then she added Lexa into her life and by extension got Anya and Lincoln too.

She was incredibly happy so whether she won or lost, it didn’t matter in this moment because she
had everything she could possibly want in this moment.

The announcer cleared his throat and it echoed across the beach, “The winner of the 2017 Polis competition is…Clarke Griffin!”

Cheers erupted once again and Clarke was once again bombarded by tons of people asking her questions, taking her picture, giving her business cards and even a younger girl asked her for her autograph. She dropped to a knee to address them.

“I’d be honored to, what’s your name?” Clarke asked one little girl that reminded her of Lexa with her brown hair and vibrant green eyes.

“Maddie, you’re my new favorite surfer. You did am..amazing,” Maddie stuttered a little bit and handed her over her hat. “It’s my favorite and I want you to…to…sign it,” She looked up at her mom who stood back a little ways. “Puh…please.”

“Of course, I will, does anyone have a sharpie?” Clarke asked around and got one handed to her, but didn’t look to see who. She signed her name and gave the little girl a hug who squealed and ran off happily.

Clarke watched fondly before she heard name and that voice.

“Clarke,” It was impossible, there was no way it was who she thought it was. Clarke whipped around and for the first time in a year, she faced her mom. “Hi,” Abby awkwardly waved and stepped closer.

“Mom,” Clarke spluttered as she was not expecting her to be here. “How…what…why?” She looked over at her girlfriend who had a smile on her face and a guilty expression. “You did this?”

Lexa nodded, “I did, since your dad couldn’t be here, I thought your mom would be the next best thing.” Lexa shrugged her shoulders. “Go on, I’ll be right here,” Lexa kissed her cheek.

Clarke took a few steps towards her mom. Abby looked haggard and for a moment, Clarke felt bad, but then remembered everything that happened between them. She wanted to run into her mom’s arms, but instead crossed her arms across her chest and stared at her waiting for her to say something.

“Clarke, I…I’m sorry,” Abby wrung her hands together. “I don’t have a valid excuse, Jake…he was always better at this stuff than me,” Abby looked around at all the people. “After he…he died, I buried myself in work and pushed you to be something you’re not. All I want is for you to be happy and I can see that you are and watching you surf was a thing of beauty, Clarke. You’re a natural.”

All around her, people had dispersed once the initial hype was over, but Clarke knew a few people still lingered. She’d been waiting hopelessly for her mom to care about her again and here she was, and Clarke was overjoyed, but also cautious. Her mom had hurt her so much and she was terrified to give her another chance. Clarke stepped closer not wanting their conversation to be overheard.

“I don’t know what you want me to say. You disappeared on me, you had nothing to do with me. I had just lost my father, but I lost you too. That’s not something I can easily forgive. Plus you never supported that this is my dream. Hell, me getting a degree in art therapy doesn’t even make you happy because I’m not going to be a doctor like you. I can’t give you another chance if you can’t support me,” Clarke willed herself not to cry, “Dad did… and I miss him so much… but I miss you too. I miss how it used to be before and ever since…it’s been a battle with you and I’m tired of fighting with you.”

“Let me make it up to you, if you’ll let me be your mom again. I’ve been wanting to reach out to you
for months, but I never had the courage and I regret that now,” Abby was within arm’s reach now and Clarke almost reached out. “When your girlfriend called and told me about the competition, I knew I couldn’t miss it. I would have been here yesterday, but I had to work and couldn’t get out of it. There was no way I would miss today. I’m not your father and I would never try to fill that void for you, but I would love to be your mom again. If you’ll let me.”

Tears escaped and Clarke launched herself into her mother’s embrace. Clarke’s arms wrapped tight around her and she clung to her. They hugged and cried for a few minutes before they stepped back and wiped their eyes.

“I missed you, mom,” Clarke admitted and waved Lexa forward.

“I missed you too, sweetie,” Abby said and looked over at Lexa, “You must be, Lexa.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Lexa reached forward and shook her hand. Clarke smiled because she could tell Lexa was nervous but was pretending not to be.

“Lex, this is my mom, Abby Griffin and Mom, this is my wonderful girlfriend, Lexa Woods,” Clarke introduced the both of them.

“It’s so nice to meet you…” Abby pulled Lexa into a firm hug and Clarke almost laughed at Lexa’s surprised expression. “Thank you for calling me and thank you for taking such great care of my daughter.

Once Lexa was released, she replied, “It’s my pleasure, ma’am,” Lexa looked over at Clarke eyes shining with love. “I love your daughter very much and will do anything to see that she’s happy.”

“That’s all a mom could ask for, thank you,” Abby positively beamed and Clarke’s heart was so full that Lexa would do this for her. Lexa was going to get so lucky when they got home. “Can I take you both out to dinner? Your friends too, I would love to catch up with you and the other girls, please?” Abby almost begged.

Clarke glanced at her girlfriend who nodded and Clarke knew Lexa was leaving it up to her.

“Yeah, mom that sounds good. We just need to shower and change. Where are you wanting to go?” Clarke asked.

“How about the Dropship? It used to be your favorite,” Abby suggested and smiled fondly.

“It still is and sounds great. Meet you there…” Clarke checked her watch. “At 6?”

“Perfect, see you than, tell the other girls who I know are around here somewhere they have to come. I would love to see them,” Abby pulled Clarke into another hug before she dashed off.

Lexa immediately started to ramble, but Clarke cut her off with a kiss. “Thank you for being the best girlfriend in the world. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“You are so getting lucky, Woods. Let’s go home. We have two hours, I plan on making them count.”

Lexa’s eyes widened, but she followed her girlfriend happily. Smiles on their faces the entire way home.
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Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year all! Wish you all a wonderful and a happy year. This chapter is a monster and I hope this makes up for the wait. :) Seriously, a huge thank you to Distantstar for all her help. Without her, this chapter would not have happened. Check out her works please, you won't regret it :) She says Happy New Year too!

Hope you all like it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dinner with the group was going pretty well which was a relief to Lexa. She wasn’t sure what to expect when Abby had invited them all to dinner. They had finished their meal and now were sitting back and chatting between drinks and desserts. What caught Lexa’s eye the most, was how radiant Clarke looked. She was so damn happy and it made her heart burst with joy for her girlfriend.

Looking around, Lexa took in the Dropship; which was a relatively busy old bar and grill, right down to the old beat up booths, smiley face clock on the wall that made her burst into laughter at the sight of it, and music that floated through the speakers in the ceiling that played ‘Jailhouse Rock’. Delicious smells hit the air every time someone opened the door back to the kitchen and Lexa started to hum along with the music tapping out the beat with her other hand that was rested on Clarke’s thigh right beside her. She sipped on her milkshake that was half gone. Clarke had sworn it was the best shake ever, and she could admit that Clarke was right. When the song ended she moved her hand and squeezed Clarke’s and held it under the table. Clarke flashed her a smile that lit up her whole face and Lexa couldn’t resist leaning in and kissing her on the corner of her mouth.

She felt Clarke nudge her slightly and Lexa zoned back into the conversation.

Abby was telling another embarrassing story of Clarke when she was little and Lexa was glad she hadn’t miss it. Clarke had hid her face in her neck and Lexa looped her arm around to hold her close. She kissed Clarke’s ear from time to time.

“So Clarke had to be about seven or so,” Abby laughed and looked at Clarke who peeked at her over Lexa’s shoulder. “She thought she could fly from seeing it on some show and thought it would be a good idea. It wasn’t.” Abby deadpanned. “She had climbed out of her window onto the roof and had on one of my white coats on like a cape from what Jake told me. Clarke had snuck away when he was doing the dishes,” Abby smiled fondly. “She decided to jump off the roof and fell and snapped both bones in her right arm. My own daughter was brought into the hospital hysterical and Jake was completely panicked,” She paused and took a drink. “You would have thought she’d learn her lesson, but she didn’t.”

Clarke groaned and hid her face in Lexa’s neck more. “I thought I could be a superhero like you, because you were always saving people, that’s why I took your coat,” Clarke smiled at her mom before she hid her face again.
“That’s very sweet, Clarke, but you gave both of heart attacks and that wasn’t even the first time or the last. We were constantly worried about you. You were such a daredevil.”

“Still is,” Octavia poked Raven who was next to her, “What was it we used to call her?”

Raven grinned slyly. “Sky girl.”

“Oh fuck, nope, nope, nope. Let’s talk about something else?” Clarke popped up and glared at her friends who were all laughing. Her mom was smiling and took a drink from her glass.

“But I want to hear more embarrassing stories. Besides it’s fitting because it really does seem you fell out of the sky and into my life,” Lexa stroked her hair.

“Nope and hey…” Clarke nudged her, “You ran away.”

Lexa turned bright red, “oh fuck..” she muttered, then slapped a hand over her mouth and glanced at Abby, “Sorry.” Lexa grabbed her drink and started to drink it.

But Abby just laughed. Raven was laughing too, “she did,” she said her eyes dancing over Lexa, “but Clarke tells it so much better than me, I won’t do it justice,” Raven laughed.

“You’re an ass, Rae, but you’re right. After all I was there,” Clarke looked over at Lexa and smiled. “So I was out surfing early and there was a girl who’d been jogging and when our eyes met for the first time, she just took off down the beach like a shot.” Clarke laughed and this time Lexa buried her face in Clarke’s neck. “I’ve never seen someone move that fast.” Lexa felt Clarke kiss her on the head, but didn’t move from her spot. She was starting to feel like the effects of the drinks as well.

“Best story ever, classic Lex. She’s the big, bad commander on the field, but put her in front a pretty blonde and she’s a gay disaster,” Anya snorted and Raven high fived her followed by a kiss.

“Shut up, An. You can’t tease me anymore, you’ve had more than enough time,” Lexa grumbled at her.

“It’s a best friend’s right to tease, kid. You know this,” Anya shrugged her shoulders. She shoved her empty milkshake cup forward, stood and flagged down a passing waitress, “think I can get a Jack and Coke?”

“My too,” Raven chimed in.

“Oh and me?” Octavia asked.

Lincoln ordered a beer. Clarke glanced quickly at Lexa, “babe?”

Lexa slurped down the rest of her shake as fast as she could, “whiskey is good.” she said, pushing the empty cup into the middle of the table. Clarke turned to the waitress, “make that two?”

Abby spoke up, “I’ll just take a red wine, please?”

“Anything else?” the waitress asked politely.

“That’s all, thank you,” Clarke nodded at her and squeezed Lexa’s leg.

Lexa waited for the waitress to leave the table to go back to the conversation at hand, “Don’t think I forgot, is that how you’re wanting to play it? You asked for it,” Lexa slanted Anya a look and smirked, “when we were kids, Anya met a girl and-” Lexa started to say, but Anya cut her off.
“Don’t you dare,” Anya threatened.

“She was a couple years older than us and Anya had the biggest crush on her. Well Anya was about to get her first kiss with her, but she was so excited, she ended up slamming her head into her nose and broke it. There was blood everywhere,” Lexa completely ignored Anya’s outraged cries of betrayal and could hardly get it out she was laughing so hard. “Let’s just say, the girl never came around again and it took another year before Anya got her first kiss.”

“I’m going to kill you,” Anya pushed back her chair and went to get up, but Raven stopped her and whispered in her ear. Anya smiled and sat back down and Lexa felt uneasy because she knew if the two of them were up to something it couldn’t be good.

Abby, sensing the tension decided to intervene and play mediator. “Why don’t you tell me how you met Lexa officially, Clarke?”

“We literally ran into each other outside of the taco shop a few blocks over. I was coming in to order and she was walking out. Lexa was staring at her phone and not paying attention and she smacked right into me and almost knocked me down. Luckily, her fast reflexes prevented that.”

“It’s been history ever since,” Lexa smiled and kissed Clarke lightly on the lips. “I’ve never been happier that my idiot best friend texted me at the moment because without it I wouldn’t have met you when I did,”

“Hey,” Anya protested.

“I love you,” Clarke murmured.

“I love you too,” Lexa replied back before she realized they had an audience that she completely forgot about. “Oops, sorry.”

“Don’t be, we’re used to it.” Lincoln waved away the apology while the rest of them rolled her eyes. Only Abby was watching them with a soft look on her face. Lincoln shrugged, “Clarke, did Lexa ever tell you about when she got the bee in her helmet?”

Clarke’s eyes opened up wider in interest. She pulled away from Lexa a little and looked at Lincoln in amusement, “she what??” she asked, grinning at Lexa and then at him, “no ...no she didn’t…”

Lexa shuffled a little, tipped her head back and groaned, “I liked it better when we were telling Clarke stories…..”

“She did,” Lincoln interrupted and all eyes were on him, “I’ve never seen someone move so fast. One minute she had the ball and looked like she was going for a pass play and the next she just took off running down the field like a bat outta hell. She dodged around defenders and even hurtled over one before she made it to the endzone.” Lincoln’s eyes were watering, he was laughing so hard. “She yanked her helmet off and this little bee came buzzing out and Lexa just glared at it before it gave chase to her and then Lexa took off again while me and the rest of the team fell over in laughter. All of that, just for a little bee.” He held his hand up with his thumb and forefinger less than an inch apart in indication.

“You’re going to pay for that, Linc at next practice,” Lexa vowed, but didn’t hold much weight as her face was bright red and Clarke was cackling next to her.

“Whatever you say, Commander,” Lincoln stared back, tears streaming down his face, “It was totally worth it.”
Clarke elbowed Lexa gently, and smiled up at her when she looked down. She tugged on one of Lexa’s curls gently and pulled her lips down and kissed them. Clarke felt Lexa’s hand hold her back and she heard her mom chuckle and the others start to groan.

“Always running, hey Lexa?” Anya asked.

“Not anymore, I’m right where I’m supposed to be,” Lexa said and locked eyes with Clarke.

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As the night went on the alcohol in her stomach started to feel really good. Clarke beside her and holding her hand under the table was even better. But watching her beautiful girl laughing with her friends and family, was the best. Anya had ordered a final round for everyone at nine and Lexa had lost track of how many rounds they actually had. It was now nearly ten, and she was surprised suddenly when everyone seemed to spring into action at once and stood up and started pushing in chairs-

“Time to go, baby..” Clarke said, stepping up, weaving slightly to where Lexa was just managing to push back her chair. Clarke smiled and held out her hand, “place is closing in 15.” Clarke set her empty glass onto the table next to Lexa’s.

Lexa just took Clarke’s hand in hers and kissed it, “you’re so pretty, Clarke…” she whispered. She flipped Clarke’s wrist over and started to kiss it. Clarke turned blushed but in a good way and started laughing when Lexa started kissing her fingers, “so pretty, and all mine.”

“Yes, baby, all yours…” Clarke stepped in laughing and kissed the top of her head. Lexa took advantage of Clarke leaning in and planted her face in Clarke’s chest, “and i love these..”

“Lexa--” Clarke started to giggle and tugged at her, “come on baby, you can see them when we get home…” she swayed a little on her feet but still glanced around for her mother, stroking the back of Lexa’s head as she did. Thankfully though, Abby had her back to them and was saying goodbyes to Octavia and Raven. Octavia stood cuddled into Lincoln’s arm but Anya couldn’t be seen anywhere-

“But I can see them right now,” Lexa’s reasoning was sound and her question was a little too loud, “Clarke, Your bra is red. I haven’t seen it before. Did you buy it for me?–”

“Lexa…” Clarke started trying to pull her face up. But it was too late. Octavia and Raven had heard Lexa’s announcement and had burst into laughter on the other side of the table. Lincoln was pretending he hadn’t and looking the other way, and her Mom had whipped around. Clarke panicked, “Lexa!” she tugged at her shoulders again, “Lexa, my mom….”

“Go Lexa!” Raven called out. Octavia whistled and downed the last of her drink. Lincoln turned, “I’m gonna go outside…” he mumbled shaking his head.

“Your mom knows you have boobs, Clarke.” Lexa rasped into them, “they are just…” Lexa brought her hands to Clarke’s waist, “gorgeous.”

“Okay, lover-girl.” Anya walked up, “up you go….” she hit her knee hard into the back of Lexa’s chair at last, making her lift her face at last. She looked at Clarke. She looked at her friend who was tugging her to her feet.

“What, I’m busy…” Lexa complained and stared back at Clarke.

“Ogling your girlfriends boobs is all. You can do that later,” Anya hissed and pulled her up.
“But I wanna-” Lexa whined, but perked up when Clarke leaned over and whispered in her ear.

“We will have all night, stud, but not in front of my mom,” Clarke swatted her away.

Lexa pouted, but let Anya pull her away where she leaned against the window with her arms crossed and glared at her best friend, “Not cool, An.”

“Oh, please, if I hadn't interrupted, you would have done something not appropriate in front of Clarke's mom,” Anya scolded and Lexa knew she was right.

She was drunk and horny for her girlfriend.

Lexa watched Clarke's smile from across the room and Lexa was relieved that all had gone well today with her surprise. They had a lot to still work thru, but this was a good first step in her opinion.

Clarke skipped her way back over to Lexa and linked their hands. Lexa pulled Clarke's hand up and brushed her lips across her knuckles.

“Ugh, you two. I swear,” Anya rolled her eyes and went to find Raven.

“What's her problem?” Clarke giggled and looked her free arm around Lexa's neck.

“She's just jealous,” Lexa laughed and pulled her towards the door.

“We haven't said our goodbyes yet, Lex,” Clarke replied as the door dinged when they slipped out, but Lexa wasn't listening. She pushed her up against the wall and kissed her rough and needy and pressed their bodies more firmly against each other. Before they could take it farther, they were interrupted and Lexa groaned.

“None of that, be happy it was me and not Mama G seeing you defiling her daughter on the sidewalk,” Raven teased and wrapped an arm around Anya’s shoulders, “How you two fuckers getting home anyways?”

“We're walking to Lexa's from here, it's not far,” Clarke answered and looked up at the sky to see storm clouds rolling in. It was going to rain anytime, “we should get going before it rains,” Lexa suggested and kissed Clarke's temple absentmindedly.

“We're not staying there, Raves,” Anya ran a hand through her hair.

“Good idea, we plan on being very loud!” Clarke cried out, but her face turned beet red when her mom stepped out and raised her eyebrows at them.

“I dont wanna know,” Abby said firmly and gathered Clarke up in a hug. Lexa stood back and let them have their moment.

It was over quickly and they all said their goodbyes and went their separate ways. Lexa pulled Clarke along as they did their best to avoid the rain, but also because she was eager to get back home and have Clarke all to herself with no interruptions.

Lexa was looking forward to that the most.

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Lexa pushed Clarke up against the wall in the stairwell and captured her lips in a searing kiss, her tongue slid inside when Clarke gasped at the feel of the cold concrete when it touched her bare skin. Lexa tasted the alcohol and chocolate from earlier and it made her dizzy with want. Putting her hands
to the sides of Clarke’s face, she kissed her even more.

“You’re driving me crazy,” Clarke let out a moan and wrapped her hands in Lexa’s hair and yanked
get head back to have access to her throat. She sucked for a few seconds before pulling away for
breath and rasping, “We need to get inside.”

They scrambled up the stairs but only managed a few at a time because Lexa kept stopping and
grabbing her hand and pulling Clarke into her to kiss her. Lexa would lose all sense of where they
were when her hands were ghosting over the swell of Clarke’s breasts and the curve of her ass. Lexa
found the collar of Clarke’s shirt and tore it a little.

Clarke’s hand moved up to stop her but her eyes sparkled mischievously, “I did buy the bra for you.”
she husked onto Lexa’s lips, and kissed them. Lexa’s head spun a little as her back hit the wall.

“I knew it!” she shouted in victory and tried to tear the shirt again. But Clarke stopped her with a
flick of her tongue across Lexa’s lips, “but we really should get inside…” Clarke laughed with her
then swayed a little too much, but Lexa shot an arm out and caught her before she fell down the
stairs.

“We should, but you seem to be awfully distracted,” Clarke husked in ear and bit her earlobe.

“Fuck, you shouldn’t look hot all the time if I’m supposed to keep my hands to myself,” Lexa pinned
Clarke’s hands above her head and sucked and bit at her neck leaving a mark that was sure to be
purple tomorrow. But all she could think of was making Clarke hers in every single way. Normally,
she wasn’t possessive and all, but with everything going on, she wanted everyone to know Clarke
was taken; mind, body, heart and soul.

They tried moving forward again but Clarke tripped as they hurried up the stairs, both too eager to
wait for the elevator. Lexa caught her again and got dizzy. Lexa’s body slammed into the wall loudly
and she knew she’d have a bruise on her shoulder tomorrow. But it was worth it. Everything with
Clarke was worth it.

Taking full advantage, Clarke pushed up against Lexa and cupped her, “you gonna fuck me, baby?”
Her breath was hot against Lexa’s ear and she ached to bury herself deep inside her girlfriend. She
pressed herself into Clarke’s hand and couldn’t contain her whimper.

“Oh, you have no idea,” Lexa panted and dragged Clarke up the rest of the stairs. She pushed the
door to the stairwell too hard and it banged open loudly, but they were in too big of a hurry to care.
With Clarke’s hand in hers they got to her door and Lexa pressed Clarke’s back against the wall
and kissed her deeply. She cupped her breasts and skated her hands up the back of Clarke’s shirt to feel
her warm soft skin, “You’re so soft.”

Clarke arched into Lexa’s touch and whimpered when Lexa skated over her nipples, “Are you going
to do something about it, not that I don’t like you admiring me and all, but-”

Leda grabbed Clarke under her knees, picked her up and slammed Clarke against her door, “You
were saying,” Lexa growled and Clarke moaned at the action and locked her legs tight around
Lexa’s thin waist. Lexa hitched her up higher to make sure she was secure and started to suck on her
neck again. The feel of Clarke’s warm body against hers was making her burn hot. She used one
hand to grope Clarke’s ass, “this is mine.” she growled in Clarke’s ear, squeezing a little. She
dropped her face into Clarke’s chest again, picking up where Anya had ripped her away from back
at the restaurant.

“Baby,” Clarke wiggled, but was laughing. Lexa felt hands grab her head and kisses fall in her hair,
“wait until we get inside…..”

“Maybe I don’t wanna wait, maybe I want to fuck you right here,” Lexa growled and pinched her ass, but Clarke shook her head.

“Inside and you can do whatever you want,” Clarke kissed her neck and bit down on her pulse point.

“Really??” Lexa grinned, but as she stepped back to look at Clarke her vision swum a little so she pushed Clarke against the wall harder to keep them both from falling.

Clarke laughed and looped her arms around her neck a little tighter and twitched an eyebrow, “yes.”

Lexa groaned. What Clarke just said made her dick hurt even more. Shuffling Clarke in her arms she adjusted herself with one hand, moved quickly, and fumbled with her keys before dropping them in front of her door. She groped for them fruitlessly not wanting to drop Clarke and it took her a second to realise she had to put her down to pick the keys up, “sorry…” she mumbled, placing her feet on the ground. Lexa picked up the keys and the first time she tried she missed the lock. Clarke started grinding on her leg which really didn’t help things. But finally after a few tries she got it. The door flew open with a bang she picked up Clarke again and dashed inside, only to trip on the mat and fall. At the last second Lexa shifted her body to take the brunt of the impact, landing on her back with Clarke on top her her, but it didn’t hinder her at all. She just kicked the door closed, pulled Clarke’s face down and kept kissing her.

“How..” Clarke straddled Lexa, grabbed her face, leaned in and kept kissing her warm pouty lips, “how did you,” she asked between kisses, “do that?” Lexa raised her eyebrow in question. Clarke elaborated, “land on your back like that?”

“Football practice..” Lexa ground out because the next second, Clarke’s tongue slid into her mouth and it was the best damn thing she’d felt all day. Clarke pulled her tongue back out and Lexa groaned and tried to suck it back into her mouth. Clarke had started to grind down on her. Lexa slapped her hands around Clarke’s waist to help her.

“Oh, you gonna show me more moves?” Clarke teased, still grinding she leaned in and brushed brown hair aside to suck on Lexa’s throat, marking her.

“I can….” Lexa grated through her teeth.

“Like what?” Clarke teased and sucked on the other side of her neck.

“Fuck!” Lexa squeezed her eyes shut hard and held Clarke tighter, “well there’s the tackle. That’s a good one-”

“Hmmm.. how’s that work exactly?” Clarke teased. She grabbed Lexa’s face in both hands and started to kiss her.

“Ahh…” Lexa brought one hand up and caught the back of Clarke’s neck to hold her as she kissed her mouth. Pretty lips opened for her and she teased her tongue in, “you run...” she said, doing it again, “I chase you-”

“Hmm, I like that,” Clarke ground down again and broke the kiss. She panted a minute before she ghosted her lips over Lexa’s and took her hands and put them above her head. Lexa wanted her lips back on hers, but it seemed Clarke had other ideas. “Catch me,” Clarke laughed and scrambled up quickly. She dashed towards the patio door and flung it open, but she was caught before she took a step.
Lexa grabbed Clarke around the waist. Her girlfriend was laughing hystericall but Lexa crowded her into the wall and cut off her laughter by pushing her tongue into her mouth and put her hand behind her head to protect her from the rough bricks as she searched her with her tongue. Clarke groaned into her mouth and eagerly sucked Lexa’s tongue making them both moan. “Do you want this?” Lexa asked to make sure.

Clarke nodded and bucked her hips into Lexa and whimpered. Lexa took the hint and let the last thread of her inhibitions that she had been barely clinging to, that the alcohol hadn’t stripped from her, go. She shoved her hand down the front of Clarke’s shorts to find her absolutely dripping and Lexa put her head on Clarke’s shoulder a minute as she ran two fingers through her drenched folds.

“Fuck, babe!” Lexa looked up and saw Clarke’s eyes hazy with desire and Lexa couldn’t take it anymore, she put her hands in the collar of Clarke’s shirt and ripped it down the middle making buttons scatter across the balcony. Lexa trailed wet fingers across red silk she couldn’t take her eyes from, “I want to fuck you, Clarke, hard.” Her voice was a low rasp. She looked up into blue eyes. Lexa dipped her fingertips into the top of the silk bra, “right here,” she glanced over to the shining rail, “against the railing--” tightening her hands into fists Lexa tore open the red bra and watched Clarke’s breasts spill out. She stared at them. She squeezed them and looked up at Clarke’s face, “--I want to bend you over it.” Lexa started pinching and sucking Clarke’s nipples.

“Do it,” Clarke’s voice husked, “Fuck me, Lex!” Clarke wrapped her hands around the back Lexa’s neck and pulled her into a desperate kiss.

Lexa broke her mouth away and lowered her face into pretty breasts, “I love that you keep asking that. I’m going to make you ask it more. I am going to make you burn, Clarke,” Lexa mouthed against them. She licked one and sucked a nipple into her mouth and shoved one hand down the front of Clarke’s shorts again. She skimmed through her cunt and buried two fingers before letting the nipple go and looking up to find blue eyes squeezed closed, “shove my dick up this wet little hole--” Lexa pushed her fingers in and out of her hard, feeling her, fingering her. She grunted listening to the little noises Clarke was making, she was so slippery, so wet. Lexa pushed her rock hard bulge into Clarke’s hip, “--again, and again, and again.” she punctuated each word with a roll of her hips.

“Oh my god!” Clarke had a tight grip on her neck and had her head back against the wall, her hair falling down in curls around her shoulders. “I love when you're dominant, fuck! Fuck me Lexa.”

Lexa smiled coyly. The buzz she was feeling all over her body from the drinks rushing through her veins could not cloud how breathlessly in love she was with this woman and how much Clarke trusted her sent her pulse tripping that much more. She pulled her hand from Clarke’s shorts and pushed her fingers into Clarke’s mouth, watching closely as they sank through pink lips. It made her shudder a little, her grip on the wall behind Clarke loosening as she felt Clarke sucking her fingers. Lexa pushed her hand back into Clarke’s shorts, fingered her more, enjoying her noises and her slippery feel before lifting her fingertips to Clarke’s lips again. Clarke sucked them into her mouth and while she did, Lexa had to use her other hand to unbutton and unzip her own pants. Leaving them to hang open she pushed her fingertips out of Clarke’s mouth and grabbed Clarke by the hips, “turn around baby…” She whispered. Clarke was nodding quickly and Lexa turned her and walked her gently over to the railing, “put your hands on it.” she looked at Clarke and nodded at the railing.

Clarke lifted her hands and gripped the rail. Lexa came up behind her and curled her hands around Clarke’s waist, “I love you so much…” her voice was a whisper through blonde hair against Clarke’s neck as she slid the pads of her thumbs down under the waistband of Clarke’s shorts. She slid one hand just inside Clarke’s shorts to settle on the silk of her panties. Other than that she didn’t touch her. Lexa looked out over the wooded area behind the building, “its a beautiful night, tonight.”
Clarke was shaking, “I swear to god, Lexa, you better fucking touch me or-”

Lexa chuckled right against Clarke’s ear, “or what?” still, she slid one finger down over Clarke’s silk covered slit. Running it up and down she traced a wet groove into Clarke’s panties and sucked at her ear and asked again, “or what Clarke? You’ll start touching yourself? I don’t think so. You,” she pulled her hand out and placed her hands over Clarke’s holding them down, “you’re going to hang onto this rail, aren’t you?”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Clarke screamed into the night and turned to grip the rail like Lexa requested while Lexa got her shorts off her legs. Clarke stood there shaking and Lexa made sure to drag her finger through her a few more times before she pulled away leaving Clarke aching to be filled, “How do you want me?” Clarke asked suddenly when she did, a dark, hooded look in her eyes “Like this?” Clarke turned and and put her back against the rail and her hands held tight, “Or this way?” She faced the rail and bent over and grabbed onto the cold metal and backed her ass up into Lexa’s crotch and moaned at the contact.

Lexa watched Clarke’s ass sway back and forth in red silk and swallowed thickly in anticipation as though hypnotized. She palmed Clarke’s ass cheek with one hand while the other trailed down her silky spine. Lexa watched goosebumps erupt on Clarke’s soft skin and saw Clarke’s arousal run down her thighs, “just like that,” she commanded at last and smiled when she saw Clarke close her eyes tightly. Lexa leaned in, put her hands on Clarke’s hips and spoke against her ear, “I’m going to fuck you so hard, you won’t be able to sit for a week.” Lexa bucked forward into her for emphasis and Clarke groaned loudly into the night.

“Stop talking and just do it already,” Clarke choked out when Lexa took her panties in both hands and tore the silk panties right off her. Lexa tossed the ruined pair and didn’t realize they landed on the edge of the balcony. She stripped off her shirt and bra and pressed herself into Clarke’s bareback and her nipples pebbled to attention.

“Eager are we?” Lexa unbuttoned her own pants and kicked them off and left her in just her boxers with her dick straining to get free, “Looks like you’re going to have to wait-”

“Fuck that,” Clarke rebelled and ground her ass into her bulge and Lexa had to stifle a whimper because there was no way Lex would let Clarke take control. Clarke was good, but tonight Lexa was better.

She put her hands on Clarke hips and stilled her movement. Clarke strained against her for a moment, but Lexa kept her grip firm and Clarke whined in discontent. Lexa loved when Clarke got feisty, but she wasn’t going to win this one no matter how hard Clarke tried, “Now, are you going to be a good girl?”

Clarke started nodding quickly, “yes...yes...yes...” she shifted about to grasp the rail better.

“Good.” Lexa breathed in her ear, “don’t forget or I stop.” She sucked on the back of Clarke’s neck as she reached and pushed her boxers down. They dropped to the balcony haplessly and Lexa reached around Clarke with one hand and grabbed onto the railing near Clarke’s where her knuckles had gone white. She nuzzled into blonde hair and used her other hand to feel between trembling legs. Liquid dripped onto her hand almost instantly and she rolled her eyes back into her head and sucked at Clarke’s throat, “you are greedy,” she whispered, “look at you.” Lexa pushed one finger into Clarke again and then another. The little grunting noises Clarke was making sent thrills down her spine and made her thrust a little faster. She had Clarke’s skin in her mouth it tasted good. Quickly though Lexa let it go and pulled her fingers away.

Clarke yelped from the deprivation, “Lexa, don’t stop-”
Lexa smirked, “be a good girl then.” She lined herself up with Clarke’s dripping opening and pushed in with a loud grunt. She could feel Clarke squirming a little, and heard her cussing as she slid inside. Tight, wet heat wrapped around her and squeezed suddenly and Lexa stuttered and couldn’t breathe. She got dizzy, it was probably from the drinks mixed with the sudden squeezing, and had to hold the railing a little tighter for a few seconds.

Finally she started a brutal pace and jackhammered her hips into Clarke’s, the sound of their sweaty skin slapping together echoed in the night but neither cared, “oh god!” Lexa shouted and fucked Clarke harder, “I love how tight you squeeze me.”

“God, you fill me so good, Lexa! God!” Clarke’s knuckles were white where they gripped the railing. Lexa loved the sight of it, of Clarke bent over like this. She stilled her own hips and it made Clarke look back and narrowed her eyes at her. Lexa lifted her eyebrows at her mischievously and pent down to grab her tie that was tossed down. Pressing into Clarke deeply she took the tie and looped it around Clarke’s hands and secured her to the railing. Lexa yanked Clarke’s head back and pulled her into a searing kiss. The angle was awkward, but it was what they both needed.

“I love fucking you,” Lexa panted and continued to rut into her. She had a death grip on Clarke’s hips, but she leaned over Clarke and gripped the railing next to Clarke’s hand again to give herself more leverage. “You going to be a good girl?” Lexa shifted deeper and Clarke cried out. “I’m going to fuck you so hard, you can’t walk the next day!”

“I’m your good girl!” Clarke yelled out for all to hear. “Fuck, do it, Lex. Stretch my pussy out!” Lexa felt Clarke back up her ass into her as far as she could. Clarke was squirting on her. Lexa groaned when she felt it sliding down her legs. Clarke was also grabbing onto the rail a little harder. It shook a little and Clarke it was music to Lexa’s ears when Clarke started shouting her name as she pounded into her, “Lexa! Lex!”

“Who’s pussy is this?” Lexa reached around pinching Clarke’s nipple. Clarke cried out in ecstasy. Lexa resumed her pace and pounded into her girlfriend. “Whose?” Lexa demanded harshly. “Tell me?!”

“Yours,” Clarke yelled, she squirmed a little bit which felt so good around Lexa that she saw spots go across her eyes for a minute. Especially with Clarke saying, “oh, fuck, Lex, it's yours!”

“That’s right!” Lexa crowded Clarke flush up against the railing so their sweaty skin pressed together while she sucked on Clarke’s neck and jabbed her hips higher to thrust deeper into her than she had been a second before and Clarke’s muscles squeezed tighter. Lexa grunted as she did it and then started shouting without even meaning to, “fuck, Clarke, fuck! Your pussy is so tight! Uh! Uh! You’re making me work for it, aren't you?”

Lexa tilted her head back and squeezed her eyes shut as she fucked Clarke because it felt so damn good. The sky rumbled overhead, lightening streamed across it causing her to rip her eyes open and her hard pace to stutter a little. Rain started hitting her face within seconds and running down her skin.

“Babe!” Clarke yelled out and Lexa barely heard it over the rain pounding against the pavement of the balcony. “Don’t stop,” Clarke reached around and put her hands on Lexa’s ass. Lexa allowed Clarke to pull her deeper. “Make me yours!” Clarke had her eyes squeezed shut and her bottom lip between her teeth.

“Nobody else can make you feel like I do!” Lexa hissed into her ear and bit her earlobe. Possessiveness swarmed through her. “Mine, Clarke!” Lexa raised her leg up onto the rail as well and changed the angle of her thrusts. She was happy that her girl was so damn flexible. Lexa panted
as her pace increased with the rain that ran down her face and into her eyes.

She didn’t let it deter her though.

“Nobody else makes me feel like you do!” Clarke arched up into Lexa’s thrusts and Lexa felt herself bottom out inside her. “I’m yours! Just yours!” Clarke cried out and Lexa pushed harder and deeper reaching with one hand she pulled sopping wet hair from Clarke’s face, “that’s it, I want to hear you.” she growled. Lexa tossed her own hair back as well as she kept up her relentless pace. She kept the wet railing gripped in one hand, it was shaking and a planter tumbled over the side to crash on the sidewalk below. Over the sound of the rain she heard her phone ringing off to the side, but ignored it, “yes, Clarke, yes.” she grunted. She gripped Clarke’s hip harder in one hand and the rail with the other and tossed her head back so the rain hit her face, “fucking you up your little hole like I said I would,” she thrust up into her to make her point, “right out here on my porch.” Lexa ground her teeth together in her mouth because all her words were coming out as growls. The phone kept ringing, but she didn’t care. All she wanted to do - was fuck Clarke right here, “Clarke, Clarke…Clarke…” she lost coherency and all she could do was shout Clarke’s name with each thrust.

Clarke’s head was pressed against the railing now and Lexa saw Clarke’s hands slip from the rail. “Yes, god yes, Lexa!” Clarke chanted her name over and over again and Lexa felt Clarke flutter around her dick and knew she was close. “OH GOD! I love you fucking me. I fucking love you!” Clarke’s velvety walls clamped down around her as Clarke flew over the edge. “OH my… fuck!!!” Thunder clapped in the distance, but Clarke’s screams rivaled the thunder and Lexa loved it.

“I love fucking you, too, Clarke….” Lexa rasped against Clarke’s ear. Lexa felt her body lock up as and a groan leave through her clenched teeth as she scrambled to hold onto Clarke’s hipbone tighter and anchored them both in place as she started coming inside her, “Clarke..” Lexa rasped out, thrusting shallowly and moving her other arm at last to wrap around her girlfriend tight. Lexa trembled and shook as she shot rope after rope inside of her. It was heaven. It was bliss and even in all the white that had taken over her vision she felt herself falling like the rain.

“Lex-” A moan pierced the air as Clarke’s body locked up a second time as another orgasm crashed through her. Lexa untied her hands and they stumbled back into the glass door. The rain did very little to dampen the alcohol in their systems. Lexa laughed, but groaned when Clarke humped into her to ride out her high and once it tapered off, Clarke slumped back against her. “Fuck, that was good! We should...we should do that more often,” Clarke sucked in air, “We should go inside, we don’t want to get sick.”

Clarke stepped away and Lexa pulled slowly out and knew they both were a sticky, wet mess, especially Clarke. “How about a hot, bubble bath?” Lexa asked when Clarke turned around and faced her. Clarke leaned against her and wrapped her arms around her. She nodded. “Why don’t you go inside and wrap up in a blanket and I’ll be there soon to run the bath, okay?”

“Heard, please,” Clarke asked as she slid the balcony door open and hurried inside, but came right back and left a lingering kiss on her lips. “That was amazing, Lex. I’ll be waiting.”

Lexa stood there buck naked and watched Clarke’s ass sway as she sauntered off. She locked eyes with Clarke who winked before she disappeared from sight. Lexa let out a whistle as she hastened to pick up their soaked clothes that littered the balcony. She grabbed everything except Clarke’s panties that she couldn’t find and hurried inside behind Clarke. Lexa dug her phone out of her pocket before she dropped the clothes into a wet heap in the laundry and left it on the counter.

Lexa made her way to the bathroom when she heard water running. She stopped in the doorway to see Clarke bent over the tub, her wet hair hanging down in tangles and water dotted all over her
naked body with the candlelight flickering around her. She leaned against the doorjamb and watched as Clarke tossed in a bath bomb and the smell of lavender wafted through the air, “I see you started it without me?” Lexa asked as she laughed hysterically when Clarke whipped around, her eyes still glassy from the alcohol and her cheeks tinged pink.

“I just wanted it ready and waiting for you,” Clarke smiled sheepishly, “I planned on being in it as well, but you were quicker than I thought,” She stepped backwards and stepped into the steamy, bubble filled bath, “You going to join me?” Clarke asked. She held out a hand toward Lexa.

Lexa looked at it, and at the beauty that was Clarke who stood in front of her and felt herself get turned on again. Images of them on the balcony flashed through her mind quickly, but she shook them away. Lexa reached out and took Clarke’s hand and let herself be tugged towards the tub. Lexa kissed Clarke instantly, “thank you, baby,” she whispered onto Clarke’s lips. That Clarke wanted to surprise her made her heart flutter around a little. “You’re so sweet,”Lexa slowly sank down into the bubbles and at the same time pulled Clarke down to lay on top of her. She closed her eyes and rubbed water up and down Clarke’s back, “are you okay?” she asked at last, words that worried their way into her head at last, “after outside? I ..I wasn’t too rough?” Lexa could hear the hesitation in her own voice, and she felt Clarke pause on top of her.

Clarke stroked her arms and kissed her jaw, “No, baby, not at all. I loved it and besides I knew I could have said no at anytime. You didn’t do anything I didn’t want,” Clarke put her hands on the side of her Lexa and pushed up to look into Lexa’s eyes and kissed her soundly on the lips. “I love you, babe and I trust you completely,” Clarke smiled and Lexa got lost in the blue of Clarke’s eyes, “Do you believe me?”

“I do,” Lexa whispered, her eyes drifting across Clarke, across the marks she’d left on her throat. Pushing up a little more Lexa leaned in and gently kissed each of them, “I’m.. I’m a little drunk, Clarke. But that’s not why I did it,” she admitted, sitting back, “I..I might want to again. Is that okay?” She curled Clarke’s hair around her fingers and looked into her eyes, “or maybe you to do that?”

“Anytime, love,” Clarke leaned back when Lexa kissed her throat, “Lexa, stop worrying okay? I know you aren’t like that normally and I loved dominant you. It was so fucking hot and I would like to do that to you too, but right now, I want my cuddles,” Clarke laid back down on her chest and Lexa immediately wound her arms tight around Clarke. “Ah, that’s much better. No more worries, babe. We’re good, it was fantastic and I love you.”

“I love you too,” Lexa answered. She closed her eyes and leaned back in the tub for a second, holding Clarke and stroking her back before she remembered again what they had just been doing outside in the rain. She felt herself start to laugh, “Clarke?” it was a low laugh that shook the water.

“Ahh, that’s much better. No more worries, babe. We’re good, it was fantastic and I love you.”

 Lexa snorted into her hair, “I guess ..well.. I finally got you wet in more ways than one,” unable to help herself she started laughing more after Clarke looked up at her and bewilderment and then amusement showed in blue eyes.

A smack landed on her shoulder, and Clarke had a stern look on her face that had Lexa freezing for a moment. It didn’t last long as Clarke fell over in a fit of laughter so hard, water sloshed over the side of the tub, “You’re an idiot.”

“Your idiot though,” Lexa said and brushed her hair back from her face.

“Yes, all mine and I wouldn’t have it any other way,” Clarke kissed her on the forehead and
snuggled back into Lexa’s arms.

Lexa held Clarke against her until the water started to get cold and Clarke had dozed off in her arms. She had been asleep for a little bit. It was cute and Lexa really didn’t want to wake her. Still, she had to. So she shook her gently, “Clarke?”

Clarke grunted. Shook her head and snuggled deeper. Lexa laughed deep in her chest, shaking Clarke a little, making her grunt again and sloshing the water. Finally she sighed and went to stand up and pulled Clarke up with her. Lexa swept her up in her arms, got them both out and sat down on the toilet with Clarke in her lap. She reached for the nearest towel she could grab and dried Clarke off before drying herself best she could. They were slightly damp still in the end, but Lexa didn’t care. She just wanted to get her girl into their bed. She was still a little drunk, but was confident enough that she could carry Clarke to bed. Lexa made her way to her bedroom and laid Clarke carefully down on her side, slipped in beside her and pulled Clarke back into her arms.

Clarke’s little sigh of contentment and a mumbled, “love you, Lex..” made Lexa smile and feel warm inside. She buried her nose into Clarke’s hair and fell asleep to the scent of lavender, and Clarke Griffin, permanting the air.

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Morning sunlight streamed through her bedroom window and bathed the room in a soft orange glow. It woke Lexa who yawned and snuggled back into Clarke’s warm, soft body that was wrapped around hers. She had blonde hair in her face and stuck in her mouth, she pulled the strands out of her mouth and kissed the side of Clarke’s head. Her stomach rumbled suddenly and she decided it would be a good idea to surprise Clarke make her breakfast in bed. Lexa wanted to celebrate her win yesterday because she was so proud of her girlfriend, plus she wanted to spoil her a little bit. Her head pounded slightly when she slipped out from bed, so Lexa rummaged around in her nightstand for headache pills. She popped two in her mouth and took a drink of a water sitting there and left two out for Clarke to take when she woke up.

Lexa padded softly over to her dresser and grabbed a pair of sweats and a loose shirt. She made her way to the door and closed it quietly behind her, but not without one last look of Clarke who had flopped over on her side and snuggled into her pillow, she just vacated. Lexa smiled at the sight and made her way to the kitchen, but the ringing of her phone detoured her over the wet heap of their clothes and the phone laying beside it. She pulled on the sweats and tugged the shirt over her head. She needed to use the restroom, but her phone flashing deemed more important.

Lexa swiped the screen to check her missed calls and was thankful her phone was dry and still in working condition. She leaned a hip against the dryer and focused on the screen and snorted at the last caller. It was Anya, of course. She checked the time, the first call was after twelve last night, but her amusement at her friend calling at whatever-the-hell-time-she-liked-to faded when she saw Anya had tried to call her seven times in ten minutes. There were also more missed calls this morning.

Something was wrong.

And it could be anything.

Her mind raced through any number of reasons from Anya forgetting her keys to someone calling on her phone to tell her she was in the hospital. A chill spread over Lexa’s body and she felt cold. She stared at the screen and scrolled through the calls again. She could almost hear her heart thumping as she decided to call back or not.

The pad of soft feet hit her ears, but she didn’t register them. Her thumb hovered instead over the
“Babe?”

Lexa jumped a mile. Her phone clattering to the floor. She looked up from it, with her mouth parted from her own shock to find Clarke standing there, wrapped up cute and fuzzy in a warm white fleece blanket from her bed. Lexa’s breath was escaping her lips in little gasps and it took her a couple seconds to get them under control, “Clarke…”

Clarke took her in. She took a single step into the room, “babe …are you okay?”

Lexa held up a finger and pressed speed dial number 3 for her best friend. Clarke was number 2 because voicemail had to be first. The phone only rang twice before Anya picked up.

“Finally, what the fuck, Lex? I’ve been calling and texting for hours, but I passed out with my phone in my hand because I was way too drunk to come over there!” Anya yelled and Lexa turned the volume down because Anya was loud and Clarke was standing close to her. She had a gut feeling that whatever Anya was about to tell her wasn’t going to be good and didn’t want Clarke to hear it this way.

“I was busy-” Lexa started to say, but Anya cut her off.

“Yeah, I know you were, but Lex,” Anya paused and Lexa heard her in take a deep breath through the phone and braced herself. “That’s why I’m calling.”

“What do you mean, that’s why…no…” Lexa clutched the phone tightly in her fist and took a ragged breath. She felt Clarke put a tentative hand on her shoulder and Lexa grabbed Clarke’s hand with her free one and held on like a lifeline.

“Yes, Lex. It’s all over the internet and it’s not good,” Anya said softly, “I’ll send you the link, but that’s why I was calling so many times. I wanted you both to get inside. This creep, this fucking asshole, I’ll kill them, I swear,” Anya growled, but all Lexa heard was white noise and the phone tumbled from her grasp when the beep of another text came through.

“Baby…” Clarke was speaking softly. Lexa felt her shoulder her softly, “baby your phone….” out of the corner of her eye she saw Clarke reach for it and that kicked her back into motion. Lexa grabbed up her phone before Clarke could, and stumbled back against the wall.

Lexa glanced down at the phone and sees the call is still connected and hears Anya saying her name over and over, “I’m here.”

“What the hell-” Anya started to shout, but Lexa interrupted.


“Raven as far as I know, but Lex this is everywhere,” Anya said and sighed. “This is going viral and we need to-”

“Just give me some time, I need… I need to talk to Clarke and I’ll call you back, okay?” Lexa asked, her voice broken at the implications of the video.

“Fine, but if I don’t hear from you in an hour, I’m coming over and bringing the calvary. You two are not in this alone,” Anya stated.

“Yeah, okay. Later,” Lexa clicked the red button and the call ended. She pulled up the text and
clicked on the video. Her heart was in her throat as she watched the video with the volume off and sank down on the floor with her back against the counter. The tile was cold on her bare feet and she saw Clarke kneel down next to her and brushed her hair back. Tears gathered in her eyes and streaked down her cheek when Clarke tilted her chin up, “Clarke…” Lexa broke and gathered Clarke up in her arms and sobbed into her shoulder.

Lexa was shaking. The look in her eyes that brief moment they had looked at hers had been devastating. Whatever had happened was bad and Clarke moved to sit up, “Lexa?” she rubbed her back a little, “Babe…” the word trembled from Clarke’s lips. Clarke moved to sit in her lap better, “baby, Lexa…” she stated, getting her hands around Lexa’s face and tugging up so Lexa would look at her, “whatever they’ve done we can get through it okay,” Clarke kissed her tear stained cheeks and Clarke pulled her back into her arms and rubbed her back and stroked her hair. “I’m here, shhh, love. I’m here,” Clarke reassured her distraught girlfriend. “Baby, I love you, I’m right here.”

After a few minutes, Lexa swallows harshly and pulls back from Clarke’s comforting embrace. She wiped the tears that lingered on her cheeks and shifted to stretch her legs out in front of her. “There’s something…there’s something I need to tell you,” Lexa stuttered out and did her best not to cry again. “I wanted to wait until after your competition and I…”

“There’s something I need to tell you too, but I was waiting as well. You go first,” Clarke shifted to sit cross legged in front of her and Lexa linked their hands together and kissed her knuckles. Lexa knew what Clarke wanted to tell her because she saw the texts, but understood why Clarke waited. Lexa couldn’t be upset as she had the same reasons Clarke did for keeping it to herself until now.

“I already know what you want to tell me, Clarke,” Lexa hesitated. “The texts you’ve been getting, I’ve been getting them too,” Lexa confessed, “I saw them on your phone yesterday morning when I woke up. I assumed you’ve been getting them for awhile. Lexa saw Clarke nod. “I’ve been getting them since the night on the beach and it’s gotten worse. There’s some...videos too.”

“V-” Clarke’s voice cracked a little, staring at Lexa, trying to absorb this. Lexa’s fingers were holding hers so tightly her knuckles had gone white, “videos?” Clarke managed the word on her next, shaky breath and saw Lexa’s single nod so she tried not to panic. Not in front of Lexa and found her voice again, “of...of what? How did you find them? Did they text them to you?”

“They didn’t.” Lexa answered. She stared at their locked hands and took a deep breath. All sensation had left her body except for Clarke’s grip. She had imagined the conversation a few times. But never thought it would happen with herself barely dressed and Clarke in only a blanket on the cold tile of the floor. She thought maybe in bed, or sitting on the couch. But they were here and she only hoped she could be strong enough to stand with Clarke - to ride the tide that was about to wash over them right now, and Clarke didn’t even know it yet.

“Lexa?”

Clarke speaking her name pulled Lexa back. She looked up, “they didn’t text them, no. Raven found them, when they were looking online for stuff about you from your last competition.” Lexa’s eyes moved over Clarke a little, giving her time to absorb that, but Clarke’s face stayed pale and her lips stayed parted as though locked on words she didn’t know how to speak. Lexa worked one of her hands loose just for a second and used it to brush a strand of blonde hair out of that pretty, worried and yet determined face staring into hers. The look was giving her strength that she didn’t know she had, and she was afraid in the next few moments it would come crashing down, “they are videos of you...just going about your life, Clarke..”

“My what?” Clarke’s mouth dropped open, “What do you mean?” Clarke started to shake and a gasp escaped her parted lips. “But how? Why?” Clarke’s grip on her hand tightened and it felt like Lexa’s
bones were grinding together.

“Yes, you surfing, you at work, at home, and etc. There was even one of you and Finn kissing.” Lexa clenched her jaw and did her best to remain calm.

“That’s why you were so upset at the beach, wasn’t it?” Clarke asked, “It wasn’t just what Finn said, it was because of the video you all found. Wait,” Clarke yanked her hand out of Lexa’s grasp and tears pooled in her eyes. “You all knew and you didn’t tell me?”

“I swear I wanted to tell you and they all did too, but you had your final heat against Nia and none of us anything to hinder you,” Lexa reached out for her, but Clarke held up a hand. “I promise, Clarke. I had every intention of telling you. They were following my-”

Clarke shot to her feet, “This was your idea!” Clarke yelled, “How the fuck am I supposed to feel that my girlfriend, the love of my life lied to me!” Clarke had her fists clenched and a fire lit in her eyes as she yelled down Lexa.

Lexa audibly gulped as she had never seen Clarke this angry before. It was a sight to behold, “Well technically I didn’t lie-” Lexa zipped her mouth shut when Clarke narrowed her eyes and started to storm off. “Wait, there’s more-” The door to her bedroom slammed shut and cut off the rest of what she was going to say. Lexa debated following her, but decided to give her time to cool off. It was a lot to take in and she didn’t want to make it worse. Lexa got up and made her way to the couch and sagged down onto it. Her stomach rumbled, but she did her best to ignore it. The thought of food right now when her stomach was already in knots was not appealing.

Lexa sat back and waited.

After what seemed like hours, Lexa heard the door creak open and footsteps approach her. She lifted her head to see Clarke standing in front of her fiddling with her hands, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have kept this from you,” Lexa stood up, but didn’t step closer, no matter how much Lexa wanted too. Clarke stood there with her arms crossed and her expression on her face was angry. Lexa wasn’t sure if it was all directed at her or the situation they found themselves in.

“What else?” Clarke ordered and stepped closer and Lexa had to resist the urge to step back. She wasn’t normally afraid of Clarke, but seeing this fire in her had her questioning her safety slightly.

“Any video called because there is another video. She’s been on the lookout just in case and umm…” Lexa stumbled over her words.

“Spit it out,” Clarke requested in a deadly serious manner.

“Last night…we…” Lexa tilted her head towards the balcony and saw Clarke’s eyes follow her movement. “It’s all over the internet and Anya had called to warn me, but we were occupied…” Lexa blushed scarlet and stared at her girlfriend and watched the realization wash over her.

“They recorded us?” the color drained from Clarke’s face. She felt numb. She felt violated. She felt humiliated and angry and it came crashing down all at once, “you’re standing here telling me that someone out there-” she pointed quickly toward the glass door, “was close enough that they recorded us fucking and put it on the internet??”

“Clarke, I-”

“I don’t know, like….” Clarke shoved her hands into her hair, angry and hurt tears falling freely down her face from emotions she couldn’t keep in check as she started to pace rapidly back and forth in front of Lexa, “like you’re just telling me what you had for fucking breakfast?” she stopped. She
whirled on Lexa, “is that what you’re saying??”

“I feel like anything I say won’t be the right answer so how about I just keep my mouth shut,” Lexa’s heart pounded away in her chest and knew that Clarke was feeling violated and all other sorts of emotions coursing through her so Lexa just shook her head which was the absolute worst thing for her to do it turns out.

‘Keep your mouth shut??’” Clarke stared at her hard, “well it seems you’re fucking good at doing that I guess so why not?” she strode forward and held her hand open, “let me see it. The video.” she glared at Lexa. She glared at the door. She glared at Lexa again.

Lexa reached down and scooped her phone up and pulled the video back up. She handed it over to Clarke who almost ripped it out of her hand. Lexa rubbed a hand over her face as Clarke turned the volume on and the sounds of them fucking last night echoed through the silent apartment. Lexa grimaced hearing every word she said until it finally ended.

Clarke felt frozen, even her thoughts seemed unable to move. Her skin felt cold and clammy and she had a death-grip on Lexa’s phone, staring at it, at the ‘replay’ button that she didn’t hit, did not need to hit, after the video had ended.

What happened last night, had been so beautiful to her. It was something they had shared together and someone had .. taken it away. Her own cries couldn’t be heard in the rain in the video and slowly she started breathing again, and as she did her eyes finally sought out the name of the user that uploaded the video, “azgedawarrior7.” she muttered, and tossed the phone, harder than she meant to, onto Lexa’s couch. But rage had built up suddenly until it exploded in her and the phone in her hand was her only outlet. Clarke felt trapped in her own skin with nowhere to go. She flung herself onto the couch after it. She got up instantly and started storming around the room, “who the fuck did this shit to us. And why? I don’t fucking know what to do now and you, you…” she whipped around to Lexa, but her words trailed off, burned out, especially by the fearful and worried and angry look in her girlfriend’s stormy green eyes, Clarke finally sank to the floor.

Lexa sank down to her knees and held her arms open waiting and hoping for Clarke to come to her, but she wouldn’t force her too. “Clarke, I…” Clarke fell into her open arms and Lexa held onto her trembling body as tightly as she could. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” Lexa repeated over and over again.

“It’s not your fault, I know you didn’t keep this from me on purpose. I haven’t been honest with you either,” Clarke hiccuped and sighed, “I should have told you when I got the first text a couple weeks ago, but I thought it was just a wrong number, I never thought it would escalate to this…” Clarke let out a shaky breath and gripped tightly onto Lexa’s shoulders.

“Weeks?” Lexa shivered to think that Clarke had been dealing with this for so long by herself. Lexa struggled to not let her anger overtake the rational part of her mind as she sat back a little. “Why didn’t you say something?” Lexa asked more harshly than intended.

“I had the competition coming up and you had football and classes and we were so busy. I honestly didn’t think anything of it until the day you came to my work, it started getting creepy and I knew I had to tell you, but the competition and I decided to wait, I…” Clarke trailed off and stared at her helplessly.

The sound of someone beating on the door echoed through the apartment, “Lexa!” Anya’s voice shouted through it, startling them both. Lexa moved them both up to the couch to sit and Clarke’s hands were gripping both of hers tight again. They heard keys rattle, the lock turned and the door burst open. Anya burst through first, catching sight of them and stopping where she was. Raven and Octavia and even Lincoln were just a few steps behind her. They froze on the spot.
The air in the room suddenly turned awkward, feet shuffled. Apparently, everyone realising they were still alive.

“We’re okay.” Lexa spoke up firmly, it was a statement to them - but it was a question for Clarke. She went on, “we talked about it and she knows everything.”

Anya strode forward first, “that fucking video is all over the internet. Lexa,“ she stated as though Lexa might have missed i the first time, “whoever they are, they streamed it live!—” Anya squared her shoulders, “this has gone far enough. This has gone too far.” she shoved her hair back.

Raven however pushed forward her own phone out and in her hand, the sound of the video playing an intrusive, devastating force that made Lexa burn both with anger and also embarrassment that this was happening to Clarke in front of all of them, playing for all of them, “the uploader is azgedawarrior7..” Raven was announcing, “I am already trying to see if I can find out—”

“Wait-” Lexa stood up. Clarke had read it to her once but hearing the name spoken again it finally hit her now that she wasn’t in complete fear of Clarke leaving her, or shock. She found her phone quickly where it had fallen in the couch and looked at the video screen again, “azgedawarrior7? Clarke?” Lexa looked over at her “thats-”

“Ontari’s number.” Lincoln muttered.

“I’ll fucking kill that bitch,” Octavia whirled around and started to stomp off, but Lincoln grabbed her around the waist. “What the fuck, Linc?”

“Going off half cocked isn’t going to do anybody any good. We all need to cool off and think rationally. That number is fairly obvious and as much as I dislike Ontari, would she really be that stupid?”

“Yes,” Lexa and Anya exclaimed simultaneously.

“She thinks no one can touch her and that she is a god. She thinks nobody is stupid enough to go up against her and that’s true. Most of her followers are afraid of her. God, I should have known she’d stoop to this level. It’s exactly something she’d do,” Lexa hissed and vibrated with barely controlled anger. “This video could destroy me and Ontari knows that.”

“Destroy you how?” Raven asked.

“The scouts and her chances at the NFL. It’s bound to have gotten out that Lexa is being scouted and Ontari could use this to her advantage,” Anya replied for her. “It looks like Clarke’s responses were cut off or muffled on the playback somehow so it makes it look like Lexa is…”

“What?” Clarked demanded and looked around the room, “Forcing me?” Clarke was bewildered that anyone would think that. “No fucking way, I...it wasn’t like that.”

“We know that, Griff, but to everyone else, it doesn’t look good at all for Lexa,” Raven sat down on the floor and put a hand on Clarke’s knee. “We see it your way, but others won’t.”

“I’ll set them straight, I’ll…” Clarke stammered trying to find the words, “I’ll clear this up, somehow.”

“What we need to do first, is call the fucking police,” Anya stomped forward and handed them Lexa’s phone that laid on the opposite end of the couch. “Now!”

“And say what exactly,” Lexa asked. “Hell, they could not believe me and arrest me instead of
taking this threat seriously because that’s what this is. A threat!” Lexa felt Clarke rub her arm up and down and it calmed her slightly, but didn’t completely erase her fears like normal.

“I won’t let that happen, babe,” Clarke tried to reassure her, but the doubt in voice was heard loud and clear.

“We will cross that bridge when we come to it, but right now, we have to involve them. This isn’t about some harmless act, this is a violation of privacy and beyond,” Octavia struggled against Lincoln’s hold. “Call them now, Clarke or I will.”

“Octavia is right. We need to report this. We have no idea how far this could go. It’s better to try and get ahead of it than let this get worse than it already is. I mean, honestly, who knows what else they have up their sleeve,” Lincoln released Octavia, but held onto her hand than didn’t go unnoticed by Lexa.

She was glad to have them all in her corner, but right now, they couldn’t really help her. It was her word against the video and the video made her seem like some sort of monster, “Give me the phone,” Anya slapped a phone into her hand and she dialed the non emergency number and was connected within a minute to a dispatcher. Lexa explained the situation and hung up after a few minutes. “They are sending two officers over shortly. Excuse me, I need to get fully dressed,” Lexa stood up, but placed a kiss on Clarke’s forehead. “I’ll be right back, babe. Are you okay?”

“I’ll be okay, but hurry back, please?” Clarke didn’t let go of Lexa’s hand at first. “Promise?”

“I promise. I’ll be quick,” Lexa leaned in and placed a kiss to her lips and pulled away quickly before anyone could see the tears in her eyes. Her chest felt like it was going to explode and she needed a minute to get herself under control before the police arrived.

Lexa made quick work to change into a green polo, jeans and shoes. She braided her hair back and didn’t bother with any makeup. She made her way back out the living room to see Octavia and Raven on either side of Clarke and her heart broke at the devastated look in her girlfriend’s eyes. They lit up slightly when Lexa stepped into view, and Lexa hurried back to Clarke’s side, “What did I miss?” Octavia gave up her spot for Lexa to sit back down. Lexa nodded her head in gratitude.

“We were talking about the different people it could be?” Clarke answered and leaned her body into Lexa’s.

“But I thought Ontari-” Lexa looked around at their friends.

“We can’t say its her for sure. We need to compile a list. The police will want to know,” Raven stated and made her way into the kitchen for a pen and pad of paper. Once she sat back down, they all stared at one another, “Well…” Raven snapped impatiently. “Finn is one for sure.”

Lexa felt her teeth grind at the mention of his name. Even though any reason he might have might not be as carefully formed as Ontari could come up with. He was there, just the same and clearly had been trying to split them up. Her hand tightened in Clarke’s, “that bastard prick shithead-“ she growled out.

“Right, right, Finn…” Clarke cut her off quickly, and started smoothing her thumb over Lexa’s hand to calm her. She was glad they had pushed through the part where they had been yelling at each other before now, “he’s on the list. He was at the competition.”

“Finn Collins,” Raven scribbled down, “ex-boyfriend.” she added his relationship status in as well.

“They sent us pictures of us there that day. He could have taken them easy-” Lexa growled.
“Anyone, could have, Lex.” Anya cut in, able somehow to think objectively, “that’s why we’re trying to figure this out.”

“I’m still saying its Ontari.” Octavia stated, “she has the most motive, the most reason-”

“What about Nia?” Lincoln spoke up. He looked over at Clarke and added, “she has a lot of motive. This might be some sort of revenge on her part?”

“That’s true, Clarke, she hates you. She knows you’re the better surfer and she’s had it out for you since the first competition you two were in,” Raven agreed and hastily wrote down her name. “Nia Queen,” Raven bit out, “Relationship?”

“Surfer?” Octavia suggested. “I mean that should work for now or ‘competition’.”

“Arch enemy number one!” Raven wrote down hard and tore a hole in the paper. “Oops.”

“Don’t worry about it, babe,” Anya went and sat down on the floor beside her girlfriend. “Who else?” Anya asked while she ran a soothing hand down Raven’s back.

“Niylah, I guess,” Clarke threw out her name. “She was trying really hard to get my attention which is something she normally never does. I don’t think she’s behind this-”

“She was there and knew you were taken, but that didn’t stop her from flirting with you and putting her hands all over you right in front of me,” Lexa snapped and bit her lip from other choice words threatening to spill out.

Anya was already handing Raven a new pen when she looked, and Raven quickly added, “Niylah Hunter, jealous bitch.” to her list.

“What better reason-” Anya muttered. But her words were cut off with a new knock on the door, “police department!” a woman’s voice from outside spoke up loudly through it.

For some reason, that made everyone jump and they all looked over at the door. Another woman’s voice called out, “police department, we received a call from this address?”

Lexa’s nerves fluttered a little. She stared at the door for a second as she tried to pull herself together. She needed to end this, for Clarke. And this was the way to do it.

“Hello?” both officers called out. Lexa could hear the click of their radios, as if they were talking in them and deciding it had to be a fake call. She reacted quicker than she thought she might, kissing Clarke on the side of the head she pushed to her feet and sprinted over to the door, “don’t leave.” she called as she opened it wide, leaving two very startled officers looking at her.

They slowly released the call buttons on their radios and looked her up and down. One of the pair spoke up after several tense seconds, “Miss Lexa Woods?”

“Yes, ma’am, that’s me. Please come in,” Lexa stepped back and once they were inside, closed the door behind them. Lexa went back over to stand next to Clarke and Lincoln had brought two chairs from the kitchen for the officers.

The first cop that spoke flashed her badge, “I’m officer Hannah Green.”

The other woman opened hers to show it as well, “officer Emily Byrne.” she introduced. Hannah Green took note of the chairs and nodded at Lincoln to say thank you for them, but the pair didn’t quite sit yet. Instead, they both put their badges away again, “we understand we are here for a
stalking case, including sexual conduct?” she said it as dryly as though she had been reading the news. Byrne looked over the occupants of the room, “which of you are filing the complaint?”

“I am,” Lexa nodded towards the officers.

“I am as well and yes that’s why you both are here,” Clarke spoke up timidly and leaned back into Lexa.

Green simply pulled out a notebook, “state your whole names as written on your birth certificate for the record?”

“And it’s okay,” Byrne spoke up, reaching across the short distance between herself and Clarke. She carefully squeezed Clarke’s hand to assure her, “we usually take these cases, instead of the male officers.” she slipped into one of the offered chairs.

“None of this okay,” Clarke blew out a frustrated breath, “My name is Clarke Abigail Griffin and this is my girlfriend, Alexandria Renee Woods,” Clarke smiled slightly at her when Lexa gave her a surprised look. “She prefers Lexa though,” Lexa kissed her on the temple and held her closer to her.

At the officers looks, Lexa spoke up, “That’s true, I do and that is my full legal name.”

“And the rest of you?” Officer Green spoke again, writing down the first two names. She looked around the room, “if you are here as witnesses or to provide statements or evidence, we will need your full names as well.”

“Octavia Aurora Blake,” Octavia raised her hand and leaned into Lincoln.

“Lincoln Michael Oaks,” Lincoln replied and leaned against the door.

“Anya Marie Pine,” Anya nudged Raven next to her who was staring down at the pad of paper.

“Raven Anne Reyes at your service,” Raven tried to joke, but it fell flat when everyone just stared at her.

Officer Green put her pad away and finally slid into the other chair, “Miss Woods, Miss Griffin, can you explain the events in detail that have been happening for the official record?”

“Chronologically if you can.” Byrne added in.

Lexa looked over at Clarke and cringed because she knew this had originally started with her from what Clarke had stated earlier, “That would be with me, I guess. It was a couple weeks give or take and I got a text that stated ‘Hey.’ I didn’t think anything of it and just thought it was a wrong number,” Clarke looked over at Lexa and Lexa squeezed her hand tightly. “A few more texts came in, but it was nothing bad really. I have them all saved and it was never the same number. I got another creepy message at work and knew I had to tell Lexa, but at that time, I didn’t know it was happening to her as well,” Lexa could see the plea in Clarke’s eyes and jumped in.

“My name started the night I took Clarke to the beach and I had a candlelit dinner there for our date. We confessed our love and when we woke up after our activities,” Lexa blushed profusely. “I woke up and saw a text that said, ‘I see you,’ and-” Clarke gasped beside her.

“I got that same text,” Clarke sat up straight. “I’m sorry, love, I should have told you sooner,” Clarke was apologetic from their fight earlier and knew she shouldn’t have taken it out on Lexa.

“It’s okay, babe, I’m not mad. We both were trying to protect the other, just from now on, let’s not
keep anything from one another again, okay?”

“I promise,” Lexa kissed her lips chastely before a throat cleared and they were wrenched back to the present, “Sorry,” Clarke mumbled.

“Next for me was the video I saw yesterday that our friends found and showed me. I decided to wait and tell Clarke until after her competition was over. A mistake I won’t make again,” Lexa added. “I haven’t received anything else, but…” Lexa glanced over at Clarke.

“Can you describe these videos?” Green spoke up, where she had been sitting with her arms crossed looking bored.

“And these texts you mentioned, they happened frequently to both of you in the weeks between the first, and today?” Byrne added in.

“The texts didn’t happen frequent for me, I’ve gotten maybe 3 or 4 and the videos were of Clarke doing her normal things. Surfing, eating, walking to work, at her home, sleeping, kissing someone, etc,” Lexa answered their questions.

“I’ve been getting the texts at first every couple days, but they increased in frequency the last week or so and I got two more the night before last,” Clarke spoke lowly and shrunk back into Lexa’s embrace.

“We will need them for evidence.” Byrne spoke.

Her partner nodded at her but looked at Lexa and Clarke again, “how did you come across these videos? We’re they sent to you?”

Raven and Anya both raised their hands, “Actually we found it. We were searching for videos of Clarke’s last competition and we came across that video and it was alarming and we immediately found Lexa and told her about it.” Raven paused and looked over at Lincoln and Octavia who nodded.

“It was a major violation of Clarke’s privacy,” Octavia’s voice was raised and Lincoln patted her shoulder to try and calm her down. Lexa saw her shrug it off and huff in discontent. Lexa was glad they were there and that Clarke had such great friends.

“So they are online?” Green lifted an eyebrow, the first real interest she showed. She looked over at her partner, “we will have to contact the server they uploaded to, pull the vid.”

Byrne nodded. Green looked at the others to prompt them, “do you know who uploaded it? It will help?”

“It was some random name, I’ll find it,” Raven stated and pulled her phone out and started to search. It only took her a minute to find the video, “It was uploaded by surfnut7,” Raven handed her phone over to the officers for them to see.

Green and Byrne watched the video and the room was dead silent, except for what was on the screen. Everyone looked at each other. Clarke skated her thumb back and forth over Lexa’s hand and tried to stay breathing. Finally the video came to the end and Green spoke up, “this young man with you at the end of this video, Miss Griffin?” she looked over at Clarke, “what is his relationship status with you?”

“Finn Collins, my ex-boyfriend. We broke up over two years ago. That is an old video and have no idea where that person got that. I saw him at the competition and that was the first time I’d seen him
since we broke up,” Clarke answered honestly and continued to rub her thumb across Lexa’s knuckles.

“You had a competition and your ex was there?” Green asked. Her eyebrows raised a bit. She sat back in her chair, “if you could, please continue?”

“Yes, Clarke had a surfing competition this weekend, I’m sure you heard about it,” Lexa quirked an eyebrow. “Clarke won the entire thing,” Lexa boasted proudly.

“I was there.” Byrne spoke up, cracking the slightest of smiles.

“Than you know that my girl was and is the best surfer out there,” Lexa smiled and kissed Clarke’s cheek. “The next thing to happen was the video that we just found about this morning, that initiated our call to you,” Lexa looked down and sucked in deep breath. She gathered up the courage to hand over her phone with the video queued up. “Here, and from what we’ve seen, I think it was live streamed and edited after to delete some of the audio..” She glanced at Raven for confirmation who nodded back.

“It was what?” Clarke looked up startled and cringed. “Oh my god!” Clarke buried her head into Lexa’s shoulder as the officers played the video.

The sound from the video filled the apartment again. The noise of the rain and Lexa’s voice echoed in the room. Anya’s face remained blank and stoic as she stared at the two cops trying to not react to what was on the screen. Her friends looked away. Raven fiddled with the edge of her paper that had the suspect names on it. Finally the video ended and for what felt like a very long time, but was only a matter of seconds no one said a word.

Anya spoke up finally, “it has a username on it,” she told the officers coldly, “this is clearly something put out there with the intention of destroying my friend-” she motioned toward Lexa.

“I’m not worried about me right now,” Lexa held onto Clarke tightly and brushed a kiss to her hair. “This person targeted Clarke and I will do everything in my power to protect her. Please help me find them?” Lexa’s voice broke on the last word. “I know how that video makes me look, but I’m not-”

“She’s not at all how she’s portrayed in the video. It was completely consensual and our privacy was invaded in a very intimate manner and this will have negative effects for us both, but more so Lexa and I refuse to let that happen. So if you two are going to judge us or accuse Lexa of anything, than I will ask you both to leave,” Clarke spoke lowly, venom laced in her voice.

“The video was edited in my opinion, because it’s clear Clarke was speaking, but you can’t hear it, but yet Lexa is heard clear as day,” Raven nodded her head towards the video in question.

Quiet fell in the room. The two officers looked at each other and slowly Green handed across Lexa’s phone, “we’ll need that for evidence.” she finally formed a tiny smile, “and any suspects you might have. We’re going to find whoever did this.” she looked between both of them.

“We’ve gathered a list for you, actually,” Raven ripped the page out and handed it over to them. “This is all the people that we know for sure that were at the competition specifically.”

“You should know that the number on the username is the same as Ontari’s football jersey too,” Anya stated forcefully, “She’s our top suspect and her team is azgeda as well, just so you know.”

Green’s eyebrows went up and so did her partner’s who had been looking through the list. Her eyes fell on Finn Collins, “this was the ex from the video?” she asked. Her eyes moved to another name,
“and this ‘Arch Enemy Number One’...your rival at the competition?”

“That’s correct,” Clarke answered calmly even though her voice shook. “Everyone on that list was at my competition and we interacted with all of them.”

“Miss Griffin,” Green took the list from her partner’s grasp, folded it and put it in her shirt, “you think your stalker was there?”

“Yes, from the texts they sent me that night. They had to be. Plus a picture was attached as well,” Clarke looked over to Octavia, “Can you hand me my purse, O?” Octavia handed it over and she rummaged through it for her phone. “Here is everything I’ve received. I have deleted none of it.”

“Thank you,” Officer Green responded evenly, “we will need it for evidence. It may be awhile before we can return it. Miss Woods? We will need your phone too.”

Lexa handed her phone over as well and sat back against the cushions and pulling Clarke into her lap. She needed her as close as possible. “Okay, but now what? We just sit and wait?”

“No. We have always to consider safety with these situations. Your list of suspects is appreciated as is your cooperation and the evidence you have provided though I do suggest you abstain from forming assumptions, and leave the detective work to us from now on and focus instead on your safety. In situations serious as this, it's suggested you relocate temporarily to a safe location—”

“We have to what?” Clarke exclaimed and looked around at her friends and Lexa just shrugged and gave her a look.

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“We have to what?” Clarke exclaimed and looked around at her friends and Lexa just shrugged and gave her a look.

“Do you really think that’s necessary?” Lexa asked and put her chin on Clarke’s shoulders.

“One person to another and not as an officer?” Byrne spoke up, “I would.” she looked across the two of them.

“At this moment it is not mandatory, but it is strongly advised. We do have locations available, and will move you. You just have to let us know.” She pushed to her feet. Byrne did too.

“Thank you both for coming,” Lexa looked to Clarke who nodded and they both stood up, ”We would like to have you move us somewhere else. It will be safer.”

“We can do that,” Officer Green stated, “Give us a couple hours and we will be back,” They made their way out of the apartment after Lincoln opened the door for them.

“We are on your side, here’s our cards. If you need anything at all, don’t hesitate to call us. We’ll be back,” Officer Byrne shook their hands followed by Officer Green. The door closed behind them and they all let out a deep breath.

“Well that was a bundle of fun,” Raven spoke up, but Anya slapped her on the shoulder, “What, I’m just saying.”

“We get it, Reyes, but not right now,” Octavia chimed in. “Clarke, we will go back to the house and pack you a bag, you stay here with Lexa. We’ll be back within the hour. From now on, none of us should be alone in any case, but you two especially.”

“Thanks, I don’t want to leave Lexa’s side. Please be safe and thank you,” Clarke hugged her friends and surprised Lincoln and Anya when she hugged them too. Anya scoffed, but hugged back and it pulled a smile from Lexa. Next Lexa made her rounds with the hugs and when she got to Anya to hug her, Anya shoved her back after a brief hug.
“Enough of this sappy shit, let’s get a move on it. I’m sick of seeing it,” Anya growled and stomped her way over to the open door.

“Sure you hate it, An,” Raven teased. “You weren’t saying that last night when we were watching the movie. Pretty sure you had tears in your eyes.”

“Shut up, Reyes, there was no such thing,” Anya glared and walked out followed by the rest of the group who were laughing at Anya’s expense.

Lexa laughed as she closed the door behind their friends. She locked it and latched the chain and found Clarke with her arms around her body and shaking, “baby,” Lexa stepped closer to her and reached to thumb away a tear that fell down her cheek. “We will be okay, we’ll get through this together.”

“I hope so,” Clarke fell into Lexa who scooped her up and carried her back to the bedroom to pack. Lexa meant what she said, she would protect Clarke at any and all costs.

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The ride in the back of the cop car was tense. The plastic seat was hard and through the cage bars that separated the back of the car from the front Lexa could see the dash lights. She heard the police radio relaying conversations of dispatchers and cops. Outside the windows it was raining hard again and water sloshed as the car drove through the streets. They had taken so many turns by now that even she had no idea where they were going. At a stoplight she looked over at Clarke to watch her silently staring out the window at the street. Lexa looked down at the couple bags each they had been allowed to take. Her heart was racing with fear for Clarke, with dread and with disbelief this was happening to them. She squeezed pale fingers, “you okay?”

Clarke nodded at her, but said nothing. Tears were lining blue eyes and as they started to fall and Clarke started to shake Lexa pulled her close and held onto her in the back seat of the car. The two women cops in the front seat paid no attention to them. And that was okay with Lexa, “its okay..” she heard herself whispering to Clarke as the car started slowing again, “I’m here, baby. I won’t leave you. I won’t let anything bad happen to you.” she whispered everything on her mind but her heart was aching badly. If she could find them, she would kill whoever did this. Her mind reached instantly for Ontari, but then to Finn. She forced them all out of her head and paid sole attention to Clarke.

“I’m sorry this is happening…” Clarke managed to choke out. It was hitting her, Lexa realised, and she knew it would probably hit herself harder later. Life felt a little flipped upside down since waking up that morning and they were being taken somewhere by cops for extra security and suddenly she felt like she was part of a t.v. show where the heroine would do anything to save the love of her life. Lexa found herself swallowing with that thought, because she knew she would. She would give up anything for Clarke. She kissed Clarke’s head again, “it’s not your fault.” she whispered back at last. It was surreal how everything felt.

“This all started with me though, Lex,” Clarke shuddered and sick to her stomach, “Lex, I’m so scared,” Clarke admitted and met steely green eyes. “I mean what if whoever this finds us, what if something happens and I-” Clarke’s voice turned into a whimper as she clutched onto Lexa’s shirt.

“Try not to think like that, love,” Lexa tried to sound believable, but it was fake even to her own ears. “I know it’s hard, but please try,” Lexa hated to see her normally confident and self assured girlfriend reduced to a terrified, shaky person. It wasn’t right and it certainly wasn’t fair, “I love you.”
“I love you too.” Clarke whispered. She lifted one hand and wiped the tears from her eyes and tried to smile. The car was turning into a driveway and rolling through the parking lot of a Best Western. Lexa took a deep breath. She hadn’t thought they would end up at a hotel. But where else could they go on such short notice? As the car pulled around to the side of the building and drove slowly through the parking lot, Lexa tightened her grip around Clarke, because she was starting to feel helpless realizing she had put their safety into the hands of strangers. What if it was the wrong choice. The car stopped outside a room to a door on the end in the back. The officers said something into their radio about the passengers leaving the vehicle. She guessed that was them, “guess this is home for now,” she tried to smile for Clarke. It could be worse. It could be a rundown motel called ‘Dusty’s Doormat’ or something.

The door opened and Byrne gestured for them to get out. Lexa made sure to grab their bags in one hand and Clarke’s hand in the other, “You ready?”

“As ready as I can be,” Clarke replied dryly. She looked up at the hotel and noticed it was one of the nicer ones which Clarke was grateful for. Lexa was handed a keycard and it was swiped through to allow them entry. It was nothing fancy, it boasted a king size bed in the middle, a desk in front with a dresser and tv on top of it. There was a mini fridge and a microwave on the side with the bathroom in the back. It was clean and comfortable looking so it would work for now.

“How long?” Lexa questioned as she set their bags down and looked around herself. Clarke looked happy enough with the room and that was good enough for her.

“As long as it takes us to catch this person,” Byrne spoke up, glancing behind her as her partner talked on the radio to the dispatcher. Byrne looked at Lexa and Clarke, “we can’t stay long. Understand this is the best move for your safety, and while it might seem a little ..drastic.. to you, with stalking cases this severe, it’s hard to say where it ends so we are going to use this measure to stop it right here.” the words ‘before something happens to one of you’ went unsaid but were clear in the air.

Clarke heard them and held Lexa’s hand tighter, “thank you,” she said, swallowing, “for everything.”

“Anytime,” Bryne replied, “we’re here to serve and protect. That’s what we do. But listen your cover story given at the desk of this place is as follows, you are Ms. Eliza Smith and her wife Alicia Smith. You are in town for the local gem show that runs two weeks. But if you are here longer,” she looked at them both, “you’ve extended your stay to visit friends and family. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” They both answered before they looked at each other and smiled.

The officer smiled as well and then opened her palm and handed two silver rings over, “be safe ok?” she asked them, “there is surveillance and we will be in touch.” she backed up then and turned to her partner, who was already starting to get back into the car. With another look at the pair of them. Byrne got in the car too and closed the door.

Lexa pulled the curtain back and watched the cop car leave in a hurry. Clarke right beside her watching as well. “Well, what do you want to do?” Lexa asked.

Clarke waved away the question, “Marry me, Alicia?” Clarke asked and got on her knee in dramatic fashion, “Please?”

“Of course, I will,” Lexa held her left hand out for Clarke to slip the ring on, “But when it comes to a real proposal, I’ll be the one asking,” Lexa smiled and pulled Clarke up and kissed her soundly. She looked down at her left hand and wished it was for real, but that time would come because Lexa
could see herself marrying Clarke. “Marry me, Eliza?” Clarke nodded and Lexa put the other ring on her finger.

“I look forward to this when it’s real and not fake. I can see myself marrying you, babe?” Clarke looped her arms around Lexa’s neck and played with the baby hairs she found.

“You can, really?” Lexa couldn’t keep the surprise from her voice.

“Yes, I can, I love you,” Clarke stated firmly.

“I love you too and good, I’m glad because I can see it too,” Lexa led them over to the bed and sat down, “We do need to talk though. Today didn’t go anything like we expected.”

Clarke nodded and the smile she did have morphed into a frown that Lexa hated, but she knew they needed to clear the air completely to move forward. There were two new phones on the table by the bed. She reached across Lexa and picked one up. Holding it in her hands seemed impossible what was happening. It got even worse when she turned it on and the fake name Lexa had been given flashed across the screen. Clarke held her breath as the standard manufactured image filled in where the wallpaper of herself and Lexa used to be. She sighed softly. She knew their friends were waiting to hear from them with everything that had happened. Clarke typed a quick text out, ‘we are safe’ she added in the numbers of all their friends and hit send, “we’ll see them soon.” she passed the phone across to Lexa.

“I know. It just sucks to have to walk on eggshells all the time.” Lexa scrolled through the phone to see the officers numbers already saved into the contacts, but the phone started vibrating in her hand. It was a text back from Anya, ‘good, behave yourselves without me.’

Lexa rolled her eyes a little and wrote back, ‘don’t we always?’ and hit send. Within a few seconds the phone vibrated again, “that was fast.” she expected Anya to be texting back again. But it wasn’t. It was a text from Octavia, ‘are you still going to your game?’

Lexa snorted softly, ‘of course,’ she typed back and hit send. Lexa opened the camera app and looked over to Clarke who was staring intently at her own phone. “Hey babe?” Clarke looked up and smiled and Lexa snapped the picture. She saved it as her background photo, the generic one, Lexa couldn’t stand.

“Did you just take my picture?” Clarke asked and snatched the phone from Lexa’s grasp.

“Yes, I can’t have a phone without a picture of you on it,” Lexa smiled, “You want a picture of me for yours?”

“Of course,” Clarke opened her camera and pointed it at Lexa, “Smile, love,” A radiant smile spread across her face hearing Clarke call her love. Clarke snapped the picture and had to lean over and kiss that smile. It was her special smile reserved just for her and Clarke loved it, “I want another picture.” she decided.

“You do, huh?” Lexa smiled and snatched the phone from her grasp. Clarke lunged for it, but Lexa jumped up from the bed. “I love you, Clarke,” Lexa knelt down in front of her and put her head in her lap and Clarke carted her fingers through her hair. “I’m sorry.”

A little flutter of mixed emotion went through Clarke when Lexa laid her head down. She hadn’t expected it and it made her ache a little for her, “no. Lex. You don’t need to be,” her fingers started trembling a little as they slipped through brown curls, “Lexa. Listen, you didn’t do this.” Clarke’s heart hammered rapidly and she was sure Lexa could hear it. She had no idea what she was
apologizing for.

“I just...I can’t lose you,” Lexa leaned up and caressed Clarke’s face, “I never wanted this to happen, I just…” She stood up and took Clarke’s face between both hands and kissed her softly. “I didn’t mean to keep anything from you, I thought I could protect you.”

Clarke remembered suddenly. The scene in Lexa’s home where they argued that morning burst to life and burned a hole in her mind. It broke her heart a little now, what they had both said. It hit her now it was the first time they had really argued and she regretted it, “Lexa.” Clarke said at last, looking at the worried eyes of the woman she loved right in front of hers, “I should have controlled my temper better, this morning. I said what I did, because I was afraid and I lashed out at you because you had done something wrong—” she put her finger over pretty lips that had parted, the minute she saw Lexa’s eyes snap open wide with fear, “—but only because you were the one standing there and not because of...you not telling me things. And I’m sorry. I should have handled it better. I should have talked about it, like an adult. Instead of taking my anger out about the video, and the stalker, and all of this, on you. I know what you did, you did with me in mind. You knew how it would effect me, and you were right. But I kept stuff from you too. And I think that is where the mistakes we both made were. Let’s just not keep things from each other anymore even if it hurts?”

Lexa took a long look at her and saw the sincerity and truth in her eyes, “I wish you had told me when it started though,” Lexa looked down and held tightly to Clarke’s hands. “I agree, we both were in the wrong and I do want us to both be honest with one another no matter what,” Lexa ran her thumb across Clarke’s knuckles. “I forgive you, Clarke,” Lexa kissed her hand, “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner, I never meant to hurt you or think you can’t trust me,” Lexa knew they’d fight and she loved Clarke enough to fight with her and loved her even more to fight for her. “I promise I won’t keep anything from you again.”

“Baby, we’re gonna fight. This was our first,” Clarke admitted. She saw Lexa exhale a little bit and Clarke moved in and kissed her lips chastely before going on, “but it won’t make me leave you. I’m always going to be standing in it with you until we work through it, okay? When you love someone, you accept the good with the bad. You can’t just cut things up into parts you like and don’t like. It isn’t always going to be pretty, and it isn’t always going to be smooth. But what matters is,” she ran a hand down Lexa’s cheek, “how we come out the other side. I love you,” Clarke said, “I know I can trust you and I’d go anywhere with you. I’m sorry too.” she ran her thumb over Lexa’s lower lip and smiled at her to break the tension, “I’ll forgive you on one condition.” she teased because Lexa’s lips twitched in amusement and made her want to kiss them, “okay, maybe two.”

“Hmm, what are those two conditions,” Lexa smiled and realized they would be okay and this was just the first of many fights they would have over the years. That thought made her smile bloom even brighter. “Anything for you, my love,” Lexa batted her eyelashes. Lexa loved that Clarke wasn’t just her girlfriend or her lover, she was her best friend as well. They could go from a serious conversation to playful and teasing. “God, I love you, Clarke Griffin.”

“Well first,” Clarke smiled and loved the way Lexa’s eyes were dancing. She fist her hands one after the other into the front of Lexa’s shirt and tugged her closer, “you’re gonna have to kiss me.” she grinned up at Lexa mischievously.

“I don’t see that being a problem,” Lexa leaned in and kissed her on the cheek and laughed. “What you didn’t say where I had to kiss you,” Lexa grinned and leaned in to kiss her on the lips. “I think you meant something like this though,” She tugged on her bottom lip and swept her tongue inside to deepen the kiss. It lasted a minute or so before Lexa pulled back and smiled sweetly. She leaned their foreheads together and whispered, “And second condition?”
Clarke was a little wobbly on her feet after being kissed like that. She had to take a few deep breaths and steady herself on her gorgeous girlfriend because at the same time she was swept into a tumult of just needing Lexa, needing to be as close as she could; in her, around her, needing the reassurance that she was solid and real. Urgency took over and her breaths came short from her lips, “make love with me, Lexa, please…” she got out forgetting whatever the condition had been completely.

“Are you sure?” Lexa couldn’t resist asking, but she felt the need to be surrounded by everything Clarke and to lose herself completely in her. She just had to be sure that this was what Clarke wanted.

Clarke nodded eagerly, “I need to feel you, after today,” she admitted, looking up at Lexa’s eyes. Clarke knew her own were watering and she clutched Lexa’s shirt a little harder, “I need to know you’re here, that you’re with me.”

“I’m here.” Lexa surged forward and kissed her. Clarke felt their trembling lips and it was just too much. Lexa wound her arms behind her back, picked Clarke up and laid her gently back on the bed. Clarke felt Lexa push her shirt up and kiss her bare stomach. Clarke held onto Lexa’s hand to anchor them both. “I..” Kiss. “Love..” Kiss. “You…” Kiss. Lexa straddled her and peeled Clarke’s shirt off slowly leaving Clarke in just her navy bra. “You are so beautiful,” Lexa swooped down and kissed her lightly on the lips.

The feel of Lexa’s lips softly meeting hers again and again buried all of Clarke’s fears. The whispered words a balm on cuts the day had left behind. Soft hair fell into Clarke’s face and she scrambled suddenly to kiss Lexa, “I love you too..” Clarke grabbed at Lexa’s back. She put her hand in Lexa’s hair to stop the kisses just for a second. When Lexa looked up Clarke leaned up to press one more kiss to her lips and reached down for the hem of Lexa’s shirt. She tugged it up swiftly, Lexa moved far enough for Clarke to get it over her head. She dropped it on the bed before twirling her fingers into silky brown curls that were spilling onto her and pulling Lexa’s mouth down to hers again, “you are,” she sucked Lexa’s bottom lip gently into her mouth. Clarke let it go and kissed her again, “the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever met.” She slid her hand down Lexa’s back again.

Clarke felt Lexa trail her free hand down her chest with a feathlight touch that caused her goosebumps to erupt on her skin and she arched into the feeling of Lexa’s soothing touch, “No, thats you, Clarke.” Lexa undid the button on Clarke’s shorts and she helped Lexa push them down her legs that left her in a ruined pair of panties where the cold air caused her to shiver lightly, “You’re so gorgeous, every single inch of you,” Lexa caressed her thigh and rubbed her clit over her panties and Clarke wanted her to touch her more, “I want to kiss you everywhere.”

“Lexa,” Clarke tightened her fingers at that light touch and her hips lifted automatically, “baby…..” she could come undone right now. But she didn’t want too, not yet. Clarke sat up and as she did she pushed Lexa back down to the bed, loving the way green eyes moved to hers. Clarke touched the soft skin over Lexa’s tensed abs, “your skin is so silky. Let me…” she slid her hand down to the waistband of Lexa’s pants and her eyes drifted down further. Clarke heard Lexa’s breath hitch when she saw how hard she was. Clarke looked up again, “let me get these off you.” she said, unbuttoning them she tugged them down long toned legs and Lexa kicked off her shoes to help. Clarke saw Lexa’s shaft straining to get free. Clarke licked her lips.

Lexa reached for her and Clarke felt herself pulled up the bed until she was laying on top of her girlfriend’s body. Eyes stared directly into hers. Clarke felt soft skin, she felt her heart thundering, she wrapped her hand back into Lexa’s and leaned in to meet her halfway when Lexa moved up for a kiss. As warm lips covered hers Clarke clung to Lexa tightly and just let herself float in the feeling of being with Lexa. She felt the soft mattress under her again when Lexa turned them over.
The only barrier between them was their underwear. Clarke felt Lexa shift to lay her head on her boobs and drop a kiss on her collarbone. Lexa dipped down lower and claimed her nipple in her mouth. Clarke groaned at the feeling of Lexa’s mouth on her and felt herself throbbing for more. She felt Lexa connect their hands again and with the other, Lexa maneuvered her panties from her body, leaving her naked and wanting. Her eyes almost rolled back into her head when Lexa dipped her hand into her wetness and dragged it up to circle her clit. She bucked eagerly into her hand, already embarrassingly close to the edge, “You make me so happy,” Clarke melted at the love in Lexa’s voice. She watched Lexa shimmy out of her boxers and situate herself between her legs. Clarke opened her legs wider in invitation, “Look at me, please!” Lexa desperately asked and when their eyes locked, Lexa slid home and bottomed out inside her and she loved that Lexa gave her time to adjust, “You make me feel so much,” Lexa croaked, and Clarke could feel her girlfriend’s rigid back as she waited patiently. Clarke fell even more in love with her at that moment.

“You do too,” Clarke groaned back and bucked her hips. She clung tightly to her girlfriend, “move, baby ..please…” Lexa nodded against her chest and started to slowly make love to her. The feel of her girlfriend inside her felt amazing and so...so...right. But it was more in the way Lexa was holding onto her, tightly, closely, desperately which was what she needed tonight, “I love you, I love you… I love you,” the words tumbled haplessly from Clarke’s lips. She kissed Lexa’s face, she kissed her neck and her jaw and sucked her mark onto Lexa’s pulsepoint.

“I love you too, I love you too,” Lexa’s hands gripped the sheets beside her head, Lexa’s gaze pierced into her soul as Lexa continued to roll her hips into hers to bring them both to their peak.

“You’re my whole world,” Clarke grunted as Lexa connected their lips and her harsh breaths mingled with hers. Lexa glided in and out of her lazily and soft, but it was absolutely perfect. “You...are…” Lexa panted, “everything to me.” Her stomach tightened in familiar arousal and she could feel herself flutter around Lexa’s shaft seated deep inside her. “Oh, baby! Right there!”

Clarke’s hands wrapped around Lexa’s neck as she kept her slow and steady pace. Their eyes stayed locked together as Clarke hit her peak tumbled over. She pulled Lexa right over the edge with her and felt them both groan out their highs. Clarke felt Lexa empty herself completely into her and it prolonged her own orgasm as it continued to wash through her. Lexa shuddered, jerked her hips continuously before she stillled. “You’re everything to me too,” Clarke choked out between panted breaths. Clarke stroked Lexa’s sweaty skin that stuck to hers and leaned up to kiss Lexa’s swollen lips. She felt boneless after the intense orgasm she shared with Lexa, but it was exactly what they both needed. Clarke guided Lexa’s head down next to hers and threw a blanket over their naked, spent bodies. “Go to sleep, my love,” Clarke kissed the side of her head. “Stay right here, please.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Lexa promised and nuzzled farther into her neck, “I love you so much, Clarke,” She raised up a moment to capture Clarke’s lips tenderly between hers and Clarke felt Lexa pour all the love she could into that kiss and Clarke returned it with equal fervor. “Get some rest, sweetheart, I’ll be right here,” Lexa stayed rooted inside her and they fell asleep united in one another in every and all aspects.

-=-

At the end of the third quarter, the Grounders were leading by an ridiculous amount, but the ever loyal fans stayed to watched the utter destruction of Broadleaf University. Clarke was situated front and center right behind the home bench with the rest of their friends. She was watching Lexa completely destroy the other school and it was fascinating to watch Lexa in action. She’d been too every game this season and never got tired of seeing Lexa play.

It was Friday night and the stadium was packed and Clarke was in a fantastic mood. The texts and videos had stopped, they were safe in the hotel while the investigation went on and best of all, Clarke
had Lexa by her side. Overall it was good, minus the reminder of not being in their own home, but it was the first time in weeks, Clarke felt relatively safe.

“Lexa should give Lincoln the ball more,” Octavia teased beside her and proudly sporting his number on her shirt. “I mean, we know she’s the commander and all and one of the best players out there, but she could at least share.”

Clarke laughed at her because Lincoln had scored a couple touchdowns, just not as many as Lexa, “Well, O, you’re lucky you even made it here in time. I mean who goes out of town in the middle of the week anyways?” Clarke argued back and stared back at her girlfriend who looked downright sexy in those tights.

“My classes were cancelled, thank you very much. Not my fault my professor got sick. Besides, you’re just jealous, you can admit it,” Octavia nudged her and grinned.

“No place I’d rather be than right here with Lexa,” Clarke sassed back, “And I guess all of you too.”

“Geez, thanks Griff,” Raven put a hand on her chest and looked offended while Anya tried and failed to stifle her laugh.

“She’s head over heels for Lex, it’s nice to see her so happy,” Anya defended her, but raised her hands when her Raven stared at her dumbfounded, “What?”

“Are you being nice to someone other than me?” Raven’s mouth dropped open.

“Never Reyes,” Anya kissed her cheek.

A whistle blew and startled Clarke from the banter between her friends. Clarke looked towards the field to see the other team punt the ball once again. The Grounders got the ball and Tristan returned it to the 45 yard line. Lexa turned and locked eyes with Clarke and blew her a kiss before she sauntered out onto the field.

Lexa was exhilarated to run out on the field into the burn of the lights. Regardless that they were winning by such a large margin, Lexa still treated it like any other game. The defense was weak and Lexa used it to her advantage. She was in her element and snapped the ball. Lexa immediately handed it off to Lincoln who spun around the few meager defenders and ran down the field easily to score them another touchdown. The crowd went wild and rose to their feet. Lexa’s eyes sought Clarke’s in her spot in the stands and blew her another kiss that was returned right away. Clarke was on her feet with excitement. Lexa smiled at her and snatched her kiss out of the air.

Nothing got better than this. Being out on the field with Clarke there as her good luck charm was as good as any day could get. For a few days now, they’d had no contact from the stalker and Lexa breathed a sigh of relief because she hoped that them involving the police had scared them off. Lexa ran off the field as the her team kicked off. She watched from the sideline, helmet still secured on as the other team failed to score again and before Lexa knew it, she jogged back out onto the field.

The next play had Lexa taking the ball into the endzone herself. It was reminisce of her first game of the season with Clarke in attendance and she may had been showboating a little than and maybe a little now. Afterall, Lexa had to impress her girl right? She weaved in and out of the other team’s tackles that completely missed her. Grass came flying up from her cleats as she swerved around, helmets crashed together, hits sounded around her. She sidestepped the last defender and waltzed into the endzone. She resisted doing a flip, because she refused to unsportsmanlike. Just because they were winning, didn’t mean she needed to rub it in.
She felt the eyes of the crowd on her as she once again found Clarke and blew a kiss and smirked. Lexa’s heart overflowed with love for her. She mouthed ‘I love you’ and saw Clarke’s face light up.

Clarke laughed, caught the kiss and raised an eyebrow at her girlfriend and pressed the kiss to her lips. She mouthed ‘I love you, too.’ She saw Lexa laugh as she turned away to go back to the game. Her heart was pounding with pride and excitement, but mostly with love for Lexa, “that’s my girl!” she shouted toward Lexa’s retreating back.

“I swear,” Octavia cut in, “you guys are so gross.”

“What?” Clarke grinned across at her friend. Octavia rolled her eyes at her. Clarke just shrugged and parroted back what Octavia had teased her with earlier, “you’re just jealous.”

Octavia looked hurt, “I am not!”

“You’re just jealous that your man doesn’t throw you kisses,” Clarke teased on, glancing out at the field. But her eyes fell back to Lexa again and the way her muscles moved as she pulled back to throw the ball. She looked so hot. When they got in for the night she planned to rub all those muscles down with oil.

Octavia countered. “That’s because he’s busy running the ball instead?” Out of the corner of her eye, Clarke saw Octavia put her hands on her hips, “Clarke?”

“Yeah?” Clarke asked, Lexa was in a huddle now and Clarke had a great view of her ass.

“Clarke,” Raven nudged her from the other side. But Clarke didn’t move. Raven tried again, “Clarke you’re staring.”

“Oh yeah I am.” Clarke smirked, but the huddle broke, making Clarke stop. She turned on her friends and shrugged, “I have to find a bathroom,” she said at last. She sighed. She’d been putting it off for a while now not wanting to miss a minute of Lexa’s game, “back in a minute guys.”

She started away. But she wasn’t two steps from them before Anya’s hand snaked out and caught her by the arm, stopping her. Clarke looked at her, but Anya’s eyes were still on the game as she spoke, “not by yourself you don’t. Everything might be going fine, but until they have the bitch that was stalking you, you’re not going anywhere alone.”

“I’m fine, Anya. I won’t be gone long,” Clarke shifted to walk away, but Anya didn’t let go.

“Not a chance in hell, Lex would kill me if she knew you went off alone,” Anya scowled and let go of her arm.

“Take a chill, An, I’ll go with her,” Octavia appeared at Clarke’s elbow. “I got this, okay?”

“Okay, good,” Anya backed off and went back to sit next to Raven.

“Let’s go, Griff,” Octavia gestured in front of her and curtsied. “After you.”

“You’re ridiculous,” Clarke giggled and walked ahead of her friend down the bleachers and towards the restrooms. “I draw the line at you coming into the bathroom though.”

“Fine, I’ll stand out here, but you better be back out soon,” Octavia stood guard at the exit.

“Oh my god, I’ll be fine. Go grab us some food, I’m starving,” Clarke dug out her wallet and handed over some money. “Please.”
Octavia didn’t move and looked reluctant to move, “Clarke, I don’t—”

“I’m an adult and I’ll be fine, I’m going to use the restroom and I’ll find you at the food stand, it’s right there,” Clarke pointed next to the bathroom where it could be seen from where they were. “You’ll still have eyes on me and everything, okay?”

Octavia nodded, but didn’t look happy, “Fine, but I swear if—”

“Stop worrying like a mother hen and go,” Clarke turned and made her way through the throng of bystanders to the bathroom. A few minutes later, Clarke finished up and made her way out and spotted Octavia standing in line for food. She met her eyes over the crowd and started to head that way, but was stopped by someone intercepting her.

“Clarke Griffin, it’s an honor to meet you,” The man stuck out his right hand to shake hers. He was medium height, with brownish blonde hair that looked like he rolled out of bed and his eyes were grey with bags under them. He wore jeans and a black t-shirt that was frayed at the edges.

“I’m sorry, who are you?” Clarke took a step back unsure of the greasy haired man.

“John Murphy,” He produced a card from his back pocket and handed it over. Clarke took it and looked down at the card that read City of Light Surf League. “We saw you surf and we were very impressed and would like to offer you a sponsorship with us,” He smiled genuinely and Clarke’s nerves dissipated. He wasn’t the first to offer, but the more offers she got, the more excited she became. “Do you have a few minutes to talk or—”

“No, I have a couple minutes, I’m just waiting on my friend is all,” Clarke waved at Octavia who nodded back.

“Excellent, it will only be a minute, if you can step over here with me, so we can talk without having to yell,” He extended his hand to a secluded corner away from the roar of the crowd.

Clarke followed eagerly, part of her excited for the opportunity, but the other part was wanting to get back to the game and her girl.

Back on the field, Lexa and her team had just scored another touchdown and she made to blow a kiss to Clarke only to find she wasn’t in her seat. She saw Raven and Anya there so Lexa didn’t worry. She figured Clarke had gone to the restroom or something with Octavia as she wasn’t there either.

A few minutes passed and Broadleaf had punted yet again, Lexa searched behind her for Clarke who wasn’t there. Lexa shrugged her shoulders trying not to worry and made her way back out on the field to the roaring crowd. There were only a couple minutes left of the game and Lexa knew they only had a few plays left. She decided to let the time elapse by doing a few running plays.

The ball was snapped into her hands and sweat dripped down her face trailing through her warpaint, she sees defenders all around her and makes a lob to Lincoln who circled around her and took it up the field twenty yards before he was tackled. Lexa waited for the ball to placed on the line before she called the next play. Right as Lexa received the ball, she looked towards the stands to find nobody there and her heart plummeted in her chest. Not once this season had she ever looked towards the stands to find them empty of her friends and Clarke.

Something was wrong.

Lexa didn’t see the defender until the last second and instead of making the play, the football slipped from her grasp as she was tackled hard into the grass. Lexa gasped for breath as the wind was
knocked out of her. She didn’t think she was seriously hurt because she didn’t feel anything broken. Maybe a few bruises or so. It took a minute with her teammates huddled around her for Lexa to regain her bearings.

“You alright there, Lex?” Lincoln smirked and held out a hand to help her up.

“I’m fine, nothing a hot shower won’t fix,” Lexa took the offered hand and let Lincoln help her up. Her eyes scanned the empty seats and her head fell into her hands. She didn’t notice Lincoln had followed her line of sight.

“I’m sure, they’re okay, Lex,” Lincoln whispered in her ear. “Don’t worry too much,” Lincoln patted her on the shoulder. “We got a game to finish.”

“They better be,” Lexa wished more than anything that it was true. “We do,” Lexa smiled half heartedly, her heart no longer in the game.

She nodded her head to the referee when he asked if she was okay and once she was back in position, the whistle blew to start the next play. The ball felt unfamiliar in her hands as she went to hand it to Lincoln which had never happened before. Out of the corner of her eye, Lexa spotted Anya in the stands up against the railing all alone and Lexa bumbled the hand off. Anya looked directly at her and the look on her face told Lexa all she needed to know.

Without a second glance, Lexa raced off the field and towards Anya ignoring everyone suddenly shouting at her. Her heart pounded in her chest, her palms were sweaty and Lexa was scared out of her mind at what she was afraid Anya would tell her. She knew by just Anya’s look alone that it had something to do with Clarke and her heart broke in two at the thought of something happening to her girlfriend. She promised to protect her and they let their guard down when they shouldn’t have.

Lexa hit the rail between her and Anya, “Where is she?” Lexa demanded as she ripped off her helmet. “Where the fuck is Clarke?”

Anya looked devastated, but Lexa barely registered it, “She’s...Lex...we can’t find her,” Anya looked down at her hands.

“What do you mean, you can’t find her, she wasn’t supposed to go anywhere alone. I trusted you, I trusted all of you and now Clarke is-” Lexa sunk to her knees in despair, and all she could hear was static and tongue felt swollen and she couldn’t think clearly. She barely hears the game end behind her, but all she saw was Clarke’s smile, her blue eyes lit up in happiness and the way Clarke made her feel whole and complete. “Oh, god!”

Lincoln appeared behind her with her bag and drops it next to Lexa, “What the fuck is going on?” He was still in his gear as he looked back and forth between the two. “You’ve never done something like that, Lex so I know it has to be something serious.”

With tears streaming down her face, Lexa looked up at her friend, “Clarke...Clarke is gone,” Lexa tried to stand up, but collapsed against Lincoln’s strong hold.

“Don’t panic, Lex. I’m sure she’ll show up, don’t worry until we know more. This stadium is huge, she could be anywhere. Clarke-” Whatever he was going to say next was cut off as Raven and Octavia ran up to them panting.

“We looked everywhere, we can’t find her?” Raven’s crestfallen expression mirrored her own.

Lexa whirled on Octavia and shoved her, “You were supposed to be with her, you were supposed to not let her out of your sight, you-”
“I didn’t, I saw her talking to a sponsor and when I turned around from ordering the food, she was gone,” Octavia pleaded. “She’s my best friend, do you really think I would let something like this happen?” Octavia breaks down in tears, “I raced over to the last place I saw her and I didn’t see her. I checked the bathroom. I-” She couldn’t talk or think anymore and sagged against Lincoln.

People were staring at them and cameras were flashing, but Lexa didn’t pay them any attention, too focused on Clarke. Her phone started to ring in her bag and Lexa dove for it hoping it was Clarke.

It wasn’t.

It was a text that read, ‘She’s mine now.’ Attached was a picture and when Lexa opened it to find a picture of the five them that had to have just been taken. She sees herself looking absolutely crushed and that was the last thing she saw before she fainted.

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Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr if you'd like mmeister911

Remember this is a fiction and I don't know all the legalities and etc with all this. Hope you enjoyed it and sorry not sorry for the cliffhanger :)

Oh I forgot to add. I'm starting a new job tomorrow and I'm not sure I'll be able to continue with the weekly updates, it may be pushed biweekly. Hope you all understand :)

Happy New Year again
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

First of all, thanks for all the love :) And I'm sorry this was delayed, I've been super sick for the last two weeks or so and I'm just now feeling better.

Thanks to distantstar for being an amazing beta, without her this chapter wouldn't exist :) Check her out!!

Hope you all enjoy, I look forward to reading your comments :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The beeping of the monitor was what Lexa heard when she blinked her eyes open. Her head hurt along with her side when she tried to move. She moved her head to the side and caused her vision to swim and the smell of Anya’s perfume overpowered the stench of wherever she was. Her friend was asleep in a chair nearby, a thin blanket covering her. Bags were under Anya’s eyes as though she hadn’t slept well which she possibly couldn’t have in a hospital recliner.

She felt the scratchy sheets on the bed and kicked the covers up and realized she was lying in a hospital bed. Lexa clenched her hands into the blanket and looked around wildly, she didn’t think she was hurt that bad on the field, than the realization dawned.

Clarke...

_right as Lexa received the ball, she looked towards the stands to find nobody there and her heart plummeted in her chest._

Clarke…

_Anya looked directly at her and the look on her face told Lexa all she needed to know._

Clarke…

_What do you mean, you can’t find her, she wasn’t supposed to go anywhere alone._

Clarke…

_It was a text that read, ‘She’s mine now.’_

Someone took Clarke. The beep of the monitor sped up as Lexa’s heart rate did. Cold fear gripped her body as she tried to get out of the bed in a panic.

“Lexa!!” Anya’s hands grabbed at her arms.

“Let me go!” Lexa shouted, fighting back. She struggled against her friend, “they have Clarke!” she fought with everything she had, but her body felt weak. Unbidden tears started streaming down her face.

“I know!” Anya shouted back, “I know, Lex, but we’re gonna fix it! We’re going to find her.”
Lexa got her legs over the side of the bed, “let me go, An!”

“Lexa, Lexa, stop!” Anya fought back.

Out of the corner of her eye Lexa saw people running into the room. Nurses. Shouting things at her. Her head felt dizzy. Her vision swum, “someone took Clarke!....” she tried getting up again.

“Lexa, no!” Anya shouted. Then she was in Lexa’s face and pushing her down onto the hospital bed. Lexa fought back, “I have to!” she shouted out, hitting her friend’s shoulders as hard as she could not realising how feeble and weak the motions were, “Clarke’s gone! I have to.. Clarke....” Lexa’s eyes rolled back in her head as she fainted again.

The sun shined brightly over the water at their spot on the beach and Clarke was sitting there in her blue sundress and her hair down in waves across her shoulders. She was in her arms and they were staring out over the water at the waves crashing to shore.

It was the perfect afternoon and Lexa laid a kiss on Clarke’s bare shoulder, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Clarke smiled, “My dad should be here any minute.”

“You dad,” Nerves fluttered in her stomach at the mention of Jake Griffin, “I can’t wait to meet him.”

“He’s gonna love you, don’t worry,” Clarke squeezed her hand.

“I’m not worried,” She said and laid her head on Clarke’s shoulder, “What’s not to love?”

Clarke laughed and it was music to her ears, “So full of yourself, aren’t you love?”

“Never,” Lexa kissed her cheek and then the corner of her lips, “I got you to fall in love with me after all.”

“I think you got that backwards,” Clarke kissed her lightly on the lips, “Hey, he’s here.”

Lexa looked up to see a man with sandy blonde hair walking toward them. Clarke was standing up and so Lexa got to her feet as well. The little bit of nerves she had turned into butterflies when he stopped where they were. Jake Griffin had blue eyes exactly like Clarke’s. He smiled at Clarke and hugged her, “hi honey.”

“Hi dad,” Clarke hugged him back.

When Jake let her go and turned to Lexa she noticed his eyes danced like Clarke’s did too, “and who is this?” he smiled at her.

“Dad, this is my girlfriend, Lexa.” Clarke introduced, smiling first at him and then at her, “Lex, this is my dad Jake Griffin.” Clarke brushed hair out of her face and stepped back with a small smile.

Lexa swallowed her nerves and stepped in to shake his hand, “It’s so nice to meet you sir, Clarke has told me so many wonderful things about you.”

Jake Griffin laughed, “oh she has, has she?”

The next time she woke Lexa couldn’t open her eyes. They felt too heavy. She remembered she the hospital, but her first thought was Clarke. She pried her eyes open slowly hoping it had all been a dream.
It wasn’t.

She fainted and woke up here...

That was embarrassing, Lexa really hoped someone had informed her coach of the ordeal because he had a right to know at least that she normally didn’t walk off the field. Anya was no longer beside her and she was all alone.

Not knowing how long she’d been out of it drove her insane, so she struggled to sit up again, but the wires connected to her stopped her in her tracks. Lexa fumbled for the button to call a nurse when the door opened and Lexa’s gaze whipped over hoping it was Clarke.

Octavia walked in on the phone, and Lexa zoned in on the conversation because she hadn’t realized Lexa was awake yet.

“No, we haven’t heard anything. We have no idea who-” Octavia said into the phone. “Yeah, I know.” She sighed and wiped a hand across her face. “Thanks for calling and checking in. Of course I’ll let you know. I love you too. Bye.” She smiled sadly and hung up.

Lexa groaned again and Octavia’s eyes flicked to hers, “Who was that?”

“My brother,” She made her way over to her. “How you feeling?”

“Hurts, but none of that matters now. How long have I been out?”

“A few hours,” Octavia answered and looked down at the ground, “Listen, Lexa...I-”

Octavia’s phone went off again and she answered it quickly, “Hello, Miss G…”

It took a moment for Lexa to know who was on the phone and tears welled in her eyes. She had failed Clarke, she failed Clarke’s mother and her friends. The crushing guilt settled on her chest and she found it hard to breathe. She tried to suck in air, but it hurt to do so and she panicked. Lexa vaguely heard Octavia still talking to Abby.

“Yes, we’re at the hospital. No she has to stay the night for observation. It was a nasty hit she took. No, nothing’s broken, but she has a couple bruised ribs and a concussion. She was so distracted. It’s my-” Octavia nodded her head. “Yes, ma’am. See you soon.”

The heart monitor went ballistic as Lexa’s heart rate shot through the roof and a nurse came bustling in.

“Miss. Woods,” The nurse came to her side, “you need to calm down or you’re going to do more damage.”

“Damage, what damage?” Lexa flitted her eyes back and forth around the room and to the nurse’s kind face. “I need to get out of here, I need to-”

“You need to rest, you’re lucky you only bruised your ribs, that was a nasty hit you took, not to mention the concussion you sustained.” The nurse pushed on her shoulder to get her to lay back. “I’m going to give you something that will calm you down.”

The nurse went around and injected something into her IV against Lexa’s protests, “No, I don’t need anything, I just want to leave, please. I need to, I need-” Her eyesight got blurry and Octavia and the nurse swam in and out of focus before the haze of sleep pulled up under.
The tile floor felt like ice against her bare legs. But Lexa couldn’t stand if she wanted to. Clarke glared down at her with angry blue eyes, “you don’t really love me or you would have fucking told the truth!”

Clarke stormed out of the room leaving Lexa cold and shivering by the washer, “but I love you Clarke!” she crawled after her reaching to the closed door. She should have told her. She shouldn’t have fucked her on the porch when she had a stalker...

Her phone rang. Sobbing Lexa answered it, “hello?”

“Is this Ms Lexa Woods?” Officer Green’s voice asked her.

Lexa got up on shaking legs, “this is Lexa. Who is this?”

“This is the police department, we need you to come down to the station and identify a body. Your number is the last contact called. Can you come down?”

“I...umm...sure,” Lexa stumbled over her words, “But who do you think it is?”

“Ma’am, just please come down to the station and we can talk about it then,” Officer Green asked politely.

Lexa opened the laundry room door and she was in the waiting room of the police station and looked around for the officer. “I was told to come down here asap, I’m...”

“Miss. Woods, thank you for coming down so quickly,” The officer shook her hand, “If you could follow me, please,” She gestured for her to follow.

She did, and the officer led her down a long gray corridor with bad lighting. She could hear the sound of their steps echoing and the occasional person they passed would look at her in pity and quickly scramble away. They stopped outside a door at last and the officer opened it, “she’s in here.” they said to her, motioning Lexa to go in first.

With her heart in her throat she stepped into the room and only managed a few steps horrified by the sight of a body under a sheet on a steel autopsy table. The officer loudly whipped the sheet back revealing Clarke’s body naked and sallow under bright light and Lexa screamed and scrambled backward until she hit the door biting her hand.

The television was the first thing, Lexa heard when blinked her eyes open again. Her heart was pounding out of her chest and tears streamed down her face that she wiped away. It was just a dream, only a dream. She kept repeating to herself over and over again, but it didn’t help because her life had become a living nightmare.

The room was dark and the drapes were open and she could see the streetlamps shining in through the window, so it had to have been a few hours since she woke up before. She glanced up at her friends who were all their talking in hushed voices.

“We need to talk to her,” Octavia hissed.

“No, she needs to rest,” Anya stood with her arms folded in front of her bed.

“Shouldn’t Lexa make the decision on her own,” Lincoln suggested.

“Whoever sent the picture must like watching Lexa hurt.” Anya spoke up.
“I think hurting Lexa is just a bonus because they took Clarke and the texts started with her and maybe Lexa was just in the way,” Lincoln shrugged his shoulders.

“Linc, I think you have a valid point, but right now our main focus should be finding Clarke first,” Octavia leaned against her boyfriend.

“There’s obviously more going on then we know,” Raven stood side to side with Anya. “Look, I have Lexa’s phone, so maybe we can use it somehow. I’ve started to look at it, but I’ll need more time to-”

Their conversation was interrupted when the news story broke across the screen and they all fell silent when a picture of Clarke filled the screen. The caption at the bottom said, ‘Champion surfer missing.’ Lexa’s eyes filled with tears at the sight of Clarke’s pretty face. The image changed to an announcer walking along the beach, “we’re here continuing coverage of the disappearance of local surfer, Clarke Griffin.”

A myriad of emotions flooded through her and Lexa couldn’t handle it.

The news report went on, “who disappeared from a local game. From what we’ve just been told her girlfriend, Lexa Woods,” an image of herself in her football gear showed up, “is also in the hospital we don’t know the extent of her-”

Lexa felt numb, “this isn’t about me…” she snarled quietly, her eyes swimming with anger and tears. Everyone’s eyes whipped to her and she tried to move but all she could barely manage was to lift an arm and half sit before flopping back to the bed, “turn it off!”

“Lexa?..” Anya spoke up.

The angry tears fell down Lexa’s face, “I said turn the fucking tv off!” she shouted.

“Lex..” Lincoln approached the side of her bed and Lexa shifted away from him, “We’re here to help.”

“I don’t fucking deserve it! I lost her!” Lexa snapped, “this is my fault!” she saw them all look at each other, How long?” Lexa looked around at each of them. “How long since I fainted?”

“You’ve been in and out of it for a little over a day,” Anya answered when everyone else stood frozen.

“A day!” Lexa exploded, “And you all are in here with me and not out there trying to find CLARKE!” Lexa went to sit up and pain exploded in her side. “Why aren’t you doing something? She’s your friend too!” Tears streamed down her face and she looked away

“Lexa…” Anya reached for her, but Lexa flinched back and shouted, “don’t fucking touch me!”

“We just want to help,” Octavia took a step forward which was a mistake when Lexa shot a death glare at her.

“You…” Lexa hissed, “Where were you? Where the fuck were you when Clarke got taken? You should have been watching her. I thought you were her friend and you failed. This is your fault! This is all your fault!” She screamed and Octavia took a couple steps backwards.

“She was like ten feet from me!” Octavia shouted back, her eyes filled with tears and she started to tremble, guilt written all over her face, “the food stand was right there! I could see her! I saw her talking to someone, but she seemed okay with it when I looked at her! I went to pay! I looked away
for a second! And she was gone. I shouldn’t have fucking turned my head! I shouldn’t,” Octavia choked up, “I shouldn’t have left her….” she sank into a chair sobbing.

“No you shouldn’t have, you knew, you all knew! I trusted you!” Lexa put her head in her hands and groaned in pain. “I trusted all of you!” Lexa’s voice broke, “Get out!”

“Lexa,” Anya spoke up quietly in the cold silence that followed, “there’s cops right outside. They can explain better. It might help you.”

“Fuck!” Lexa leaned her head back because the last thing she wanted to do was talk to them, but it’s not like they care, “Fine, send them in, but it better not be the first two. I swear to god if I see them, I won’t be able to control myself. They fucking failed at their job.”

“I promise it’s not them,” Anya reassured her, “I wouldn’t let them in if it was I promise,” Anya walked over to the door, “Are you ready?”

“No, but isn’t like I have a fucking choice now do I?” Lexa grimaced when she shifted in bed and when Raven stepped forward to help, she waved her away. “Don’t, just don’t.”

The door opened and in walked a man and a woman who both had serious expressions on their faces. They were followed by Abby and Lexa didn’t want to see her, didn’t want to admit to her that she failed to protect Clarke like she promised.

“Ms. Woods,” The man stepped forward and pulled out a pen and notebook, “I’m Detective Marcus Kane and this is my partner, Detective Callie Cartwig.” They strode forward to shake her hand, but Lexa refused. “First of all, we want you to know we are doing everything in our power to find Ms. Griffin.”

Abby had made her way around to Lexa’s side and she didn’t have the heart to make eye contact with her. She felt Abby’s hand on her shoulder and tried not to shrug it off. “Listen to them, Lexa. They only want to help.”

Lexa nodded at her.

“How do you expect me to believe that? The other two cops were supposed to protect her and they didn’t do their job. They told us everything would be okay, they promised and so now you expect me to believe that you’re actually gonna help,” Lexa glared at them, but neither backed down.

“We understand what you’re feeling, ma’am,” Detective Cartwig spoke up, “We-”

“Don’t pretend for a second you know how I’m feeling,” Lexa snarled, “What good are you cops anyways if you can’t even do your fucking job.”

Detective Kane spoke up, “actually, there were many things that officer’s Byrne and Green should have told you especially about being in protective custody, and we have discovered they did not.”

Cartwig spoke up, “They should have told you that you couldn’t continue your normal activities during the duration of the investigation and not to contact anyone you knew or hand out your new phone number. For some reason they also had not assigned a protective detail to Miss Griffin.” Cartwig shook her head as though she was at utter loss of words for this behavior and glanced at Kane.

“The negligence on their part was inexcusable,” Kane offered, “As a result of which they have been suspended from duty and removed from the case.”
“You gotta be kidding me, we trusted you. You’re the fucking cops. What a crock of shit that is. I don’t care for your apologies. They don’t mean shit to me,” Lexa tried not to let more tears fall but her anger, fear and despair burned hearing this. “We did what we were told to do, but all that matters right now, is finding Clarke. So why don’t you go out there and do your job!”

“We are doing everything in our power to help. We’ve been briefed by the officers, and we spoke to your friends as well,” Kane spoke, “it might interest you to know we’ve been going over security footage from the game we do have and one of our strongest leads is a man Clarke was last seen talking to at around 9:31 right before she disappeared.” Kane pulled a photo from his pocket and approached the side of the bed, “it coincides with the statement Ms. Blake has given us about seeing your girlfriend talking to someone.” he held the picture out for Lexa, “do you know him?”

“No, I’ve never seen him before,” Lexa stared hard at the grainy picture of the man. She didn’t like it at all how close he was standing to Clarke. It made anger boil in her stomach and tears well in her eyes again. Clarke looked happy and excited, and was reading something hard to see off a business card, “is this…” Lexa croaked out, “is this your main suspect?” her throat went utterly dry. Was this who took Clarke from her?

“It is, yes.” Cartwig confirmed. She cast a glance of disappointment toward Kane that said they had been hoping Lexa knew him somehow, “we don’t who he is yet, but we are trying to clear up the picture enough to see what is on the card. It might help identify him.”

Kane pulled the picture back carefully and folded it and put it in his pocket, “we have also taken Ontari North in for questioning.”

“Good, that bitch has something to do with it, I just know it,” Anya said.

“Anya’s right, she’s had it out for me for years,” Lexa agreed.

“But you haven’t seen the man in the photo?” Cartwig pressed carefully, frustration evident in her eyes, but not directed at Lexa, “you are sure?”

“Isn’t that what I just said,” Lexa growled, “If I’d seen him, I would fucking tell you.”

“We understand Miss Woods,” Cartwig answered, “we just need to be absolutely sure because-”

“But what would he want with her?” Abby demanded shortly, having seen the picture.

“We don’t know him,” Lexa snapped at Cartwig and Kane, “what about Ontari, or Finn or Nia? They at least have a fucking reason!” And yet, he was the last one seen with Clarke. Lexa desperately wiped at the tears that were falling down her face and panic threatened to overtake her mindset.

“And we will talk to them.” Cartwig said.

“But first is there anything else you can think of?” Kane asked, “anything that we need to know?”

“These questions aren’t helping Clarke,” Lexa rasped quietly, “Are we done now?” Lexa closed her eyes and pictured Clarke’s smile to calm down, but it just made her heart hurt, “Please, I just…I just need-”

“We will be on our way. We were informed they wanted to keep you tonight as well for observation. We will keep you updated and we wish you a speedy recovery,” Kane nodded politely.

“Feel better and remember we are doing everything in our power to find Clarke,” Cartwig promised.
and made her way out of the room, followed by Kane.

“Do you want us to go too?” Raven asked warily. She laid Lexa’s phone down beside her, “Thought you might want this…” She trailed off and left the rest unsaid.

Lexa just nodded and slumped back into the pillow exhausted. She just wanted to be left alone. The only thing that would make her feel better is Clarke by her side, “yes.” she mumbled, closing her eyes. Lexa listened as everyone stood up and left the room. Someone was sobbing quietly, probably Octavia. But right now she didn’t care.

“We’re going to be right outside, at least one of us at all times.” Anya spoke.

Lexa didn’t answer. She didn’t even nod her head. Because out there somewhere someone had Clarke. She didn’t know what the man in the picture could want with her. But the sound of the door closing told Lexa she was finally all alone.

She rolled onto her side and let out a broken sob that filled the room. Her sobs continued to echo in the room and tears soaked the pillow. Her ribs ached, but it wasn’t anything compared to the pain in her heart. She deserved the physical pain and even the emotional as well because it was her fault that Clarke was gone.

The game could’ve been missed, it should’ve been missed because nothing was more important than Clarke’s safety. Instead of being with her and protecting her, she was out on the field playing in a game that didn’t matter. She made the mistake of trusting the cops and she wouldn’t make the same mistake twice. Lexa hiccuped and decided that she would sneak out and fuck what anyone else thought.

Her sobs stopped finally and with a shaking breath she put her hand under her pillow and pulled out her phone. She took a deep breath before she turned it on. Lexa just wanted to see Clarke’s face because she hoped it would help. Her phone lit up and graced her with Clarke’s smiling picture she took right before her game. She lingered on Clarke’s face when a text popped up on her screen. She felt her heart rate speed up and the baby hairs on the back of her neck stood up.

It was another unknown number and fear and apprehension prickled over her body like ice. Lexa pressed open on the text and braced for whatever the kidnapper would torment her with next. But she still wasn’t ready for the three letters on the screen of her phone. The text read ‘LOL’. Her hand started shaking as she understood what she was looking at. Lexa dropped her phone. They were fucking taunting her.

Enough was enough.

She unhooked the monitors from her and and gingerly got up from the bed. Lexa searched around for her clothes and relieved to see that someone had brought her some clean ones. She winced and groaned as she got dressed, and she made her way out of her room.

Lexa didn’t make it two steps out the door before a voice stopped her.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Anya stepped into her line of vision.

“I can’t sit around and do nothing,” Lexa croaked, “I can’t An. She’s out there somewhere and whoever the fuck has her is taunting me,” Lexa handed over her phone, “Look…” Lexa leaned against the wall for support, “I mean at least maybe this means she’s alive at least, but-”

Anya thrust her phone back at her and she fumbled to pull up the text from the game, “Check this out! The picture at the game is from a different number than the text you just got,” Anya grabbed
Lexa’s arm and helped her back into her room, “But first, you need to get back in that bed. Don’t make me call the nurse, Lex.”

Lexa stared at the bed and then glared across at Anya for suggesting it, “I don’t need to go back to bed,” she stormed over to the window and stared into the night, “this never should have fucking happened. It's all my fault.” She saw Clarke blowing kisses to her again from the stands. What if she never saw her again? What if it that was the last time she kissed her or touched her or felt her body against hers? And since that moment on the field when she saw Anya alone at the rail her whole body ached with fears that would not stop.

“Lexa,” Anya’s voice sounded distant but calm, “it’s not your fault.”

Guilt piled onto Lexa, crushing her, “but it is. There is so much I should have done differently.” She turned to stare her friend down if Anya tried to challenge it again. But the quick movement felt like a knife in her ribs and made her dizzy. Her vision blurred and she caught herself on the edge of the window.

Anya was at her side in an instant and put a hand on her shoulder to help steady her, “it's not your fault, c'mon, you need to get rest. You’re not doing Clarke nor yourself any favors if you hurt yourself worse, okay?”

For a brief moment, Lexa took comfort in Anya and leaned into her, “Fine,” Lexa grumbled and let Anya guide her back to bed.

“You’re an idiot, only you with multiple bruised ribs and a concussion would be stubborn enough to attempt what you did,” Anya helped lower her in bed and took off her shoes.

“Where is she, An?” A sob broke through and Anya sat down beside her on the bed. “I just want Clarke home. I should have been more careful, I shouldn’t have played in the game, I shouldn’t have-”

“Lex, none of this is your fault. Whoever is doing this is at fault, not you,” Anya tried to reassure her, but it didn’t help.

“Yes, it was.” Lexa countered definitely angry, “I mean! How fucking stupid could I be to have sex out on the porch when I knew she had a stalker?!” Lexa dragged her hands down her face in frustration, “I wasn’t thinking clearly.”

“That much was clear at the Dropship.” Anya put in, “but for what is worth, Clarke was drunk too.”

“Lexa stop,” Lexa snapped and glared at her, “there is no way you’re putting any of this on Clarke. It was my responsibility. But we were drunk.”

“Exactly, you were drunk.” Anya agreed finally, fiercely, and for some reason it stopped Lexa cold from what she was about to say especially when Anya pushed again, “you were both drunk and drunk people do stupid shit all the time, Lexa. It was a mistake, that’s all. Everyone makes mistakes. I mean c’mon, who the fuck would think of something like that during sex?” Anya smiled. She shouldered Lexa carefully, “all you were thinking about, was each other. And that’s how it should be.”

Lexa clutched the edge of the bed until her knuckles were white, “I fucked up. I was only thinking of her. She was the only thing I thought about.. She means everything to me. I’m so in love with her and if I lose her-” Lexa clenched her fists into the sheets.

“We aren’t going to let that happen. Don’t think like that, please. I know it’s hard not to,” Anya put a
hand on her leg, “Clarke wouldn’t want you to-”

“You don’t know what she would want,” Lexa breathed out, “You don’t even like her.”

“I was wary of her, yes because I saw the way you looked at her in the beginning and I knew she held the power to wreck you,” Anya stood up and started to pace, “I was just looking out for you, but Clarke is the best thing that’s happened to you and I’ve never seen you so happy. Besides Blondie isn’t so bad,” She stopped her pacing, “Speaking of the porch, you do know that they gave you a break on the indecent exposure right considering everything that’s happened.”

“I could care less about that. It wasn’t my finest moment, besides now that video is out, it makes me look like a monster, but I’m not. I would never hurt her ever. I love her,” Lexa’s watery gaze met Anya’s. “You’ve always been a good friend, you’re my best friend, but I really don’t care about the exposure. Besides our balcony faces the woods, who was I going to expose myself too? Woodland creatures.”

Anya laughed, but sobered quickly when Lexa slanted a look at her, “We know that, I know that, Lex. The video has gone viral, this could affect the scouts and your NFL dreams though and-”

“Nothing is more important than Clarke.” Lexa cut in, “The NFL is a still a dream of mine, sure, but without Clarke none of it means anything. She’s my dream.” Lexa slammed her head back into the pillow and hated that she was hurt and couldn’t go find Clarke. She wanted more than anything to be out there to look for her, but knew Clarke would kill her if she didn’t follow doctor’s orders. She could picture her right now, her arms folded across her chest, and glaring at her. She thought she could even smell her vanilla shampoo and inhaled deeply. She wanted Clarke.

“We will find her. Do you really think we would leave this to the cops?” Anya smirked at her and raised an eyebrow, “I mean my girlfriend is basically a genius and we will be doing our investigating. After the cops fucked up especially.”

“They were supposed to be at the game,” Lexa snapped out of frustration, “they said, a car would be around. How can I ever trust any cop after this? Even Kane?” Lexa was barely starting to finally register what the new pair of detectives had said. She sat in disbelief for a few seconds but it was long enough for anger to build, “I trusted them,” she swallowed bitterly. Lexa looked at Anya sitting there next to her and snarled, “I got in that car and I went with them the minute I knew my home wasn’t safe. Did those two cops just forget us?” Lexa demanded trying to understand how such a fuck up could happen, “were they in on it? Were we just another job to them and they just shoved us into a hotel room and walked away?”

“I don’t think they were in on it. From what we overheard, they were caught up in something else,” Anya looked at her, “Before you ask, no we don’t know what, but whatever is was is just a fucking excuse. I’m sorry, Lexa.”

“Sorry for what?” Lexa asked skeptically, but she had a feeling what she was referring to.

Anya rushed, “I should have protected her better, I shouldn’t have let her out of my sight. I’m so sorry. I didn’t think anyone would be stupid enough to try something at a packed game, I’ve been racking my brain trying to figure it out, but I can’t come up with anything.”

“It’s not your fault. it’s mine. All mine.” Lexa was strangled by the guilt because she’d failed to protect the woman she loved. Nobody else. Just her. She sighed. She looked at Anya. She knew Anya was going to say it, again, just by the look in her eyes so she cut her off before she could,
“don’t say it isn’t.” Lexa sat up too fast and pain stabbed through her bones. Her vision swum a little and she held her ribs. Lexa sank back onto the bed.

“Don’t move.” Anya said.

Lexa looked up to see her leaving, “where are you going?”

“To get a nurse for your stubborn ass.” Anya walked out of the room before Lexa could protest. Not even two minutes later, a nurse came in and shook her head when she saw everything unhooked.

“I need to reinsert the IV, you shouldn’t have pulled it out like that,” The nurse set about getting it back in and Lexa tried not to let either of them know it hurt. It didn’t take long until she was hooked back up. “I’m going to give you something for the pain and to help you sleep.”

“No, I don’t need anything, I’m fine…” Lexa gritted out, “I just want to go home,” Right now though she wasn’t sure where she’d want to go. Everyplace reminded her of Clarke and going back to any of those places. It would feel empty without her. Clarke was her home and those places just reminded her of what she lost.

“Too late,” The nurse patted her on the shoulder, “It will take effect shortly. Rest now, I’ll check on you in a few hours,” She excused herself and left the room.

“Damn it, Anya. I didn’t need anything...I’m fi..fine,” Lexa’s speech started to slur and before she knew it, sleep pulled her under once more. She didn’t see Anya make herself comfortable in the chair next to her.

She dreamed about Clarke.

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The next morning, Lexa woke up groggy and disoriented from the pain medicine. She didn’t want to open her eyes because she knew she wouldn’t see Clarke next to her. Lexa took a couple breaths before she pried her eyes open and the first thing she saw was Anya asleep in the an uncomfortable looking chair. Her heart ached and she rubbed at her chest trying to stop it, but it was no use. It wouldn’t go away until they found Clarke.

Her mind replayed every text, picture and video that she say and wondered if there were more that they weren’t even aware of. Lexa couldn’t help but wonder if this had been going on longer than either of them even realized. The thought made her sick to her stomach, but the more she thought about the more legit it seemed to be. Whoever this was had to have been planning this for a long time. Maybe even before she even met Clarke. Lexa’s head started to throb in pain and she grabbed at it in vain.

Her thoughts were all over the place and she couldn’t think clearly with the stupid concussion. But she knew it had been almost two days since the incident and all Lexa wanted was to get discharged so she could go and find Clarke. Nothing was going to stop her. Nothing was going to get in the way of her bringing Clarke home safe and sound. Staring at Clarke’s picture in her phone she vowed with every fiber of her being that would happen one way or the other.

Deciding she wanted to hurry the process along because she felt useless stuck in the hospital bed, Lexa pressed the button for the nurse. A few minutes later, the same nurse came in with a smile.

“Good morning!” She said cheerfully and Lexa wanted to smack the stupid smile off her face. It was anything but a good morning.
“Morning,” The nurse went about and checked her vitals, “When can I be discharged?” Lexa got straight to the point and cut off whatever the nurse was going to say.

“The doctor should be in shortly to see you,” She answered with another annoyingly bright smile.

“Any chance, the doc could come in now,” Lexa’s voice started to get higher, before she restrained herself. It wasn’t the nurse’s fault.

“I’m sorry, but you aren’t her only patient, I do promise she’ll be in as soon as she can,” The nurse finished checking everything before looking at her. “Is there anything else you need right now?”

“No, thank you,” Lexa grumbled and closed her eyes. She could feel the inquisitive gaze of the nurse, but chose to ignore it. Only when she heard her door close did Lexa open her eyes again. She met Anya’s gaze that was full of understanding and sadness and she had to look away. Lexa didn’t deserve any of that and Anya was such a good friend, but Lexa just couldn’t handle it right now.

“Please don’t,” Lexa didn’t meet her eyes again.

“Don’t what?” Anya’s voice was still thick from sleep, “Care about you, be here for you, help you, what?” Anya’s voice changed towards frustration. Lexa didn’t blame her, she wasn’t exactly the most pleasant person to be around right now.

“Don’t look at me like that, like I’m something you need to fix,” Lexa buried her face into the lumpy hospital pillow.

“I’m not, I’m your best friend and I’m only trying to help,” Anya snapped irritably, “You don’t have to go through this alone, Lex.”

“I deserve to, I know you want to help, I know you all do, but what good is that gonna do? Clarke is missing and we are no closer to finding her and it’s been almost two days…” Lexa’s heart was in her throat and she punched her pillow hard. Lexa felt like a broken record, but it was all that was on her mind. It was the only thing that mattered.

“Well, I’m not going anywhere, so go ahead and push me away, Lex, but I’m not budging. Whether you realize it or not, you need help and I’ll be there when you finally come to your senses.” Anya stood up and stretched. Lexa could hear her back popping as she did so, “I’ll be back in a little while.”

Lexa didn’t say anything as Anya made herself scarce nor did she want to admit that she was correct. Part of her wanted more pain medicine so she could slip into sleep and not think about how her life turned upside down, but the other part was telling her to do everything she could to get out of here and find Clarke.

She knew what she had to do. She had to get out of the hospital. She had to go home, and then she had to go back to the place Clarke was last at. She didn’t know why, and as the tears came again because all of this was just reminders that Clarke was gone. But she knew she had to go find that place.

The cops meant nothing to her. Not even the new pair could fix what had been done. No, that was up to her. She was going to have to find a way to find out how long this had been happening to Clarke. Lexa’s heart squeezed a little more realising it meant she’d have to go by Clarke’s house. Lexa moved and sank down on the edge of the hospital bed. She didn’t know if she could do this. The quiet knock that sounded on her door made her look up quickly. Anya wouldn’t knock. Her friends had cleared out and the nurses just came and went as they pleased. Her brain shot to the
stalker automatically because she was in overdrive and even though she knew realistically, they wouldn’t dare.

The door pushed open, “can I come in?” her coach’s voice asked.

Lexa exhaled in frustration and relief. She really didn’t want anything to do with anyone and she hadn’t expected him. But probably should have, “yeah.” she spoke at last. But didn’t move her eyes from the floor. The door pushed open more and he entered the room and came to a stop right in front of her, “I heard,” he said.

Clearly, she thought. But didn’t look at him. Lexa took a deep breath and tried to find a way to start to navigate this world Clarke was missing from, “everyone has.”

“I’m sorry, Lexa.” he said to her next.

She just shrugged.

“I just wanted to let you know you’re benched until your ribs heal, so no practice for you. I also contacted your professors and let them know the situation and everything. I will collect your schoolwork for you. Also, in light of everything that’s happened, I have a place on campus you can stay at if you’d like. You don’t have to, but it’s there if you need it,” He handed her a key that she took and laid on the table next to her.

“Thank you,” Lexa tried not to let her weakness show because if there was anything her coach hated more, it was weakness. “I’ll consider it. Anything else, coach?”

“That’s all, I just wanted to check up on you and didn’t want you to stress about practice or school right now. Just get better. I need my star player in top form, okay?” Her coach stood and looked at her.

She raised her eyes from the floor and met his steely gaze, “Yes, sir,” Lexa nodded.

“Oh, before I forget, can I get your new number?” He asked and pulled out his phone.

“I’m not supposed to-” Lexa cut herself off. What did it matter now if someone else had her number. The stalker had it and it was a police issued phone so did it really matter if her coach had it, She rattled off the numbers and was relieved when he made his excuses and left the room as quickly as he came.

She wrapped an arm around her ribs as she moved over to the recliner. She hated being stuck in a bed like an invalid. She was the Commander and needed to act like it. Lexa closed her eyes and listened to the silence of the room minus the beeping of the monitors that she’d grown used to.

The chair wasn’t an uncomfortable as she’d originally thought as she dozed off in it only to be woken by another knock at the door. She groaned when it was pushed open to reveal the doctor.

“No sudden movements,” She tsked. Lexa spied her name tag that read Dr. Trikru, “You have bruised ribs on your right side, not to mention a bruised shoulder and a severe concussion. You need to take it easy if you want me to discharge you.”

“I promise I will, I just want to go home,” Lexa pleaded because spending another night in this hospital wasn’t an option. Not for her, “I’ll do whatever you say and follow your instructions, I swear.”
“Okay, but you need to have someone with you 24/7…” At that Lexa rolled her eyes. Of fucking course. “I’ll prescribe you painkillers for your injuries, but take them as directed. Do you understand?” Dr. Trikru’s voice was stern and didn’t leave room for argument.

“Yes, ma’am, I understand. I’m an athlete, the last thing I want to do it get addicted and I have someone who can stay with me,” Lexa grumbled the last part because she hated being a burden to anyone.

“Okay,” Trikru said, though seemingly unsure as she looked Lexa over as though trying to figure out if she was lying. Lexa didn’t move and had become quite good at hiding what she was feeling or thinking. The doctor moved forward, taking her stethoscope off as she did, “I just need to check you.” she motioned to the bed again, “if you can go sit.”

Lexa groaned inwardly but moved stiffly back to the bed. Why everyone was determined to make her stay there, she couldn’t fathom. She sat anyway and looked up at the ceiling as the doctor moved in to listen to her heartbeat but all she could think of was Clarke.

“You’re heart is good.” Trikru commented, “sound’s strong.”

It wasn’t, Lexa thought. The doctor had no idea how badly it hurt or that it felt ripped into pieces. She bit her lip a little when she felt it start to tremble and looked down as Trikru moved the stethoscope over her lungs, “might hurt a little, but breathe in deep.”

Lexa did, or tried to, “ah fuck…” she muttered, when pain exploded through her ribs.

Trikru looked up at her but only told her to do it again and Lexa breathed in deep despite the hurt. She was getting used to the pain as though it was something that was always there and always would be and she wondered if that was what it would be like living without Clarke every day? It wasn’t something she could fathom. The doctor had continued to examine her even while her thoughts had wandered and finally stepped back, bringing Lexa’s attention back to the moment as Trikru spoke up, “so you’re good, except those ribs.” she nodded at them in indication.

“So I can go?” Lexa asked. Right at that moment the door behind them opened and Anya came back in, looking refreshed and better except for the bags under her eyes that Lexa was noticing only for the first time.

“Yes, you’re good to go, I’ll have you discharged. I’ll get the papers together and have a nurse take care of the rest. If you need anything at all, don’t hesitate to call,” She held out a card that Lexa didn’t take, but Anya strode forward and took.

“Thank you, Dr. Trikru,” Anya said for her, “She’s appreciative too, but with-”

“Don’t worry about it, she’s not the worst patient I’ve ever had. It’s quite alright. Don’t forget the orders I gave you, Ms. Woods,” Lexa shrugged and played with her fingers, her hand ghosting over her left hand. She fiddled with the ring a little, her ‘fake’ wedding ring that burned her hand. She was so lost in thinking about the moment that Clarke had put it on her finger and about how she had said she would marry her one day that she didn’t hear Anya at first until the third time she said her name. Torn from the memory Lexa looked over, “what?” she asked.

“I said, Raven’s bringing the car. We’re going to take you home.”

Lexa looked over her best friend and twisted the ring on her finger just a little more. Home. She thought. Then find Clarke-

“What you don’t want to go?” Anya sounded surprised.
“I want to,” Lexa spoke, “hell, I need to get out of this place and find her. I was just thinking, that’s all.”

“You know you’re going to have to talk to them, sometime.” Anya spoke up. Lexa just stared at her blankly. She knew who Anya was talking about, but she wasn’t sure she could face them just now. Anya clarified anyway, “your friends? Especially Octavia.” she said, “and Clarke’s mom.”

“I’m well aware of that, thank you very much. Do you think I hadn’t thought of that?” Lexa asked, her gaze burning a hole, “I’ll talk to them when I’m ready too and right now I’m not,” She said with finality.

“Have it your way, but just so you know, Lex…” Lexa looked up at her, “You’re aren’t the only who lost Clarke, we all did. They…they need you too,” Anya gave her the look that Lexa had grown accustomed to. The ‘Dont fuck with me’ look so Lexa just nodded, “I’m going to go find Raven. We will be waiting at the car.” Anya went around the room and put everything into the bag that had been brought except for Lexa’s phone and she pocketed the key that Titus left.

“Okay,” Lexa watched Anya leave with a heavy heart. Clarke would be so mad at her if she knew how she was acting, but she couldn’t help it. Nothing made sense without Clarke. She didn’t have time to dwell on the negative thoughts when the nurse came in with her discharge papers.

“Ready to get out of here?” She asked as she wheeled in a wheelchair.

“You have no idea,” Lexa eyed the chair warily, “That isn’t necessary though.”

“It’s hospital protocol, I’m afraid. If you want to leave, this is the only way,” She handed Lexa papers to sign which Lexa quickly did. She stood up too quickly and wobbled a little, but the nurse gripped her elbow and guided her into the chair. It felt weird and it made her a little uncomfortable because it felt like everyone was watching her as the door of her room was opened and she was pushed out of the room. She felt vulnerable as she was rolled down the busy hall.

The elevator ride down was uncomfortably quiet and nerve-wracking as she sat in the chair in the small space with the nurse behind her and other people crowded around. Lexa was grateful the nurse didn’t try for small talk. The door finally opened and she was pushed out into a waiting area that was flooded with people. Lexa’s heart started skipping and she felt self-conscious. Her palms became sweaty and she all the sudden was nervous of all the people surrounding her.

“Here!” Anya’s voice called out suddenly and Lexa looked in time to see her friend and Raven coming through the people toward them. Soon as they reached her her heart clenched because no matter how strong Raven was trying to act her eyes were red and puffy and she could tell she had been crying, “Raven…” Lexa croaked at last as the nurse started pushing her chair toward the glass doors and Raven and Anya started following.

“Don’t you fucking tell me to leave, Lexa.” Raven said automatically as they passed through the doors, “we got you ok. And we’re gonna-” her voice broke a little before she added a little more determinedly as they approached the car that was parked at the curb, “we’re going to fix this.”

Lexa blinked back her own tears. Because Raven, just like Anya, would be the one that would still be there even when she said not to be. It seemed like a dream or a nightmare how everything around them was just continuing on when Clarke was missing. Lexa stood up when they arrived at the car, shaking off the hand of the nurse. Anya unlocked the car doors and she only moved from her spot when Raven helped her into the backseat and even buckled her in. The motion made her ribs sting a little. Out of the window she watched the nurse start rolling the chair away.
Raven moved to the driver’s seat after shutting her door and started the car, “Where to?” Raven asked. Lexa watched from the backseat as Anya got into the car and immediately reached for her girlfriend’s hand and she had to look away. It was too much for her and her mind flashed to the last time she held Clarke’s hand and prayed it wouldn’t be the last, “Lex?”

“The hotel,” She murmured and looked out the window as they started to drive away, “I need to get ou...the stuff that’s there.”

“Okay, where were you staying?”

“Best Western,” Lexa watched the scenery flash by, but didn’t linger on any of it. It was all bleak without Clarke. It was like her world had all the sight sucked out of it and nothing would be the same until they found her.

“Better than I expected you to get, honestly, but it’s not like I expected them to put you up in Polis or something,” Raven tried to joke, but it fell flat and she kept her eyes on the road.

“It’s okay, Rae, everything is going to be okay, I promise,” Anya whispered to her girlfriend, but Lexa still heard. Every touch, every whisper, every shared look was a knife to the chest and silent tears crept down her face as she pulled out her phone once again to look at the pictures she took of Clarke. Over the past few days she had snapped dozens of them, pictures of Clarke at breakfast, drawing at the table, heating food up in the microwave or on the phone ordering a pizza for lunch. There were one or two where she had just woken up and looked really sleepy. For just a minute she was able to lose herself in the pictures. Pretty soon though the car was slowing down and she looked up to find them pulling into the parking lot of the hotel.

Raven looked up at her in the rear-view mirror, “we’re here.” she said, “which room is yours?”

“Room 114,” Lexa answered, wiping back half-dried tears she cleared her throat and put the phone away again, “in the corner in the back.”

The car slid to a stop in front of the door. Lexa saw Raven get out. It hurt to move but she was faster and opened the door of the car herself. Brushing past Raven she moved to the sidewalk and stopped in front of the door. Lexa stared at it and her heart started pounding insanely hard at the idea that last time she was here, she had been here with Clarke. Last time was before Clarke was taken. If only she could go back, she would change so many things now. She would have made sure to know what Clarke’s plans were for the game. In fact they would never have gone to the game in the first place. She would have stayed in bed with her longer that morning and she would have kissed her longer the night before.

“You’re going to need this.” Anya spoke suddenly near her shoulder. She looked at her realising she hadn’t seen her walk up. Anya was holding out the key card. Lexa took it slowly, “I shouldn’t have gone to the game, An,” she whispered, her breath dry, “if I had just known…”

“You can’t change it Lexa,” Anya said, “you didn’t know. You couldn’t. I told you, the person who did this is the one to blame. Not you. Okay?”

Lexa nodded, but she didn’t believe it.

Anya motioned to the door, “need me to come in there?”

“No,” Lexa said quickly, “I got it.” She needed to be alone.

“Okay,” Anya said, “get your stuff,” she squeezed Lexa’s arm gently, “we’ll wait in the car.”
Walking into the room, Lexa was assaulted with the smell of Clarke and the shower gel she used that morning. She breathed in like air and images of Clarke and her flashed through her eyes. She ran a hand through her hair and ignored the pain that came with the action. Nothing had changed in the room since she stepped foot in it last time. The ‘Do Not Disturb’ still hung on the door and they’d rushed out of the room in a hurry to get her game.

The game she never should have gone to. That she wouldn’t have gone to, if she knew they needed to cut activities. Lexa felt her lower lip start to tremble, standing there. She felt a tear slide down her face, and hated it. She hated this happened and she wanted to fix it. She just wanted Clarke home and safe. Moving to the bed she sat on it and grabbed Clarke’s pillow and held it hard for a minute to get her breath. The pillow smelled like Clarke and she held it tighter. She thought about taking it with her for a few seconds, but she knew suddenly where she wanted to go to next if she could get Raven and Anya to take her there. She didn’t want them coming in here seeing her like this. So slowly, after giving herself another minute to breathe Clarke and, Lexa put the pillow aside and stood.

Mechanically, she started picking up Clarke’s clothes from the floor. The stuff she had on the day before it happened, the shorts and shirt she’d slept in. Lexa shoved everything into their bags as quickly as she could. Lexa grabbed Clarke’s laptop, gave the room one final sweep with her eyes and turned to go back to the car.

Raven and Anya were at her side to take the bags and throw them in the trunk. Anya helped her into the car and Lexa nodded in thanks. She didn’t know for sure why they were doing all of this, but she realized she needed them. Clarke would never want her to go through any of this alone, “Can we...can we go to your house, Rae?”

Raven had started the car, but looked back at her in surprise. She and Anya looked at each other for a second and Lexa took a deep breath and tried not to demand she needed to go there right now. As the car sat there running Anya finally asked, “you’re sure you’re ready for that?”

“I have to start looking,” Lexa answered firmly. She sat back against the seat, “and that’s a place to start.”

“Okay, Lex. Whatever you need,” Anya answered. She nodded to Raven who started to drive in that direction and Lexa’s heart beat rapidly the closer they got. They arrived at the house before she was ready, but she steeled herself and opened the door.

“We are going in with you,” Raven said firmly, “You aren’t alone.”

Lexa just nodded, but wouldn’t admit that their support would be appreciated. She stepped into the house with her friends beside her and took a deep breath. The house was so irrevocably Clarke, it made her hesitant to even go to Clarke’s room.

“We need to start looking?” Lexa called over her shoulder. Anya walked into Clarke’s room and shut the door quietly behind her. Her eyes were dry and scratchy from crying but soon as she stepped into Clarke’s space it made her miss her more and feel helpless that much more and soon she felt tears dripping down her face again. Clarke being gone hurt so bad that it felt like the tears would never stop. Lexa wiped at them anyway and for just a few seconds looking around the room it felt like
Clarke might walk through the door any second after a day out surfing. For a minute it felt like a normal day where they would greet each other with a kiss, order a pizza for dinner and watch t.v.

But it was only for a minute before reality that Clarke wasn’t going to walk in came crashing back, and Lexa made herself move forward. She crossed the space of Clarke’s room and moved first to the dresser drawers. Tugging one open she could tell the cops had already been through them because everything was scrambled. She pushed the drawer closed again. What she needed to find, whatever it was, wasn’t going to be in one of these drawers. It wasn’t going to be something Clarke would wear or maybe even place in there. No, it was going to be buried a whole lot deeper than just on the surface like that. It would be something personal and something that was very Clarke, “baby, talk to me,” Lexa’s voice was a thready whisper in the still of the room, “help me find you,” She looked over the room again. Her eyes landed on Clarke’s closet.

Pushing away from the dresser she went to it and opened it up. There were boxes of things in here. Earlier, she had thought that this might go further back than before they had even met. Reaching up Lexa pulled down a box.

It was full of sketchbooks. Lexa stared at it for a second before setting it down on the floor. She reached for the next box on the shelf and frustration hit her because she didn’t even know what she was looking for. She pulled down the next box and when she opened it, her heart broke for Clarke. Inside this box was mementos of her father. Not wanting to intrude on her girlfriend’s memories, she sealed the box back up and put it back. There was another box that she grabbed that was filled with yearbooks and etc, she didn’t get a chance to adequately look through it before Anya and Raven came into room.

“Find anything?” Raven asked and looked at the box she was looking through.

“No, but I might take this with me and look through it more thoroughly, that okay?” Lexa asked, unsure if Raven would take offense or not.

“Of course, whatever you think will help, I know Clarke wouldn’t mind, so I don’t either,” Raven faked a smile at her.

“Did you all find anything?” Lexa stood and went to pick up the box, but Anya beat her to it.

“No we didn’t and you’re not supposed to lift anything heavy,” Anya sighed and carried the box out of the room.

“You coming?” Raven turned and looked at her.

“In a minute,” Lexa needed another minute in Clarke’s space and Raven seemed to understand and gave her some privacy. She heard the door click shut and Lexa sat on the edge of Clarke’s bed and looked at the blanket that she loved. She never knew the story behind the blanket, but found comfort in it and decided to take it with her. She needed a piece of Clarke with her and she could give it back to Clarke after they find her.

Getting up Lexa carefully took the blanket from the bed and folded in her arms. Hugging it close she breathed in the scent that was Clarke and for a minute stood shaking where she was. It felt like she was on a roller coaster, get to the top only to come crashing back down. Taking several deep breaths Lexa took one last look around Clarke’s room, caught sight of the framed picture of herself and Clarke from a few weeks ago, and went and took it too. She’d bring it back, she told herself, when she brought Clarke back. And she would. Turning at last Lexa moved toward the door. She turned the handle and opened it slowly. It didn’t make a sound.
But she could hear Anya and Raven talking.

“I’ve never seen her like this,” Anya was mumbling, and her usually strong voice sounded almost broken, “and she’s been through alot you know, and now this. And she’s blaming herself. And Clarke? Raven, we have to find her.”

“We will,” Raven’s voice was quieter. Lexa heard her sniffle, “we will An. She’s my friend. I did keep the damn phone they gave Lexa. Told that Kane guy it got lost…”

“Can they trace it?” Anya sounded a little distressed.

“No. It might be police issue, but it’s just a normal phone. I checked. It would help if it wasn’t. We could trace Clarke.”

“You lied to the cops?” Lexa spoke, coming into the room.

They both looked over at her. Anya straightened her back and got up from the couch, “hey.”

“They wanted it for evidence.” Raven said quickly, “and,” she shrugged doubtful, “we sort of already did that once. And if we can just keep whoever did this texting you?..”

“That’s not going to be a problem.” Lexa whispered, remembering the text from that morning. It was just three letters, internet shorthand. But it made her blood boil all over again. Her voice cracked, “I.. they’ve already…” but she couldn’t finish the thought.

“Texted again.” Anya told Raven for her. Lexa nodded.

“They did?”

“This morning, yeah,” Anya answered, “the sick bitch loves taunting her on top of everything else.”

“We should go,” Lexa changed the subject because the memory of the taunt was a painful reminder that the stalker had Clarke and she felt helpless. So if she didn’t focus Lexa knew she would break and that wouldn’t help anyone.

“Okay, I get you not wanting to stay here, but where are you going to stay? Your apartment?” Raven stared at her in question.

“No, I’m not going there, I...I can’t. My coach got me a place to stay on campus if I want to use it, so I may take him up on that, but first I want to go the stadium.”

“That’s not a good idea, Lex,” Anya put a hand on her shoulder that Lexa shrugged off.

“I need to go back there, I have to,” Lexa narrowed her eyes at them daring them to argue with her more.

“What good is that gonna do? The cops have been all over the area and they didn’t find anything. The only decent lead they got was security footage which they showed you,” Raven argued back of course.

“I just need to do it, you wouldn’t understand, I-” Lexa broke off and looked at the floor.

“Try us,” Anya touched her shoulder again and this time Lexa didn’t shake it off.

“I just need to see where she was last, I just need to sit there and feel…” Lexa didn’t know how to explain it right and her face flushed red.
“It’s okay, Lex, we get it. We’ll take you, right Rae?” Anya looked over at her girlfriend.

Raven nodded, “yeah.” she answered. She motioned toward the door, “lets go.”

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Anxiety was like a knife. It cut into Lexa deeper and deeper the closer they got to the stadium. By the time the car had stopped in the parking garage she was sitting stiffly in the back seat, her face impassive. But you couldn’t see her hands where her knuckles had gone white, where they were buried into and tightly gripping Clarke’s blanket.

The car shut off. Anya and Raven looked back at her, “are you sure?” Raven asked.

Lexa closed her eyes slowly and let out an exasperated sigh, “I wish people would stop asking that.” Lexa let go of the blanket and turned and opened her car door. Soon as her feet touched the concrete under her Lexa had to take a deep breath. Even here in this garage she saw Clarke everywhere; from the first time she had brought her here up to the game before last, when the bus had dropped them off outside the stadium. The memory of the bus ride here from the hotel for the last game was suddenly painful to think about, the way Clarke had laughed and pointed at things outside the windows as they passed. Lexa hadn’t known then it would be the last bust ride and here she was having to go through the ‘firsts’ of everything without Clarke. She had to catch herself on a support column at the thought, her bruised ribs protesting the movement painfully, as her eyes fell closed for a moment.

“Lexa, we don’t have to do this. You can come back tomorrow.” Anya said somewhere behind her.

“Yes, Anya, I have to,” she said back. Without another word Lexa started walking forward. She knew her friends were following her, but they kept their distance. Once she was outside the stadium and standing in the exact spot she parted from Clarke with a kiss and a good luck like it was something they would do everyday for the rest of their lives. Lexa wanted that more than anything. She had no idea when they parted then that she would win the game, but lose it everything else.

She stepped into the stadium and nodded at the security guard who averted his eyes, but Lexa didn’t pay him any mind. She stood in the endzone where she mouthed the last I love you to Clarke not knowing that was the last time she would see her. She looked towards the rail where she stood and could almost picture her there, but wait, there was someone there. Her heart sped up and she started to jog forward only to realize it wasn’t Clarke like she wished it to be.

It was her mother.

Lexa didn’t want to talk to her, didn’t want to see her, but now she had no choice and approached Abby with caution. She could feel Abby’s eyes on her the entire time as well as her friends. But when she looked behind her, they’d disappeared, but knew they weren’t far. She dragged her feet up the steps and into the stands and gingerly sat next to Abby who was in the same row that Clarke and their friends occupied every home game. It was almost too much for her to handle, but knew she didn’t have a choice.

Neither spoke for a moment, just sat side by side and looked out on the field and Lexa could almost feel Abby’s pain. It was the first time since it happened that she let herself feel for someone other than herself. She’d been so wrapped up in her own pain, she forgot about everyone else’s.

Looking around the stadium, Lexa imagined it full with the fans and the roar of the crowd cheering for her and her team, but it all faded away when she noticed a single tear slip down Abby’s face.

“Abby…I…” Lexa had no idea where to start because in the end, she failed in her duty to protect her
girlfriend. She knew there had been many mistakes that led to this point and most could have been prevented and she only had herself to blame.

Abby wiped away the tear, “you know,” she spoke at last, without looking at Lexa though, just staring out at the field. When she lowered her hands again her knuckles went white on the bench where she was holding it, “when Clarke was a little girl Jake brought her here often to watch the college play-” her voice broke a little and she looked down at her lap, “he really liked football. You would have loved him, and I think he would have loved you.”

Hearing the words felt like a knife. Lexa couldn’t speak, after that. She closed her eyes and lowered her face a little. It felt like she had failed both Clarke’s parents and there was quiet for another moment. Abby finally looked over at her, “I’ve never seen her happier then she is with you-” another tear slid down Abby’s face.

Lexa sat there shivering in spite of the warm night. She tried to find her voice, but only managed a small pathetic noise that said everything about how scared she was, how angry she was and how guilty and frightened she was because of that little voice inside her she’d been trying to drown out that said what if Clarke wasn’t coming back. Lexa turned her head away fast to study the blank scoreboard. She looked at it so often during games that it should seem familiar to her, but it felt foreign as sitting here did, “I should ...I should go.” Lexa spit out, “I shouldn’t have bothered you. I should have stayed and watched Clarke-” she jumped up but a cold hand quickly found and grabbed hers and pulled her back down onto the bench.

“Lexa, I-” Abby’s voice was broken when Lexa turned and looked at her and Abby wasn’t even trying to hide the tears falling down her face as she said in a watery voice, “I wasn’t around after Jake. I didn’t even try and I just got her back and now….,” Abby put her forehead in her hands and started sobbing without sound, but her voice was strangled and her shoulders shook, “now I might have lost her too and I never even had a chance-”

“I’m sorry, Abby….” Lexa finally croaked and she started crying right there in the stadium that she was the Commander in, tears streaming down that she couldn’t stop, her lip trembling and her skin shaking as she tried to talk as the emotions she’d been holding in spilled out of her, “I didn’t protect her. I didn’t keep her safe and and I tr ...tried. I left my own house to live in a hotel as soon as I knew it wasn’t safe ...I. I.... I ruined it all!”

“Lexa… you didn’t ruin it all. You tried to get her somewhere safe…”

“I tried, but I failed. All I wanted was to keep her safe from this, and I couldn’t!”

“You didn’t make them take her, Lexa. Kane says this may have been happening longer than we think. This isn’t your fault.”

“But it is,” Lexa insisted, “I shouldn’t have gone to the fucking game! I should have stayed with her. We should have watched old shows on hotel t.v.! I should have watched her more carefully! But I messed up!”

“Lexa, no… stop.”

“It was a mistake to call the cops!”

“It wasn’t!” Abby tried to touch her arm but Lexa pulled away. Abby spoke anyway, “those officers should have told you.”

“I should have asked them more questions. I should have done something when the texts first started
“They shouldn’t have assumed you knew what you could and couldn’t do.” Abby countered.

“And I should have said something to Clarke sooner! But I didn’t! And now...and now...” she fell to the bench in a sobbing mess, “and she’s gone now. She’s gone. She got taken away from me when I wasn’t looking and I don’t know where to find her and I don’t know if I’m ever going to get her back or see her again!” she started shaking harder, “or get to tell her I love her or kiss her again or....or anything! And when I sleep, her being taken away is all I see!” Lexa kicked the bench in front of her and dragged her hands down her face, “and I just can’t stop crying!”

Abby stood up and put her arms around Lexa’s body and sat them both down and held her while they both sobbed, “My daughter wouldn’t want you to blame yourself, she wouldn’t want this. I may have been a shitty mother the last two years, but I still know my daughter. She loves you and when we find her, she won’t blame you, I know it. She’ll just be happy to be with you again.”

Lexa pulled back from the embrace and wiped her eyes, “Everyone keeps telling me that, but I know you are all just telling me what you think I want to hear,” Lexa went to stand, but Abby grabbed her hand and kept her in place.

“Sit down, Lexa. My daughter would never forgive me if something happened to you,” Abby demanded softly and Lexa complied, “People make mistakes, it’s normal. Things happen that you can’t predict. If you had thought for even a second that your game wouldn’t be safe, I know you wouldn’t have played or brought Clarke here. You thought here,” Abby gestured around them, “was a safe place, you let your guard down, it happens,” She squeezed her hand, but it did nothing to reassure her at the moment. “There was nothing you could’ve done different. Whoever this is would have found another way, they were determined to get to Clarke...” Abby’s choked on Clarke’s name.

“I just want her back in my arms safely. That’s all I can think about,” Lexa admitted and ran a hand over her face, “I appreciate what you’re trying to do, I do, but nothing you say will make me feel better about the situation. I wouldn’t be surprised if you’d blame me, I deserve it.” She stood up and pulled her hand away. She saw Anya and Raven in the distance and waved them over, “I need to go, but I promise I won’t give up until I find her, Ms. Griffin.”

“I know you won’t, Lexa and it’s Abby. That hasn’t changed. If you need a place to stay, I have an extra room that is open to you. Please take care of yourself and let others help you,” Abby stood up and pulled her into a hug.

“That’s very sweet of you to offer, but I have a place to stay right now. I’ll do my best,” Lexa promised. It was a least she could do to give Clarke’s mom peace of mind.

“It’s a standing invitation,” Abby wiped her eyes and nodded at Raven and Anya who were standing on the field, “After everything, it’s the least I can do,” Abby looked her in the eye, “Please, please keep me in the loop, Clarke...she’s the only thing I have left...I...”

“We will, Mama G, we promise,” Raven bolted up the stairs and into her arms so fast that Lexa had to stumble back, but Anya caught her before she fell.

“Thank you, you all take care, please and I’ll see you soon,” Abby made her way down the steps and out of sight.

“You need to rest, Lex,” Anya guided her down the steps and towards the dorms, “Fuck, where are you staying?”
“Coach told me room 307 and it was the closest dorm to the stadium, Ark dormitory,” Lexa rolled her eyes when Anya refused to let go of her arm, “I’m not an invalid, I’m more than capable of walking without help.”

“Maybe,” Anya agreed as they kept moving. She still didn’t let go.

As they left the stadium Lexa shot her friend a look, “I get that you want to help. But I can walk alone, really.” she was getting frustrated. Worse, Raven’s hand was in Anya’s other one and it made her heart ache more.

“Yes, you can.” Anya stopped them on the sidewalk, “but you should never have to.”

The implication was there in the growled words and it made Lexa jerk her head up to look at her friend. It was quiet for a few seconds after that. Lexa could hear cars passing by. Finally she shook her head in a way that said she was deciding to just let it go for now, “I guess it’s this way.” she said starting off again. As she did she added, “I would really just like some time alone.”

“I get that,” Anya agreed, “and you’ll have it. I have to sleep sometime.” She was trying for humor to lighten things up. But Lexa wasn’t really feeling like laughing. As they arrived at the building and stopped in front of it Lexa pulled the key out of her pocket and checked the address on the tag attached to it to be sure it was the right place. When it was, without another word to the pair behind her she dragged herself up the short flight of steps and went inside.

The entry reminded her of the hospital, old but clean, with linoleum floors. The room was on the third floor. Lexa made her way over to the elevator to wait. The building was under renovation and she understood why her coach recommended it because there would be less people around.

“Are you sure this is safe?” Raven asked when the elevator doors opened and Lexa shot her a look, “I meant with it being under construction and all, not the other thing.”

“It’s fine, it just means less people I have to deal with it and I have no problem with that,” Lexa pressed the button for the third floor and leaned back against the cold metal wall. She closed her eyes and images of the last elevator ride with Clarke invaded her mind. A smile crossed her face just thinking about how desperate they were for each other when they were just ‘fuck buddies.’

The elevator stopped and the door took a few seconds before juddering open loudly, Anya’s eyebrows went up as they did, “I might have to agree with Raven.” she muttered under her breath. Lexa didn’t care. She just pushed between them and left the elevator for the corridor.

It smelled strange and was darker than she liked. With faded light bulbs and a window at each end of the hallway. She made her way to the end of it anyway, reading door numbers as she passed them before finally stopping outside of the one marked 307 with the 7 hanging sideways just a little bit. Lexa fit the key into the door and had to jiggle it a little to get it to unlock. When it finally did she turned the handle and pushed the door open, putting the key back into her pocket.

Lexa stepped inside. The room was small and empty, except for two beds pushed one against each wall with a window centered between them. There was also a desk and a bare light bulb that hung over her head. As she was looking up at it, it turned on and she was blinded. Lexa whipped about. With spots in front of her eyes she could just make out Raven standing with her finger still on the switch, “oops.”

Anya strode into the room, “so this is home for now?” she asked, moving over to the window. Anya looked out of it, “you can see the field from here. But what else to expect from a football coach.”
“Oh!” Raven sounded excited and came toward the window, “we can have a stake out!”

Anya looked at her girlfriend, “you are not stake out material, Raven, you are hardly quiet enough.”

“I can be quiet.” Raven folded her arms.

“No you can’t,” Anya argued back. “You’re always blowing shit up.”

“That doesn’t count.” Raven argued, “because I’m not the one making the noise.”

“But you’re the cause of it,” Anya countered, letting her eyes roam over Raven, “not to mention how loud you are when we-”

“Okay,” Lexa cut them off. She didn’t want to hear this, now or ever. She moved and sat on the edge of one of the beds. The mattress was thin and she wished she had Clarke’s blanket with her. She wished she had Clarke with her, “my home for now. You guys don’t have to stay here too.” She cut into their arguing. Her stomach growled just a little. She didn’t know how long it had been since she’d last eaten and despite her stomach growling she wasn’t really hungry. She wasn’t sure if she could keep anything down right now.

“Lexa, come here and see the field.” Raven prompted.

“I’m good, I’ve seen enough of the field for awhile,” Lexa didn’t move from her spot and her stomach rumbled louder.

“Oh shit, you’re hungry. Crap when was the last time you even ate?” Raven looked back at her.

“I think it was with Clarke...umm before the game, we had pizza,” Lexa looked at the crack in the wall and sighed.

“Alright, well I’m going to go pick up some chinese and I’ll be back in a little while. You need to eat, Lex and I know An can’t say no to dumplings so I’ll be back,” Raven kissed Anya on the cheek and made her way out of the room. The door closed with a click behind her.

Lexa could feel Anya staring at her, but refused to look at her. She already knew the conversation they were about to have.

“You’re not staying here alone,” Anya sat down across from her.

“I’ll be fine.” Lexa wasn't so sure though if she would be. She wasn’t going to say that though.

“You’re lying.”

“I’m not.”

“Lexa, I can tell when you’re lying. You sit there all drawn in like that.” Anya motioned toward her, “I know you didn’t want to go home. I get it. But you can’t be by yourself yet. You won’t even get up to feed yourself and even if you did decide to just to make me leave, the doctor still told me 24/7.”

Of course, the doctor would. Lexa said nothing else for a second and glared across at her friend.

“Besides,” Anya said to her, “even if she hadn't. I’m not going anywhere and you can’t make me.”

“Yes I can!” Lexa bristled and stood up.

“No, you can’t,” Anya snapped, and just looked up at her from where she stayed sitting on the
opposite bed, “how can I? How can you expect me to when you are hurting like this-”

Lexa’s expression darkened.

“-yes, Lexa! Hurting. Besides,” Anya got up, “how many times do I have to say I’m not leaving before you get it through your head?”

“How many times do I have to say I want you to!” Lexa finally asked back words she’d been holding back. When Anya’s face fell a little she almost regretted them.

“Well you did manage to scare everyone else off!” But it only took a second before Anya shrugged them off and barreled on, “if it was me. If the situation was reversed. You would do the same! Or would …” Anya’s face fell a little as she looked Lexa up and down, “or I thought you would!”

“You have no idea what I’m going through! Do you have any idea what it’s like to lose the person you love!” Anya stood there in silence, “No you don’t, so don’t stand there and tell me what I would or wouldn’t do,” Lexa hit her chest and made pain erupt in her side, but it only urged her on, “It hurts, it hurts so much and I just want to be left alone!”

“To wallow in your misery, is that it?” Anya retorted and got into her face, “and how is that helping the woman you love?” Lexa took a step back at that, “This is exactly what they want. They want you to fall apart, they want to break you and they’re succeeding. Don’t give them the satisfaction, Lex. You’re better than that!”

“Maybe I’m not,” Lexa said dejectedly and slumped back on the bed, her ribs on fire, her soul aching worse with a hurt no pill or doctor could stop, “I don’t want you here, I just-” Her phone dinged in her pocket and she closed her eyes because she knew exactly who it was. She was in no hurry to pull it out though.

“Take a look, Lex,” Anya sat down beside her and reached for her hand, “We need all the help we can get even if it comes from them. Maybe they will make a mistake-”

“Not likely, they’ve been meticulous and I don’t see them making a stupid mistake, but fine, let’s see what new thing they have to torture me with this time,” Lexa yanked her phone out of her pocket and took a deep breath.

It was another text that read ‘Missing someone?’

Lexa pulled back her arm to launch the phone across the wall, but Anya took the phone from her grasp at the last second, “That’s not going to make you feel better and you’ll end up regretting it. Right now, this is our only connection to Clarke.”

“It would make feel better if it was their face, I swear to god when we find them, they’re going to wish they were dead.”

Anya nodded her head, “we’ll make sure of it. But you have to stay strong.” she took Lexa by her good shoulder and stepped in to look at her, “think of this like one of your games. It’s a battle, and we will win it.”

“That was horrible, An,” Lexa just stared at and a chuckle escaped.

Anya snorted and rolled her eyes and ran a hand through her hair, “well I don’t know what the fuck to say. I’ve never been inspirational.” she muttered and dropped onto her bed. But she looked up, “but you laughed.” she said. Anya smirked at Lexa and folded her arms.
'You got that right and a chuckle isn’t a laugh. Nice try though,” Lexa tilted her head.

“Well, it was more than the grunting and glaring you’ve been doing.” Anya countered. She sat up though, “and constantly insisting I just leave you. So, what’s the plan?”

Lexa shrugged her shoulders, “I have no idea, but you don’t have to stay here, I meant that. However I know how fucking stubborn you are and you will anyways, so how about calling Raven to pick up extra food and call the others as well.”

“That’s much better,” Anya commented, “and we thought I wasn’t inspirational.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, don’t let it go to your head,” Lexa rubbed her eyes, “And you aren’t.”

“Well the Commander’s back, I see. That’s more like it.” Anya muttered. She started sending a text to Raven, “besides, I thought you said you didn’t have a plan. Sure sounds like one.”

“No, she’s not,” Lexa protested, “And I don’t have a plan actually, but you all keep harping on me to let you help so…” Lexa gestured around the room.

“Okay, Lex,” Anya rolled her eyes, “And yeah, you do need help,” She sent the text and raised an eyebrow to Lexa and also looked around the room, “but whatever you say,” she paused and looked down as a text hit her phone. Anya checked it, “Raven says she’s bringing lots of blankets for everyone,” Anya looked up at Lexa, “but, we get the bed,” she kept her face stern on this one.

“Why am I friends with you again?” Lexa nudged her shoulder, “That’s fine, I don’t care either way. You all can fight over the bed, but I get this one as it’s my room.”

Anya ignored the question, “you sleep wherever you want to sleep,” Another text came in, “she’s also bringing donuts and your stuff from the car.”

“How in the hell is she going to manage bringing all that up?” Lexa asked.

“She’s picking up Lincoln and Octavia so they will help,” Anya answered and looked at her, “Speaking of, are you okay if she comes too?”

“Yeah, I guess so. She’s Clarke’s friend too,” Lexa looked down at her ring again and sighed, “She’s the one who saw her last and I need to know every detail, so just send the text I know you already have typed up,” Lexa gave her a pointed look.

“Okay,” Anya answered, and hit send.

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Lexa looked around the small room that was now cramped with five people. Anya and Raven were on the opposite bed going through her phone. Lincoln was staring out the window and Octavia was sitting in a chair by the door staring off into the space. The room was littered with empty soda cans, chinese containers and half eaten donuts.

She pulled back the collar of her shirt and fanned herself because she felt crowded even with the bed to herself. They’d been at for hours and they’d gotten nowhere and she was exhausted. Lexa was at her wit’s end with the lack of progress and right now it all felt pointless. They were nowhere closer to finding Clarke than they were before.

Lexa felt hopeless and was tired of it. She looked over at Octavia and waited to catch her eye and nodded towards the hallway. Octavia looked surprised, but stood and up and escaped out of the
room and Lexa quickly followed. She found her leaning against the wall a few doors down from her assigned room.

“Where did you last see her exactly? I need to know what happened down to the last detail, please,” Lexa blinked back tears and made herself comfortable against the opposite wall and stretched her legs out in front of her.

Octavia wiped back a tear, “out…” she tried again, “outside the bathroom by the f..food stand. I was just a few feet from her Lexa, I swear.” she started sobbing in the hall. Octavia tipped her head back a little and slid down the wall to sit on the floor, “I never left. I just had to pay for our food. It was just a few fucking seconds. You have to-” she stopped and cleared her throat and looked across at Lexa, “you don’t have to do anything. I shouldn’t have looked away. I’ll ..I’ll tell you whatever I can.” she dragged the sleeve of her shirt over her eyes and looked across slowly at Lexa.

Lexa didn’t know what to do or say to make her feel better because there was nothing anybody could say or do to make her feel better, “A few seconds was all it took, Octavia,” She tried to keep her voice even, “No you shouldn’t have looked away no matter how close you may have been. You shouldn’t have left her, but I need to know where exactly you saw the Murphy guy lead Clarke to?”

“I didn’t see him lead her off anywhere! I’ve already told the cops that!” Octavia answered, “I mean, fuck. If I saw her leaving with him don’t you think I would have gone after them? She was there, talking to him. She had a lot of sponsors walk up to her the past few days so when she didn’t seem alarmed, I wasn’t. I looked, she was there.. I looked again… she wasn’t. She didn’t seem afraid of him. She seemed excited. I’m sorry. I know this was because of me…."

“Fuck, did you tell the cops all this?” Lexa asked and Octavia nodded rapidly, “Just because she wasn’t alarmed doesn’t matter. He was a stranger. Answer me this? When she was approached by other sponsors, did you leave her side when she talked to them? Because when they approached us, I stayed glued to her because you never know if someone is a friend or foe.”

“No, I never left her alone with the others,” Octavia’s eyes shot up suddenly, “but it’s different. Because all those times I was already with her already and ...with...him……” the words trailed off brokenly, “I wasn’t. It was like he was waiting or something. I....” she sniffled hard and stared at the floor.

“And that didn’t alert you to something being wrong?” Lexa’s voice got higher, “You gave him the opportunity he was looking for!”

“It’s not like I knew he was waiting. It’s not like I saw him standing there and decided, ‘oh shady looking guy, lets walk away!’ He wasn’t there. She told me to go get food I tried to talk her out of it but ...Clarke…” the words trailed off, “I did though. You’re right. I shouldn’t have left. I shouldn’t have fucking looked away. There’s nothing I can say or any excuse I can make for it. I’ll never forgive myself.” she lowered her eyes.

“No, there’s not, but I’m not trying to make you feel worse,” Lexa’s voice broke, “I’m just trying to understand. Clarke told you to go, I get that, but you shouldn’t have listened,” Lexa felt tears run down her cheeks, “The guy you saw her with could be doing god knows what to Clarke and we’re sitting here no closer to finding her. Walk me through it. The moment you left the stands to the moment you couldn’t find her. Please!”

“Yeah, okay.” Octavia took a deep breath, “so she’d been staring at you all night and I guess putting off getting up to pee until the last possible minute and so ...she was about to go off by herself, but Anya grabbed her by the arm and wouldn’t let her go. She said that you would kill her if she let Clarke out of her sight and Clarke was insisting it was just a trip to the bathroom but Anya wasn’t
Octavia paused for breath, having said all that at once,

Lexa made a mental note to thank Anya for trying, but damn stubborn, beautiful Clarke. Of course she would insist, but that didn’t mean it made it okay that Octavia listened when she told her it was okay to go, “Okay, then what happened?”

“We got over there you know,” Octavia sniffled, “and Clarke was like, ‘I’m drawing the line at you coming in the stall with me’ and I thought, okay. That’s fine. I can wait outside the door here. So I was going to do that and she was like, ‘go get food, go, look, its right there,’ and she pointed to the food line and teased me about how I’d be able to see her the whole time…” Octavia ran an arm across her face again and shook her head, “Lexa….” she choked out, “I didn’t want to fucking go. I knew better. You know that feeling you get when something’s wrong and nine times out of ten you ignore it and everything is fine? I felt something wrong about it, but I fucking ignored it because we were at your game nothing bad happens there and I know, I shouldn’t have thought that and and…….” she took several deep breaths, “anyway she went into the bathroom. I got in the line.”

“Well, we’ve learned that isn’t true anymore. They struck when she felt safe, when we let our guard down. You’re not the one to blame, not completely. I shouldn’t have gone to my game and if I hadn’t then Clarke would be here and not…” Lexa’s lip started to tremble again and she looked at the ceiling, “Okay… I know how persuasive Clarke can be, I just wish you didn’t listen is all. What happened next?”

“I wish I hadn’t,” Octavia whispered. She took a deeper breath and looked over at Lexa,” But its not your fault, at all. It was your game. You were playing and I was supposed to watch her…” Octavia’s eyes closed slowly, “I was the one that saw her last,” She sighed heavily, “anyway, she came back out of the bathroom a few minutes later. I’d been looking over at it all the time to make sure I didn’t miss her and …and.. She was on her way over when this guy approached her. And she was startled a bit and I was about to go over and then I saw him pull out this business card and she didn’t seem nervous after that. I couldn’t hear what they were saying but—”

“You should have gone over there immediately,” Lexa banged her hand on the floor next to her and hissed in pain, “I trusted you to watch her for me, and I know you made a mistake and I know you’d do it differently if you could, but can’t. So you turned your back to pay and what?” Lexa met Octavia’s gaze.

“Guy in the food stand said I had to pay now. But before I did…” Octavia dug in her back pocket and pulled out her phone. She wiped her eyes a little as she turned it on and started to scroll through it before stopping at last, “I took this,” she said, “in everything that happened I barely remembered about it now.” weakly she handed her phone out, “the guy was demanding money again and again so I turned and paid him.”

Lexa took the phone from her and looked at the picture and back at Octavia, “I would’ve told him to fuck off, but that’s just me,” Lexa stared hard at the phone and her heart ached that this was the last picture of Clarke. Her girl, her love, “And when you turned back around, they were gone so than what did you do?”

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“I…. Octavia’s breath caught, “I looked around fast, expecting to see her. But I didn’t. So I ran to where she was standing to see if she’d .gone anywhere, around a corner, behind a person. Or something. I just knew I had to find her. I couldn’t fucking see her anywhere so I ran to the bathroom and checked each stall. Some girl was in one and screamed at me but …but…” Octavia started crying and wiped at her tears uselessly, “it wasn’t Clarke. I’d asked if she’d seen her. I asked the people outside if they saw her. They said no. I called ..I called Raven and ..and I didn’t leave the spot. They
told me to stay and keep looking and came to find me.”

“In a crowded stadium, how in the hell did he get Clarke out of there without someone seeing 
something? I don’t understand that. I remember that because I looked up at the stands and you two 
were gone, but didn’t think anything of it, but when I looked up again and you all were gone, I 
started to get worried and I got distracted hence why I ended up in the hospital,” Lexa leaned her 
head back against the wall, “When...when I saw Anya standing there at the rail by herself, I knew 
something was wrong, I just want her back, and I know you and Raven have known her a lot longer 
than I have, but Clarke means everything to me and I just want her home where she’s safe,” Lexa 
closed her eyes and didn’t notice Octavia move until she felt her beside her. She opened her eyes and 
leaned her head against her Octavia’s shoulder.

They sat leaning against each other for a moment when they heard the door opened and footsteps 
head towards them.

“I was looking for you two,” He said and laughed when they jumped apart, “I’ve spent the last two 
days pulling words out of her, but yet here you are babe having no problems at all getting her to 
talk.”

“We had a lot to talk about.” Lexa spoke up. She pushed to her feet then offered a hand down to 
help Octavia up. Octavia took the hand and stood up.

“I messed up, Linc.” she weakly said.

“We all did,” he answered, putting an arm around her waist he pulled Octavia into his side.

“I’m sorry, I’ve been a bitch, I just want to find Clarke,” Lexa blinked back tears that were common 
these days, “It’s my fault, I just don’t feel complete without her and I lashed out.”

“You don’t have anything to be sorry for,” Lincoln answered. He was careful when he set a hand to 
Lexa’s good shoulder. He looked at Octavia, “neither do you. Though I know it’s something you 
both will never believe. But people make mistakes all the time, things they don’t think about and do 
anyway. Maybe one day they turn left when they should have turned right instead and everything 
changes into something different. Because you are just going and doing what you know to do in that 
minute, even if it’s wrong. I haven’t known Clarke for long, but I can say that she already knows that 
too and wouldn’t want you two blaming yourselves or each other,” he said at last, “we’ll find her.”

“We better,” Lexa and Octavia said at the same time and shared a small smile before they made their 
way back to the room with the others.

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Outside the window the morning was the gray that came just before dawn. It spilled feebly through 
the window, falling over Anya and Raven curled into each other on the other bed and Lincoln and 
Octavia in blankets on the floor. It gave the room a sense of false peace and security, despite the 
noise of the occasional car passing on the street outside. But Lexa wasn’t sleeping, and couldn’t feel 
that kind of peace. She had laid there sobbing quietly as she could most of the night with Clarke’s 
blanket in her arms where her girlfriend should be, trying not to wake the others up, waiting for it to 
be just light enough outside.

Like the others, she still had on her clothes from the day before and putting the blanket aside at last, 
she sat up. Letting her tears fall without checking them, she stared out at the gray light for a second. 
She had to go. She didn’t really know why. She knew her friends wanted to help her, that Clarke 
was their friend too, but she really just wanted to have a minute alone. Wiping her face at last, she
leaned over, found her shoes and stood up. Careful not to step on Lincoln and Octavia, Lexa snuck as quietly as she could to the door and turned the handle. It creaked a little as she cracked it open. Chancing a glance back at her friends to make sure they were all still sleeping she slipped out into the hall.

She hadn’t taken a pain pill, so her ribs and shoulder were throbbing, but she ignored the pain and put her shoes on. Lexa made her way to the stairs, not wanting to alert her friends with the sound of the elevator.

Once outside the building she started walking. Lexa had no real direction. Or so she had thought, but somehow the gaping hole she felt in her spirit and the need to be close to Clarke as possible had led her to the place where Clarke had last been standing.

The closed food stand was just a few feet away like Octavia had said it was. Octavia really hadn’t been far. But it was still far enough and for a second Lexa tried to envision what it would have looked like here the night of her game and for a second, like ghosts, she could see this space filled with people. The mirage of it all faded quickly as it had come and she shivered in the morning light and had to wonder if she was standing in the same spot Clarke had been when the guy in the pictures she’d seen approached her. She remembered the pictures, the one from the night before and the one from the security footage and goosebumps raced down her spine when she realised she was.

A breath of despair puffed out of her lips. Because on game night, this spot would be extremely busy with the food and the bathrooms right here and Lexa’s lungs felt like they wouldn’t work and her eyes stung again because she had to wonder how could he possibly have taken Clarke away from here with it busy as that.

He had to have tricked her. There was no way in all these people that if someone saw her girl getting dragged off they wouldn’t help. Would they? Lexa wiped her eyes, but it didn’t help. The tears streamed anyway falling quietly down her face so she settled on taking a shuddering breath. He had to have tricked her into following him somewhere away from this busy place. But where? It had to be close. It had to be off camera, but that was nearly impossible because this area was closed in on all sides by the field, the stands, the bathrooms and the food stands. Her wet eyes finally saw it when they landed on a secluded spot under the stands off the side of the building. It showed a door there, and Lexa raced over. It read ‘maintenance access’ on the front and her heart started slamming too hard against her aching ribs. She yanked on the door, but it was locked. She pounded on it in frustration, but it was no use. Lexa stepped back and glared at the lock.

It hadn’t been something she’d considered doing since foster care, but didn’t hesitate now. Lexa found the safety pin she kept on her keychain, opened it, and worked it into the lock. She was glad it wasn’t a fancy lock, just a normal one because the pin shifted in the lock and within a few minutes the lock clicked and the door swung open into a darkened maintenance hallway.

She swallowed as her gut felt suddenly sick because he could have used this. The shapes of brooms and mop buckets and utility shelves took form lurking against the walls past the reach of the light of the door and a feeling of dread and fear crept over her body and settled in her stomach. If she could get into this door, he could have. And he could have taken her away through here.

Lexus stepped into the hallway nervously and reached up for the string dangling down from a bare bulb and pulled. The light overhead flickered on, revealing in fact - it was a passage through this part of the stadium, cluttered and filled with supply boxes and mop buckets and brooms, “oh fuck….” she whispered with a shuddering breath. He could have taken her through here. She wondered if the new cops knew about this place, but she’d already lost faith in them. Lexa started off down the passage slowly, her heart thundering hard. She was sure if anyone else was in here they would hear it. She
turned on more lights as she went, stepping around clutter. At one corner after turning on a light she saw a large pile of boxes had been tipped over and countless cleaning bottles and rolls of paper towels carpeted the hall. Lexa picked her way through them carefully, and finally found herself standing at another door. She stared at it for a second, feeling numb inside. As if she was watching someone else do it, she turned the deadbolt at last and pushed the door open.

When she stepped outside she found herself outside the stadium, on a sidewalk in front of an empty street. Across that street was a empty parking lot, insignificant except that would be packed on nights when there was a game and as she looked at it an eerie feeling came over her. In her time at college she’d probably passed this parking lot countless times driving to and from the stadium without a passing thought, and yet all she could do today was stare because it’s existence was giving her chills until a car passed in front of her in the street breaking her out of the trance she’d slipped into.

She found a rock. She used it to keep the door cracked open. Lexa turned slowly and crossed the street. Arriving in the empty lot she stared down at cracked pavement half-hidden in fallen leaves. Lexa started walking slowly across the empty lot. Wind stirred at her hair and rustled leaves. As she walked she imagined it full of cars. She imagined Clark being brought though here, and could almost see her fighting to get away from him. If she was awake. Fresh tears started down the dry tracks left on Lexa’s face. Clarke would have fought and she would have been afraid but she would have been so brave. And Lexa hadn’t been able to save her. She hadn’t even known what was going on when Clarke might have been dragged through here. Her legs gave out at the terrible thought and she hit her knees in the middle of that empty lot.

Despair hit her fresh. She bowed her head and started sobbing because she didn’t know what to do, who had her, or how to fix it. She didn’t even know if she was racing to conclusions because she wanted Clarke back and safe so badly that she was making it up believing that she might have been brought out of the stadium and to this exact place. She wiped at her eyes with her arm and sniffled hard. The pain in her chest was not from her ribs, though they hurt all the time, this was worse and it wouldn’t go away. She heaved for breath. She trembled. She hated she brought Clarke here every second she was gone. Lexa finally had to open her eyes and when she did she saw a small glint of the corner of a sliver phone looking up at her mostly buried in leaves.

She stared down at it numbly a few more seconds knowing it couldn’t be Clarke’s. What were the odds in the first place that the cops would miss it and she’d walk right up to it in the whole parking lot? The odds were stacked and impossible, but yet there was a phone. Lexa took a deep breath and reached for it anyway. Picking it up slowly, she flipped the phone over in her hand.

But when she turned it on and the lock screen came up, a picture of herself stared back at her. Shock hit her first and she froze not able to understand it really was Clarke’s. But as it hit her, that it was, grief and regret slammed into Lexa causing her to shake and panic and she dropped the phone. It fell to the leaves and she scrambled to pick it up again. Unable to breathe at all and feeling dizzy from it all she clutched the phone to her chest as though it was a lifeline. Her brain was spinning uncontrollably and she fumbled and swiped at the lock screen. Trying to breathe, trying to get her fingers to work she opened up Clarke’s pictures just wanting to see her. But what she saw wasn’t what she was expecting. The last few picture Clarke had taken was a half picture of the guy’s face and it made Lexa’s heart tumble when her hopes that she had been wrong went crashing. But she made herself keep scrolling back through anyway because the last didn’t make any sense. There were pictures of the parking lot at odd angles. She could see different cars parked here. There were pictures of tires, of shoes, then of the sidewalk, road, and the hall she had just come through, all at odd angles and not too clear. Finally she got to the end of them and found herself looking at shots of her game and suddenly she realised what Clarke had been trying to do.
Lexa jumped up. Holding the phone close she dashed off back the way she had come. Barely looking for cars as she shot across the street she threw the door open and ran back up the hall as quickly as she could. The door that she’d opened up with the safety pin banged behind her as she slammed it open and dashed across the stadium. Her focus was only on Clarke and the phone clutched tight in her hand so before she knew it she’d left the stadium again, found her building and ran inside and up three flights of stairs not wanting to wait on the elevator.

Lexa threw open the door of their room, “I found something!” she shouted,skidding out of breath to a stop inside. Every muscle in her body burned and her injured ribs protested madly at the treatment. But she gulped air into them anyway, moved to her bed and collapsed onto it in agonizing pain.

“Lexa, what the hell? Have you taken a pain pill?” Anya asked and Lexa shook her head, “Of course not and to think I heard you leave this morning, but wanted to respect your space. That won’t happen again if you won’t take care of yourself, Lex.”

Lexa rolled her eyes and handed the phone to Raven who had come up beside her rubbing her eyes, “I get it, okay, but I found Clarke’s phone.”

“You what?” Octavia exclaimed and than yawned, “What, how?”

“I found it in a pile of leaves next to an empty parking lot where the guy took Clarke,” Lexa mumbled face planted in the stiff pillow of the bed that wasn’t her own. Her thoughts swam with the thought of Clarke locked in a trunk, “She took some random pictures and I tried to make sense of them, but-”

“She’s trying to send us clues I think,” Raven scrolled through them, but sighed and shook her head, “None of these make any sense!”

“You’re supposed to be a genius!” Octavia snapped, “We have to find Clarke!”

“Have you even met me?” Raven glared at Octavia and then started scrambling to get the phone on a charger while Octavia tried in vain to pull a still half asleep Lincoln out of her way. But she wasn’t fast enough because Raven stepped on his hand by accident and that made him yelp and move and sit up. Ignoring him Raven connected the phone, “it does say a couple things though…” she mumbled. She turned around, “one, these were taken while she was being kidnapped. Two,” Raven sighed and ran a hand through her hair and sank onto the bed next to Anya, “the cops were right. That bastard took her.”

“Think we should give this to the police?” Octavia asked, “I mean they are pictures of the crime as it happened. It could help their investigation.”

“It shows that the suspect they have is the one who really took her, the police could use that information, Lex-”

Lexa reached across the space, “no fucking way.” she grabbed the phone back quickly and held it protectively to her chest looking at the others defiantly. She glared at Octavia who just raised her hands and sat back in defeat. Lexa was not giving up her lead, her lifeline, to Clarke. She felt herself struggling to breathe at just the idea, “The cops are already going to question him when they find him, but I’m not giving this to them, so drop it.”

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea, he-” Raven started to say, but Lexa cut her off.

“Is the one who fucking took her, that’s what.” Lexa spoke up, startled that it even needed to be said
"Exactly, that’s imperative information for the cops. To them, he’s just a suspect, but this is proof he actually did take her!” Octavia sighed and stared at her, but Lexa ignored the look, “Try and think rational.”

"Do not tell me what to do,” Lexa snarled and held the phone tighter in her hand, “We can’t trust the cops and you know it!” She reached for her bottle of pills and popped a pain pill into her mouth and followed by some water, “The clues were left for us, not the police!”

“We don’t know that for sure, hell that guy could’ve been the one who tossed it, not Clarke,” Raven put a hand on her shoulder, “I know how much you want this to be from Clarke, but we don’t know anything for sure.”

Lexa sat glaring at her when suddenly her phone started to ring in her pocket. It startled her at first because she hadn’t been expecting it, and scared her the next second and then really pissed her off because with everyone else here it could only be one person. Everyone in the room stared at her when she finally whipped the phone out and answered, “where the fuck is she! I swear to God if you’ve hurt one hair on her head-”

"Miss Lexa Woods?" the male voice on the other end was calm and professional, making only a small dent in her mindset enough to realize it probably was not the stalker, but it still could be even if they hadn’t called before the stalker-turned-kidnapper could be finding new ways to taunt her.

"Is it him?" Raven demanded, “is the fucker deciding to take it up a notch?”

Apparently she had been thinking the exact same thing Lexa had been thinking. She shrugged at Raven and snapped at the caller, “this is. Who are you? What do you want?”

Raven went on, “if it is, keep him talking.” she started digging around in one of her bags.

"This is detective Kane," the voice on the other end of the phone announced. Dread coursed through her and the phone slipped from her grasp and clattered to the floor. The nightmare she had in the hospital played vividly through her mind. This was eerily similar to it and she prayed it wasn’t the same. She braced herself and scooped the phone from the floor and pressed it back to her ear.

"Yes, sir, how can I help you?” Her voice was calm and collected, but her heart wanted to pound out of her chest.

"We found the man in the security footage, he’s currently being interrogated," Kane spoke reassuringly.

“You did?” Lexa couldn’t believe what she was hearing. The angwish from the past few days let go of its iron grip and relief flooded her and question after question escaped her rapidly, “did you find her? Was she with him? Is she okay? Can I talk to her? Please I--”

“They found her??” Raven stopped digging. She reached and grabbed Anya’s hand. Octavia’s eyes shot up hopefully and Lincoln seemed to be holding his breath.

"Miss. Woods, we haven’t found her, only him, I’m sorry,” Kane spoke slowly, “But this is good news and it’s a step in the right direction.”

"Why are you calling then,” Lexa bit out and sunk onto the bed and tears gathered in her eyes, but she didn’t let any fall. She felt her friends staring at her so she just shook her head and watched all their faces crumble as well. The hope she had for a brief moment was crushed and it took her a few
seconds to pull herself together, “Why are you fucking calling me?” She growled out.

“We want you to come down to the station now if you can,” Kane asked, but Lexa froze and didn’t reply right away, “Miss. Woods?”

“Fine, I’ll be there shortly,” Lexa hung up the phone and maybe under normal circumstances she’d feel bad, but at the moment she didn’t care at all. The others were waiting to know what the call was about so she spoke up, “they want me to go in. But I don’t see the fucking point if they don’t have her.”

“They’re trying to keep you in the loop,” Lincoln said.

Lexa just snorted. She was past caring about what they had to say unless it was the three words, ‘we found Clarke’

“We’ll, you’re not going alone,” Anya stood up.

“We’re going with you,” Raven stood up as well, “I want to see this shit-head and give him a piece of my mind.

“We’re with you, Lex,” Lincoln stood as well followed by Octavia, “We’re in this with you, no matter what.”

Lexa was overwhelmed with emotion at the solidarity and support of her friends. She blinked back tears and gathered her keys again, “Thank you.”

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Walking into the precinct was not what Lexa wanted to be doing, but with her friends beside her, she felt a little less alone. They didn’t have to wait long in the lobby until they were greeted by Detective Kane who led them back toward the interrogation rooms.

“Thank you for coming in on such short notice,” Kane said as they walked. He looked sincere, but Lexa didn’t care. All she wanted to do was see the man who took Clarke.

“Why am I here?” Lexa asked when they stopped.

“Because we have the guy who took her. He confessed this morning,” Kane spoke up, “Callie is with him right now going through it all again to make sure. He signed a confession on a plea bargain when he realised we had him and he was just the fall-guy.”

Right now, Lexa didn’t care about the how’s or the why's. She only wanted to know one thing, “where’s Clarke?”

“We still don’t know that,” Kane answered honestly, “he says ...he says he doesn’t have her anymore.”

Anger swept through her, “Who the fuck has her? I need to ask him myself! Obviously you’re not doing your job. I’ll get him to talk,” She clenched her hands into fists and stormed forward, but was stopped when Kane stood in front of her.

“I mean that we have the man who took her. But we don’t know who has her now,” Kane took a deep breath, “or where she is, yet. But we’re going to...” his eyes studied her. Kane ran a hand over the back of his neck, “listen to me. His name is John Murphy. He’s a janitor for hire best we can tell.
Miss Woods,” he raised his voice to get her attention, “You can’t storm in there, but you can come back with me, okay?”

“Okay,” Lexa squared her shoulders, “I want to see this Murphy and see what he has to say for himself, I-” Janitor rang a bell, with the door she found and all. Whoever this is was who hired him was smart, sneaky and played their cards right. She just wanted Clarke back.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Raven started to say, but Lexa shot her a glare and she promptly shut her mouth.

“I don’t care right now, I have to see him,” Lexa demanded and turned to Kane expectantly who sighed.

“Maybe, your friends are right,” Kane offered, “It might not be the best idea.”

“You can’t offer and just take it back, I need to see him and to know why he did it!” Lexa’s voice rose and she crossed her arms.

“We already know why he did it, Miss Woods. He confessed already. He did it for money and he has no idea who has her. He spoke to a middle man, we’re tracking his calls to see who he’s been in contact with, but no luck yet. Just give us some time. We are doing everything in our power to find Miss Griffin.”

“I need to know more, I need to know everything that transpired between them. I can’t sit here and take you at your word. I don’t trust you, any of you,” Lexa stepped up close and got in his personal space, “I tried that, it didn’t work so well for me, obviously.”

“Lexa, you need to calm down,” Anya said carefully.

“Stop telling me to stay calm! They have the guy who took her and they asked me to come down here. I need to see him!” she looked at Kane again.

A few seconds past. Lexa could hear them with each tick of the clock on the wall that seemed too loud in the silence. Finally Kane took a deep breath and nodded, “I will,” he said at last, “but I’m going to put this bluntly. Don’t do anything that is going to make me have to arrest you too,” He looked up, “but the rest of you are going to have to stay here.”

“Fine, but better have an officer in there just in case,” Octavia said and tried to smile, “We will be out here waiting.”

“Since we’re not allowed in, even though she’s our friend too,” Raven grumbled and glared at Kane.

“I won’t do anything because if I did, it wouldn’t help Clarke and I won’t do anything to jeopardize finding her,” Lexa stared them down and dared them to question her, but nobody did, “What are we waiting for?”

“This way,” Kane finally said and led off down the hall. Lexa could feel the eyes of the others on her back until they took a corner and started down another hall. The white linoleum floor matched the stark white walls back here. They passed several doors before finally stopping at one. Without a word Kane pushed it open and motioned Lexa through first and stepped through it to find herself in a small dim room with a few rows of seats, facing a wall that the top half was a see through security mirror. She took a few steps toward it and caught sight of the room on the other side.

It was small and spartan, with a table and two chairs in the middle and a light overhead. In one of those chairs, was the woman officer she had met at the hospital, Cartwig. The table had file folders
and papers across it, but in the other chair a man near her age or younger was slouched back. His greasy stringy hair unmistakable as was his wiry frame. Bags were under his eyes and he looked defeated. Lexa bristled on sight of him. He was the man from the pictures. Bitter anger tore through her and she charged the glass until she was right up against it and all she wanted to do was break his neck. She almost slammed a hand against the glass, but stopped at the last minute and had to gulp down her tears and rage because she could feel Kane’s eyes pin her in the back.

“Miss Woods? Are you okay?” Kane asked and came to stand next to her.

Lexa lied bitterly through clenched teeth, “I’m fine.”

The speakers overhead in the ceiling crackled to life and Cartwig’s voice flooded through, “and you’re sure you didn’t see who came for her?”

“Look,” Murphy sounded tired and bored and like he really just wanted to go home, “I already told you --I don’t know who has her. I grabbed her, drugged her, took her to where I was supposed to, dumped her there, grabbed my money and left. I didn’t stick around to see who came for her. I was told to just dump her and leave and that someone would get her. So I did. And besides, I didn’t fucking care.”

“...when did you drug her again?” Cartwig’s asked calmly. Lexa felt herself getting sick, and angry, knowing this was him and hearing these words. Dizzy suddenly with shock she leaned her forehead into the glass for support and settled her hand on it as raw emotion ripped through her.

“After we got to the car,” Murphy rubbed his face in exasperation.

“What did you use?” Cartwig asked.

“I don’t know what it was. Whatever shit they gave me. It put her out quickly though,” he shrugged, “bitch struggled the whole way. They warned me she might fight. I had to drug her or never would have got her out of there,” he snorted a little and ran his hand through his greasy hair.

Just hearing him refer to Clarke that way had Lexa clench her hands in anger. How dare he speak that way of her? She was up against the glass and could feel the white hot rage boiling up, but did her best not to explode, “He...he...how dare he?” Lexa was shaking she was so mad.

“Wait here with this officer and I’ll go in and have him start at the beginning. I need you to stay here and remain calm. If you cannot, you will be removed,” Kane gave her a stern look before he opened the door and went in.

Lexa stood there frozen, but believed Kane meant what he said and didn’t feel like testing that theory. She kept her gaze on the man in the chair and barely heard when they started to question him again. All Lexa could see was that this man took Clarke, this man drugged her, this man gave her to someone and who knows where she is now.

She wished that this was the end, but instead it seemed like this was only the tip of the iceberg.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to follow me on tumblr mmeister911.

Hope you all enjoyed and hope you're not mad at not finding out who the stalker is,
maybe next time...maybe not :)

I would love to say the next chapter will be up in two weeks, but I can't promise that. With me being sick and my new job, I'm super busy, but I promise I'll get it up as soon as I can. Sorry in advance...
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

First off, I’m so sorry this took so long for this chapter. Life has been crazy busy and you probably don’t want to hear any of that.

I have to say thank you for Distantstar, without her, this chapter wouldn’t be ready. She is simply amazing and you should definitely check out her fics.

Long overdue, here is the next chapter. Hope the massive update makes up for the long wait :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Note: This chapter contains emotional and physical abuse. Also there might be a trigger for 307. Please read at your own risk. There will be a summary on the next chapter for those who choose not to read.

It can’t be fluff all the time and I hope you will still continue to read after this chapter. I’ve had this in my head since the beginning. If you don’t like it, I get it, just don’t read

-=-

“Clarke Griffin, it’s an honor to meet you,” The man stuck out his right hand to shake hers. He was medium height, with brownish blonde hair that looked like he rolled out of bed and his eyes were grey with bags under them. He wore jeans and a black t-shirt that was frayed at the edges.

“I’m sorry, who are you?” Clarke took a step back unsure of the greasy haired man.

“John Murphy,” He produced a card from his back pocket and handed it over. Clarke took it and looked down at the card that read City of Light Surf League. “We saw you surf and we were very impressed and would like to offer you a sponsorship with us,” He smiled genuinely and Clarke’s nerves dissipated. He wasn’t the first to offer, but the more offers she got, the more excited she became. “Do you have a few minutes to talk or-”

“No, I have a couple minutes, I’m just waiting on my friend is all,” Clarke waved at Octavia who nodded back.

“Excellent, it will only be a minute, if you can step over here with me, so we can talk without having to yell,” He extended his hand to a secluded corner away from the roar of the crowd. Clarke followed eagerly, part of her excited for the opportunity, but the other part was wanting to get back to the game and her girl.

He led her over to an out of the way corner, semi-dark and below the stands. His hands were shoved into his pockets and the set of his shoulders seemed a little smug but she missed the shifty expression that crossed his face as he looked around at the people milling around. Nearby there was a door propped open that read ‘maintenance’ over it and she felt a little uneasy when he stopped next to it
and turned around.

Clarke found her voice, “so what are they offering?” Behind her the game roared on. She could hear the plays being called on the field including Lexa’s name. John Murphy with City of Lights Surf League didn’t answer though. He just stood staring at her blankly and a strange tingling feeling crawled up her spine. Reaching slowly behind her she took her phone out and started snapping pictures. She tried not to sound nervous, “you know what? Thank you but-

He smiled creepily and took a step toward her.

She backed up, the tingling accompanied suddenly but knots of fear erupting in her stomach because he just kept slowly moving toward her. She tried again, “look, I’m not interested,” She tried to see around him but he suddenly looked like a cut out shadow against the lights of Lexa’s game. Clarke found her voice, “I’m just gonna go back to my friend-”

“I don’t think so.” he said at last, and Clarke started shaking all over so badly it was hard to stay standing and she wanted to throw up the second he grabbed her arm. She tried to scream, but a hand slapped so quickly over her mouth that all she got out was a strangled choke. It all happened in less than a second and he was bodily forcing her backward through the open door. She scrambled against him. She scratched at the backs of his hands. She bit him. But he only laughed. The door slammed shut. She struggled to get away. He held her fast with one hand around both wrists behind her to stay out of reach of her kicking. Lexa was out there. Lexa would be terrified, was all Clarke could think. But the harder she tried to fight him the more she was being yanked along to his laughing inch after slow inch away from the crack of stadium lights she still saw from under the door.

She bit hard enough to taste blood.

“Bitch!” Murphy screamed, ripping his hand away.

“Lexa!” she used his shock to leverage her body weight and struggled a few feet back toward the door. Slipping from his grip at last she ran. Her body slamming into it, she reached and scrambled to find the handle. Her hands slipped and slid when she realised - it had been removed.

She whipped around just in time for his bleeding fist to connect with her face. Her ears started ringing it hurt so bad and she fell backwards only to smack her head against the concrete wall. He grabbed her by the hands and pulled, “No!” she shouted back. Her vision went blurry as she tried to see straight, “Lexa…” she croaked out, trying to make her way back to Lexa. He smirked and slammed her back against the wall, but her head hit again and her vision swam. She strained and saw the lights under the door again.

It was the last she saw when everything finally went black.

The next she knew she was being dragged through a parking lot. Hands were under her arms and she was being pulled along by someone struggling and cursing behind her. Her brain felt like it had been stuffed with cotton and why she was being dragged didn’t make any sense until she looked up and from across a street blurrily saw the outside wall of Lexa’s stadium, “wh ..what….”

The person pulling her stopped, “oh fuck, you’re awake.”

The voice jogged her memory. She remembered Murphy grabbing her. She remembered everything. Her eyes shot to the stadium she was being pulled away from and the lights, “Lexa!” Clarke screamed at the top of her lungs and started to struggle. Behind her Murphy started swearing, “bitch! You are going to get us caught!” His grip tightened.
“That’s the fucking idea!” she shouted at him, “Lexa!” Clarke struggled more and got an arm free and started to try and run back to Lexa. Before she could break all the way loose he grabbed her wrist he still had hard. She whirled and kicked at him, “get away from me!”

He just started laughing and jumped out of the way while keeping an iron grip on her wrist. Clarke locked her knees and skidded forward through the parking lot as he pulled. She tried to hit him, but he stayed just out of reach so she beat on his arm. It didn’t seem to bother him. Clarke grabbed her phone and started taking every picture she could. He glared at her realising what she was doing and ripped the phone away and tossed it in the leaves at the same time he whipped her about and shoved her front into the side of a black suv. With one of his arms around her waist and his body pinning her tight she struggled against him and felt the sting of something in the back of her neck.

Cold liquid entered her body and her head started spinning. He let her go and started laughing so loudly it hurt her ears. But all sounds died suddenly and she was too dizzy to stay on her feet so she turned, “what did you….” her voice was barely a rasp. He’d drugged her… and now he was opening the side door of the SUV.

“Fuck…” she took a stumbling step trying to get away from him. She had to get back to Lexa-

Clarke passed out cold, her body falling on a bed of leaves and with a smirk Murphy turned to her and stared down at her, “bitch.” He muttered, looking at his bloody hand she had bit into earlier. Murphy nudged her with his boot to be sure she was out. Picking her up at last he looked around quickly before putting her into the suv and closing the door. Getting in behind the wheel he started the suv quickly and drove away. Only looking back at the stadium lights getting smaller and smaller behind him as he drove off into the dark.

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Laying in bed with Lexa was her favorite thing to do especially when they were naked and just enjoying the skin on skin contact.

“I love you, Clarke,” Lexa nuzzled her face into her hair and Clarke never got tired of hearing her say it.

“I love you too, Lex,” She kissed her and rolled them over until she was straddling her girlfriend’s waist. Clarke could feel her hardness pressing against her thigh. She couldn’t get enough of her girlfriend. She moaned when Lexa reached down and dragged the tip of her cock across her clit. All Clarke wanted to do was sink down onto her and have Lexa fill her in a way nobody else had before, “You’re my whole world, babe,” Clarke smiled and slide down to let Lexa barely sink inside.

She teased her for a moment, taking her head in and pushing up again so it came out. Her cock was dripping precum and Clarke felt her arousal coat her thighs at the sight. She wanted to take her in her mouth, but wanted Lexa to fuck her first. She relaxed and dropped down and let Lexa’s cock split her open in pleasure.

It was perfect.

“You feel so good, love,” Lexa moaned as she thrust up into her and kept hitting her so deep and made her to arch in order to bottom out completely, “You are my everything.”

Clarke met Lexa thrust for thrust and felt her orgasm building and wanted Lexa to come with her, “Come with me, babe,” She circled her hips and tweaked Lexa’s nipples and enjoyed when Lexa jerked inside her.
“Oh fuck! Yes!” Lexa grunted as beads of sweat sprung up on her skin. She gripped her hips hard as she pounded up into her. Clarke's eyes started to roll back in her head, but Lexa flipped their positions, but managed to stay connected with her.

“Lexa! Lexa! Lexa!” Clarke chanted her name over and over again, the only thing she could say coherently. She almost came undone when Lexa threw her legs over her strong shoulders and Clarke keened at the feeling of Lexa slipping even deeper.

“Come for me, love,” Lexa panted as she continued her brutal pace, Clarke’s hands scratched at her back as she started to spasm and felt Lexa twitch inside her.

“Together,” She gasped out.

Just as she was about to climax...

She was ripped from her dream by a splitting headache. Her stomach felt bubbly and sick and she hadn’t even opened her eyes. Clarke blinked them open blearily, or tried to, but they felt so heavy. She started groaning in agony from the pain in her head and didn’t even really know she was doing it. She tried to move her hands to her stomach but they felt like lead and she couldn’t even lift them off of her bed.

“Lexa, baby?...” Clarke croaked out and let her eyes fall back closed. She thought back on the dream. She thought of Lexa leaning in to kiss her every morning they woke up together before they had to go their separate ways. Clarke had to laugh a little despite herself and wonder how much they had been drinking if she woke up feeling like this. It couldn’t be any more than they had to drink the night of the balcony. Finally though, she was able to move just a little. Feeling around, the bed didn’t feel quite right, but that was probably due to her sleep-addled state. The first thing she did was reach for Lexa, but flinched in surprise, opening her eyes again, when she only found cold, empty sheets instead.

Where was Lexa? The dream had felt so real and Clarke had been sure Lexa was right next to her where she should be. She looked over to find Lexa’s side of the bed was indeed empty and Clarke tried to sit up as fear coursed through her suddenly, her nausea increasing when she didn’t find her girlfriend beside her.

Looking around it didn’t make any sense at first. Suddenly she realised she didn’t recognize the room; the furnishings were eerily familiar enough that she had mistaken it at first when she first opened her eyes, but...it wasn’t hers. Clarke took in the bed she was on, it was in the right place, the blanket was the same. The sheets were the same and so was the headboard.

Clarke looked across to the dresser. It was the same and in the right place but the mirror above it was slightly bigger than hers and there was no T.V mounted on her wall. The door that led to her walk in closet and the door that led to her bathroom were on opposite sides. They had been left open just a few inches so she was able to get a peek at what was behind them.

“What the fuck?” she forced her eyes open wider and used her elbows to finally push her body up to a sitting position. Her head felt fuzzy when she did and the room spun about and she dropped her head against the headboard and had to take deep, even breaths with her eyes closed for a moment as the nausea in her stomach tried to get the better of her.

After a few moments her mind cleared slightly and she forced her eyes open and looked around at everything again. The confusion she felt was rapidly upgrading to fear and she felt it slither across her skin like a snake. Clarke screamed and jumped off the bed as reality finally hit her that it wasn’t her bed.
Or tried to. She ended up face planting into the floor in the exact same rug she had in her room. As the fibers tickled the skin of her face she freaked out and tried to scramble back, but only ended up half-heartedly against the frame of the bed because she couldn’t quite stand up. She didn’t have all of her motor function and that scared her more than anything else at the moment.

It made her feel small, helpless. Clarke wrapped her arms around her legs and hugged them against herself. It was the worse feeling in the world. She tried to swallow. But her throat was too dry. She glanced down at herself instead.

She was expecting to be in what she normally wore to bed, but she was in the same clothes she had on at Lexa’s game, except for her shoes which were off and she looked up and found them tossed on the floor by the door, “..Lexa?” Clarke struggled to her feet using the bed for support. She tried again her voice a little louder this time, “Lexa??”

But there was no answer. She listened to the silence that followed which echoed her confusion. She hoped this was a mistake. But it couldn’t be. Because that’s when it hit her. And she looked down at what she was wearing again; if it had been Lexa, it would have been more than her shoes taken off before she put her to bed. Lexa would have just removed all her clothes and put her to bed naked.

So who did it? Clarke tugged uneasily at her shirt. That question opened a floodgate of others; where was she? What happened? What’s going on? She couldn’t quite remember the last thing that happened. She remembered the ride from the hotel to the stadium. Clarke remembered kissing Lexa goodbye before the game. She remembered watching Lexa out on the field and a faint smile traced over Clarke’s face for a second at the memory of her girlfriend destroying the other team, but then everything got fuzzy. And the headache didn’t help. Rubbing her forehead she used the wall for support and made her way to the bedroom door to maybe get out of this nightmare. Clarke attempted to open it only to find it was locked.

“What?” Clarke heard herself ask. She tried the door again and when she couldn’t get it to open the second time she looked down to unlock it, but stopped cold and stared at the brass doorknob. There was no lock to turn built into it. She looked up at the door and started backing away slowly, stumbling.

It was locked from the other side.

She whipped around to stare at the windows and as she noticed for the first time they had bars on them the pieces started to finally click. She was trapped. She was locked in with no way out. She started searching her pockets frantically for her phone with no luck. Lightheaded she lost her balance and fell to the floor in front of the locked door. She pounded on it weakly, “Hey! Someone let me out!” She tried to yell, but her voice was no more than a scratch really. And her feeble attempt only echoed through the house.

With no one out there to hear it, it seemed. Clarke swallowed and pulled back her hands and stared at the crack under the door. Her heart started beating too fast suddenly realizing maybe she didn’t want anyone out there to hear her. Her breaths started coming out of her lips in short gasps because what if the person who heard her was the one that locked her in here? “Oh god,” she whispered dryly. What if her yelling and banging around told them she was awake---

Her brain swerved like crazy to the stalker.

“No.. no.. no….” it was the first pitiful sounds from her lips gone dry as she stared at the door. Clarke started shaking, “fuck, fuck, fuck…..” she shoved to her feet no matter how she almost blacked out from the motion. Clarke started backing up until she was plastered against the frame of the bathroom door. She looked around desperately again, but she didn’t have anywhere to run.
Clarke rubbed her hands across her face and made herself breathe. She thought back to the game again and tried harder to remember what had happened. She remembered Lexa taking the field, she remembered Lexa staring at her, blowing her kisses, she remembered her friends teasing her about watching Lexa’s ass. As memories started rushing back in one after another she felt her heart beating faster and faster. She remembered she had got up to go to the bathroom and that Anya wouldn’t let her go because---

Her brain skipped all at once to a guy that had approached her. He told her he was her sponsor. Clarke’s blood went cold and she wrapped her arms around her shaking body as she started to remember everything else; She made Octavia leave. She followed the guy over to some secluded corner.

Tears started dripping from Clarke’s eyes as she stood there because she knew better than that. What the fuck had she done?

He had said he wanted to hear better. So she had followed. His name was John Murphy. He said. And as she remembered Clarke started choking down sobs because if he was in the house she didn’t want him to hear her. She remembered getting an uneasy feeling. But by then it was too late. He’d covered her mouth and pushed her through a door. She remembered screaming. She remembered she had fought back hard. But, he had hit her head against the wall and she passed out...

She remembered being dragged when she woke up and that did something with her phone, but he injected her with something. A drug. It hit her brain like the drug itself. That would explain the way she was feeling now.

Unable to stop it anymore tears pooled in her eyes, all she wanted was Lexa. To be in her arms where she was safe and loved. That sounded like heaven and there was nothing else in the world that she wanted more than Lexa. Clarke wanted to smack herself for being so stupid. Why did she think going off with someone she didn’t know was a good idea? Supposed sponsor or not when she knew she had a stalker was completely irresponsible and idiotic. Clarke knew if she ever got out of here, she deserved the tongue lashing she was sure to get from everyone, but Clarke would gladly take it if it meant she’d get to see them all again.

Octavia and Raven would give her an earful that was for sure and her mom, oh god, her mom. She had no idea how she would react especially when they were just now talking again. But Lexa, Lexa was the one she worried about the most. She knew she’d be angry and upset, which she had every right to be. Lexa would yell and scream, and Clarke would take it all just to be able to kiss and hug her again. But Clarke knew underneath Lexa would blame herself. That hurt Clarke the most. Her lip started shaking knowing she’d caused that and she wiped at her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to calm down. If she was getting out of here she had to calm down and she had to get out of here.

So she scanned the room again and decided she had to do something. She had to escape before Murphy came back and not just sit here and feel sorry for herself. She knew she had to keep busy or she’d drive herself crazy with all the thoughts floating around in her head. Clarke felt wobbly when she stepped forward, her limbs still didn’t want to cooperate fully.

It was time to start searching her new prison more thoroughly instead of just the cursory glance she’d given it when she shot off the bed. The cracked closet door was what she set eyes on first. Clarke went to it on shaky legs and pulled it open and found clothes hanging in it. She took a cursory glance inside and slammed the door shut again in anger when she realised the clothes were all her size and more than that they were her style and a lot of the same ones she had at home. She went over the dresser and ripped open the drawers to find more clothes, but what freaked her out the most was that they were her clothes, ones she thought she’d lost or stolen.
Boy, was she wrong...

Clarke stumbled back and fell onto the bed and put her head in her hands for a moment, weakness wracked her body. She was sickened that this pervert had been in her home and touched her clothes. She took a few calming breaths and got up and made her way carefully over to the bathroom door. She threw it open and it clattered against the doorframe, but she didn’t care.

Under normal circumstances, Clarke would have been in awe of the elegance of the bathroom. But instead, disgust crept up her throat instead. She tried swallowing it as she stared. Who the fuck did Murphy think he was anyway? Who did he think she was if he thought this would just make it all better, and she would just fall into his arms? The bathroom consisted of a marble jacuzzi tub, a glass enclosed shower, double vanity with pearly light fixtures, and a water closet. It was all done in white and gray marble and it was gorgeous. But it also made Clarke’s stomach get the better of her at last and she rushed to the toilet and threw up whatever was left in her stomach.

Once she was done she reached over and grabbed some toilet paper and wiped her mouth. Clarke pushed to her feet slowly and went to the sink and turned the faucet on and splashed cold water on her face that helped give her a clearer focus. Her head didn’t feel as fuzzy anymore. But she figured it would take some time for whatever she had been drugged with to wear off completely.

Ignoring the water dripping down her face she grabbed a cup off the counter and filled with water. Of course it was just like hers, complete with the yellow surfboard on waves. She tried not to think about it because her mouth tasted too gross not to use it. But as she rinsed her mouth out, out of the corner of her eye, Clarke spotted products littering the counter. Spitting the water out she stared at them. Her hands balled slowly into fists until her short nails cut her palms. Because everything on the counter were the exact same ones she used at home right down to the toothbrush.

Clarke grabbed the toothbrush out of its holder and stared at it as the hair on her neck stood on end. She swallowed, and felt how fast her heart was still beating. She hadn’t forgotten. But she needed to ignore it again. She needed to try and think logically. She needed to let her anger take over to keep from being scared. She threw the toothbrush down and wet her dry lips and looked up into the mirror.

She needed to figure out her next move.

But that was easier said than done at the moment.

Murphy had been watching her for a lot longer than she had ever realised, and that was a scary thought. But why? She never even met him before. Clarke stared at her face in the mirror as she tried to think up his reason. But she couldn’t come up with anything, Clarke swallowed a lump down, she didn’t even know him.

She had thought possibly maybe someone she’d slept with after her dad died or something. But that was wrong too. With the evidence in the room and bathroom, Clarke had no other choice but to believe Murphy had been watching her for years.

Her other only choice was to keep trying to find a way to escape. She had to hold onto hope that somehow she would. Turning from the sink, she started searching the bathroom frantically, quickly as she could for anything she could use to pry the hinges off the door ...or something. But she found nothing, just extra makeup products, toilet paper, feminine products, shampoo, soap, towels and washcloths.

Nothing useful.
It was disconcerting if Clarke dwelled on it for too long, but her thoughts were interrupted when she heard a door close and her eyes shot toward the noise as fear leapt into her throat. Knowing she wouldn’t find anything, she still scrambled for any sort of weapon. The only thing she found was the plunger. It wasn’t the best weapon, but it was better than nothing. The next thing Clarke heard a key in the lock and the knob to the room turn and she braced herself against the bathroom door.

Clarke slid bonelessly down the bathroom door to the cold tile floor. This couldn’t be happening. It couldn’t be happening. Tears stung in her eyes and started falling hopelessly down her face as fear gripped her insides like the sickness that started turning in her stomach again, “Lexa… Lexa…” she whispered trying to wipe her eyes. He was back. “fuck…fuck…fuck….” panic exploded in her chest and her heart felt like it would burst because she was quite certain she knew someone was there.

“No, no… no..no..” Clarke scrambled to her feet and whipped around to stare at the door she’d been sitting against-

Somewhere out there, another door opened.

Her legs felt like jelly. Vomit rose in the back of her throat, “no.. no…” she started slowly shaking her head unable to breathe. Clarke started backing up-

Feet stomped heavily into the house…

Her breath jiggled from her throat. She backed another step until she hit the glass of the shower stall. It rattled and products fell everywhere in a noisy clatter, “fuck, fuck...fuck….”

The feet stopped, as though the spill had been heard. Then they started coming closer to the door. Clenching her teeth in fear, Clarke tried to take deep breaths and focus. They knew she was in here, whoever they were. Her thoughts went straight to Murphy and her guts rattled with sickness inside her. Her hand, shaking with fear, reached out and grabbed the toilet plunger,

The handle on the door moved. Fuck, she should have locked it. Not daring to breathe, or maybe not being able to, she watched the brass handle turn. Grinding her teeth together brought the plunger around. Her fear left her mouth in short hiccups now. She tried to focus on her pretty girl’s eyes, her voice, anything to calm her racing nerves as she raised the plunger in both hands over her head.

The white door pushed open with a creak of hinge. She saw a tan masculine hand wrap around it, “Clarke?”

Her eyes shot up, “Bellamy!” she squeaked in one breath, high pitched and relieved and astounded all at once. She dropped the plunger. Tears of relief streamed down her face and she ran the two steps and threw her arms around him and started sobbing into the front of his shirt, “I...I… I’m sorry. I shouldn’t…of of….Lexa…..” she choked on her own sobs.

His arms fell around her and his head tucked against hers, “shhh, Clarke…” he soothed, rubbing her back, “its okay. I got you now. You’re safe.”

She nodded against him, tears of relief turning to choked heaving gasps for breath as she wiped at her face, “how, how… how did you… where’s Le...xa? Octa...via? Ra...ven? And and m...my mo...m?”

“Shhh...shhh...don’t concern yourself with that right now,” He soothed her and rubbed her back.

“I just want to go home, where’s Murphy? Oh god are y...you okay?? How did you f...find me?” Her breathing became more ragged and she looked up at her friend with tear stained eyes.
“He’s not here, don’t worry about him, everything will be alright,” Bellamy smiled and Clarke was just happy that she was going home, “I have to get something, okay, stay here,” He guided her over to the bed and sat her down. When he tried to let go of her hand, she gripped it harder.

“What if he comes back?” Clarke’s voice was small as she asked.

“He won’t, I’ve made sure of it,” He squeezed her hand and let go, “Don’t worry, I’m here. I’ll be right back.”

Clarke nodded and laid back on the bed in relief after he left, knowing she was safe and she going to see Lexa soon. She had to be out of her mind with worry.

After the initial relief evaporated, Clarke sat back up as questions flooded through her. It was hard to think right now when all she could imagine was Lexa’s face when she saw her again. A smile came to her face at the thought and her heart ached to be with Lexa.

The smile fell from her face when the door opened and Bellamy came back in with roses and a gigantic smile on his face.. She rose unsteadily to her feet and looked at him in confusion, “Bell, what?”

He just smiled at her and laid the roses on the bed and leaned closer to her, but when Clarke felt his hand take her waist and he closed his eyes to try and kiss her, she backed away quickly, falling over on the bed in her haste to get away from him, but jumped up just quickly, “I thought you were happy to see me?” He questioned.

“Bell, what’s going on?” She backed up, but with every step back she took, he took one as well and suddenly, Clarke felt like a caged animal with no room to run. Her eyes darted behind him to the open door, but before she could make a break for it, her back was against the wall and he was crowded in front of her, “You’re scaring me.”

“I’m not trying to scare you, sweetheart,” He took a step toward her, ”I watched you grow up, and damn, the day I left for boot camp I picked you and O up at school and I realised you had grown up and I started to care about you, and not like your older brother. I started wanting you. You were all I could think about,” he stepped even closer until they were inches apart and with each word that left his lips Clarke’s heart sank more and more and she felt even sicker,

“Bellamy…..,” she whispered. Watching him wide eyed against the wall she shook her head, “no….”

“I tried to wait,” he closed the last step, “I wanted to wait until the time was right, Clarke. But things just kept getting in the way, until now. I fixed it,” his free hand was shaking as he reached forward and slid it down her face, “nothing can ever come between us again. Not your surfing, not Finn, not that ….freak,” he spat on the floor, “and your dad can’t die again,” he grinned ear to ear. He picked up the roses and offered them out, “welcome home.”

The first thing she did was slap him when he said that about her dad. Her hand flew automatically and she didn’t know she actually had until she heard the sound of it ringing in her ears and her hand started to sting. He dropped the roses in shock and as they spilled all over the floor like the tears flooding her eyes. Clarke took advantage of it and bolted toward the opened bedroom door. Her legs were wobbly though and her stomach fought back. No, no, no.. her brain was screaming, not Bellamy… the stinging in her heart was worse than the stinging in her hand.

“No, Clarke!” she heard him charge. His arms slapped around her waist like a vice and she started kicking as he kicked the door closed and hauled her back. He threw her onto the bed and started
picking up the roses.

“You bastard,” Clarke sprang off the bed, “I trusted you! I loved you like a brother!” Like a dam breaking all the emotions clogging her chest spilled out and bitter tears rolled down her face, “and it’s you!” she lunged at him, “I thought you were here to rescue me!”

He grabbed her wrists faster than she could blink, “I did rescue you!”. Bellamy licked his lips. He looked at her lips and then at her eyes then at her lips again.

Clarke charged him and hit him everywhere she could reach, even managing to get him the face, “You crazy asshole! What the fuck is wrong with you? Why did you do this? Get the fuck out of my way, I’m going home,” She shoved him again as hard as she could, but he snaked an arm around her to hold her in place.

“No, Clarke. You’re not going anywhere,” His voice low and threatening, “You are where you belong, with me.”

He grabbed her chin and moved to kiss her again and Clarke recoiled instantly, slapping him. Bellamy just smiled and stroked a finger down her cheek and she cringed at the touch and an icy feeling erupted in her stomach, “Oh, Clarke, I won’t hurt you as long as you do what I say,” His other hand wrapped in her hair and pulled.

This was a whole other level that she never saw coming with him, “Let me go, Bellamy, this isn’t you.” She struggled in his grip.

“It is though.” He smiled widely at her, “I’ve waited a very long time for us to be together. Now you’re all mine and not that freak’s. She never deserved you, you can do so much better,” He laughed, “We will be so happy together.”

Angry tears welled in her eyes and she shoved him back. Calling her beautiful, sexy, sweet girlfriend a freak pissed her off and she slapped him across the face, “Don’t you dare call her that, Blake! You don’t even know her,” She raised her hand to slap him again, but he caught her hand before it connected. His eyes stared down at her coldly while he squeezed hard on her wrist.

“I’ll call her whatever the fuck I want. That’s what she is and I know MORE than enough!” He laughed crudely, “Slap me again and you’ll be sorry,” He threatened and dropped her hand just to grab her chin roughly. Spit flew in her face, but when she went to wipe it off, Bellamy put her hands behind her back, “Don’t worry, princess, the next time you have something on your face, you’ll enjoy it, I promise you that,” He thrusted his hips into her and Clarke raised her knee, but he shifted out of reach.

“Fuck you!” Clarke tried to turn her head, but he held her firmly in place with his other hand, “I’ll never be yours,” She spat, and tried to yank herself out of his grasp, “Go to hell you sick bastard!”

“Not yet, but you will be. That bitch isn’t in the way now!” He growled and leaned into her, his voice softened, “I bet you’re hungry, I’ll go fix us some lunch. After you eat, we can talk. Afterall we have SO much to catch up on,” He reached down and squeezed her hand and practically skipped to the door. He blew her a kiss before he closed and locked the door behind him.

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It was a cool crisp Autumn afternoon as Clarke walked out of her highschool with Octavia by her side. Raven was in the chem lab after school to clean up because she blew up their assignment earlier.
“You sure we can get this paper finished by Monday?” Clarke asked as they headed towards the parking lot.

“Yeah, I think we can. Besides, Raven will come over later and we’ll put her genius brain to work,” Octavia said happily.

“So that’s why we’re friends with her? I thought we kept her around because we enjoyed her company?” Clarke laughed and pulled out her phone as they walked.

“We do, but her brains are just an added bonus, duh! Besides she loves being called a genius. She refers to herself as—” Clarke looked up when Octavia squealed and took off at a sprint towards her brother, Bellamy. She was happy for her friend because she knew how much she’d missed him while he was away at school. She hung back while Octavia launched herself into his arms and he spun her around with a smile on both of their faces.

Once Octavia was set back on her feet, Bellamy looked over at her with a smile. Clarke laughed and hugged him. It had been awhile since she saw him as he wasn’t able to come home much with going to college on the other side of the country.

“Well, well look what the cat dragged in,” Clarke teased and leaned back to look up at him.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I had to come home before I get shipped off to boot camp,” Bellamy laughed and put his around around his sister’s shoulder.

“Wait, what?” Octavia looked at him wide eyed, “You’re doing what?”

“I joined the Army, I ship out next week,” Bellamy leaned back against his camero, which Clarke knew was his pride and joy.

“But what about college, Bell?” Octavia leaned back and looked over at her. She shrugged her shoulders. She didn’t have a clue either.

“It’s not for me,” Bellamy looked away and Clarke got a feeling it was more than that, but as they weren’t exactly close, she decided not to ask.

“I’m going to miss you though,” Octavia pouted and looked up at her big brother.

“I’ll miss you too, both of you,” He pulled them both into a hug, “Raven too,” He looked around, “Where is she?”

“She has dentition after school,” Clarke laughed and pulled out of the hug.

“What did she do this time?” Bellamy shook his head.

“Blew up the chem lab,” Octavia chimed in.

“That’s our Raven,” He laughed, “Alright, I’m taking you two out. My little sister is growing up so fast,” He looked over at her, “And so are you, Clarke,” He looked up her and down with a smile and tucked his hands in his pockets.

She shifted a little uncomfortable under his gaze. “Thanks, but I’ll let you two catch up. We can work on our paper tomorrow,” Clarke smiled back.

“Oh, no, no, no. You’re coming too. I missed both of you and Raven can join us later. I didn’t mean to interrupt your plans.” Bellamy apologized.
“You two need to spend time together, I know O has missed you a lot,” Clarke went to hug her friend.

“You are coming with us, no argument,” Bellamy suggested, but with a firm tone.

Clarke slanted a look at Octavia who nodded enthusiastically, “Only if it’s really okay. I don’t want to intrude on family time.”

“You’re family too,” Bellamy and Octavia rolled their eyes as they spoke up at the time. Clarke grinned because they wore the same stupid expression on their faces.

“Fine, if you insist,” Clarke crossed her arms.

“I do,” Bellamy smirked and opened the door for them to climb in and Clarke didn’t notice his eyes on her ass she climbed into the backseat.

Clarke felt her knees buckle a second before she collapsed onto the floor in shock. She couldn’t breathe. It felt like someone was strangling her again and she snapped her hand up to the mark Murphy had left on her throat.

Not Bellamy. Her eyes blurred up and she started gasping and sobs of betrayal escaped her lips so hard that it hurt her lungs. Her body started shaking and she clasped her arms around it to try and make it stop. But nothing could because it felt like a knife had been buried in her chest. Never in her wildest dreams had she expected Bellamy Blake, the boy she grew up with, Octavia’s brother, was her stalker. He was such a sweet boy and a decent guy last she saw him. Wiping her face in her hands she had to think for a minute, it had been almost a year since she saw him last. What the fuck had happened between now and then? She had only seen him maybe a handful of times in the last few years because of the army and never knew he harbored any sort of feelings for her.

It was a lot to take in at the moment, and before she knew it she rushed to the bathroom and threw up again. When she was done she sank to the cold tile floor and stared at nothing until it occurred to her that she still didn’t know how long it had been since Lexa’s game. There were still a million questions she wanted to ask, but her first concern was if her girlfriend being okay. All she wanted was Lexa, she missed her so much it hurt.

Clarke rose on shaky legs and rinsed out her mouth to get the awful taste out of her mouth. Once she finished, Clarke went back to the bedroom that she would not call hers no matter how similar it looked and sunk down do the floor with her back against the closet door. Walking too much was making her dizzy. She tried not to think about Bellamy for now. She had no idea if she’d ever see Lexa or her friends again and that was like a knife to the heart. Without Lexa, she was incomplete and without her friends, she didn’t know what she’d do.

Her thoughts were interrupted once again when the door swung open and Bellamy stood in the doorway. This time she didn’t embrace him. Instead, she wiped her eyes and whipped her gaze about and glared at him defiantly, “What do you want?” She didn’t keep the bite from her voice. Clarke looked him up and down and tried to decide if she could rush him but decided since she was still sick with the effects of the drug it would have to wait, for now.

He tipped his head to the side, “Feeling any better?” he asked, his tone normal again. As though the past ten minutes hadn’t happened.

Clarke ground her jaw. She didn’t answer. She stared at him hard. He wasn’t here to save her, she knew that, instead he was here to ensure she was still his prisoner.
Dread pooled in her stomach when he began to approach, but all he did was lay down a plate that held a sandwich and chips. Next he set down a bottle of water. Clarke kept her eyes on the floor and didn’t acknowledge him nor did she make a move towards the food even though her stomach growled in hunger.

“I made your favorite,” He smiled and sat down cross legged in front of her. Her eyes flicked to the open door behind him and back at the floor. She had to get out. But right now, she knew she wouldn’t get far. She had to be patient.

“I’m not hungry,” Clarke lied and stared at the wood floor, her stomach rumbled again and she knew he could hear it. She honestly couldn’t remember the last time she ate. It was probably at Lexa’s game whenever that was, “How long have I been here?” She asked still not looking at him.

“You were out for a day, it’s Saturday night,” He picked up the plate and held it out in front of her, “It’s turkey with mayo, lettuce, pickles and tomatoes. I even toasted the bread just for you. You deserve only the best and I’m going to give it to you.”

“I said I’m not hungry,” She snapped. Clarke refused to touch it as she wouldn’t succumb to whatever fucked up game he wanted to play. She met his eyes, “Why are you doing this? Tell me why?” She yelled. Clarke needed to know, needed to understand why he would do this to her, “Why!”

“Please, you need to keep your strength up,” Bellamy pleaded and gave her the puppy dog look she used to find endearing, but not anymore, “I’m doing this for you.” That’s all he said. He smiled, his hair falling into his eyes. Now that she’d seen this side of him, had experienced it, it was sickening. Fear for now had leached out of her body to be replaced with apprehension.

“That doesn’t answer why you’re doing this?” Clarke let her frustration show when she clenched her hands into fists, her nails dug into her palms, “Why me?”

“Because you are the one good thing I have left!” He sighed wearily. I started to see you as more than my kid sister’s friend. You were so beautiful and you made me laugh. You made me happy. With you, I feel whole.”

“You were just the older brother of Octavia. That’s all you ever were. Just because we’ve talked now and then doesn’t mean shit. I never saw you as anything other than O’s big brother. Besides I’ve only seen you a handful of times in the last few years. We hardly spent any time alone with each other!” She screamed until her voice felt hoarse and lightheadedness washed over her.

“I watched you from afar for so long and knew we could be happy together. I did all of this for you!” His voice started to change and she saw a tick in his jaw, “I’ll be so much better for you than Finn ever was.”

“What does Finn have to do with any of this?” Clarke stared at him in disbelief.

“He stole you from me, just when I realized I saw you as more than my kid sister’s friend,” Bellamy smiled, “You used to complain about him to me, don’t you remember?”

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Junior year in high school, Bellamy was home for a week and she was having problems with her boyfriend, Finn. Clarke had found herself over at the Blakes, waiting for Octavia to get home from practice. She needed her best friend, but instead settled for her brother because he was there and she was pissed.
Bellamy had been there and she found herself confiding in him about Finn and how she wasn’t sure he was right for her, but they’d been together for almost a year and Clarke didn’t want to just throw away their relationship because of a stupid fight regardless of how much Finn was being a gigantic asshole. He treated her decently and that was all she could ask for. Besides it wasn’t like high school relationships lasted.

At least not in her mind.

“Do you really think I should end it with him because of a stupid fight?” Clarke asked running a hand through her hair, “I mean i don’t even remember what we were fighting about!”

“Its ultimately up to you, but I personally think you deserve better than him. He doesn’t treat you the way he should, Clarke,” He put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“He does treat me well most of the time, other times, he just gets super jealous and possessive almost, but that’s usually only when he’s drinking,” Clarke defended him weakly.

“Are you trying to convince me or yourself that you want to be with him?” He asked gently.

“I love him,” Clarke said with conviction, but deep down inside she wasn’t sure, but didn’t want to admit that right now.

“I’m sure you do, but maybe it isn’t meant to last. Maybe you’re meant to be with someone else, someone better,” Bellamy smiled and opened his arms.

She stood up and hugged him tight, “I’m not sure. Maybe this is the best I can get,” She chuckled.

“I don’t believe that for a second,” Bellamy shook his head in denial, “You will see.”

Clarke smiled at him and kissed him on the cheek, “Thank you for listening, you’re a great friend,” She turned to the open door again, “Octavia’s home, I’ll see you later,” Clarke dashed out and completely missed Bellamy’s eyes watching her go or the desperate look in his eyes.

“Finn is my past, Lexa is my future,” Clarke crossed her arms.

“You know I never really understood what you saw in him or why you stayed with him for so long,” Bellamy scratched the stubble on his face, “You deserved so much better than him. You deserve the world.”

“That’s none of your business. Nothing in my life is your business,” Clarke looked to the open door again, “Oh you mean someone like you?” Bellamy nodded, “No thanks, I already have someone so much better. Finn was puppy love, Lexa is my one true love.”

“No she’s not. You know what it doesn’t matter. You’re here now, that’s all that matters,” Bellamy grinned knowingly.

“Fuck that, I just want to go home,” Clarke got to her feet and her eyes darted to the open door again. Bellamy mirrored her position and folded his arms, “Everybody is probably worried to death, including your sister.”

“You are home and don’t worry, I’ve taken care of everything,” Bellamy took a step towards her and Clarke froze when his words registered.

Looking back she should have seen it then, that day, but she hadn’t. He had been hinting at himself, “What the fuck do you mean by that?” She asked and dug her nails into her palm and she braced
herself for what he was going to say.

Bellamy laughed and shook his head, “Nothing you need to concern yourself with right now,” He bent down and picked up the plate of food and held it out in front of her, “What you need to do is eat.”

“No, I’m not going to eat it,” She knocked it out of his hands and it clattered to the floor, breaking into pieces like her trust in him had, “You can take your food and shove it up your ass,” She glared at him and held her ground.

“Shut the fuck up!” He snapped and raised his hand and Clarke tried not to flinch back. But he didn’t strike her. Instead his nostrils flared and he ground his teeth. Bellamy whipped about and stomped to the pieces of sandwich scooped it all back together and shoved it under her nose, “You will fucking eat or I’ll shove it down your throat.”

“Fuck you!” Clarke spat on him. He jumped back in surprise wiping at his face, “They’re going to find you and make you wish you were dead!” She pictured Lexa’s face and felt her love fill her up and she raised her chin in defiance.

“They’ll never find you, I’ve covered my tracks well,” He gloated, “they are wasting their time looking for Murphy,” he laughed harshly, his face glowing with excitement, “instead of me. I’m not even a blip on their radar!” He chuckled and ran his hand through his curly hair.

“You…” she choked as she realised it, “you hired Murphy?....” the creep who had grabbed her and taken her from the game. A cold chill hit Clarke and she fought the urge to bite her hand as she stared at him and saw him nod.

“Paid someone to hire him. It was beautiful,” he smirked and sat on the edge of the bed with a bounce, “that Murphy guy must be really desperate. He..” he cracked up, “he doesn’t even know who the fuck I am!”

“I don’t know who the fuck you are!” she snapped back at him. He was insane. Clarke backed up a step when he got up again to keep space between them, “Lexa will never stop looking for me and neither will my friends, you know your sister! Remember her?”

“Don’t fucking talk about my sister! I can make you love me Clarke!”He growled lowly. Her breath went shaky instantly as fear slapped her in the face. She backed until the wall was behind her.

Clarke’s hands skimmed it and her fingers dug in. She got ahold of herself from the sensation alone and put one foot forward, “why not?” she snarled at him.

He took a step back as though in surprise and didn’t take the bait to her disappointment. Instead he went on to a much more tender topic, “if that thing comes near you,” his voice was hard as he motioned to her with one finger, “if that Freak comes anywhere near you again. I’ll kill her.” His voice went ice cold and Clarke shivered at the threat.

She looked at him like he was psycho, which he was apparently now, “So what? You would become a murderer on top everything else!” Clarke shoved him back, “What the fuck is wrong with you?” She punched him the stomach and it felt like her hand hit brick. That was new, he was always in decent shape, but nothing like this. Clarke kept hitting him and Bellamy just stood there before he grabbed her wrist and wrenched it behind her back hard. Clarke cried out in pain, “Let me go, that hurts.”

“I’ll show you what hurts if I have to,” He shoved her down on the bed and towered over her.
Bellamy sneered and Clarke did her best not to cower because she refused to show him her fear, “Don’t make me do it, Clarke because believe me, you won’t like it. I don’t want to hurt you, but I will if you force my hand,” He leaned in and gripped her hips and squeezed hard enough to leave bruises.

“This isn’t you, Bell,” Clarke’s voice quivered and she hated to show him any weakness, “You’re not a killer.” But the tears tugged at the corners of her eyes anyway.

“You have no idea who or what I am anymore, Clarke,” He scowled, but at the same time was gently wiping tears from her face with the rough pads of his thumbs, “I won’t let that freak come between us anymore, I’ve waited for you since before Finn, hoping you’d see me as more than a friend. I’m done waiting to get you and now that I have you, I won’t let you go ever again.”

His touch made her nauseous and she tried to turn her head, “Stop calling her that, she’s a thousand times better a person than you will ever be!”

The flicker of tenderness was gone in an instant and he sat up with a jerk, She’s brainwashed you! Corrupted you into thinking you love her! But don’t worry,” His voice softened again and he wiped the spit from his face with a smile, “I’ll fix it, I’ll fix everything,” He mumbled more to himself than to her and Clarke watched his eyes flicker like he was warring with two different sides of himself.

“There’s nothing to fix because nothing is wrong except for you!” Clarke snapped at him.

“Don’t tell me nothing is wrong, Clarke! Everything is wrong and you just can’t see it! When Finn left I was still in the fucking army that I only went to because I got dropped from the team because they said I wasn’t a fucking team player! And that's another thing I’m taking from your …freak!” he shouted at her, motioning toward the window as if Lexa was right outside, “I was going to put this all on her! Make it seem she kidnapped you, especially after everyone saw that balcony video! She would have ended up in prison for life and no more NFL dream.” he sneered, “if I can’t have it, why should she? But you had to go and call the fucking cops and I had to move my plans all up a bit and it landed on Murphy instead!”

“Don’t you dare pin this on Lexa! She has nothing to do with this!” She raged, “It’s your own fucking fault that your life sucks! Grow the fuck up and take responsibility!”

“The point is!” Bellamy ran his hands over his face, ignoring everything she had just said and started pacing, “if I hadn’t been in the army when your first asshole walked out I would have jumped at the chance to be with you!”

“I would have said no. There has and never will be a possibility of you and I,” She couldn’t believe the crap that was coming out of his mouth. However she had no idea he was cut from the team, it helped explain his spur of the moment decision to join the military.

“There is. I thought the Army would help prove that I’m the man for you and that I could take care of you,” A vein protruded from his forehead and Clarke did her best to stay still, “I had this plan that once I got out, we’d be together. I fucking bought this house for us as soon as I got discharged,” He started pacing, “for us to live in together. But it all went to shit!” he whipped around suddenly on her and stalked until he crowded her space and spat out, “because your dad died and I-”

“Don’t you dare talk about my father!” she shouted at him.

“I’ll say whatever the fuck I want! Besides your dad never liked me, not really,” Bellamy growled in her face. He studied her like that for just a second. His voice dropped an octave, “I ended up on a raid, Clarke,” he said almost calmly. Bellamy shrugged. He went to the bed and sat on the edge of it,
“a noise cracked behind me. A stick. I ended up killing so many fucking innocent civilians because I couldn’t pay attention to anything else, because I couldn’t be there for you!” he looked up slowly at her, clenching the side of the bed as he shouted the last for words, “I sent you gifts as often as I could! I did everything I could to help you even over all the distance between us! In the end, I still ended up dishonorably discharged all because of you!”

“That’s not my fault, you can’t sit there and blame me for that happening. I had nothing to do with it,” She huffed and leaned against the wall furthest away from him. She didn’t care about any of it, “You’re using that as an excuse and I won’t fucking let you! You killed those people, you alone did that. Don’t you dare try to pin the blame on anyone else! Did Octavia know any of this?”

He snorted at her and shook his head, “do you think I’m that much of a fucking idiot Clarke, that I’d tell my baby sister? She thinks I was medically discharged from a bullet injury to my knee.” he got up, “the only way they could stop me from killing those people, was with that fucking bullet.”

Clarke didn’t say anything, just continued to stare at him.

Bellamy just snorted again, as though amused and not surprised at the same time, “But I have bills to pay, you know. This house,” he looked around to indicate it, “two apartments,” he shrugged, “not like you can make that kind of money working security.” He whipped around suddenly and smiled widely at Clarke.

“So what the fuck do you do?” Clarke could barely look at him, “Tell me! How in the hell do you afford everything?” But she knew he was about to tell her anyway and the more information she could get out of him, the better.

“That’s a good question.” Bellamy answered, “I sell drugs,” He smirked like it was no deal and Clarke wanted nothing more than to wipe it off his face, “I have to say it's addictive, but I love it. I feel fucking invincible afterwards.”

“You sell drugs!” Clarke exploded.

“Technically, I sell one drug, Red. It has made me lots of money!” He clapped his hands together, “More than we could ever dream of.”

“There is no we and you're a fucking idiot,” Clarke growled, but the name sounded familiar, “Isn't that the name of that stupid energy drink that Mount Weather produces?”

“What if I said yes?”

“Oh my fucking god!”

“I honestly don't know if it's in the drink, all i know is Cage Wallace handles everything in regards to the drug.”

Clarke shouted at him, “I’ve seen a lot of people that drink it! What you're doing is illegal!”

“I don't care that it is. All I care about is the money!”

“Fuck you!” she shouted at him, she didn’t care. Not with everything he had just told her. She started shaking and she didn’t know why. It had been long enough since she woke up that whatever she was injected with should have worn off. Maybe fear was causing it. But there was no way in hell, she would tell him that.

But he trailed a hand down her trembling skin, “I can fix that too, you know.”
There was something about the quiet tone of his voice that was unsettled her, more than anything at this point so far, “I’m fine.”

“You will be, eventually.”

It took a second to click.

Every little hair on her body stood up on end in anger and she whipped about, “you fucking had me drugged with it?!?” she shoved him, “you bastard! you-” she shoved him again.

“It was a concentrated dose…” he grabbed her upper arms and held her still, but hot, angry, violated tears poured out of her eyes and Clarke still struggled to get away, “I have the means now for anything we could possibly want. I know you have a dream of traveling the world, I can make that happen,” He shook her so hard making her teeth rattle, “I can take care of us! I can take care of a family-”

“By selling drugs, Bellamy!” she shouted at him, it hurt when she did it, but she wrenched herself out of his grip and glared at him, “by fucking drugging me! Do you even understand yourself right now? Are you even listening to the shit you’re saying! You’re crazy Bell!” Sniffling and trying not to sob because of the terror crawling around up her spine, she looked away from him and stared at the wall.

For a long time, or what felt like a long time, though it may have only been a few seconds there was silence in the room and she could feel him staring at her. Clarke rubbed her arms and refused to even look at him. She had to figure out something -anything- out and she was determined to not miss another chance to escape.

“Just don’t worry about, Clarke, okay?” he said at last. Out of the corner of her eye she saw him put his hands up in the air and close his eyes in frustration, “just ..forget it.”

She didn’t look at him and her voice was firm and empty at the same time, “Never.”

“Look, I’m in love with you. I have been for a long time.” His voice sounded almost beaten. He tried to touch her, but she flinched away and held her arms a little tighter against her chest, “Clarke, look at me.”

She didn’t move. Not an inch. Not even to blink.

When she didn’t, he started yelling again, “I tried, Clarke! I fucking tried!” Out of the corner of her eye she could see him waving his fists around, “I knew you were not ready after your dad died so I tried to do what was right. I waited and I started planning our life. I wanted it be perfect! It will take time for you to come around, but I can be patient.”

“I’m in love with Lexa!” she whipped around and couldn’t stop the things she was suddenly yelling and wouldn’t even if she could, “and not even you locking me up in here can stop that! Or change it! I’d rather die than ever be with you! I’ll never feel that way about you! You disgust me, Bellamy Blake!” She bit out and suddenly her face was whipped aside and her cheek exploded in pain when he backhanded her hard.

She never saw it coming.

“Keep telling yourself that. But be careful what you wish for...” he growled, pointing his finger at her, “I warned you,” He rubbed a hand over his face and she saw tears in his eyes and he stroked her red cheek, “I didn’t want to do that, but you left me no choice. This will take longer than I thought.” Bell leaned in and wrapped his hands around her biceps hard enough to leave his fingerprints, she
was sure, “I’ll be back,” He placed a kiss to the cheek he hit before she could dodge it and strode from the room whistling.

-=-

Sitting there, Clarke cradled her rapidly bruising cheek. She crumbled into the bed and curled into a ball and shook hard. She was terrified and she started to sob uncontrollably. Clarke rocked back and forth trying to stifle the sound, but it was no use. In the other room, she heard a crash and covered her ears to block out the sound.

The sobs finally subsided and Clarke sucked in a couple deep breaths. The sandwich sat there and mocked her which had her begrudgingly sitting up. Her stomach grumbled at the sight, but her head said not to trust it. She got up and went into the bathroom and tore it up into pieces and tossed it into the toilet followed by the chips and flushed it. Clarke then took the water bottle and dumped half of it down the sink and brought the empty plate and bottle back into the bedroom.

Her hand squeezed the water bottle and it crunched in her grip and chucked it at the wall and it splattered water across it. It did nothing to help instead the bottle rolled around helplessly across the floor, kinda like her. Clarke hated this whole situation and didn’t know when or how it started. She racked her brain and thought back to high school when Bell was overprotective of her and hated Finn. She had thought it was because he was being protective and all, but now she saw it for what it really was. Jealousy.

He used to tell her all the time, she could do better and Finn didn’t deserve her and etc. In the end, he was right because she found Lexa and knew what true love really was. Clarke had never thought all those times, he was referring to himself as the better person. Back then and now, she had never and would never look at him that way.

Ever.

Now he was trying to take away everything that she knew and loved and she couldn’t let that happen. She wouldn’t because she finally had everything she ever wanted and she was happier than she’d ever been. Clarke never thought she would be happy again after her father died. He was her best friend and the man she looked up to and after he died, she lost her way. Without her friends being there for her, she would have never found her way back and never would’ve met Lexa.

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*Clarke stared out at the ocean as the sun was setting, having just come in from a ride. It was decent out, but according to her dad, it’s been better and she needed to work on her pop up a little. She was leaning too far forwards according to him.*

*She rolled her eyes and nudged her dad with her shoulder, “I got it dad.”*

*He smiled at her and wrapped an arm around her, “I’m just trying to help you be better, kiddo. I know you want to go pro.”*

*“I do so much.”*

*“And you will, I believe in you. You can do anything you set your mind to. You’re stubborn like your mom,” He laughed and kissed her head, “Just don’t tell her I said that.”*

*“I won’t,” She leaned closer to him and loved their morning surfs together. They’d been doing it for*
years and she didn’t care that her friends thought it was weird she hung out with her dad so much. It was her favorite thing to do, “My friends constantly tell me how stubborn I am especially Bell.”

At the mention of Bellamy’s name, she saw his face tense up slightly, “I see.”

“What’s with the look, dad?” Clarke questioned turning to face him fully.

“It’s nothing really, Clarke, I just don’t trust him,” He sighed and locked eyes with her, “I get a bad vibe off of him.”

Clarke wasn’t sure what to say because her dad rarely said anything negative about anybody. He always looked for the good in people so it took her by surprise when he mentioned Bellamy, “What do you mean?”

“I just...I’m not sure, just a vibe. I just want you to be careful, okay?” He asked, his face completely serious.

“Okay, dad, I promise, I will,” Clarke smiled and leaned into his side again and they watched the sun over the water.

“That’s all I can ask, thank you kiddo,” He smiled widely, “Did I ever tell you about me and your mom…”

“Dad…”

If her dad was here, he would kill Bellamy. He had even warned her, but she didn’t take seriously, just thought he was being overprotective. Turns out he was right. She should have listened back then. He would kill him that’s for sure, but he wasn’t the only one. Lexa would as well and so would her friends. Just the thought of Lexa made her ache in ways she never thought possible. She knew Lexa was probably going out of her mind with worry and Clarke would give anything to be with her right now and not locked in a house god knows where.

With him.

She laid back on the bed and stared at the stark white ceiling. Her thoughts were scattered all over the place and all she wanted was to see Lexa’s smile. The one that was reserved just for her. The one that was rarely seen, but was Clarke’s favorite smile of hers. It was genuine and breathtaking. Her eyes closed and it sprang to life in her mind and brought a sad smile to her lips. She was afraid that she might never see that smile again in person and tears streamed down her cheeks again and her heart broke to be with her.

Her thoughts were broken suddenly when the door opened with a crash and Bellamy stood in the doorway with a cake. Clarke sat up abruptly and wiped her cheeks before she stared at him in confusion. Why the fuck did he have a cake? It wasn’t her birthday and she had no idea what there was to celebrate. His mood swings were giving her whiplash and she wasn’t sure how he would react from one interaction to the next. She was up in a flash and across the room as far away from him as possible.

Bell watched her with narrowed eyes and crossed the room to sit on the bed. He looked at her and smiled before he patted the bed next to him. Clarke shook her head and stood her ground. The grin dropped from his face and he set the cake down gently and stomped over to her. Clarke looked around, but there was nowhere to go and she braced herself. Bellamy grabbed her by the arm and yanked her with him to the bed. Clarke tried to fight him, but he was too strong and the more she resisted, the harder he pulled.
He picked up the cake and held it out to her and Clarke looked down and gasped at the writing, ‘Welcome home’ and underneath it, it read, ‘Happy Anniversary’ She looked up at him in shock and was at a loss for words.

“This is your home now and we’re finally together. You’re finally mine after years of waiting and planning for the right moment. I finally have you,” He placed a hand on her knee and his touch alone made her uncomfortable, “Make a wish, sweetheart.”

“We are and will never be together,” Clarke pushed his hand off her.

“The sooner you accept it the better!” He snapped and jumped up, “Stop fighting me, princess,” He came back to the bed and sat again and smiled the boyish grin, she hated. Bell put his hand on her leg again, only for Clarke to shove it away.

“That’s not going to happen, I don’t love you, just get that through your head already.,” She stared hard at him, “I will never forgive you for any of this,” She growled, “Don’t even get me started on the fact that you also threatened to kill my girlfriend. You need some serious help,” Clarke scooted back on the bed and out of his reach for the moment.

He looked out the window and for the moment didn’t acknowledge her.

-=-

Bellamy smashed his fist into a wall when he got home from the beach after the surfing competition. How in the hell did he let this happen? He should’ve made his move before now, but he wanted to wait and bide his time. It was his own fucking fault. He smashed another hole as he stared around at the pictures decorating the room.

Who the fuck did Lexa Woods think she is? If she could even be called that. More like a freak than anything else. He much more preferred when they were just sleeping together because he understood Clarke has needs, he would have gladly satisfied those, but it had to be the right time because it would take Clarke some time to come around to the idea. But than she had to go and get into a relationship with her.

That was not okay.

He couldn’t take it. Since when was Clarke even into girls? He vaguely recalled her saying something to him, but he blocked it out because he didn’t need more competition than he already had.

She was meant to be his and nobody else’s. With Finn, he didn’t have to take any drastic measures, but with Lexa, he would because the look on Clarke’s face when she was with Lexa did not sit well with him.

Clarke looked madly in love with Lexa and happy as well, but that wasn’t the way it was supposed to work. He was supposed to be the one with her, not Lexa. He would be damned if he let that freak take her away from him.

Not a chance in hell.

He would kill her if he had to because nothing and nobody would stand in the way of him being with Clarke. They were soulmates and meant to be together.

He would make sure of that.
One way or the other.

“But you will love me,” he finally bit out. Bellamy finally looked at her, “and I don’t need help. I was always there, Clarke. When you went to your spot and cried, I was there. When you surfed in the wee hours of the morning, I watched you to make sure you were safe. I wanted you to come around on your own and it would run its course and you’d be free of her clutches, but instead she tricked you into thinking you were in love with her,” he swallowed thickly like he had a bad taste in his mouth. Bellamy spat on the floor.

“That’s creepy as hell, just so you know and I do love Lexa,” She met his gaze, “More than anything, I-”

“You know, I tried to fucking run her over, but that freak moved out of the way too fast,” he laughed loudly.

“You did what!?” She screamed at him, “You fucking tried to kill the love of my life!” Clarke was pissed. How dare he do that. He hadn’t just threatened. He’d actually tried it….

“It would have been great! Her body slamming onto the hood of my car and sliding off of it,” he grinned ear to ear before glaring at Clarke, “I will do it again if I have to! So don’t fucking tempt me.” He snapped and glared at her.

“You’re fucking sick son of a bitch, I hate you. Do you think killing her would make me love you. What kind of twisted logic is that? I love Lexa! I-”

“No you don’t,” He interrupted, “I realized I needed to do more, so I sent messages to you and the freak. I hoped it would scare her off. She was in the way and I couldn’t have that. Nothing comes between you and I. The bitch didn’t scare easily and the cops got involved so I made it possible to kidnap you at the game because I knew you’d be there. I always knew where you were. Afterall I’ve been following you and you never even knew it. I’m going to show you how much better you are without her and you’ll fall in love with me eventually.”

“You’re insane, you know that,” Clarke flew off the bed and towards the open door, but his hand wrapped in her hair which had her coming to a halt right outside the door. She got a glimpse of the living room and the T.V. that had a news story going on.

She heard Bellamy laugh behind her as he stepped up against her, but she was frozen in shock and barely heard his whispered words, “I told you.”

A picture of herself filled the screen. The caption at the bottom said, ‘Champion surfer missing.’ Clarke gasped. The image changed to an announcer walking along the beach, “we’re here continuing coverage of the disappearance of local surfer, Clarke Griffin-”

Clarke’s eyes filled up with tears and emotions swarmed through her.

The news report went on, “who disappeared from a local game. From what we’ve just been told her girlfriend, Lexa Woods,” an image of Lexa in her football gear showed up, “is also in the hospital we don’t know the extent of her-”

“Lexa, no!” Clarke cried out in agony at the thought of her girlfriend being hurt. Did Bellamy do it? Did he hurt her? What happened? Why was she in the hospital? She fell to her knees and tried to refocus on the t.v. through the tears blurring her eyes and the sting where he had nearly ripped out her hair.

Bellamy just laughed at her hurt expression, “I win.”
Clarke rose on shaky legs, “What did you do to her!?” She screamed at him and shoved him as hard as she could.

“You want to see her face right when she realized you were gone?” He pulled out his phone and pulled up the picture of Lexa’s heartbroken expression and tears filled her eyes at the sight.

“What did you do, you bastard? Why is she in the hospital? What the fuck happened?” Clarke was hysterical with worry. She couldn’t even breathe.

“I took care of her, that’s all you need to know,” He smirked at her and grabbed her hands as she went to shove him again.

“Fuck you, I fucking hate you! I want Lexa,” She turned and tried to sprint out of the room, “I need to be with her.”

Before Clarke got two steps, she was yanked back and thrown to the ground with Bellamy standing over her, “Why can’t you just listen?” He growled and kicked her over and over again in the side and Clarke curled up in a ball in pain trying to avoid the blows, “This is ALL your fault! This is for your own good!” Bellamy kicked again before he stormed out and slammed the door behind him with the telltale click of the lock sliding into place.

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He had the equipment he needed from his days in the military. Until the past few weeks, when the Freak had showed up, he had kept all his cameras and infrared and radios in the back of a closet. But more importantly because of his training he had the knowledge of how to use it.

He rented the apartment across the hall from the freak’s and had been staying there off and on over the past few weeks; following the love of his life around and waiting for his moment to save her. The rest of his time, he spent camping in a empty house that was for sale near Clarke’s watching her. That way she rarely got out of his sight.

But occasionally, it did happen. Like now.

It was going to rain soon. But he stood staring at his girl’s car in the parking lot of the Freak’s building. How did it get here? He glared at it coldly because he hated it was here. But to make matters worse, he didn’t know where she went for once these days. She wasn’t in her usual places. He checked his phone again and again scrolling through to be sure but Clarke wasn’t anywhere on any of his cameras…

But it was the laughter he heard coming up the street behind him that made him slowly start to turn. His eyes narrowed in on her blonde hair first and then the way she was giggling and trying to support ...the freak. Of course. He growled low in his throat. Lexa was weaving everywhere and couldn’t keep her filthy hands off Clarke, wouldn’t stop trying to see down the front of her shirt and Clarke was just laughing about it.

His blood boiled over at the sight and his hands were in fists before he knew it and he started striding over, but only took two steps before remembering bursting in would ruin everything he had planned. Clarke might get angry. She might get confused. No, he backed a step even if he wanted to puke as they got closer, there had to be a way he could use this.

He ran to his rental car on the other side of the lot and yanked open the door, climbed in and stayed low behind the tinted windows until the pair walked -or stumbled- giggling past.…

“I love you,” he heard the freak saying.
Clarke threw her head back and laughed with her as they walked past, “I want you to fuck me.” He sat up in the seat and watched his Clarke pinch her ‘girlfriend’s’ ass.

But then Lexa stopped and turned and pushed Clarke into the hood of his car, “I’m gonna. I can… right here on this car.”

“Inside, babe, inside…” Clarke laughed, but wouldn’t stop sucking at the freak’s neck, “I love you too. I love Lexa. I love the Commander…..”

“I love fucking you…” Lexa muttered, and picked Clarke up off his car.

He couldn’t hear the rest as the pair continued through the rest of the parking lot and entered the building. But he was pretty sure Clarke was drunk off her ass to be saying those things.

He dashed out of his car and stared after them a second, wondering what to do. It took a few minutes of him pacing back and forth, before his phone started ding with an alert from camera two.

“Fuck…” he muttered, wiping his neck as he slid the alert open to show him a live camera feed of the Freak pinning Clarke to her apartment door. The rasp of their voices and the sounds. They were making was awful. Bellamy felt anger rip through him and almost tossed his phone. But he gripped it harder instead and glared from it to the front door. He reached behind him for the gun he carried...then the sounds from the phone pulled him back.

He had a better idea.

He watched until the feed from his camera told him the pair got inside and last he saw was the door kicked closed before he dashed inside and up the stairwell. He flipped through the camera feeds, switching to the one on the Freak’s window as he took the stairs. But he didn’t see them burst into the room and by the time he reached the door of the apartment he heard another sound; the sound of a patio door sliding open. It was followed by Clarke talking. “Catch me.”

They were out on the balcony.

Bellamy raced back down the stairwell and to his car. Grabbing a military camera from his car he slammed the door closed again and ran around to the back of the building. He could hear them before he saw them.

“Now, are you going to be a good girl!”

Clarke’s answer sounded pitiful to him, “yes, yes, yes!”

Seeing them was worse. Clarke was bent over and tied to the balcony rail, and the freak was driving her thing up inside her.

Bellamy wanted to vomit. But he held up his camera and hit record instead. He had to show Clarke what the freak really was. He had to show everyone what kind of monster Clarke was really with. He would get back at her for taking his girl-

The freak hurting his girl shouted, “Oh God! I love how tight you squeeze me!”

Clarke shouted back, “God, you fill me so good, Lexa! God!”

Her screams broke him, “no, Clarke….” he muttered. He knew she was saying what she had to, to keep from being hurt more. He would save her. Sliding his thumb across the controls. He switched
up the audio so that only Lexa would be heard. Bellamy plugged it into his phone and turned live stream on...

But the following afternoon-

He watched the two women officers arrive through the security-hole in his door at Lexa’s apartment across the hall.

“Police department! We received a call from this address!”

Bellamy backed up slowly. He stared at the closed door. From he other side of it he heard the two cops ushered into Lexa’s apartment and he felt cold and clammy suddenly, and bitter. He shoved a lamp over that was close by and as it crashed to the floor he balled his hands into fists. He hadn’t expected them to call the fucking cops!

How dare they make him look like the monster!

He stared at the door as though he could see through it into whatever was happening in the apartment across from him...

Clarke jumped to her feet hearing the lock click. Despite the pain she had to get to Lexa. She ran to the door and started beating on it with her hands ignoring the throb in her side, “Bellamy! You fucking let me out of here!” What had he done to her this time? Clarke grabbed the handle of the door and shook it desperately in both hands. It only rattled at her. She backed up and kicked the door until her foot started hurting. Then she started punching it-

From the other side she heard Bellamy kick it, “you fucking stop that, Clarke! Stop that right now!” She hit it again, “Let me out!” Clarke grabbed the nearest lamp, unplugged it and threw it at the door. It shattered into pieces. Sobbing she dropped her back against the door and slid down to sit in the broken glass, “Lexa…” she choked out quietly, her name catching in her throat. Tears leaked out from her eyes and she tried to lock her teeth to keep from sobbing out loud. Even though her stomach and lungs were heaving because she just knew Bellamy was still right there on the other side of the door. She could hear the sound of him breathing. Clarke wiped back her tears the best she could and noticed the knuckles of her left hand were covered with blood.

With her shoulders slumped she was still trying to wrap her head around everything. Part of her couldn’t believe Bellamy had tried to kill Lexa, but the other part knew he was more than capable after everything she’d found out. Of all the stupid things, Bellamy has done, trying to kill her girlfriend topped it all.

It was all her fault, Lexa was lying in the hospital bed, it was her fault she got dragged into this mess. Clarke brushed at her cheeks as the tears continued to fall. Her heart broke at the thought of her girlfriend in a hospital bed and it was all because Lexa got involved with her. She should have stayed away from her. She should have never dragged her into this mess. If it wasn’t for her, Lexa would be okay, would be happy, would meet someone else and live happily ever after.

Something that she might not get with her.

“Lexa,” Clarke whispered and put her head in her hands, smearing blood on her face, but she didn’t notice. Her whole body throbbed in pain, but her heart hurt the most. She had brought Bellamy into her life, she was the catalyst of all the problems lately because he was carrying some crazed dream of them being together that Lexa had gotten caught in the middle.

Lexa deserved better than that.
She curled into a heap on the floor as sobs racked her body. The shards of glass cut into her, but she didn’t even feel it. All she wanted was to be by Lexa’s side helping her heal, but instead she was stuck here. Bellamy was lucky, she was in a locked room right now because she would kill him if she ever got her hands on him. Clarke wouldn’t care about the consequences if it meant getting back to Lexa.

That was all that mattered; was seeing her, was reaching her somehow.

And to do that, she had to survive. Clarke took a deep breath. She wrapped an arm around her side and hissed in pain as she got up off the floor and hobbled toward the bathroom; her injured foot protesting the weight the whole time and her side burning where Bellamy had kicked her. Her shirt was sticky with blood now because he had broken skin. It took her a minute or two to close the small distance. But once inside she locked the bathroom door behind her. Clarke raised her shirt and wet a washcloth with warm water and dabbed at her side to clean the blood off. It stung more when she touched it and was already blossoming into dark bruises.

Looking up into the mirror she cringed at what she saw. Her cheek had started to bruise, her eye had started to blacken and she had blood streaked across her forehead and chin. Her left hand was a bloody mess and curling her left fingers, while possible, hurt like hell. She had bruises on her arms and legs as well. Holding her breath to prepare herself Clarke tried to put weight on her foot and hissed in pain and she knew without checking that she had broken or torn something, “fuck.” she muttered. How could she escape on a broken foot? If she had a chance, she would though, if she had to drag herself out of here. Hell wouldn’t stop her.

The counter was cold against her bare stomach as she leaned up, but she didn’t move. She did her best to clean herself up, but every move she made was a struggle. She gently wiped her face and her hand to get the blood off.

She heard the door to her room slammed open and Clarke stumbled back a couple steps and let her shirt fall. The next second there was banging on the bathroom door.

“Clarke, sweetie, open the door!” Bellamy pounded on it hard.

“I’m using the restroom, can’t I have a minute of privacy?” She struggled to keep her voice calm and had to clench her jaw from crying out when she turned too fast.

“You have five minutes, if you’re aren’t out by then, I’ll break down the fucking door,” Bellamy shouted and Clarke heard his footsteps recede. She heard a phone ring and raced to the door when she heard him answer it. She screamed and yelled and unlocked the door so whoever it was could hear her.

“No it’s just the T.V, O, I’ll turn it down,” He mumbled and ran out of the room. Clarke couldn’t catch the door in time before it was locked behind him. She yanked on it with no luck and pounded on it and kept yelling.

“Octavia, Octavia!!” She screamed as loud as could, “Help me!” A door slammed outside and Clarke knew she’d lost her chance. She did her best not to let the tears fall, but it was no use. If Octavia only knew how big of a creep her brother really was. She felt bad because she knew her friend would be devastated as Octavia and Bellamy were really close.

Clarke slumped to the floor again unable to stay upright, her side pulsing in pain. She was at a loss on what to do because that was a chance at freedom and she’d missed it no matter how she had decided not to. Slamming her head back against the door, she screamed out in anger and frustration.
She had to still fight and get back to Lexa.

Her mind drifted to Lexa who was in the hospital and it killed her that she couldn’t be there nor did she know how hurt she was. If Bellamy did something to cause it, Clarke would castrate him. She was worried sick about her girlfriend, but she remembered again that Lexa was probably more worried about her than herself.

It was just who she was.

Clarke didn’t realize she was crying until she wiped her face and her hand came away wet. Getting up, she made her way back to the bathroom. Once there, she stared at the shower and debated taking one because she felt disgusting, but had no idea when Bellamy would be back. She didn’t want to be caught naked in front of him. Besides she never knew what he was going to do whenever he came in the room.

She went to the sink instead. The cold water hitting her face felt refreshing and it helped cool the ache in her cheek. Her side had started bleeding again and Clarke knew she needed to change her shirt. As quickly as she could, she hobbled out to the dresser and grabbed a shirt. Back in the bathroom, she found a first aid kid under the sink and quickly dug out gauze and alcohol to clean her cuts. As gently as she could, she sterilized it and wrapped her torso in gauze.

In the nick of time, her shirt was on because Bellamy came crashing into the room, his eyes bugging out of his head and lips pursed.

“What are you playing at?” Bellamy demanded, waving his phone around, “Just so you know, I’m doing this because of you,” He punched something into his phone and laughed as he sent it.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Clarke demanded weakly.

“Just sending the freak a little message is all,” He flipped the phone around so she could see.

“Lol?!” Clarke asked, “Are you seriously fucking taunting my girlfriend!” Clarke clenched her right hand, her left hurt too much to even try and she glared daggers at him.

“Oh that’s just the beginning, I have plans to send the freak a lot more,” He cackled loudly and grinned like a maniac.

“How did you even get her number?” She growled, fear coursing through her. They just got new phones.

“I have my ways,” Bellamy smirked, “I can be very trustworthy.”

“You asshole! Leave her out of this,” Clarke demanded. She racked her brain for what he meant. But her voice came out cracked, her throat dry as a desert, “Stop hurting her!”

“No can do, princess, I have a lot more plans,” He came closer, “The freak has hurt me far too much to just simply let it go.”

“You enjoy hurting her, you sick bastard. It’s not her fault that I’ll never feel that way about you. Leave her the fuck alone,” She growled more strongly, forcing herself to stand up straight.

“Yes, yes I do very much so. It’s fan-fucking-tastic is what it is and I’ll continue to do it and there is nothing you or anybody else can do to stop me,” He taunted.

Clarke had heard and enough and lunged towards the phone. She tried to snatch it from him, but
instead knocked it to the ground and it shattered the screen. He bent down and picked it up before he smashed it against the wall.

“You!” He snarled and made to grab her arm, but Clarke danced out of his reach, “What the fuck were you trying to do? Do you think that’s the only phone I have?” He laughed at her shocked expression.

“I don’t give a rats ass how many phones you have. All I’m trying to do is get fucking rescued. I want to call your sister, Octavia deserves to know to know what kind of sicko her brother really is!” Clarke spit on him and she watched it drip down his cheek, “She’s going to find out eventually and then who will you have? Nobody!” Clarke watched his face change from anger to panic to fear and back to anger. Veins protruded from his forehead and neck.

“Shut up, you bitch!” He stalked forward and wrapped his hands around her throat. Clarke struggled to breath and she clawed at his hands to pry him off, but was useless. He only squeezed tighter, “If you can’t say anything nice, then you shouldn’t say anything at all,” He grinned manically.

Clarke started to see black spots and continued to try and breathe, but he completely blocked off her airflow. This was how she was going to die, her arms fell limply at her side and Lexa came into her head with the smile and that was the last thing she saw before she blacked out and slumped into Bellamy’s arms who caught her.

—-

Clarke stood on the beach in her favorite spot, where she had first told Lexa she loved her and she had said the same.

It was a momentous occasion, their one year anniversary, and Clarke had never been more sure of anything in her life.

Loving Lexa had not been in the cards. She didn't want to have heart broken, so she came up with friends with benefits because she couldn't just walk away from her. It ended up being so much more.

Loving Lexa was also inevitable and she had never been happier that she took the chance. She fiddled with the ring in her pocket as she saw Lexa walking towards her. She looked stunning as usual with her hair pulled back in a bun, aviator sunglasses, white tanktop and shorts. Her feet were bare and Clarke grinned widely and resisted the urge to run towards her.

Today had be perfect.

Clarke thought about what she wanted to say in her head, but the speech she had meticulously prepared was falling away with ever step Lexa took closer to her.

Behind her, she had laid out a blanket on the sand with a picnic sitting on top with all of Lexa’s favorite foods. It was a celebration of sorts with Lexa getting drafted and her going pro.

Their dreams were coming true but there was one last thing Clarke wanted to do to ensure it all. She wanted Lexa by her side forever. When all her dreams come true, she wanted Lexa right there with her. It meant nothing if she didn't have someone to share it with.

She was so caught up on her thoughts, Clarke didn't hear Lexa finally come up behind her.

“Hey love,” Lexa smiled and wrapped her arms around her. She kissed her temple and smiled, “I missed you.”
“I missed you too, babe,” Clarke turned around to capture Lexa’s lips with hers, “I love you.”

“I love…” Lexa’s reply was cut off when she looked down and pressed a hand to her stomach. It came away bloody as she fell to her knees and looked up, “Clarke…”

“Oh my god, oh my god, Lexa!” She put pressure on the wound with one hand and searched through her back for her phone, throwing things out left and right until her hand clasped the phone.

“I wouldn't do that if I were you.”

Clarke looked up into Bellamy’s cold, dead eyes before she looked down at her favorite green eyes fading, and with tears at the corners of them.

“Hold on, Lex, you're going to be okay,” Clarke promised. She glanced up at Bellamy who held the gun loosely with his hand all the while he whistled like it was some fucking joke, “I'll kill you for this.”

“You can certainly try.”

She heard Lexa take a rattling breath and tears spilled down her face, “Don’t leave me, baby, please don’t leave me. I love you,” she gasped out between sobs. With her hands she tried to stop the blood.

“I...love... you, Clarke,” Lexa sucked in a breath and blood dribbled from her mouth, “I'll always be with you.”

Clarke pressed their lips together hard, as she pressed 911 on her phone, she didn't give a damn about what Bellamy would do to get, all that mattered was saving Lexa.

When she pulled back, she noticed Lexa’s eyes had closed and she wasn't breathing.

“No, no, no, no! LEXA LEXA!” Clarke pounded on her chest.

“The freak is dead, good riddance.”

Clarke collapsed.

She bolted up in a cold sweat on the bed that wasn’t hers screaming Lexa’s name, or trying to, it was more of a croaked whisper. Her eyes opened in panic next and she tried again, “Lexa!” She choked out louder and tried to get off the bed but was crippled by the rush of stinging pain all over her body. It wasn’t bad as in her heart. But she could still see the blood pooling in the sand. It was a nightmare, she told herself, squeezing her eyes closed because she could still feel the panic and the dread as though it was real. Just a nightmare. But she squeezed her eyes shut again because her life had become a nightmare too.

There seemed to be no escaping them. Clarke clung to her pillow with her fist for a minute, shaking and trying not to think about the terrible dream.

“She’s not here,” Bellamy grinned and Clarke’s eyes whipped over to him in terror, “Just me,” He stood from the chair he’d been occupying and sat on the bed next to her. Bellamy reached out to touch her, but she flinched back, sitting up. He placed his hand back in his lap and looked at her in concern, “Are you okay?”

Her mouth dropped open and Clarke just stared at him. Was he fucking serious? Was this some kind of sick joke? “No I’m not fine fucking fine! You throttled me until I fucking passed out!” She
growled, “How the fuck could I be close to okay?”

“You made me do it,” He held out his arms, “Come here, I can make you feel better,” Bellamy patted his lap.

“No fucking way!” Clarke scooted back until her back was up against the headboard and she kicked off the blanket. For some reason she didn’t feel at such a disadvantage now.

He tilted his head to the side and Clarke had to squeeze her eyes shut as she was assaulted with memories of Lexa doing the exact same thing. Only with her it was endearing and adorable, with him it made him look like an idiot. She bit her lip to hold back a sob.

“You used to come to me before when you were upset, what’s so different now?” He stroked his stubbled chin in thought like he really didn’t understand.

“What the fuck do you mean what’s different?” She sputtered out, her voice nowhere near as loud as normal. It hurt to talk, but she persisted, “Are you fucking kidding me? Before you were my best friend’s big brother and my friend too. Now you’re a crazy stalker who kidnapped me. I can’t believe I ever trusted you,” Clarke jumped up from the bed and huddled in the corner, “Why me?” Clarke choked out and closed her eyes because the sight of him sickened her.

“I already told you, because I love you,” He said simply. Like it was a good enough reason for him to do what he’s done, “I did it to be with you, not without some help, but isn’t that enough reason?” Bellamy stood and stared at her, but she wouldn’t meet his eyes.

“What?” Clarke started to pace, “No, not even close. This…” Clarke gestured around her, “is not what you do when you love someone,” Clarke glared at him, but looked above his head. She continued to pace on the opposite side of the room from him, “If you love me like you say you do, then let me go.”

Bellamy charged forward and pinned her against the wall with her hands above her head. Clarke struggled against his ironclad grip, but it only made him angrier, “The more you fight me, the worse it will be for you. I tried to let you go and move on before, but it didn’t work,” He cupped her cheek, but Clarke turned her head, “I fucked a lot of women, even dated a few, but none of them were you,” He stroked her cheek and Clarke wanted to bit his hand off, “All I did was imagine you. When we make love, I’ll make you see what you’ve been missing, that freak! You’re better off with me than her! You’ll see! I’m better-”

“Stop fucking calling her that, her name is Lexa!” Clarke snapped, “She’s one of a kind and you can fuck off,” Clarke whipped her head around and stared him now, “You’re nothing compared to her!” Clarke tried to push him away with her legs, but he pinned her with his hips and she could feel his hard on pressed into her thigh and wanted to throw up, “You’re a pathetic excuse for a man and I bet all the other girls knew it,” She laughed, “Poor pitiful, Bellamy has to kidnap a girl to try and win her over. You couldn’t take a normal route, can you?”

Bellamy’s face flushed with anger and embarrassment and the grip on her wrists tightened painfully. He jerked her chin and he was an inch away from her face, “We’ll see,” He threatened before he released her. She thought she got off lucky, when he turned around, but he turned and decked her and her face jarred exploding with pain. Clarke fought not to faint as everything around her went black and her body said just give up and pass out. She kept telling herself she could not faint right now-

But he hadn’t stopped here. He punched her not once but twice in the stomach and it knocked what little wind out of her that she had left. Gasping and choking she kept her hands on the wall because
she couldn’t see. His voice rang in her ear, “I told you, not too, I told you to stop, I don’t want to do this, but you’re a slut and deserve to be punished.” He punched her one more time before he glanced at her and fled the room.

Clarke felt herself double over in pain and was ready to give in to passing out the second he had gone. The bed was there. The bliss welcoming her. But it hit her she hadn’t heard the door lock and so she fought for her breath. When her vision cleared she looked around and noticed the door was standing open.

For a second she couldn’t register it. Or believe it. But it was open. He must have forgotten to close it in his haste to leave. She ignored the pain as she crept quietly toward the door having no idea where Bellamy was. Clarke peeked around the corner and Bellamy was nowhere to be found and as she stepped through the threshold, she heard a car peel out and spit gravel.

With Bellamy gone, Clarke rushed to the front door and yanked on it, but it was no use, it was locked and there was a steel door trapping her in and she yanked on it again and again and cried tears of frustration. She leaned back against the door for a moment to catch her breath before she looked around the room. Every window she saw had bars. But maybe she could find something to get out with. She wiped her eyes. Instead of wallowing in self pity and decided to use the time she had without Bellamy to search the place.

The living room was barren, with a few cracks in plaster walls, a couple couches that were worn out and a big flat screen t.v. on the screen that was new.

The kitchen was behind her and she dashed to search it. It was stocked full of food and cooking utensils, except for knives or anything she could use as a weapon.

Clarke looked for a stairs, but found none, so she assumed this was a ranch style house. If she could get out that door, she looked at it with a mix of agony and resentment, she would be on the ground floor and could just keep running. There were also a few doors on the opposite side of ‘her’ room and she warily made her way over to them. The first room was utterly empty, bare walls and floor, even after a thorough search to be sure she found nothing. The second room boasted a king size bed and a dresser with an attached bathroom. It was probably his room though it looked barely lived in, and the sight of it made her skin crawl but she searched it anyway because if there was a weapon or keys or something then it would be in here. But surprisingly and to her dismay, again, she found nothing.

It’s like he knew not to take any chances, none, at all. Clarke bit her lip and closed that door behind her hoping she’d left that room exactly how she’d found it.

The third door, however, had her slamming it closed before she even got it all the way open. With her back against it, she sucked in a startled breath at the nursery she had found.

Bile rose in her throat and she had to swallow it back down but it only served to make a cold knot in her stomach instead. The image of the nursery behind the door burned into her brain.

What the fuck??

Did he really think she would actually have a family with him? She started choking on sobs the idea was so frightening and repulsed her. He was fucking delusional. She couldn’t even begin to understand how he had gotten this idea in his head. She cracked open the door and dared another peek inside. The room had everything anyone would ever need -or want for that matter- for a baby, including a rocking chair, a sunny yellow comforter and curtains in the windows.
She sniffed away her sobs, and wiped back her tears again like it seemed she could never stop doing, while thoughts of having a family swarmed her head. But not with Bellamy, God no. With Lexa though she could see the possibility. A little baby perhaps with Lexa’s brown curls and for a second that thought brought a tiny smile back to her face.

Fuck. She started sobbing, because she didn’t know if they would ever get a chance to have that now.

Not able to stomach it any longer, she slammed the door closed again and made her way to the final door that had three deadbolts on it and knew there was no way she was getting in there. Whatever was in there, Bellamy really didn’t want anyone to see it, and Clarke had a sinking feeling in her gut that she already knew what he was hiding behind the door. Limping back over to the couch she sat down on the cold leather and put her head in her hands. She searched everything, but had found nothing to use, no weapon, no phone, no clue except for a giant lawn outside the windows as to where she was.

Nothing.

Nothing except for a grim look at the future he had planned.

The t.v. was on but muted, so Clarke found the remote and turned the volume on. It was still on the news channel and showed what time and day it was now: Sunday night at ten p.m, which meant she had been missing for two days.

Two whole days and she had no idea when or if she’d ever get back home again. Tears gathered in her eyes and streaked down her face followed by panic when she heard a car pulling in. She flew up, muted the t.v back and dashed back into the room and shut the door after making sure it was locked on the outside. Clarke was terrified what he would do if he knew she’d been out there.

She sat down on the bed and waited with bated breath, her whole body thrumming in pain as she curled her legs up under her and stared at the door. She heard him come in slamming the outside door shut and start pacing back and forth and Clarke prayed he didn’t know she’d been out there. She had been very careful not to move anything too much, but Clarke knew she could never be too careful.

He didn’t come back into the room that night that she was aware of. After all the stress and the fear of the last couple days, Clarke succumbed to the pull of sleep.

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Torn from another nightmare, Clarke lurched up from the bed and grasped at her side to find Bellamy once again beside her only this time he’s laying in bed next to her.

“What the fuck!” Clarke falls out of the bed and lands on her back hard.

“What did you do that for?” Bellamy laughed and leaned over. Clarke tried to free herself from the blanket, “I’ve been waiting for you to wake.” He slurried and reached for his drink on the nightstand, “I want to show you something since you apparently hate me.”

“I do hate you!” Clarke spat and finally extracted herself from the blanket, “I don’t want to see anything you want to show me.” She turned to move, but Bellamy caught her by the wrist and yanked her back to the bed and raised his other hand, “Don’t make me do it, you know I will.”

Clarke froze and stopped trying to resist. If she had any chance of escaping, she was learning that she had to play along for a time, “Fine.”
“Good girl,” Bellamy pulled out his phone and scrolled through his pictures, “This is one of my favorites. It’s the freak right when she found out you were gone!” He cackled and started to pull up picture after picture of Lexa, “Here’s when she passed out, going in the ambulance, your friends all worried. Oh and Octavia sent me this one of her in the hospital. Apparently she’s in a coma!” He feigned a look of innocence and laughed out loud.

“You bastard, you fucking bastard.” Clarke went to hit him, but he caught her hand. Tears of hurt and anger burned in her eyes.

“None of that now, love!” Bellamy threatened, “I’m saving you, don’t you see,” Next thing he pulled up was the video on the balcony and played it as loud as possible and it echoed around the room, “See, she’s a monster. She was hurting you,” He stumbled over his words, “I had to take you, I had to save you, you deserve better than that.”

“That’s not even real, you edited that to make her look that way,” She met his bleary, bloodshot eyes, “It was consensual. I wanted it with her. She’s not the monster, you are!” Clarke snapped and knocked the phone out of his hand.

“It is true. It is. I had to…” Bellamy stood and clenched the bottle in his hand hard, “It’s hard to see, I know, but it’s so true. I have a lot more pictures as proof, Clarke,” He swayed where he stood and took another drink, “You’re safe here. I promise.”

Clarke looked at the bottle swinging in his hand and an idea occurred to her. If she could just get the bottle, it could be a weapon. But how?, “I don’t need saving, Bell. I just need you to let me go,” Clarke batted her eyelashes at him and stepped forward into his space. She tried not to shudder when she felt his hot breath on her face, “Can I have a drink?” Bellamy started to shake his head, but Clarke pressed even closer to him and cringed, but he didn’t notice, “Please? I need to loosen up a little.”

Bellamy stood there and winked, “Just a little sip for my good girl,” Bellamy smiled and handed the bottle over.

Clarke took it and looked down at it and noticed it was Jack Daniel’s Whiskey. She brought it to her mouth with Bellamy watching every movement, “You don’t need to stare me down, I promise you’ll get it right back, okay?” Bellamy nodded and looked down at the floor and looked like he was going to fall over any minute, but Clarke couldn’t take that chance.

She attacked.

Clarke swung the bottle high and crashed it right into his head and Bellamy crumbled to the floor in a boneless heap. She swiped the phone from the bed quickly, dropped to her knees, pulled the keys from his pocket and took off hobbling fast as she could toward the door trying to unlock the phone with trembling fingers as she went. But she didn’t know the password and couldn’t get past the lockscreen. No matter what she tried she couldn’t guess it and the emergency button didn’t seem to be working.

Clarke shoved the phone in her pocket. She didn’t know how long she had until he woke up. It took longer than she thought to get the front door unlocked. He had a set of deadbolts and external locks on the inside of the door. He was really paranoid, but on the last lock she yanked open the door and took off through the dark down a gravel drive.

Her foot was screaming at her. But adrenaline is a powerful thing and she barely felt it as she drug it along anyway. As she ran she saw his car and fiddled with the keys on her hand trying to locate the familiar one, but it wasn’t there. Looking around wildly for another escape route but saw nothing but
pitch black and overgrown lawn that seemed to spread out for what seemed like forever before it met a tall chain link fence that held back a dense forest. In the distance through them she saw a faint glow of a light and her heart leaped with hope.

Clarke made a beeline for the gate, but as soon as she did she could see a heavy chain and lock on it. She skid to a stop in the gravel and her whole body protested especially her injured foot.

She was going to have to go over the fence. Even if she had a busted hand. If she could make it over the fence, even just into the trees that could hide her from his seeing her, she stood half a chance of reaching that light and help.

Feet hitting the gravel and then tearing through grass that whipped at her legs she ran toward the fence as fast as she could. Her legs felt like jelly, her ribs were screaming, her foot dragging behind her but she didn’t stop. Fear and panic exploded through her body when spotlights all around the property came unexpectedly on announcing he was awake again.

“No, no, no!” she started screaming. Hopeless tears started falling down her face because she had to go faster. She ran toward the fence and slammed into it and got her hands into the metal links, her left one wrenching in pain as she struggled to use it, “someone please help me!” she shouted as loud as she could and started to climb in spite of the hurt, putting everything she had left into getting over the fence.

Clarke glanced back as she did. He wasn’t coming yet. She just wanted to get away from him. If she could get into the trees she would be safe. She looked back again in time to see him tearing out of the house and across the lawn, “Clarke!”

“No! Bellamy! No!” she shouted back. Clarke tried climbing faster, “no…”

“Clarke!” he grabbed her around the waist and despair hit her like a freight train. She tried to cling to it and keep going but he pulled harder, “get off the fence, Clarke!”

She kicked at his face, “let me go Bellamy!” She looked ahead as he tried to pull her loose, her fingers nearly breaking under the strain to hold on and she barely felt the wire cutting into her palms. She stared at the light through the trees in desperation-

“Are you crazy?! What the fuck do you think you’re doing,” he roared. With a snap and a cold numb sensation Clarke felt bones in her injured left hand break as it slipped off the fence and tears sprang loose with it. She struggled to get her hold back on it but he was pulling her down toward the ground. Her other hand slipped too and as he ripped her away at last all she could do was struggle and kick in his grasp as he carried her bodily back across the yard, “no! Let me go!”

“This is for your own good, Clarke!” He swore when her waist slipped free of his grasp and she got two feet away from him before he grabbed her again, “that freak has you so confused!” He grabbed her with both arms around the waist, “you don’t even know what you’re doing!”

“Bellamy!” Blood from his head dripped on her skin.

He hauled her back up the drive and past his car. Opening the door of the house he tossed her inside onto the floor of the entry, “you don’t even know I’m your friend!”

He shoved the door closed behind him. She barely had a chance to flip onto her back when he whipped around, “Bellamy…” her voice was a dry whisper at the rage in his eyes and she started scrambling backward. She could barely breathe because suddenly everything was hurting so much.

Blood was streaming down his face. He wiped at it and looked at his hand and then at her, “why did
you do this to me, Clarke?” Then he lowered his hand, “I trusted you! I am trying to save you! You can’t fucking run away!” He motioned to the door and the yard behind it.

She cradled her side and pointed to her bruised cheek with her bloody hand, “You deserved it!” She screamed out in pain and fear and tried to move back from him.

“Then you deserve this,” He picked her up and carried her to the room and threw her on the bed. Straddling her he pulled a gun from his back pocket and brought it where she could see it, “Hold still or so help me god! If I can’t have you, no one will!”

Clarke didn’t move a muscle and feared for her life. She held up her hands in surrender, “Okay, Bell, okay,” She whispered in hoarse submission. She had no other choice at the moment. He’d followed through on his threats so far and she knew the best course of action at the moment was not to make him angrier than he already was if she wanted to stay alive.

“Good,” he sneered from behind her and yanked open a drawer. Pulling out a pair of handcuffs he flipped her over and she yelped in pain and her head spun when he grabbed her throbbing left hand and handcuffed her hands behind her back, “Let’s see you escape now!” Bellamy put her back on her back and looked down at her with a satisfied smile.

Her body went numb with sudden fear, Clarke could barely breathe when he brought the gun close to her face. But he put it on the pillow and reached into the drawer again. He pulled out some rope and she realised he was going to tie her to the bed and felt sickness fill her throat, but the only reaction she was showing was the rapid pulse beating in the hollow of her throat. His eyes were wild as he looped the rope through her wrists and tied the other end to the headboard, “there,” he said, tugging at it with a smirk. Her hand throbbed painfully and white spots flashed in her eyes. He laughed when he noticed her agony, “if you were good you wouldn’t have gotten hurt.”

“Fuck off!” she growled at him. She glared at him out of the corner of her eye. If Lexa was here, it is what she would say, and Clarke said it for her loud and clear.

He just snorted, “now you can’t go anywhere, princess,” He got off the bed and picked up the gun. Bellamy started pacing about slowly and waving it around as he did, “I didn't want it like this. I wanted,” he started in an even tone, “to bring you here to a nice home. I wanted to bring you home to a nice life!” he snapped out the last word and whipped at her and stared at her coldly from the foot of the bed, “where we would have kids and be married and do things normal people do! But no! You had to fucking run away from me.” Bellamy kicked the bed, making it rattle. His free hand clenched into a fist as he stepped closer.

“Bellamy…….” she whispered out, trembling in the ties. He was insane. Her eyes stung, but she’d be damned if she started to cry again. She thought of Lexa. She had to make it out of this and get to Lexa at the hospital. The pictures of Lexa passed out on the ground at her game and being loaded into the ambulance swam in front of Clarke’s eyes again and she almost felt the dam break. Clarke stifled down a sob.

“Don’t cry,” Bellamy whispered, he stared down at her a second before tucking the gun in the back of his pants again before he looked at her softly. Slowly he started towards her, then a smile spread across his face and he shifted Clarke to the side of the bed and he traced his hand over the end of the rope, “ I do plan to make use of this, eventually, you know. But until then-” he whipped away to a dresser.

Clarke watched him as he pulled out a needle and came towards her slowly twirling it in his hand as the other held a finger to his lips, “This won’t hurt a bit,” He smirked, “Well it shouldn’t.”
She couldn’t evade him and he injected it right into her neck, “This will do its job even better than last time,” He laughed and Clarke felt her eyes start to get heavy again and tried to fight it but it was no use, “I’ll be back, I have to go to the hospital because of you!” He bit out, “Don’t worry, I’ll say hi to your mom and your freak girlfriend. I shouldn’t be gone long and when I get back, we will have some fun. It’s not like you’ll be able to resist now,” He winked and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him.

The last thing Clarke heard was the click of the lock before everything went dark.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to follow me on tumblr at mmeister911 and I'll add a summary to the beginning of the next chapter for those who may have been triggered.

There will be no rape, I could never write that as i have been thru it

Thank you for reading :)

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Here's the next chapter. Remember this is fiction and not everything would happen this way in real life. Some was real last chapter so keep that in mind please.

Thanks to my awesome beta adistantstar without her this chapter wouldn't have came out before I moved. She is truly one of a kind and you should definitely check out her fics.

My wife and I just bought a house so I'm not sure when the next chapter will be up. We have a lot going on. So I'm sorry about that.

Hope you enjoy the chapter :)

Lexa stormed out as soon as they finished questioning Murphy. He was fucking useless and couldn’t help them even if he wanted to. He was paid in cash that he was handed by someone at night wearing a hoodie and baseball cap. All he could say for sure was that it was a dude, but that’s it. He wasn’t even sure that was the guy who was behind it all. She was so pissed, Lexa bulldozed past her friends who were waiting for her and slammed open the door, and completely ignored them calling after her.

“Lex, what happened?”

“You okay?”

“What did they say?”

“Did they find Clarke?”

“Lexa!”

Her feet slapped against the concrete and when saw the sign for the police station, Lexa couldn’t stand the sight. They were supposed to serve and protect, but they couldn’t even do their damn job and find Clarke. Lexa pulled back and punched the wooden sign cracking it, she reared back to hit again, but someone caught her arm and she whipped around.

“Let me go,” Lexa snapped, but Lincoln only held on tighter as the rest of her friends caught up to her, “Fuck off,” She continued trying to wrench herself free, but Raven’s voice stopped her cold.

“Knock it off, Lexa. Clarke wouldn’t want you to hurt yourself further. You know she would hate it,” Raven placed a hand on her shoulder, but she shrugged it off, “Please, don’t do this, please.”

Lexa sagged against Lincoln, her anger melting away replaced by despair because they still hadn’t found Clarke. She looked down at her hand that had started to throb and winced in pain. She didn’t think anything was broken, but she knew she at least bruised it for sure. Luckily the sign was
wooden and not metal. She glared at it like it was its fault.

“Look at your hand,” Octavia exclaimed and took it between hers. It was a bloody mess, “We need to get that checked out, now.” Her tone left no room for argument, but Lexa started to speak before Anya held up a hand.

“Don’t even think about refusing, Lex. Raven’s right, Clarke wouldn’t want this and when we find her, she will be pissed. Please, let’s go. You need to get it checked. For Clarke,” Anya pleaded and gestured towards the car.

There was a hollow feeling in her chest that overshadowed everything else that she barely heard what any of them were saying. Their words seemed far away, even though she knew they were right beside her. She wanted to cry out that it wasn’t when they found Clarke, it was if they did.

She was rapidly losing hope with every hour that passed.

Lexa shook her head vehemently, wanting to feel the pain, she deserved it for not watching after her girlfriend. She hated herself for not being there, but what her friends were saying rang true in her head. Lexa did know Clarke would be pissed, and she wanted to be able to be there and take care of Clarke if they found her. However, it was unfair of them to constantly throw that in her face. She already knew, but they continued to do it. She was getting sick of it.

Lincoln stepped forward into her line of vision and bent down to her eye level, “Please, Lex.”

Without saying a word, Lexa turned around and headed towards the car with everyone scrambling after her. She climbed in the passenger seat and crossed her arms, but hissed when she clenched her hand without thinking about it. It felt like everyone was looking at her, but she didn’t say a word the entire ride to the hospital.

All she could think about was Clarke.

The ER was decently busy and Lexa resigned herself to having a long wait. She shuffled towards check in and within a few minutes, she was all set. After just being here, Lexa didn’t need to fill out any paperwork which was both a blessing and a curse.

“You all don’t need to stay,” Lexa spoke up to where they were all gathered in the corner of the waiting room, “I’m fine by myself.” She sank into a chair with a scowl. They had been through this a few dozen times already she was sure.

“We aren’t leaving,” Anya reached out and put a hand on her knee, “Deal with it.”

“I want to find Clarke, this is a waste of time,” Irritation seeped into her tone.

“How about Raven and I go back to your room on campus and get a headstart while Anya and O wait with you?” Lincoln suggested and Lexa saw Octavia smile at him. It made her want to throw up. She nodded gratefully because being surrounded by the happy couples was painful and made her miss Clarke even more. The fact that Lincoln picked up on that meant a lot even though she couldn’t voice it at the moment.

“Good idea,” Raven agreed, “But we need to go to the house because that’s where all my equipment is that I need. I also may need to call in a favor from a friend as well.” She mumbled more to herself, but Lexa heard and cocked her head to the side in confusion.

“Fine,” Lexa averted her eyes when the goodbyes were said and kisses given. Her heart clenched painfully in her chest and she discreetly wiped the tears forming in her eyes, hoping that nobody
noticed.

Once Lincoln and Raven left, silence enveloped them and Lexa was left to her own thoughts which only consisted of Clarke. As if Anya was reading her thoughts, she spoke up.

“We will find her, none of us will give up until we do.”

Lexa just shrugged her shoulders.

“Don’t give up hope. Not yet. Clarke is a fighter, she always has been and I know her. I know she’s fighting like hell to get back to you,” Octavia stood up and started to pace. Lexa could see the agitation in her jerky movements.

“I’m not sure of anything right now-” Lexa stopped when she heard her name called and stood up slowly. She would rather be out looking for Clarke than back at the hospital, but it was her own fault this time. Because she had to punch a stupid sign.

“That’s me,” Lexa spoke softly to the nurse and beckoned her friends to come with, “Let’s get this over with.”

The nurse looked like she was going to say more, but instead kept her mouth shut. Instead she turned on her heel expecting them to follow.

They were taken to a room and were led towards a bed in the corner, when suddenly Octavia took off towards someone right next to where the nurse put them. Lexa turned at the sound and watched her friend embrace some guy. He looked rough, with dried blood on his face and hair, but there was something about his eyes that looked familiar, but Lexa couldn’t place it.

She sat down on the bed with Anya beside her which reminded her of being stuck in the hospital bed, “Who is that?” She whispered to her best friend who shook her head.

“I have no idea,” Anya admitted and sunk back into the chair.

Before Lexa could say more, she heard Octavia speak to him, “Bell, what happened to you?” Lexa couldn’t help but overhear their conversation.

“Someone hit me with a bottle at the bar,” he grunted, then smiled as though he thought it was funny, “what a waste of good whiskey.”

Octavia’s eyes popped wide as she grabbed the guy’s head and started to examine it. It was a laceration a few inches wide and fairly deep. It sounded like he got what was coming to him from what Lexa heard, “what the fuck?! Why were you in a bar at this time of day? I thought you were doing better about drinking!” Octavia pushed him away slightly and glared at him waiting for an answer.

His face dropped strangely, and his mouth opened and closed some as though trying to speak, but being unable to. He looked down and took a breath before letting it out, “I’m worried about Clarke.”

Lexa scoffed, who the fuck did he think he was? At the sound they both turned to look at her and she stared coldly at the guy she didn’t know, “What the fuck is it to you?” Lexa sneered.

“Lex,” Octavia stood up between them and placed a hand on each of their shoulders, “This is my brother, Bellamy. Bell, this is Clarke’s girlfriend Lexa.”

“I’ve heard a lot about you,” Bellamy held his hand out, but Lexa didn’t move an inch.
“She can’t shake your hand, Bell. That’s why we’re here,” Octavia quickly explained looking back and forth between them with an eyebrow raised.

He lowered his hand and Lexa looked at him, the gash looked deep and he had dried blood in his hair and down his face. She couldn’t explain it, but even if her hand wasn’t hurt, she wouldn’t shake his hand. She got a bad vibe from the guy.

“That sucks, it’s happened to me before so I get it,” He smirked and it just felt off to Lexa and she found herself wanting to punch him.

“Oh, okay.” Lexa sat back and fiddled with her phone in her good hand to keep from doing just that and looked over at Anya who sat stoically watching the entire exchange with a neutral expression. Lexa wondered if she was thinking the same thing she was.

“So any news on Clarke?” He asked hopefully, “I mean O has kept me in the loop, but I’ve been so busy with work and all.”

“If you really cared-” Lexa bit out, but Octavia gave her a pleading look, “No.”

“Octavia, anything?” He turned away from her and Lexa was grateful.

“We just came from the station, they caught the guy who did it and they’re questioning him. They don’t think he’s the one from what we’ve gathered. Lexa felt Octavia’s eyes on her and all she did was shrug because she realized she hadn’t told them what she had heard. She wasn’t ready to divulge any of that right now especially to someone she didn’t know.

Regardless if it was Octavia’s brother.

Luckily, the doctor came bustling in and looked between them all. Lexa looked up and held back a gasp when she saw it was Clarke’s mom. She stood up awkwardly and shifted from foot to foot.

“Abby, what are you doing here? Octavia said without thinking.

“I’m a doctor, I’m supposed to be here,” Abby set the paperwork down she had been glancing through on the counter and put her hands on her hips as she turned to them, “better question is what are you all doing here? The paperwork just lists the injuries, but not what happened?” She scanned every face and landed lastly on Lexa’s, “Care to explain?”

Lexa shook her head and Abby’s gazed went to Octavia, “What about you?”

Octavia shrugged and pointed to her brother, “I’m not sure about him, I came with them, but Abby, I didn’t know you worked here.”

“I switched hospitals after I reconnected with Clarke…” Abby said and looked over at Bellamy, “Okay, so now that we got that out of the way... do you want to tell me what you’ve gotten yourself into Bellamy?” She scolded and Lexa almost smiled at the motherly tone before Abby whipped around and directed it at her, “Don’t think I’ve forgotten about you, Lexa.”

She shrunk back and plopped back down on the bed. She head Anya snicker behind her and debated throwing her pillow at her. Instead she sat there with her shoulders drawn and waited for Abby to get to her.

“It was a stupid bar fight was all,” Bellamy replied and Lexa rolled her eyes because he sounded like an idiot.
She watched as Octavia fussed over him and held his hand and he lapped up the attention. Instead of focusing on them, Lexa started to scoot back and get more comfortable, but the sudden movement made her draw in a sharp breath. Luckily Abby didn’t notice, but Anya did and gave her a look. She shook her head pleadingly.

Abby’s voice talking to Bellamy floated back to her, “You need stitches, give me a moment.” She disappeared and Lexa looked up to see Bellamy looking at her weirdly.

“What?”

“Nothing.” He coughed and looked at his sister, “So any luck finding Clarke?”

“Not yet,” Octavia answered quickly, “We are going to get together after we leave, you should come.”

Bellamy immediately shook his head, “I can’t, I have to work.”

“You mean like you were really working earlier when you were at the bar huh?” Anya snarked from her seat.

“Anya, don’t please,” Octavia begged, but silently, Lexa was cheering her best friend on.

“Fine,” She slouched back in her chair and crossed her arms.

Bellamy stood up and glared which made Lexa jump up as well. She clenched her fists and hand to stifle the pain.

“Are you saying you don’t believe me?” Bellamy scoffed and raised his hand balling it into a fist.

“That’s exactly what she meant,” Lexa stepped forward into his space and heard Anya stand up as well.

“You don’t know anything,” Bellamy snapped and Octavia pushed in between them. She slapped a hand on both of their chests and pushed them backwards.

“Who says I…” Lexa growled, but stopped talking when the door flew open.

“What’s going on here?” Abby rushed forward and stood between them. Lexa huffed and sat back down on the bed, but not without giving Bellamy a death glare.

“Nothing.”

“Better not be,” Abby looked over at her and she shook her head, “Sit down, Bellamy. Let me stitch you up?”

“Yes, Abby,” He sat down and Octavia squeezed his hand, “I’m sorry.”

“Sorry for what?”

“Clarke,” He took his free hand and laid it over her gloved hand as she reached over, “I hope you know I won’t rest until I find her.”

“I’ll be the one to find her first,” Lexa mumbled under her breath, “Not you.”

“Thank you,” Abby swallowed thickly and Lexa wanted to comfort her somehow, but didn’t know what she could do to help because nothing has helped her so far. So Lexa turned away and focused
on the wall and did her best to drown everything else out.

She must have dozed off because a little sharp pain in her hand made her jolt awake she flinched a little pulling back her hand and heard Abby say, “easy...” Lexa blinked open her eyes to see Abby gently wrapping her hand up in white gauze. Abby tucked the end in and just looked at her for a moment. She leaned back with a small smile and brushed a stray hair off her forehead, “you’re all done.”

“How long was I asleep?” Lexa blinked and looked around the room noticing her friends were gone plus Bellamy.

“An hour or so. You didn’t break anything, but you do have a deep bone bruise,” Abby said gently before reminding, “I thought I told you to take it easy.”

With a sigh Lexa sat up, “I know, I’m sorry.” She rubbed a hand over her face and the room got quiet. Abby started packing her things and Lexa asked, “why are you really here?”

Abby dropped a package of unused gauze into her bag. Her shoulders slumped, “I just couldn’t stay home,” she admitted, “was driving myself crazy.” Abby sat down next to her.

“I can understand that,” Lexa said quietly. She closed her eyes for a second before opening them and adding, “but I promise I’ll find her.”

“I know you will.” Abby smiled slightly and gripped her good hand and even though it was difficult because she didn’t want anyone touching her, Lexa allowed it. Abby continued, “Just take care of yourself, okay? I know we don’t know each other well, but I do care about you.”

Lexa didn’t know what to say so she just nodded, “Likewise,” She mumbled, “Where did my friends go?”

“Octavia left with Bellamy and Anya went to the restroom, I’m pretty sure. You’re free to go, but you need to ice your hand and here’s a prescription that I know you won’t use, but take it anyways.” Abby let go of her hand, got up and wrote something on a page on a clipboard, tore it out and offered it over.

“I already have...” Lexa started to say, but Abby leveled her with a stern look, “Yes, ma’am.”

Lexa reached for the paper, folded it and put it in her pocket. At that exact moment Anya entered the room and their eyes met as Lexa stood up from the bed.

“I’m ready to go,” Lexa said to her friend who stopped and stood there, “I need to find Clarke.”

Anya’s eyes just slid over her though as though trying to decide to believe her or not.

It irritated Lexa, and she forgot that Clarke’s mom was right there, “fuck this,” she said to Anya and moved to go past her. But as she did Anya caught her arm and stopped her from leaving. Lexa stiffened and glared at her and looked over at Abby, “she said I can go.”

“She can go,” Abby nodded to the both of them.

Lexa just whipped around and jerked her arm free to glare at her friend, “see...” She started forward again.

“As long as she is careful. Please let me know if you find anything out about Clarke,” Abby called out softly making Lexa pause at the door.
“I will,” Lexa left the room.

Anya acknowledged the doctor with a quick nod, then snorted and turned around to follow Lexa out catching up with her brisk pace in the hall outside, “I’ll get the car.”

-=-

Anya had Raven’s car. The whole ride from the hospital she just wanted the car to go faster and when Anya finally skid to a stop outside the dorm building near the stadium Lexa kicked open the door and was out on the sidewalk before it had even come to a complete stop.

“Wait for it to stop, Lex!” Anya scolded her, “or you’re going to be right back in the hospital, again.” she stressed.

But Lexa just slammed the door closed and ran into the old building. She sprinted up the stairs because she was faster than the elevator and down the long hallway on her floor. She had to slide to a quick stop though and struggled for balance when the door to the room next to hers flew open and Lincoln popped out of it unexpectedly with Raven cursing up a storm behind him.

“Everything okay?” Lexa asked her friend quickly.

“Yeah,” he seemed surprised to see her. He looked into the room and looked at her again, “she’s very particular about her stuff, I guess. She screamed at me when I tried to help.”

“That’s because you aren’t fucking doing it right!” Raven’s voice shouted out at them, making him wince and then grin at Lexa.

“Stuff?” Lexa raised an eyebrow in confusion. Stuff could be a lot of things. But with Raven she was guessing, “her computers.”

Lincoln nodded, “and whatever the hell else I hauled up here, and I guess a friend of hers is bringing more.” Lincoln ran a hand over his bald head and sighed, “I need a drink,” he thought about it and asked, “did you want something?”

Lexa shook her head.

“Okay. I’ll be right back.” He started to walk off as Lexa moved toward the room Raven had claimed but he stopped and turned around and announced before she stepped inside, “oh and Octavia is picking up food with her brother and will be back soon.”

Her brother? Hadn’t she been clear she hadn’t wanted his help? But she didn’t really remember if she had said that out loud or just screamed it in her brain. But Lincoln turned and left again before she could say anything else and it was the sudden bout of swearing escaping the half open door at her back that had her turning around again.

She stepped into the dorm room and froze on the spot at the sight in front of her eyes. It barely resembled a door room anymore. The beds had been shoved together off to the side to make room for a long table on which two computers and a handful of other glowing devices hooked into them sat. The chairs were pushed aside and Raven was under the table behind the chairs trying to plug things into a outlet strip on the floor. A spark shot out as she did, “fuck!” Raven put her thumb into her mouth.

Lexa moved a step closer, “you know,” she said carefully, “you might drain the power from the whole building.”
“Unlikely,” Raven snapped and faced her with a glare, “but if so, it would be completely worth it if we find Clarke.”

“Fair enough,” Lexa backed down not wanting to fight with her, “Any luck so far with my phone?” She asked and sat down on the floor with her back against the cracked wall, crossing her legs at her ankles.

“Not yet, but my friend should be here soon and hopefully he can help. He’s a genius...well he’s almost as smart as me,” Raven grinned and cursed again when another spark shot out.

“Be careful will ya?” Lexa bite out and stood up again as she was unable to sit still, “What can I do to help?”

“Sit back down and look pretty,” Raven snarked and moved to her feet and started moving around her computers again, cursing every other minute.

“I’m serious. I can’t just sit here, give me something to do, please,” Lexa didn’t care that she was begging, all she wanted to do was help. She hadn’t received a text or anything in the last few hours which was a relief and a concern all at the same time.

Raven stopped what she was doing and looked at her and Lexa did her best to keep her mask in place, but knew she was failing miserably by the concerned look on her face. Her fingers were twitching as she clenched her fists to keep the tears at bay which were becoming too much a common occurence lately.

“Take this laptop,” Raven picked one of the computers up and handed it to her, “and plug it in over here. All you have to do is watch it because I’ll get everything else set up. It will alert you if it catches anything and if it does then tell me, okay?”

“Okay,” Lexa agreed quickly and took the offered laptop and sat down on the floor again. She knew it was something Raven technically didn’t need help with, but Lexa appreciated it nonetheless for something to do.

Hopefully it would keep her thoughts from running rampant at least for a little bit.

Raven continued banging around with and her gadgets, which she’d come to expect, and Lexa lost track of just how long she’d been staring blankly at some wierd code running on the screen. It wasn’t until she heard another voice call out, “Hello?” that she finally looked up to see a small asian guy with shaggy black hair lingering in the doorway, a cardboard box full of more stuff in his arms and a backpack weighing him down as well.

“You finally made it, about fucking time, Green,” Raven snapped and took the box from him.

“I came as quickly as I could, but it takes time to get all this shit together,” He fired back and Lexa found herself taking a instant liking to him just for the fact that he didn’t take Raven’s shit.

“Clarke is missing while you’re taking your sweet ass time!” Raven’s voice got louder before she shook her head, ran a hand through her hair in frustration and sighed, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it, I’m used to your antics,” He just laughed and took off his backpack and set it on one of the beds.

From her place on the floor Lexa watched them work in tandem without having to say much of anything to each other, except maybe a grunt or two and a roll of their eyes, as they quickly pulled out and set up all the stuff he had brought. Within minutes, they had a couple more laptops set up and
some weird looking device she had no idea what it was. Before he turned with a small smile towards her.

Lexa got to her feet.

“Hi, I’m Monty, the genius of this duo,” He teased and Lexa smiled briefly when Raven scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Lexa,” She shook his hand that was offered, “Thanks for coming to help.”

“Of course. Clarke is my friend too,” Monty smiled. He looked around them at the set up, “excuse me though, let me get started and see what I can do to help.”

“Okay, thank you.”

She set her computer on the end of a table, grabbed a chair and sat and went back to staring at the computer and ignored the grumbling of her stomach. She didn’t care about food right now or the lingering pain in her side and hand. She just wanted to find Clarke.

She heard the pair of them continuing to bicker and excused herself to the bathroom down the hall give her a moment alone and to compose herself. Splashing water on her face, Lexa stared at herself in the mirror. Her hair was a tangled mess, she had dark circles under her eyes and her eyes were red from crying…

The bathroom door opened. In the mirror she saw Anya walk in, “you’re getting thin too.” she muttered, having caught Lexa mid self examination. Lexa just rolled her eyes dryly and ignored her, looking back at the mirror. But Anya was right, as usual. And Lexa couldn’t exactly remember when she had eaten last.

“Clarke wouldn’t like it.”

Lexa grunted in irritation. She was getting tired of people trying to influence her by what Clarke would and wouldn’t like. But she knew Anya was right. Lexa spoke up, “I can’t even think about food,” Her voice was empty. Her lips parted to form frame another thought but she couldn’t even speak the questions in her head without breaking; where was Clarke? Lexa looked down at the floor as the same question she did manage to speak earlier rolled through her head again - would she even find her? She heard somewhere if a person was gone for more than 48 hours the odds were against them of finding that person again.

She couldn’t let Clarke become just a statistic.

“You need to keep your strength up for when we find Clarke…” Anya argued back.

“If we find her…” Lexa mumbled softly and kept looking at the floor, not able to bear seeing the sympathetic look in her best friend’s eyes. She was rapidly losing hope of finding her and she hated herself for it. She didn’t want to lose hope….  

“Don’t you dare give up, Alexandria!” Anya scolded and smacked her on the arm, “Clarke is the love of your life. We will find her.”

Lexa steeled herself and bit back a sarcastic retort. They needed a solid plan instead of continuing to run around like chickens with their heads cut off. Raven was trying to trace the old texts but between leaving the hospital, getting here, the police station, and the hospital again, they hadn’t found anything but dead ends, “We need a plan.”
“Yes, yes we do,” Anya agreed, “We should wait until Octavia comes back with her brother though.”

“We don’t need his help,” Lexa shook her head quickly and thought back again to meeting him briefly at the hospital. She didn’t care if it was Octavia’s brother and he knew Clarke longer than she did. Clarke was her girlfriend not his.

“Didn’t get the best vibe from him did you?” Anya smirked.

“No.”

“Me either,” Anya shrugged her shoulders, “His story didn’t add up. I bet he got his ass beat by someone and a bar fight just sounded cooler.”

Lexa smiled and nodded her head, “Now that sounds more believable.”

A pounding on the door interrupted them, “Food’s here, get your asses out here now!” Octavia called out.

“Don’t even think about refusing, Lex,” Anya grabbed her by her uninjured hand and pulled her out the door and back to the other room where everybody was gathered except for Bellamy. Lexa was happy he didn’t join them.

“Where’s your brother?”

“He had to work, remember,” Octavia clenched her jaw and Lexa felt bad, but it was legitimate question all things considered.

“I forgot,” Lexa made her way back to the chair she occupied previously and sat down with her arms crossed while everyone went after the multiple boxes of pizza Octavia had brought back. A plate was laid down in front of her with a stern look from Lincoln.

“Eat,” Lincoln asked politely and stepped away. Lexa looked down at the plate and saw her favorite, she was going to refuse it, but knew she would catch hell from her friends. She took a piece in her hand and blew on it in order to cool before she took a bite. She barely tasted it, but dutifully shoved it down.

“Happy now?” Lexa asked sarcastically and took a deep drink of water from the bottle next to her.

“Yes, thank you,” Lincoln smiled from across the room as he took his fourth piece and devoured it.

Lexa sat there in silence for a moment contemplating their next move before she finally spoke up, “We need a plan.”

“Monty and I were actually talking about that and we have a couple ideas, but it would help if you got another text in order for us to try and trace it right away instead of hours after the fact,” Raven banged her fingers on the keys of one of the computers, “But so far nothing new which seems odd as they seem to be hellbent on torturing you.”

“Babe!” Anya nudged her hard and she almost fell out of her chair.

“Hey, what the hell was that for, An,” Raven shouldered her back, but instead Anya just pulled her into her lap and Lexa had to look away.

“It’s fine, she has a point,” Lexa kicked her foot against the leg of the table making everything rattle,
“I was already wondering the same thing.”

“Are we seriously hoping to get something from stalker?” Octavia questioned from her spot by the window.

“Yeah, we are. We need it. We can only deduce so much from what we have now,” Raven fired back and kissed Anya’s cheek.

“Can you two seriously knock it off!” Lexa growled and stared daggers at them. It was unfair of them even though she knew they weren’t doing it on purpose and normally she would tease them like they always did her and Clarke, but now wasn’t the time.

“Sorry, sorry,” They both exclaimed and Raven jumped from Anya’s lap, “Wasn’t thinking.”

She didn’t say anything, just turned to look at the others, “So anybody else have any other ideas?”

“We could search both your places again to see if somehow we missed something,” Lincoln suggested.

“Search for the camera’s again?”

“Check your cars?”

“Talk to the police again?”

“None of those ideas will help us find Clarke,” Lexa snarled, “Besides we’ve already searched our places and the cops are fucking useless if you hadn’t already realized that,” She knew they were only trying to help and throwing out ideas, but she was at her wits end.

“We could have missed something, you never know,” Octavia defended, “We were in a hurry and are desperate to find Clarke.”

“The camera’s are either hidden where we will never find them or he took them back after he took Clarke while I was in the hospital,” Lexa reasoned, “because you all were there with me most of the time. Whoever it is, is smart and are covering their tracks well,” she hit her fist into the table in frustration.

“Nobody will outsmart me, I won’t allow that to happen,” Raven pounded harder on the keys, but this time Monty put a hand over hers.

“Don’t worry, Rae, nobody is saying that,” Monty agreed and went back to going through all the texts she’d received so far. She didn’t see the point, but conceded that he knew more about all of this than she did.

“Fine, Linc, O, go to the house and search it again. Anya and I will go back to our apartment and search it again. Monty, Raven, do whatever it is that you do and give me my phone. If i get anything else, I’ll be back here as quickly as possible,” Lexa laid it out and hoped everyone would just agree.

“No, Lexa you stay here with your phone with Monty and Raven and I’ll go to the apartment. I’ll call Gustus or Indra to come help me search the apartment, they will want to help, I’m sure,” Anya pushed Lexa back down in the chair gently when she stood up, “Please.”

“If they call or text again, I’m going to need you here,” Monty spoke up as he fiddled with the connections to Lexa’s phone on the table, “you gotta keep them interacting with us long as you can. The longer you can keep them responding, the closer we can get to finding them. That’s the most
important thing. Finding Clarke.”

“You mean I am going to have to fucking talk to this fucker?” Lexa stared at him like he had grown an extra head, “They’ve never called though, only sent texts,” She wasn’t sure she could keep a level head if she had to actually speak to them. It was hard enough with texts to keep her emotions somewhat in check.

Monty just paused and glanced at Raven for back up. Raven just looked at Lexa and raised an eyebrow at her, “you want to find her, this is the fastest way. Monty is right, we have to keep him interacting with us.”

They hadn’t said one word back to this person yet and Lexa felt her stomach tighten. Lexa sighed and fell back into her chair, “fine..” she murmured, “just ...go.”

Anyaa squeezed her shoulder, “Be back soon, hopefully with good news. Let us know if anything changes,” Lexa just nodded and watched the three of them walk out.

It wasn’t long after they were gone that her phone started to ring.

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The sound of a camera clicking near her head woke her up, and instantly Clarke knew something was wrong. She felt sick to her stomach and couldn't move her body...

“Now it's time to show the freak what she’s been missing…”

Bellamy’s voice brought it all crashing back.

He’d drugged her. He must have injected a lot more than Murphy, that was why she couldn’t move or feel her body. He’d had her kidnapped. He tried to kill Lexa. Her heart started to beat faster in her chest the more she thought of Lexa being hurt because of him. Tears welled in her eyes and she fought to keep them from falling as she lay there helpless. She had no idea what he would do if he found out she was actually awake.

Then for a second the vomit that was pooling in her stomach almost escaped her throat because even through the numb feeling radiating in her brain she thought he knew because suddenly he started talking to her, “stupid bitch is still at the hospital and has no fucking idea it was me who has you. She doesn't deserve you.” But he didn’t know she realised when the camera started clicking again. He didn’t know she was half-awake and could hear him.

The camera kept clicking. Bellamy kept laughing under his breath. But Lexa was in the hospital. It was hard to focus, but she heard him say that. She wanted to get up. She wanted to hit him in the head again. The idea of Lexa being there without her made her want to crawl if she had to to be with her. But she was limp. She was useless. Just like a puppet with cut strings bound to the bed. A tear escaped down the side of her face turned away from him that she could not stop.

Lexa. Her name echoed in Clarke’s head but couldn’t even escape her rubbery lips.

Finally, Bellamy laughed much louder as though pleased with himself and the bed sank down as he sat at the end of it. Out of the corner of her eye she could see him, his head bandaged up and his hand she couldn’t even feel rubbing her leg as he flipped through his phone with a smirk, “no one knows, babe. Not even the cops according to O. Your mom looks bad. But one day soon everything will be okay again, they’ll see.” he kept muttering to her even though he had no idea she was awake. Then he made the promise, “when you’re awake and clear headed, then we have some fun.”

Her whole stomach lurched sickly, and her brain started screaming. No...No...No!
He patted her leg one more time and then focused on his phone. She saw him smirking as he scrolled through his pictures, “but for now, a little present for the freak. She’s getting full of herself and needs a reminder…” he scrolled through the pictures with that smirk only growing wider, selected one, and hit send.

Clarke wanted to protest. She wanted to slap his hand away from her. She even tried, despite his threats, to get her body to move but her mouth wouldn’t and her arm wouldn’t no matter how hard she tried. No no no no! She kept screaming and screaming inside her head helplessly as he tormented her girlfriend once again.

But then the phone dropped beside her face and Bellamy was laughing out loud, “look babe! Look who’s actually fucking responding! Who would have thought she’d have the balls to do that!” his speech was slurred as though he was drinking something at the same time. It was confirmed when she heard the clink of the bottle against the nightstand as he set it down.

She hated him. She felt her eyes burning with hate and tears. Too bad she was so drugged! Too bad, she was tied or she’d grab that bottle and hit him over the head again! Only this time harder than before.. then she would drag herself out of here and find Lexa.

But he was just laughing at her; like it was the funniest thing he’d ever seen. And her last coherent thoughts were hoping Lexa was okay, escaping to her, and wondering what Lexa had replied to him.

-=-

Lexa jumped when her phone went off and it fell with smack to the floor. She reached for it quickly to see what she received. She had expected a text, but instead what she got was a picture of Clarke’s leg and foot that was black and blue. Lexa let out a gasp at her girlfriend being hurt.

“What? Did they send you something?” Raven sprang from her seat and came over to her. Lexa clutched the phone to her chest, but knew she couldn’t keep it to herself. Lexa nodded weakly and handed across the phone before she dropped it. She went to the window though in case she threw up-

“Fuckers!” Raven shouted behind her, voice shaking, “I will blow them up….” clearly having seen the picture.

“Okay, okay, focus guys,” Monty’s voice tried to be the reason in the room behind her but all Lexa could do was clutch at the sill of the window frame, trying to not break it out. They hurt her.. Her heart throbbed painfully. Then she heard Monty again-- quieter this time --

“Oh, fuck… maybe.. Maybe we should call the cops, I mean...this isn’t good and they…”

“Don’t you fucking dare. If that’s your only idea than you can get the fuck out!” Lexa whipped away from the window and snatched her phone back from Raven’s grasp. “You are either with us or against us!”

“Lexa, calm down, it’s not his fault,” Raven said stepping in front of her, “At least we know she’s alive.”

Lexa took some deep breaths and looked over Raven’s shoulder at Monty who sat frozen in his chair.

“I’m with you, but you need to reply. No cops I promise,” Monty tapped away on his computer. It was clear he was still shaken but he said, “plug in your phone here first and we will see if we can get a lead.”
“Okay, but what should I say? Because all I want to do is tell him to fuck off among other things, but I’m not sure that will help,” Lexa admitted, “I...I can’t stand to see that Clarke is hurt. She’s alive I see that, but that isn’t good enough for me. I want her here in my arms where she belongs...and safe. I just want her safe,” She choked out. She fought to hold back the tears, but a couple escaped down her cheeks anyway.

“I know, Lex, I know. We aren’t giving up,” Raven pulled her into a hug and normally Lexa would have felt uncomfortable, but she found herself embracing her for a moment before pulling back. She wiped her eyes and slumped back down in the seat next to Monty who took her phone and plugged it in.

“Ask them why they’re doing this, or ask what they did to her? Just try to keep them talking to you. The longer they reply, the more chance we have,” Monty hit a few keys and gave her the go ahead.

“That’s way too nice for them,” Lexa growled lowly and clenched her good hand into a fist, “how about I will find them and end them!”

“Okay okay,” Raven wasn’t completely against the idea, “whatever you want to send, but just keep them talking to you. That’s important.” she moved to another computer to start it recording.

“Fine.” Lexa snarled, as her eyes narrowed down at her phone. She typed quickly, just seven words but to the point; ‘I will kill you for hurting her.’ Then she hit send, glaring at the text screen as it went. Then the small room filled with complete silence except for the running of equipment and computers. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Raven and Monty, both intently looking at screens, both intent on what they were doing. Raven with her brow furrowed and her lower lip trapped in her teeth.

After a minute when her phone chimed a text back it sent her, and both of them, jumping from their chairs.

“Is it them?” Monty asked.

“Did the fucker text back?” Raven wanted to know.

It was. Lexa knew it before even looking. She didn’t know how she did except maybe for the cold pit in her stomach. They came over to her as she looked down at her phone and saw the ‘new message’ notice on the screen. Taking a deep breath Lexa opened the message up and read it off under her breath through clenched teeth, “I’ll do what I want to her and you can’t stop me.”

Raven inhaled sharply.

“We got a response...” Monty was muttering.

Lexa only painfully stared at the words. Shaking with anger, and fear, she sank to the floor right where she stood. Quick as she could she wiped back a tear and got herself together and used her anger tried to send another text back, ‘fucker! Bastard! I will find you!’ Women were to be loved, cherished, not beaten until broken. Lexa stabbed at the send button, but got an automated response back that the text had failed to send. She stared at it blankly away, her anger ebbing slowly back to fear of what that meant.

It was Monty that said it out loud, “they’re gone for now. But we did get the number to that phone-”

“Fuck that, who cares!” Lexa shot to her feet, “did you find her? Did we get anything else?” she demanded leaning over his chair. All she could make out on the monitors was code and a map of the island.
Raven’s hand settled on her shoulder, “it’s not going to work that fast, Lexa..”

“Make it work faster!” Lexa jumped up and hit the table with her bad hand making her hiss in pain, “They’re hurting her damn it! They’re hurting her……” she choked back a sob.

“We know, Lex, we know and we’re doing everything we can,” Raven looked at her for a moment before going back to her computer, “All I can tell is they are on the island, but as this is the biggest island, that’s not much help.”

“That’s more than we had before,” Lexa admitted with a huff, but it did nothing to ease the pain in her chest. Knowing Clarke was close, yet so far away was a punch to the gut. She was relieved they weren’t on another island or worse -another freaking state. They could have been anywhere by now, “we will work with what we got so far, I suppose.”

“That’s the spirit,” Monty chimed in, but snapped his mouth shut when she leveled him with a look, “Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” It wasn’t really, but Lexa knew he was only trying to help.

Lexa stared at her phone hoping for another text so they could narrow it down even more, but nothing came in and after five minutes, she gave up, “Fuck!”

“They will reply, I know it, just try and have patience even though I know it’s the hardest thing to do right now, but we have to work with what we have,” Raven placated her and Lexa hated it, but knew she was right. There was nothing else for her to do, but wait. She started to pace.

A phone started to ring and Lexa snatched hers quickly, but realized it wasn’t hers. Raven apologized and answered her own, “Hey babe. Any luck?” She asked and before she could ask, Raven put it on speakerphone, “You’re on speakerphone now so we all can hear.”

“You have any luck?” Anya asked first.

“Not really,” Lexa mumbled, “we got one text,” she glared down at her phone again. She started thumbing to the received calls and stared at the number while Raven went on. Then she went back to the picture and swallowed. Clarke’s foot looked so swollen and broken, “picture too.”

“A picture?” Anya sounded hopeful.

Lexa rubbed her face numbly and dropped her hand, “It's not good.”

“We do know whoever they are, they haven’t taken Clarke off the island yet. She’s here somewhere.” Raven tried to sound optimistic, “how about you guys?”

“Nothing really,” Anya answered, “but I’m not good as this as you would be, and the cops pretty much combed through everything or at least they were supposed to.”

Raven grunted and furrowed her brow in thought before asking, “babe, did you check the outlets? The light fixtures? You got to look for something that already looks small and shiny-”

“Small and what? Shiny?” Anya’s frustration was evident.

“They are not going to put something like this in the open. I mean, fuck,” Raven pushed a hand back through her hair, “it’s going to look as inconspicuous as possible. Check keyholes, security holes in doors, hell, check in light switches. Anything you don’t think someone can put a camera in, check it.”
“Seriously. Stupid fucker!” Anya growled and they heard her slam something in the background.

“Yeah, I know, but it’s places where people wouldn’t think to look that make the best places to hide them,” Raven typed away on the computer.

“Well they can’t be smarter than you, so I’ll check.”

“Damn right, just try and come back soon and be careful,” Raven asked

“I will, babe,” Lexa could hear the smile in her voice and it made her miss Clarke that much more.

“Later, babe.”

Lexa sat in her chair and texted the number again. But the message came back as undelivered, again. “Damn it, damn it, damn it!” She almost threw her phone, but kept her anger in check because right now the only link she had was through the phone.

Raven looked over at her, “You tried to text again?”

Lexa nodded miserably, “it didn’t go…” she stared at the phone, and hit resend.

“They probably turned off that phone. If they’re smart,” Monty spoke up.

“I don’t care if they’re smart or stupid or whatever. I just want to find Clarke! This is fucking pointless!” Lexa kicked the table and stood up to pace again.

“It’s not pointless and you know it!” Raven snapped and Lexa turned to stare at her in shock, “We know she’s still on the island. You’re not the only one who cares about her! Damn it, Lexa!”

“I never said that I was the only one!” Lexa couldn’t help but argue back even though she didn’t want to fight with one of Clarke’s best friends and who had become one of her friends as well.

“Sure seems like it,” Raven muttered and Monty held up his hands.

“Guys…” He started to say, but didn’t get to finish his sentence.

“Shut up,” They both stated at the same time.

Before Lexa could say something else she regretted, the phone rang. She looked down hopefully at hers, but it was still a blank screen. Lexa looked up when she heard Raven.

“Hey, babe. Do you find something?” Raven glanced at her and pinched the bridge of her nose.

Lexa waited to see if Raven put it on speakerphone and when she heard Anya’s voice, the knot in her stomach loosened a little.

“Yeah I think so, but need you to come here and get it out,” Anya stated and Lexa heard a door open and close.

“Just take a picture of where you found it and try to remove it,” Raven sighed and clenched the side of the table.

“Babe…” Lexa knew her best friend was shaking her head even though she couldn’t see her.

“You know what, nevermind, I don’t want to chance ruining another possible lead, no offense,” Raven let out a small smile.
“That’s why I called, Rae,” Anya said, fondness clear in her voice.

“Be there soon, don’t touch anything else,” Raven stated firmly.

“I won’t. Be careful. See you soon.”

“Will do, I...see you,” Raven stumbled over her words which was uncommon of her which had Lexa cocking an eyebrow at her when she quickly hung up and clapped her hands together.

“Okay, let’s head out. Monty, you stay here with the phone and alert us immediately if something else comes in,” Raven ran around grabbing different things and shoving them into her bag.

“I can do that,” Monty agreed and held out his hand towards her for the phone that was clutched desperately in her hand.

Lexa took a step back still holding the phone tightly, “Nope, not happening. The phone stays with me.”

“Lex…”

“No, it’s...my...our…” She looked at Raven pleadingly, “only link to Clarke,” She watched Raven ponder a moment before she nodded.

“Oh, new plan. Monty, grab your best laptop and whatever you think we’ll need to hook into it if we get another message. Lexa, we will all go, okay. Besides it’s better than us just sitting here and waiting.”

“Thank you,” Lexa nodded and she knew that they would.

It didn’t take them long to gather what they needed while Lexa stared at the window and heard them banging around behind her. There was only one thing on her mind at the moment and that was Clarke. Was she hurt anywhere else? What did they do to her? Why? Would they find her? What did they want? The questions ran rampant in her mind and tears fell freely down her face when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

“You ready?” Raven asked gently.

“Yeah,” Lexa wiped her eyes even though she knew it was obvious she’d been crying. She still didn’t like to appear vulnerable in front of anyone except Clarke.

Clarke was the exception. Always had been and always will be. She just hoped they found her soon before they hurt her even more.

“We’ll take my van,” Monty spoke up, “we’ll need it for better mobile hook up.”

“Good idea.” Raven perks up and motioned around with her hand, “has all those antennas and satellite stuff.”

Lexa’s stomach twisted just thinking of the different scenarios as she followed them out of the dorm room and back to her apartment.

-=-

To Lexa, piling into the beat up chevy and making the familiar drive to the place she had once called home felt strangely foreign. She held her phone tight in her hand like a lifeline in her hand as they sped through the streets. Lexa looked down at it from time to time, both hoping for and yet dreading
Then they were pulling into the parking lot. Sidewalks still there, buildings still standing where they always had been. But she felt detached from that world as the van was pulled to a stop and doors opened noisily and everyone got out. She got out last and when her feet hit the pavement and she looked up at her building that was when the detached feeling changed to the difficult feeling that empty houses had when their occupants were not coming back.

*Clarke.*

Her life was empty, without Clarke in it. Her apartment, just a place. Clarke was her home. It always seemed a overused set of words to her, until she suddenly understood them. Lexa swallowed with difficulty and had to turn away for a minute. Because she hadn’t been here since the night the police had taken them both to what should have been a safe place. Because last time she had been here, Clarke had been too.

“What did you find?”

She heard Raven’s voice asking someone behind her. It made Lexa turn around to find Anya had walked up to them. Anya looked at her briefly in greeting. Lexa just looked back. They didn’t need to talk and Lexa was glad for that. Anya looked back at Raven, “its this way.” she said, and then led off, starting back through the parking lot and toward the apartment.

Lexa followed her of course, last with the others, but suddenly she felt sick to her stomach at the thought of having to go back in there when the last time she had been in there, so had Clarke. She felt sick to her stomach when she realised that everything inside would be as she left it when she was with Clarke, but then suddenly remembered that no - it wouldn’t. The cops had searched the place because Clarke was missing which was a reminder she didn’t need and hurt even more. Trying not to think she decided to try to follow the conversation that Raven and Anya had been having a few steps ahead of her instead that until then she had muted out with her thoughts,

“...out back in the woods where they recorded the video?” Raven was asking solemnly.

“No, actually,” Anya shook her head, “I checked for that one. Spent a lot of time trying to find it, because we had proof that one had actually been there. But I guess the cops got to that one first for the same reason. They knew it was there.” Anya shrugged as they went inside and started up the stairs.

But Lexa’s feet suddenly felt leaden as she dragged them along behind them. She was the last to stop outside her door and started reaching for her keys driven only by habit. Because last she was here, she had Clarke in her arms. They were both a little drunk and she had been trying to get them both inside...

The whimper that left her throat without her meaning for it to was so quiet she hoped no one heard it. But her hand started shaking and she dropped her keys-

“Looks like one of the screws holding the cover on this is out.” Anya was saying.

Lexa whipped about. Thankfully, they weren’t even looking at her. Instead Raven was knelt in front of the outlet in the wall next to the door directly across from hers. Raven leaned in closer to it when Anya motioned her to as though to get a good look, “wow,” she muttered, peering into the outlet, “yeah, one might be in there.”

“So what are we going to do?” Anya asked.
Lexa’s face went pale and her mouth dropped open in shock when she realised there was probably a hidden camera trained right on her door. How long had it been there? How long were they being spied on right here? The sickness that felt like it was always clinging in her stomach these days intensified; but over all, she just felt bitter and numb that anything they found from here on out couldn’t surprise her. It wasn’t some fucked up nightmare she could wake up from.

It was her reality.

And she exploded, “of course the fucking creep would stick one in there! Aren’t the cops supposed to search these things?!” she kicked the wall. Her heart thudded in her chest. How come she hadn't known? How the fuck long has this person been watching them?? How did they get a camera in there? How were they that fucking small?? And how many more did they have-

“Easy,” Anya scolded, grabbing her arm, Lexa whipped around and scowled and motioned to the outlet Raven was working at now, “An-

“I know.” Anya grabbed both her arms now and stared into her eyes, “we’re going to get Ontari, okay?”

“Anya,” Raven spoke up, “give me a very small screwdriver, plastic handle please. And the snips,” without looking away she motioned to where she had dropped her backpack.

Within seconds, Anya moved and had snapped the requested items in Raven’s hand. Raven dropped the snips and leaned into the outlet a little. Anya put a hand on Raven's shoulder, “careful babe, thats live wires.”

“I know I know,” Raven muttered, “so ..stop talking to me..”

Anya nodded. And for a second it felt like everyone was holding their breath as Raven unscrewed the remaining screw and carefully pried the outlet cover up. It dropped to the concrete floor with a clatter and Lexa backed up quickly because wires crammed into the outlet cavity were still attached to a camera tucked inside the lower hole in the cover that was meant for a screw, “its still broadcasting.” Raven remarked very quietly, “perfect.”

“Soon as we cut it, they’ll know,” Monty said quietly so as not to be over-heard now that they knew it was broadcasting.

Lexa wasn’t having anything of that.

“Fucker!” Lexa shouted at the top of her lungs. She grabbed the outlet cover and camera up before anyone could stop her. She wanted to crush it. Wires danged from the wall to her hand.

“Lexa no!” Raven shouted. So did Anya. Monty was struggling forward to grab it.

She was breathing hard, watching their still faces as they came to a stop hoping she would listen and instead she whipped the camera around and brought her face in close, “I said I would find you.” she snarled under her breath, “and I will!” Lexa snapped her gaze away, “Raven!” she said, and motioned to the snips.

With a shaking hand, Raven nodded and grabbed them and cut the wires one after another. Quickly she moved with them, tugging Lexa with her, “we gotta get this to Monty before they cut the feed,” she all but yanked the camera loose from Lexa's hands and Monty scrambled to attach the wires to his equipment.
“Well,” Lexa waited, at her wits end, crowding forward. So was Anya as the screen came up.

Monty sighed with relief, “still broadcasting,” he said.

“Oh thank god,” Raven exclaimed. Monty nodded, “now lets see if we can trace this thing...” he started trying. He was holding his breath as he worked, “got it...” and everyone else was holding their breath too, “okay its going further inland... its... dammit, they cut the feed.”

“Fuck!” Lexa and Raven yelled at the same time. Lexa slumped in defeat.

“But guys,” Monty spoke up suddenly, “I got enough of the trace to know they are somewhere inland in the mountains.”

“Maybe they’re finally afraid.” Anya sneered, helping Raven to her feet.

Lexa nodded and narrowed her eyes on nothing, “and now the fucker knows we're going to get them.”

-=-

The sound of something crashing against a wall jolted Clarke awake the second time. She would have jumped at the noise, but her body was still limp as a ragdoll. It was frightening and she wondered briefly if she would ever be able to move again.

And she was so tired this time, more than last time. His voice faded in and out like a crackly radio station nearby, “who the fuck does she…” he was shouting. She watched his shadow pacing agitatedly back and forth on the wall. She almost blacked out, but more of his shouting snapped her awake, “fucking camera won’t stop me!”

She knew he was talking about Lexa, and for some reason, his reaction to whatever her girlfriend had said, gave Clarke hope and she knew she had to hang on for her and escape as soon as she could. Bellamy punched the wall furiously, and bolted from the room. Somewhere in the house she heard a door bang against a wall and hoped it was the outside one. But it wasn’t, a second later she heard a loud crashing sound of something breaking across a floor. And then his laughing....

Then everything was quiet. Too, too quiet.

And her injuries seemed to finally start waking up, the burning was light, but prickling over them. Clarke wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing at the moment. Her eyes were also falling closed and it was getting harder and harder to keep them open. That was, until she felt the bed sink at the end of it again, and then she heard a cold laugh as Bellamy’s boots swung up and landed painfully on her back, If she could have yelped. If she could have kicked him away. She would have. A hint of panic crawled down her spine when she remembered his promise. She had to come up with something before then. Maybe she could wait it out until he slept. Maybe the drugs would wear off by then. But that didn’t matter if she was still handcuffed to the bed-

“Freak. Bitch,” he was muttering, “I have more phones...” Bellamy grunted, out of the corner of her eye she saw him open up the shattered remains of the last phone he had, pop the card out, and slide it into another phone he had ready, “better,” he mumbled, turning it on. As the music of the start up screen chimed through the room a wide grin spread across his face, “you know sweetie, I wish you’d wake up so I can make you feel good. I can make you feel so good, Clarke. Better than that freak ever could.”

She wanted to curl up, hearing that. Hopeless tears filled her eyes. She sniffled and fear swam in her stomach, what if she gave herself away-
“But you know,” he shifted his feet on her back and snorted, too obsessed with his phone to have noticed, “she seems to be getting full of herself again. I guess it's time to send a warning…”

Realising what he meant, she wanted to scream at him to stop hurting her. She wanted to rip the phone from his fucking hands and call her girlfriend. He was smirking as he typed something into his phone and she wanted to slap the grin right off his face…

But all she could do was lay there and watch, as Bellamy laughed and hit send.

-=-

Lexa could barely breathe, right now. She couldn’t stop thinking about Clarke. She couldn’t stop thinking about that damn camera being there this whole time -watching. The person behind it just waiting to take Clarke...

“But the camera is not a lost cause, even if it's disconnected-” Raven was saying. Lexa heard the words but they meant nothing, not even the reason Raven was trying to make with them. Nothing could stop the screams in Lexa’s head.

Someone had been watching and waiting to take Clarke from her house if they got a chance to apparently. Watching and waiting and seeing more than they should have.

“I can tell you just by looking at it that its military,” Raven was turning the device over in her hand and looking at it more closely, “it might narrow down the search.”

Anya spoke up, “it could still be anyone. There are military surplus stores.”

“We can call them? Maybe they know who bought cameras like this.”

“All of them?” Anya asked incredulously.

“An, I’m just …” Raven sounded frustrated. Out of the corner of her eye, Lexa could see her wiping her hair away, “I’m just trying to come up with as many leads as I can.”

Anya agreed, “I know you are, we all are but-”

Lexa spoke up at last, her brain moving past their conversation, “she’s in the mountains?”

Though she had spoken quietly, her words were definately heard. They cut like a knife through the conversation, leaving an uncomfortable gash of silence behind. Anya and Raven were looking at each other as though trying to figure out who should answer first. Monty though, whom had been busy with his computer sitting over near the wall, promptly looked up and answered, “yeah,” he went back to his data, “somewhere in Mauna Kea, specifically.”

Lexa exhaled softly for the first time in days. But it was followed by a choke of utter fear and frustration. Because she was so close, so much closer to finding Clarke. But still so far. Especially if she was on Mauna Kea.

“Okay,” Lexa decided abruptly, “we know where she is. Let's go find her,” She turned and started down the stairs to the at a quick clip. Behind her she heard the others suddenly scrambling to catch up.

“Do you know how big Mauna Kea is?” Monty was demanding, struggling to hold onto his computer, as he caught up quickly to her.
“Over 33,000 feet tall making it the tallest mountain on Earth,” Lexa rattled off dryly as her feet hit the landing at the base of the stairs she stopped and whipped about briefly to be sure Anya and Raven were also coming, they were, Monty almost smacked into her and they almost smacked into them, “I live in this state. I asked for help, not a geography lesson.”

“Mauna Kea is huge, Lexa...” Anya said slowly.

“What else do you want me to do? Stand here? Look at a camera that's not helping us anymore?” Lexa couldn’t hold back once the words started rolling out of her, “wait for them to fucking text me again?” she wanted to spit after the taste the last sentence left in her mouth, especially when her stomach felt sick thinking of the image of Clarke’s bruised up foot and leg. Swallowing thickly she added on, “we can do that while driving.” she turned to head to the parking lot. But the image was fresh in her head and she could barely breathe. Hot tears started streaming down her face for the countless time as she marched forward.

“You okay?” Anya’s hand grabbed her arm and turned her around. Her friend pulled back just a little at sight of Lexa’s wet face. Lexa didn’t know why. They should all be used to looking at it by now. And she didn’t know when the tears would ever stop. And worse she was glaring at Anya because she hadn’t expected someone to touch her.

Anya released her slowly, “are you okay?” She asked again.

“No,” Lexa wiped tears back, “I'm not okay, Anya,” she wiped tears back. She was not okay. They knew that. She swallowed and turned to go again, “let's just...go and get Clarke,” Lexa continued toward the parking lot.

“We're with you, Lexa!” Raven called after her. That sent a flood of emotion Lexa didn’t quite know what to do with flooding through her body, and caused her stride to slow just a little. Raven and Anya took advantage of it and ran toward her. As they caught up to her Anya added in, “of course we are. We're in.”

She nodded, “I know…” Lexa chanced a brave smile at them, “I knew all along.”

“You're mood swings are giving me whiplash, you know,” Anya rolled her eyes and Lexa picked up her pace a little more as Monty scrambled up to her other side with a deathgrip on his computer and gadgets. He announced, “everyone lets just get back in the van.”

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Within a few minutes they were in the van and on the way and one step closer to Clarke and as she sat in the front passenger seat Lexa’s heart could not be racing faster.

“Wait,” Raven spoke up from the seat behind hers, “We need to go by the house and pick up Lincoln and Octavia. She would kill me us if we didn’t include her,” Raven looked desperately at Lexa.

She rubbed a hand across her face at the thought of another stop but nodded, “fine, let’s go there first, but they better be ready. Tell them I said to be outside and ready.”

“They will be,” Raven typed quickly on her phone and Lexa shook her head because she knew Raven would make it happen.

“Lay off, Lex,” Anya scolded and put a hand on her girlfriend’s shoulder, “We all want to find Clarke, but no need to take out your frustration on us.”
“Mind your own business,” Lexa growled.

“Raven is my business and you’re being an ass. You…” Anya stopped talking when Raven nudged her with her shoulder.

“Leave it alone, babe,” Raven stared at her and Anya sighed.

“But she…” Anya started to argue, but Raven held up a hand.

“No,” Raven stated firmly and Lexa recognized the look and she wondered if Anya would continue trying to argue. Luckily for her, Anya just nodded and sunk back into her seat to stare out the window. Lexa noticed though that Anya reached over and took Raven’s hand in hers and stroked her knuckles with her thumb.

Lexa turned away, a habit she had become accustomed to the last couple days. She looked out the window to see them turning down the familiar street that led to Clarke’s house. Her stomach twisted in knots as they pulled into the driveway, but she refused to get out. She sighed in relief when Lincoln and Octavia were indeed standing outside waiting for them.

Raven threw open the door for them to climb in, “hurry up!”

“What’s the big emergency?” Octavia asked as she settled into her seat. Lincoln got in beside her.

“We found out Clarke is in the mountains,” Raven exclaimed loudly and bounced in her seat.

“You found Clarke!” Octavia leaned forward into Lexa’s space and she shrunk away from the invasion of personal space.

“No, we didn’t. We just know she’s in Mauna Kea though after we found a camera and traced it as far as we could before the connection was cut,” Monty spoke up when everyone froze.

“Oh fuck. Mauna Kea is massive. Damn it!” Octavia choked up and leaned back into Lincoln’s arms.

“Don’t lose hope, at least we have a general location, that’s more than we had before,” Lincoln did his best to reassure the group. He got into the van after and slammed the door shut behind them. Within seconds they were heading toward Mauna Kea and Lexa was on edge as she watched the world outside rush by. Then suddenly they were slowing down..

“Why are we stopping?” she demanded, glaring over at Monty as they hit traffic and stalled.

He motioned in front of them to the road.

“We have to go faster.” she said to him.

He looked over at her, “I am going faster.”

“No you’re not we’re sitting in traffic…” Lexa also motioned to the cars ahead in frustration, “I mean, seriously, every car on the Island has to be here.”

He glared over at her, “do you want to drive?”

“As a matter of fact I-”

“Guys!” Raven broke in, grabbing the back of Lexa’s seat, the computer she was holding for Monty almost falling out of here lap if it wasn’t for Anya who grabbed it. Raven held Lexa’s phone out to
her and she looked to see a new text alert on the screen. A low growl rumbled in her throat as she grabbed it as Monty finally hit the gas again and she was jerked forward briefly in the seat.

They were finally moving again, but soon as she saw the new text notice, Lexa forgot about everything else and all the others in the van. She stared down at her phone, the message alert looking back at her. Sucking in a deep breath she pressed her finger to the screen and opened up the text.

Her hand tightened around the phone the instant she saw the picture of Clarke’s left hand come up. It was broken, swollen and bruised; her pretty fingers laying at awkward angles against the top edge of a metal cuff.

Lexa gagged before she could stop herself and broke into a cold sweat. “Lexa?” Anya’s voice asked, but she barely heard it. Lexa swallowed with difficulty and looked again. Attached to the picture was a message, ‘don’t try and threaten me,‘ it read, ‘every time you do, something like this will happen,’ Lexa wanted more than anything, to jump through that phone. She touched Clarke’s fragile fingers on the screen, “hold on baby,” she manage to choke out, “we’re coming.”

“What is it?” Raven asked impatient.

“A picture of Clarke’s broken hand. It’s mangled,” she choked. Lexa tensed up when Raven reached for it and held it out of reach. She went back to staring at the picture and noticed Clarke was still wearing the ring. Tears streamed down her face as she held up her own hand and stared at the matching one, “They said this happened because of me,” She typed out a reply without even thinking about it, “Please stop hurting her asshole.”

“That’s not true and you know it. Give me the phone for a minute, I need to plug it in, we could use it, please,” Raven asked softly, and Lexa finally relented, “We are going to find her. This will help even if it doesn’t seem like it at the moment.”

“It better,” Lexa stared out the window as they traversed past the main bustle of the city and towards the mountains. At the bottom, she saw a store and wanted to check to see if they’d seen Clarke, “Stop the van!” She screamed out and Monty whipped into the parking lot and looked at her in disbelief.

“What the hell!” Monty held a hand over his heart.

“Lex, what the fuck was that?” Anya called out from beside Raven. Raven didn’t even seem to notice all the commotion. Her attention was completely on whatever she was looking at on her computer.

“There are better ways to ask, Lexa,” Octavia said from the back. Lincoln was only staring speechless.

“I will do whatever I have to do to find Clarke,” Lexa fired back and hopped from the van. She slammed the door closed before they could protest any more. She ran into the store and saw the missing poster for Clarke and her heart clenched in her chest. Lexa went straight to the cashier to ask if he has seen this woman,” Lexa demanded and slammed the poster down on the counter.

“No, dude,” He replied not looking at her and took a sip of his energy drink. His greasy black hair was falling into his eyes and his work shirt was wrinkled as well as jeans. She reached across and grabbed him by the front of his shirt and brought him to her, “What the fuck, man?”
“You will look at this picture and tell me if you’ve fucking seen her!” Lexa growled and shook him.

“Let me go!” He struggled to free himself, but Lexa only held on tighter.

“Look at the fucking picture!” She demanded and slammed her hand on the counter. She heard the bell ding announcing someone else in the store, but still didn’t release her hold on him.

“Let him go, Lex,” Lexa felt a hand on her shoulder and she shook it off.

“No, not until he tells me whether or not he’s seen her,” Lexa fought back the tears that were stinging her eyes.

“He didn’t do it, you need to let him go,” Anya tried again and Lexa released him and clenched her fists at her sides as she glared at the guy and Anya was being all nice, “Atom, have you seen this girl?” Anya asked nicely.

Atom rolled his shoulders and looked down at the picture and back up at them, “No, I haven’t. Sorry.”

“Thank you,” Anya replied and took hold of Lexa’s arm and pulled her towards the door, but Lexa grabbed the flyer. Once they were outside, Anya turned on her, “What the fuck were you thinking? He could have pressed charges!”

“I don’t care. We are so close to finding her,” Lexa snapped and started to pace back and forth.

“That doesn’t give you a right to do whatever the hell you want,” Anya argued back and stepped in front of her. Lexa glared at her, but Anya didn’t budge, “Go back the van, I’ll be there in a second.”

“You aren’t the boss of me, I…” Lexa was pissed because Anya had no right to tell her what to do. She knew she was irrational in the store, but she couldn’t think clearly, knowing Clarke was out there and hurt badly.

“Please, go to the van, you’re gonna make it worse on yourself and possibly Clarke,” Anya asked, “Please. You need to calm down and think rationally.”

Lexa didn’t want to admit it, but knew Anya had a point. This was not the way to go about it, but a part of her didn’t care if it got her answers, “Fine,” She stormed back the van and climbed inside, ignoring the stares she was getting. Lexa turned to look at Raven, “Can I have my phone back?”

“Yeah, just keep it plugged in just in case they reply to what you said,” Raven handed the phone over and held it to her chest.

Scrolling through the phone, Lexa couldn’t resist and started to flick through the pictures of Clarke. It was pure torture to see them, but it also helped calm her down. It helped remind her what was at stake and why she was doing all of this.

For Clarke.

Anya came back with Lincoln and they both had bags full of food. Lexa felt bad because she didn’t even notice he wasn’t in the van nor did she see him outside.

“We got some food,” Anya announced as she plopped down next to Raven who smiled at her.

“I see that, what did you get, babe?” Raven dug into the bag and Lexa couldn’t help but shake her head. Raven was always thinking about food and it almost drew a smile from her.
“As usual, you can’t wait,” Anya smiled lovingly and Raven just grinned at her.

“I’m hungry, so thanks,” Octavia took a bag from Lincoln who smiled gratefully.

“Where to next, Rae?” Monty asked as he took a burger from Anya. Lexa looked towards the store and noticed the restaurant attached to it. She missed that when she went in before.

“Head up the mountain, I’m still waiting for it to narrow it down more,” Raven gestured towards the mountain looming in front of them.

“Okay,” He took a bite and started driving while Lexa pulled her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around them.

“Here, Lex,” Anya tried to hand her a burger, but Lexa shook her head.

“I’m not hungry,” Lexa didn’t take the offered food, “You eat it,” Lexa continued to go through the pictures.

“You need to keep your strength up,” Octavia called with her mouth full.

“Yeah, Lex, please eat,” Monty asked nicely.

Lexa groaned, but snatched the burger from Anya’s hand, unwrapped part of it and took a bite. Silence filled the van as they all polished off the food.

The wrapper dropped from her hand when Lexa heard her phone ring. At first glance, Lexa thought it was them calling, but when she answered, Lexa was startled to hear Abby’s voice and not the stalker.

“Lexa, I have news,” Abby announced in lieu of greeting.

“What’s that?” Lexa answered vaguely. She debated telling Abby what was going on because she was afraid she’d involve the police. Lexa didn’t want them involved after the mess they made, but she didn’t want to lie either.

“I just got a call from Detective Kane and they have cleared Ontari as the stalker,” Abby rushed out and Lexa could hear sounds in the background and assumed she was at the hospital.

“What, how is that possible. She’s held a grudge for me for years. If it isn’t her, than who the hell is it?” Lexa said irritably and slammed her head back against the seat.

“She has an alibi for the kidnapping and they searched her place and went through her phone logs and everything. She’s not responsible is what I know so far,” Abby’s voice broke through the line.

“Oh, okay, thanks for letting me know,” Lexa shook her head and sighed.

“Of course,” Lexa heard a beeping and Abby cursed under her breath, “Sorry, I have to go, but I’ll check in with you later.”

“Oh, bye,” She dropped the phone in her lap and stared out the window. They had made it farther up into the mountain while she was on the phone and she didn’t recognize anything around them.

“Who was that?”

“Was it them?”
Lexa was bombarded with questions the minute she got off the phone.

“What did they say?”

“What the fuck happened?”

She held up a hand to stop them, “just give me a minute!” everyone fell quiet with surprise and all she could hear was the sound of the van tires on the road. Her head was spinning. She couldn’t believe that it wasn’t Ontari. Not when all the clues had pointed to her. But now supposedly it wasn’t her and she was having a hard time wrapping her head around that.

“You going to talk to us yet, Lex?” Anya carefully asked.

But Lexa didn’t know what to think, and wondered if Ontari possibly had some kind of help. She wouldn’t put it past her. She wouldn’t put anything past her, “it was Abby.” Lexa said at last. She went to say more but once again questions were fired at her.

“Abby?”

“Everything okay?”

“Did she hear something?”

“If you all would just shut up a minute I could tell you,” Lexa growled even though she tried to keep her voice level. She knew she failed when all their eyes snapped to hers. She took a deep breath and explained, “apparently, that guy Kane called her to tell her that they cleared Ontari.” Lexa slumped back in her seat with a huff as though that was end of story.

“They what?” Anya was flabbergasted, “No fucking way.”

“That’s what she said,” Lexa sighed.

“How is that possible?” Octavia questioned.

“I was so sure it was her,” Anya’s mouth had dropped open and she shook her head, “It could still be her.”

“Anya, she was cleared,” Lincoln, the ever present voice of reason, spoke up from the backseat, “We need to just keep going. If it really is her, than we will find that out, but for now, let’s assume it isn’t her.”

“Than who the fuck is it?” Octavia growled beside him, “Finn?”

“That douche isn’t smart enough to pull this off,” Raven typed away on her computer and raised an eyebrow at her friends, “It couldn’t possibly be him.”

“How are you so sure?” Lincoln asked, “We all saw how he was at the competition.”

“Because there’s just no way he has the brains to formulate this kind of plan,” Raven said like it was obvious, “Just trust me.”

“It would just make sense it was, he’s always been a little obsessed with her,” Octavia sat back and crossed her arms.

Lexa turned around to see Raven hand her computer over to Anya and whip around to reach across and take Octavia’s hand “That’s true, but I just don’t think it’s him.”
“Yeah, I guess so, but he’s always creped me out,” Octavia smiled at Raven and Lexa relaxed a little, glad they didn’t start arguing. Sometimes Raven could come on a little strong.

“I’m always right,” Raven teased and wiggled her eyebrows.

“Shut up, Reyes,” Octavia laughed and leaned into Lincoln. Lexa was about to tell them to knock off their lovely dovey shit, when suddenly there was a jolt and Monty swerved.

“What the hell?” Someone yelled, but Lexa wasn’t really listening to who said it, she was holding on in case they crashed.

“Hold on,” Monty yelled and Lexa watched him put both hands on the wheel to keep them from careening off the road. Lexa closed her eyes and thought about Clarke.

Only when she felt the van slide to a stop did she open her eyes and look around. They were on the side of the road and Lexa opened her door immediately and jumped out. She put her hands on her knees and took a few deep breaths. Lexa heard the others doors open, but kept her head down to hide the tears.

“What the hell?” Raven cursed and Lexa turned around when she heard a banging. Raven was kicking the side of the van.

“Hey, don’t kick my van. It’s not my fault we got a flat tire,” Monty got between Raven and his van, “I can fix it, just calm down.”

“I can’t calm down, we are so close to finding Clarke. This just slows us down,” Raven huffed and Lexa watched as Anya sidled up beside her to gently pull her away. She saw them talking in hushed whispers before they kissed. Lexa turned away and looked around at their surroundings.

Behind her, she heard more doors open along with cursing as they got out the extra tire and jack. She blew out a breath because Raven was right, this was a huge delay. Lexa rubbed her bruised hand and looked around at all the trees before she spotted a house down the way. She guessed it was a mile or two away. Maybe they heard something or saw something. She decided she couldn’t just sit here and had to keep moving. She looked down at her phone and saw it had no service which meant no texts either, Lexa quickly unplugged it as she leaned in to the van.

“I’m going to knock on some doors,” Lexa called out and took off at a run before any of them could protest. She heard Anya yell her name, but Lexa didn’t slow down nor did she think to stop. She knew none of them could catch her except for maybe Lincoln, but she knew he wouldn’t leave the rest.

The running hurt her sore body, but she ignored it for now and focused on getting to the house she saw in the distance. Sweat started dripping down her face and she was grateful she was wearing her Nike’s running shoes instead of flip flops. She continued her sprint until she couldn’t take it anymore and her body protested the run. She slowed down to a fast walk instead to give her body a chance to rest somewhat.

Finally, Lexa came upon the house and she ran up to the front door and knocked. She rocked back and forth on her heels as she waited for the door to open. After what seemed like hours, the door finally swung open to reveal a little old lady who stared her down. Lexa took a step back when she noticed the rifle in her hand.

“What do you want?” She barked in a gravelly voice and held the rifle up.

“I’m sorry to bother you ma’am, but I’m looking for my girlfriend. She went missing on Friday and I
was wondering if you’d seen or heard anything?” Lexa pulled her phone out to show a picture of Clarke. Once she found one, she turned it around to show her and the lady snatched the phone from her. Lexa bit her tongue hard to prevent herself for snapping.

“Sorry, dear. I haven’t seen anyone. I live here by myself after my wife died,” she looked up and smiled, “You two make a cute couple, I do hope you find her soon.”

Lexa raised her eyebrows until she noticed the woman had scrolled through a few pictures and had stopped on one where Lexa had her arms wrapped around Clarke from behind and they both were laughing. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she wiped them away quickly and pocketed her phone.

“Thank you, I’m sorry for your loss, I need…” Lexa went to turn around when she felt a wrinkled hand on her arm that made her stop.

“We have sixty years together, I wouldn’t change that for the world. I believe you’ll find her, just don’t lose hope. Once you lose that, than all is lost,” she squeezed her arm once and let go.

“I appreciate it. Have a nice afternoon, ma’am,” Lexa nodded politely.

“My name is Betty,” she put the rifle inside her door and held out her hand which Lexa took in hers.

“Lexa, nice to meet you.”

“Take care now and if I hear anything, I’ll be sure to call the police,” Betty smiled and waved.

“You too,” Lexa took off again and sprinted back down the gravel driveway looking for the next house. She finally spotted another one a few miles away. Lexa kicked the dirt and grumbled under her breath. Stupid mountains and the spread out houses. Of course they would pick here to take Clarke.

Speaking of, Lexa took out her phone and checked for signal. But no luck. She looked at the last message and frowned because she didn’t know if she’d get another message back from that number. As Raven put it, they were smart and probably dumped that phone. But Lexa still itched to text them or even call them, but she needed signal, and even when she had that …she needed to wait until Raven and Monty caught up with her so they could hopefully trace it. If they didn’t catch up first when she had signal, she’d go back.

She ran back down to the road and towards the next house and Lexa wished it was closer. Lexa hated that her body wasn’t in excellent condition like normal and it was slowing her down immensely, but it still didn’t stop her. Lexa started to wheeze some and knew she was overdoing it. It forced her into a walk, but didn’t stop her from moving altogether.

Making sure, she stayed off the winding mountain roads as much as she could, Lexa made the slow journey to the next house. After almost an hour, Lexa came upon the next house and made it up the short driveway to the small log cabin. She put one foot in front of the other as she walked up onto the porch and knocked.

Lexa waited and waited, but nobody came to the door. She debated going and looking in the windows, but didn’t need the cops called on her, so Lexa trudged back down the steps and back towards the road. Once back on the road, she started walking with no destination in my mind except for finding the next house.

A honk startled her and she looked behind her to see Monty’s van barreling towards her it passed her and parked on the side of the road. Lexa knew her friends were probably pissed that she just took off, but at the moment she didn’t care. Her assumption proved true when Anya leaped from the van
before it completely stopped and started running toward her.

Lexa braced herself for the lashing she knew she would get and rightly deserved, “Look, An, I’m sorry, I just…” She was cut off when Anya just shook her head and yanked her into a tight hug.

“Don’t ever do that again, you scared the shit out of me,” Anya scolded, but Lexa heard the emotion behind it and felt awful.

“I’m sorry, I just couldn’t sit there and waste time,” Lexa shrugged her shoulders once Anya released her. She looked behind her friend to see everyone else standing by the van and pretending not to watch. Lexa was grateful for that.

“You’re here and safe, but I see you overdid it though,” Anya glanced her up and down and Lexa knew she looked like a mess. Her hair was falling out of her ponytail, she was sweating and had dirt sticking all over her from the dusty roads. Anya handed her a bottle of water.

Lexa opened it and gulped half of it down, “Maybe a little,” she admitted, and started to walk back over the others. Once she stood in front of them, she met each of their eyes and looked at them sheepishly, “I’m sorry I took off like that.”

“Don’t worry about it. I would have done that same,” Raven nudged her shoulder.

“You’re okay, that’s all the matters,” Lincoln agreed.

“You’re an idiot, but I know how much you want to find Clarke,” Octavia scolded lightly, “But I get it.”

“Are we ready to get back on the road?” Monty asked.

Lexa looked around at her friends who have been with her every step of the way and it meant more than she could put into words. Yes they wanted to find Clarke of course, but the fact that they were there for her too, she was floored by their love and acceptance. She wasn’t used to it like Clarke was. She was used to just having Anya, but now she had this group and she wasn’t sure what she’d do without them.

Even Monty.

They just had to find Clarke. That was the most vital part because without her, the group would fall apart, but not only that, Lexa would fall apart as well. She needed Clarke, like she needed air.

Clarke was *everything* and without her, Lexa felt like she was missing her other half.

So lost in thoughts, she didn’t hear Monty’s question, until fingers were snapped in front of her face.

“You okay?” Raven asked.

“Yeah, sorry,” Lexa looked up, “What did I miss?”

“I asked if we were ready to get back on the road?” Monty gestured to the fixed van.

“Yeah, I guess, but we have no idea where to go?” Lexa’s frustration was evident in her clenched jaw and stiff posture. Clarke was somewhere and hurt, right here on this mountain. But she couldn’t find her-

“Let’s see what the computer says,” Raven got back into the van and picked it up and sat with it. Lexa’s hope rose a little that maybe there was a change, a lead, anything that they had been able to
track. But it fell when Ravens did.

“Not yet,” Raven muttered, shaking her head. She looked around them with a grimace and added, “it doesn’t help that phone service is spotty in this area. Damn mountains.” she looked around them and then back at the computer screen. Lexa took a deep breath and came around to steal a glance at it but all she saw was a few different windows running a bunch of code. She climbed back into the van ahead of the others and sat in the front passenger seat and stared out the window.

“We’ll just keep going on up checking houses up this road,” Monty stated, “then when we run out, we start another street until something else comes in.” He climbed into the van too and got into the driver seat, “Lexa?”

“Hmmm?” she mumbled, not looking.

“We’ll hit signal again soon.”

She grunted. She knew that. But part of her was despairing about having no signal. It was her lifeline to Clarke, and that was why she took the phone. She nodded her head once, but said nothing instead just listened as everyone else climbed into the van seats behind hers, doors closed and they were off again up the road.

The mountain curved around outside the windows. Lexa stared out as trees whipped by. It felt like they were the only ones up here. No one said anything in the van, all that could be heard was the engine running and the occasional beep from Raven's computer. Each time it did it Lexa felt hopeful and nervous and finally had to ask, “What's that mean?”

“It means the scan is still active, but idling,” Raven admitted glumly.

“Oh...” Lexa sat back in her seat and stared ahead. As she did they took a turn and another house came into view in the distance. She felt herself watching it getting closer and closer and she knew in her heart she’d check every single house on this mountain if that's what it took. What if Clarke was in one of them?

“Here we go.” Monty said as the van slowed and stopped on the driveway. The door sounded too loud to her in the silence that followed as Lexa opened it and got out. Everyone else moved to get out too, but she was faster and already on the way to the door of the house with her phone in her hand.

Lexa knocked on the wood and waited, bouncing on her feet. She was holding her breath too. What was taking so long. She raised her fist to knock again right as the door opened and a woman a little older than her with a baby in her arms stared out at her. Lexa though was already pulling up pictures of Clarke on her phone.

“Can I help you?” the woman asked at last, bouncing the baby a little.

“Yes you can,” Lexa answered back smartly. She held out her phone on the picture of her and Clarke. “have you seen her?” she looked at the woman hopefully and then down at the picture of Clarke's face.

The woman seemed to consider the picture a few seconds in which Lexa found herself holding her breath, grateful that she was considering before just answering no like most did. But her hopes were crushed when the woman shook her head, “I haven't, no. Is this ..is this the surfer that's gone missing?”

Lexa nodded, “my girlfriend.”
The woman smiled, “you did look familiar. I saw you on the news.” the woman gave her a sad smile, “I'll keep an eye out and hope you find her.”

“Thank you,” Lexa whispered, her breath dry as she took back her phone and stared at the picture of her and Clarke on it, her heart aching so badly in her chest that her legs were wobbly, as the woman went back into her house and closed the door behind her.

Leaving Lexa on the step, just staring at the picture of Clarke.

Whoever had her was hurting her.

“Lexa, come on,” Anya said, somewhere behind her, but Lexa couldn't move. She looking at the image of Clarke's broken hand, but it was all she could see in her head as she stared at the phone.

“Lexa?” Lincoln asked too.

“Okay,” Lexa answered at last. She turned around. They were all out of the van and standing just a few feet behind her. She was still staring at her phone though and walking toward them when the text alert went off.

It made her freeze in her steps. The number was unknown. But it was who had Clarke and her stomach felt sick and hopeful all at once. In a flash she lifted her phone.

“Its them, isn't it?” Raven demanded suddenly, also hopeful. The others crowded around her to see what it said and she hated it, but right now couldn't object because she didn't want to waste time on it. With shaking fingers she opened the text instead and read the words it said out loud, “I like it when you beg.”

“I like it when you beg?” Anya repeated in confusion. Then she stood back and swore, “what the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

But before Lexa could say anything, another text chimed in on top of the first one.

“That them again?” Octavia asked.

Lexa nodded slowly, she suspected it would be a picture, and when she opened the message there was. It was a picture of Clarke’s tied up arm, covered in bruises. Not just small ones. Lexa started shaking and felt sick again. She almost dropped the phone, but instead clutched it tighter and brought it in to her chest to hold her close any way she could, “last text,” she croaked out to explain, mostly to herself just to try and think, “I asked him not to hurt her….” she had sent that hours ago now. It was getting later in the afternoon. She had to get Clarke out of there. Going back to the message that had been sent before the picture, Lexa read it again.

They liked it when she begged.

Suddenly it all clicked. Weight started lifting from her chest. She shot a glance at Raven and Monty, “you said you need him to keep talking so you can trace him?”

Monty just nodded. Raven did too but she said, “yeah, it would be helpful ..why?” Raven seemed hesitant. But beside her Anya’s eyes widened.

“Lexa, I know that look. What are you up to?” Anya asked.

“I have an idea,” Lexa said. Her heart hammering loudly in her chest, she started toward the van. They all turned to follow her. Lincoln caught up first.
“You have an idea?” He asked.

Lexa nodded, she got to the van, opened it up, climbed into her seat and plugged in the phone to the computer. Letting go of her pride right now was easy since it was for Clarke. She opened the text again and wrote back, ‘please, please stop hurting her.’ Lexa hit send and kept staring at her phone.

“So ...not trying to make a joke at all,” Raven said carefully into the quiet that followed. She climbed up into the van too, “but did you want to tell us all what’s the big idea?”

“I’m using their ego against them,” Lexa answered. She looked up at Raven finally, “they like me to beg? Then I will. If it keeps them talking to me. If it takes me to where they have Clarke.”

Before anyone could say anything back a text came in almost immediately. Lexa was glad her plan was working so far, but still had to brace for whatever the person sent before she opened it and read the words it said, ‘what took you so long? I thought I was going to have to start without you.’

Raven had read it over her shoulder, “that fucker…” she growled. Then looked at Lexa, “its working though.”

“Seems to be,” Lexa gave a stiff nod though because of the nasty implication of the text. Raven had turned her attention though, “Monty! Get this van going! We have to find this fucker.” She flopped in her seat and her fingers started to fly over the keyboard as the others piled in and slammed doors behind them. Monty hit the gas and got them back onto the road quicker than she thought him possible of, and Lexa had to grab onto the side of the seat, he was in such a hurry.

“Just keep them talking to you, Lexa…” Raven said, still typing.

“That’s the idea,” Lexa knew that she had barely got the texts because her phone was out of service. But she wasn’t going to tell the person that because she wasn’t giving them a chance to know how close they were and risk they run with Clarke. And she couldn’t let that happen. As the van sped over the mountain road she typed her next reply, ‘please leave her alone.’ and hit send again.

“So you think this is going to work?” Octavia asked and Lexa whipped around to glare at her. She had no idea for sure if it would work, but it was worth a shot.

“Do you have a better idea?” Lexa growled as her phone pinged with another new message. ‘I can’t do that’ Another picture was attached and showed a hand brushing Clarke’s hair back and her face was bruised as well as her neck. She yelled for them to pull over and as soon as the van came to a stop, Lexa bolted out and hurried to the grass to hurl.

A hand pushed her hair back from her face and rubbed her back, Lexa assumed it was Anya, but was surprised when she looked up to find Octavia there.

“I didn’t mean to upset you,” Octavia continued to rub her back as Lexa sat down in the grass and thrust her phone at her.

“It wasn’t you who upset me, it was this,” Lexa mumbled and watched the horror spread across Octavia’s face as she saw the new picture.

“That sick fuck,” Octavia gripped the phone tightly, “Raven!” She yelled behind her.

“What!” She called from the van, “Is Lexa okay?”

Lexa rolled her eyes and stood up, “I’m fine,” She took the phone back from Octavia after prying her fingers from it, “We...we got another message, with a picture,” She croaked as she got back in the
“Let me see,” Raven snatched the phone from her, “I will murder them! I will make them go boom!” She shook her head and Lexa saw her fighting the tears, but she wasn’t the only one as Anya and Lincoln had looked over her shoulder and had the same stricken look on their faces too.

“Whoever this is...is in for a world of pain,” Anya promised and Lincoln nodded along, both of them cracking their knuckles.

“I’ll be having first shot at whoever it is,” Lexa vowed. She took back her phone and typed out a message, ‘What did you do to her?’ Her thoughts wandered to what else was wrong with Clarke. She had only seen pictures of certain body parts, but every picture so far, Clarke was hurt in some way.

“I’ll drive so you can help Raven if that’s cool with you?” Lincoln went to get out.

“Yeah, that would be good, thanks,” Monty smiled and handed him the keys, “Just don’t wreck my baby.”

“I won’t.”

Lexa shook her head as they started driving again and would have been content to sit there lost in her own thoughts, but she didn’t have that kind of time not with Clarke’s life possibly hanging in the balance.

“What did you say back?” Raven questioned as she continued to try and pinpoint the location as Monty scooted beside her and Anya moved to sit behind her girlfriend.

“I asked what they did to her?” Lexa shrugged her shoulders, “I figured they’d want to boast even though the thought of it turns my stomach.”

“It should work even though we hate it,” Raven agreed.

Her phone dinged with another message and she held her breath as she opened it, ‘Better question would be... what haven't I done?’

“What haven’t I done?” Lexa whispered the words back brokenly, her body trembling a little as she did. The tremble moved to her lip, thinking of Clarke laying there in those pictures and helpless. She was aware of the van speeding through the mountainside as Lincoln just drove road after road not knowing where they were going. She was aware of having to grip the seat to hang on and her friends leaning in.

“Slow down, dude!” Monty yelled as they almost hit another car that was changing lanes.

“There’s not even a lot of traffic on this road! That’s the first one!” Lincoln called back, and then dodged another.

“Fuck, man!” Monty grabbed at his own hair.

But Lexa only saw and heard it like a dream. The text in her phone was staring her in the face. Images of Clarke broken, flooding her head. What hadn’t they done? “The bastard,” she whispered quietly, under her breath.

“What did they say?” Raven demanded.
“I...” she what? Couldn’t do this? She squeezed her phone dangerously hard. She had to! For Clarke, no matter what they said. But the burning in her body suddenly got the better of her, “the sick fuck!” she swore. She started typing back fast as she could the demand again, ‘what did you do to her?’

“What did they say?” Raven demanded.

“Just watch the fucking computer, Reyes,” Lexa growled. She looked at the text she had written. The thought of getting details back turned her stomach even though she had just emptied it. But she knew how to get him to answer now. He wanted to brag. He wanted to hurt her. And she’d take it all just to get to Clarke. So taking a deep breath she added in four more words, “please, don’t say it…” just to be sure he took her bait. Lexa closed her eyes and hit send.

Her text went through connected to Raven’s computer, that she and Monty were both actively staring at, as the text went through on its way to whomever had Clarke somewhere close to here, “sent.” Lexa muttered out loud when the confirmation flashed onto her phone.

“Yeah, we saw...” Raven didn’t even look up. She was biting her thumbnail. Lexa struggled to not do the same. There was a series of beeps and then right as they were dashing down the road both Monty and Raven shouted at the same time, “turn west!” they jumped in their seats.

“You have her?” Lexa and Anya and Lincoln demanded at once.

“No,” Monty admitted, rubbing his hair back and sitting, “but she’s somewhere west…”

“Turn, Lincoln! Turn!” Lexa shoved the man sitting in the seat beside her.

“I have to wait for a road!” he said back. But one was coming up and when he sped around the corner and made the turn full speed onto the road, everyone in the van had to grab onto their seats as the van lifted into the air on one side and the wheels screeched. Monty jumped up again, “easy man!”

The van settled onto its tires and Lincoln just kept going, and hit the gas more as trees and empty road sped by on each side.

Lexa wiped at her face. She tried another text. But right as she sent and looked back at Raven she was already shaking her head, “that line is dead.” she muttered, “no good.”

“Fucker must have changed to another phone..” Anya said under her breath. She got a water out and started drinking it down, “again.”

“How many phones can a person have?” Octavia asked from the back.

“Doesn’t matter. We’re shit out of luck now unless they text again..” Raven swore, tossing herself backward her head hit the back of the seat, “fuck.”

“They will. I know it. They love to torture me,” Lexa sounded more confident about it then she felt. What if they didn’t? What if she had scared him off? Her mouth went dry at the thought as though she’d just run a weeks worth of laps at training. She grabbed a water too and gulped it down. When they found her, she was jumping out of this van. She wasn’t stopping. She’d run…

Her phone chimed again. Everyone jumped, even the van jerked a little when Lincoln glanced back. Everyone looked at it as Lexa did and as she read the name of the caller Raven was reading it off the computer screen, “that’s Mama G.”

“How do you know that?” Lexa growled. The phone rang again. Raven pointed at the screen. Lexa
asked, “it tells you everyone calling out and in?” Raven nodded.

“That’s fucking genius,” Anya decided. Raven nodded, “that’s me,” she kissed Anya’s cheek. Seeing it made Lexa’s heart sink miserably. She distracted herself by answering the phone.

“Ms. Griffin? Is there anything new?” she hated how desperate she sounded. She was also hopeful. That as twice in a day she got a call from Clarke’s mom. She didn’t care who found her first.

She just cared that someone did.

“Yeah, some stuff that Ontari said, gave Kane a new lead.”

“What do you mean?” Lexa’s ears perked up a little, and in the van everyone was staring at her.

Raven announced casually, “and her mom is still at the hospital. Easy to trace when someone’s not messing with you intentionally.” she snorted.

Anya rubbed her face thinking about the long hours the doctor was pulling, “that woman really needs to sleep?”

On the phone Abby paused and asked, “is someone there with you?”

Lexa glared at her friends, “yeah, Raven and Anya and some of their friends.”

Lincoln honked the horn at a driver who was changing lanes. Lexa grabbed her seat and swore, “fuck!”

“Easy on Cindy!” Monty roared.

“Cindy?” both Raven and Anya stared at him in disbelief and asked at the same time.

“Lexa!” Abby demanded over the same time.

“Sorry, Ms. Griffin,” she muttered.

“Where are you?” Abby asked next.

“Just …” she wanted to tell her so badly. That they had a good lead on Clarke. But she knew Abby would insist on involving the police and Lexa’s blood boiled just at the thought. No, she’d tell Abby the minute Clarke was safe in her arms, “out for a drive,” she choked out, “I couldn’t .I couldn’t sit home...” She swallowed, feeling the older woman’s silence and doubt and concern even through the line. Finally Lexa managed a few words, “did .did you have anything?”

“Yes, Marcus might actually have a new lead, with Mt. Weather. Ontari gave them information actually about a product called Red. She said that Clarke turned the offer down the day of her competition and at the same time, Mt. Weather also was Nia Queen’s sponsor… so they think, it might be a lead.”

“Revenge” Lexa filled in, “payback?” Oh god, she hoped not, not with the pictures she’d seen. Could Nia be that hateful. But she knew she could just from the way she acted at the competition that day. And Clarke had beaten her, “wait?” she asked suddenly, “what do you mean was? They aren’t her sponsor anymore?”

“When Clarke went missing and the officers started investigating, Nia’s name came up,” Abby spoke softly, “the label dropped her. But Lexa, listen. They reminded me, it may be nothing, and not related at all. But I just wanted you to know.”
“Oh…” Lexa blinked in surprise, but she was thinking about what might happen with Mt. Weather dropping Nia. Nia hated Clarke… she’d hate her even more now. Maybe enough to hurt her. Fuck. She was wanting to yell for Lincoln to pull Cindy over because she suddenly needed to throw up again-

“Hey,” Raven spoke up, “I’d hate to break this up, but…”

“I know, I know…” Lexa began.

“I can only drive west so long,” Lincoln stated.

“Well, then you turn and drive east!” Anya said back.

“We’re supposed to go west, that’s what Raven said!” Octavia fired back.

“Is everything okay?” Abby asked and Lexa cursed under her breath.

“Yeah, everything is fine. I have to go, I’m sorry,” Lexa felt bad not telling Abby exactly what they were up to, but thought it was best not to get her hopes yet.

“Just let me know if you find her, Lexa. Please. I just need to know, okay?” Abby pleaded and Lexa thought she heard a sniffle.

“I promise I will. Bye,” Lexa hung up the phone quickly hoping she didn’t lose the window of opportunity she had.”

“Check your phone, see if you have a text,” Raven requested and looked up at her.

Lexa shook her head because she didn’t see a message, but when she went to say something to Raven, a beep sounded and Lexa looked down to see a new text. She clicked it open and saw another picture, only this time it was Clarke’s face. She was wide awake, terror in her eyes and Lexa noticed a bruise on her cheek and marks on her throat. Lexa’s heart was in her throat seeing the fear in Clarke’s eyes, “Raven, do you have anything?”

“I’m working on it, I’m working on it,” Raven’s fingers flew across the keyboard.

“Work faster, we’re running out of time!” Lexa snapped and looked at the text accompany the picture, ‘I’m gonna enjoy fucking her’ Lexa’s grip would have snapped the phone if she didn’t realize how hard she squeezed, “Raven!”

“I know, I know!” Raven didn’t look up, but Lexa could see the determination on her face and saw Monty typing quickly as well, “Go north! We can narrow it down to a block or so!”

“Go North! Go North!” Lexa yelled at Lincoln who whipped the van onto the next street heading the right way.

“Keep going straight!” Raven demanded and kept an eye on her screen as she looked around.

“How much farther?” Octavia questioned.

“Rae, the closest you can get is only a block?” Lexa couldn’t help but ask even knowing it was more than they had before.

“Yes, I can’t pinpoint any closer than that with the way they keep changing phones and different IP addresses. We’re incredibly lucky we got this.”
“Rae’s right, this is a break and we were in the right place at the right time,” Monty chimed in.

“That’s okay babe, you’re doing fantastic,” Anya agreed and squeezed her shoulder. Lexa looked out the window as houses and streets passed them by sporadically.

“Turn right!” Ravne called out.

Lincoln did and drove down the road to the end where it veered off two ways.

“She’s somewhere around here from what we can tell!” Raven said.

“Linc, park!” Octavia screamed from the back and Lincoln pulled over on the side of the road and turned off the van.

“Now what?”

“We knock on doors until we find Clarke,” Lexa opened her door and jumped out followed by everyone else, Raven still holding onto the laptop, “We are not leaving here without Clarke.”

“Agreed, but we don’t split up because we have no idea who or what we’re dealing with,” Anya took Lexa by the arm, “Okay?”

Lexa weighed her options before nodding her head, “Fine, but I can’t make promises when we actually find her.”

“Fair enough,” Raven stepped forward before Anya could retort. Lexa shot her a grateful look.

“Where do we start?” Lincoln asked from where he was standing with his arm around Octavia.

“The first house we see and go from there,” Raven answered and pointed to the house behind them.

“Let’s go,” Lexa turned and started to run, but stopped when she remembered her agreement to sticking together, “Can we move faster?” She was bouncing on her feet and once they were closer, Lexa couldn’t resist once they were closer to sprint to the door and knock hard.

“Lex, easy.”

“I can’t be easy, they are hurting her, possibly right now and I’m not there to protect her, I haven’t protected her at all,” Lexa yelled right as the door opened and she whipped around to see a kid about five looking at her in fear. She bent down to his level, “I’m sorry if I scared you, but any chance your parents are home,” Lexa asked softly.

He shook his head right as a woman came up behind him and glared at her, “Can I help you all with something?”

“Yes, please,” Lexa stood up quickly and pulled out her phone to show a picture of Clarke, “Have you seen or heard anything about this woman?”

“She’s the girl that’s missing, but no I haven’t heard anything, why?” She seemed interested and stepped forward.

“Thank you for your time,” Lexa turned around defeated and looked at friends who looked as frustrated as she felt, “Let’s try the next house.”

“Where is the next house?” Monty asked looking around.
“It’s over there,” Lexa pointed down, “You can barely make out the chimney,” Lexa started to jog down, but turned around because she felt eyes on her to see the little boy waving at her with a sad smile, “I’m running whether or not you all keep up is not my problem,” Lexa knew she sounded rude, but her priority was Clarke. Luckily she heard the pounding of their feet behind her as she took off at a sprint.

It was a few minutes later before they came upon the next house with how fast she was running. She slowed to a stop at the driveway to let the others catch up. Once they did with Raven wheezing slightly and holding her laptop in a vice grip.

“Damn, Woods, we’re aren’t all in as good of shape as you,” Monty smacked her back.

“Sorry,” Lexa shrugged her shoulders and made her way to the front door. She knocked a couple times and the door swung open immediately to reveal a woman in her thirties, “Is everything okay?” She questioned.

Lexa looked around at everyone and could see why the lady was concerned, they were all sweaty and covered in dust and probably looked quite the sight, “We are okay, but my girlfriend isn’t,” The woman’s eyes went wide, “She’s missing,” Lexa said quickly, “Have you heard anything by chance?” She showed the flyer she had stuffed in her pocket.

“She’s the surfer,” The woman shook her head sadly, “I haven’t seen her, but I did hear screaming last night, but I didn’t think anything of it,” She sighed, “It’s not unusual up here, so…”

“Which way did it come from?” Lexa stepped closer, “Please, which way?” Lexa knew she looked frantic, but time was running out.

“That way!” She pointed south and Lexa didn’t say anything else, but took off running through the trees and heard the rest crashing through them as well.

“Lexa, stop!” Lincoln called out and Lexa heard him getting closer. She sped up, but he still caught her around the middle, “You need to think,” Lincoln said into her ear as he breathed heavily.

“I need to get to Clarke!” Lexa struggled in his hold, but Lincoln only held her tighter, “Let me go!”

“No.” The others caught up and once they did, only than did Lincoln release her.

“You can’t go running in somewhere half cocked,” Anya looked her straight in the eyes.

“I know, but I need to find her!” Lexa saw the house ahead surrounded by chain link fence and the car in the driveway, but Octavia’s gasp had everyone’s attention turning towards her, “What is it?”

“That can’t be,” Octavia’s mouth dropped open and she moved closer, Lexa assumed to get a better look, “That’s Bellamy’s car.”

“Are you sure?” Lincoln asked.

“I know my brother’s car. I was just in it a few hours ago. He’s had that car since high school,” Octavia shook her head like she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

“It’s his, O’s right,” gasping for breath with her hands on her knees and the computer now in Anya’s grip Raven panted, “maybe he found her first?”

“Hey! Maybe!” Octavia beamed. But Lexa didn’t want him to have anything to do with Clarke. She shoved at Lincoln, “let me go!” she roared.
“Lexa, its okay!” Raven tried, “he’s a friend, If he’s got her-”

“I said let me go!” Lexa shoved Lincoln off of her as hard as she could and struggled to her feet and took off toward the fenced house.

“Lexa!” a chorus of voices shouted as they all started to run after her.

But all she kept seeing, was that last picture of Clarke’s terrified blue eyes. All she kept thinking was the words to the last text.

“He’s my brother!” Octavia shouted somewhere behind her.

But Lexa didn’t care. She just kept screaming Clarke’s name until her body slammed into the locked gate right as the screaming from inside the house began to start.

It was Clarke.

Her heart dropped in her chest as she climbed the gate and leapt over it. Panic set in the closer she got to the house fearing she would be too late.

Behind her, Octavia was swearing in confusion and she could faintly hear Raven trying to pick the lock, “that’s Clarke!” she was shouting. When Lexa chanced a glance back tears were pouring down Raven’s face, “and I can’t get this fucking open! Run, Lexa!”

“Call the police! Call Abby!” Lexa shouted and slammed her whole body against the door. It didn't budge. She kicked it, “let me in!” she shouted, “fucking,” she kicked it again and slammed against it, “let me in!” Clarke’s screaming was frantic now and was breaking her heart. Fuck, fuck, fuck… there were bars on the windows so she couldn’t break one open. Lexa felt dizzy and sick and she was right here...so close to Clarke. Lexa felt herself turning in circles trying to find what to do then Lincoln was there. They looked at each other and nodded.

Together they backed up and ran forward and kicked the door hard as they could. It gave with a boom that rattled through the house as it hit the inside wall. Lexa burst through the splintered wood and looked around for Clarke. She didn’t see her, but heard her piercing scream and bolted to the left with Lincoln on her heels.

She skidded to a stop when she saw Clarke on the bed trying to fight him off. He was on top of her and Clarke was tied to the bed, but Lexa saw Clarke still struggling with everything she had. She ran forward and shoved him hard where he landed on the floor with a thump, “Clarke!” Lexa sunk to her knees on the side of the bed closest to her, “Baby, I’m here!”

Tear filled blue eyes locked with hers, but Lexa could see something wasn’t right. What the hell did he do to her?

The unmistakable click of the gun had Lexa looking up when she felt it pressed to the back of her head. Lexa stood up and turned to look directly into Bellamy’s eyes. They were nothing like they were earlier. His eyes were black with rage, “Looks like you’ll have to die,” He kept the gun pointed at her head and Lexa maneuvered her body to shield Clarke the best she could. Lexa met his crazy eyes with a glare when she saw his pants unbuttoned and belt undone. Rage filled her at the thought of what almost happened had she not gotten there.

She would kill him.

“Put the fucking gun down, Bell!” Octavia came through the door and leveled him with a look, Lincoln held her back where he stood frozen at the door since they entered.
“You shouldn’t be here,” Bellamy said without taking his eyes off of her.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Octavia had tears streaming down her face as she looked between her brother and best friend.

“Lexa,” Clarke whimpered and Lexa’s eyes darted down to Clarke. She went to touch her, but Bellamy waved the gun again.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Bellamy threatened.

“What, too scared to face me without a gun? Are you that much of a pussy?” Lexa taunted and saw his jaw clench. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Raven and Anya standing just outside the door.

“I could kill you with my bare hands,” Bellamy squeezed his eyes shut and opened them again. Lexa saw sweat drip down his face.

“Prove it,” Lexa scoffed when he didn’t move, “I knew you didn’t have it in you,” Lexa shrugged her shoulders. The only thing that mattered was keeping Clarke away from him.

The gun lowered slightly and Lexa charged taking Bellamy by surprise. She heard shouts behind her, but didn’t care. She tackled him to the ground, the gun flying free from his grasp. She drew back and punched him in the face. He struggled and got a couple hits to her side making her gasp in pain, but she just punched him again and felt the crunch of his nose breaking beneath her fist.

“You bitch!” He cried as blood spurted from his nose. She just hit him again, over and over. Blood sprayed her clothes and face, but none of it mattered. He deserved every punch, she would kill him. Rage bubbled up and as she continued to pummel him. His head hitting the floor after each and every punch.

“This is for Clarke!” She cried and raised her fists again.

“Beat his ass Lex!”

“Fucker!”

“I can’t believe it was you!” Octavia was sobbing.

Lexa vaguely heard the shouts, so completely focused on the guy beneath her. She punched him again, but when she raised her fist again, a hand grabbed her arm.

“Enough, Lex, you can’t kill him!” Anya pulled her off of him and Lexa struggled to get back to him, “He’s unconscious!” Lexa stopped moving and dropped her hands, “Raven called the cops.”

Lexa just nodded and turned around. She briefly glanced down at her bloody and bruised hands. She looked at Clarke curled in a fetal position and her heart broke all over again. She saw the cuffs and went over to Bellamy and dug through his pocket and found the key, but not without giving him a swift kick to the balls.

Clarke whimpered again and Lexa rushed to her side and gently uncuffed her hands, tears filling her eyes. She gently picked her up and cradled her to her chest and carried her straight outside. She took stock of her injuries, but knew there was more she couldn’t see. Clarke cried out and Lexa did her best to reassure her, “You’re safe, it’s me, Lexa. I love you, I love you so much. You’re safe now,” Lexa kissed her head and kept repeating the same thing over and over again in an effort to keep Clarke calm as the ambulance pulled up outside.
She didn’t release Clarke to them until she got confirmation that she could ride with them. Lexa didn’t care if it was against the rules or not. All that mattered was being there for Clarke. She climbed in the back with Clarke and held her good hand in hers as the doors shut with their friends standing there watching them go.

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Clarke shot up in the bed and looked around, “Lexa!” She cried out, but thinking she was still locked in that house with Bellamy, knew Lexa wasn’t there. She felt a weight on her arm and dreaded what she would find, but when her eyes met green, tears spilled down her cheeks, “Lex?” She questioned in a small voice, not willing to believe what she was seeing, thinking maybe it was a hallucination from the drugs.

“I’m here, love. I’m here,” Lexa leaned forward and pressed their foreheads together and Clarke could smell her and wanted to believe so badly that Lexa was really there, “I love you. You’re safe, baby. You’re safe.”

“Am I dreaming?” Clarke asked hesitantly and looked around to see she wasn’t in the same room as before, but a room in a hospital, “Are you real?”

“Yes,” Lexa pressed their lips together softly and Clarke hummed into the kiss, “I promise, this is real. Touch me, love. Feel me, I’m real and right here with you. I’m not going anywhere.”

With that, Clarke broke and started sobbing. She felt Lexa gather her into her arms and rock her softly humming a melody, “Lex…” her voice broke and she gripped onto Lexa’s shirt with her good hand and held on tight, “I love you…I love you…I love you…”

“Shhh baby, I’m here, I love you too,” Lexa whispered and kissed her hair, “You’re safe now.”

Clarke buried her face in Lexa’s chest and let Lexa’s love wash over her and did her best to forget everything else for the moment.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Hope you all are good. Sorry for the wait. Buying and fixing up a house on top of work and spending time with my wife. I've had no time to write.

Also this is fiction, I'm not expert at some of this stuff.

Thank you to my awesome friend adistantstar for helping me. She's been a great sounding board and more. Check out her stuff!

Hope you enjoy this chapter. I've had similar experience so just keep that in mind. T

Thanks :)

The hospital room looked eerily similar to the one she was in a few days ago. Was it really only a few days? It felt like a lifetime ago with everything that had happened since. The monitors beeped steadily beside her, only this time she wasn’t hooked up, Clarke was. It smelled sterile, the smell that only hospitals seemed to have. Stale air, and with the walls painted a bland, neutral color didn’t help matters. There were multiple vibrant, colorful pictures throughout the hospital in an order to make the place less depressing. Especially the ones in this room.

It failed miserably.

Lexa shifted a moment disoriented at the feel of unfamiliar, scratchy sheets before her eyes snapped open to see Clarke sleeping in bed next to her. Lexa let out a breath she didn’t realize she was holding because this was real and not another dream.

Clarke was safe.

She had attempted to move from Clarke’s grasp in the middle of the night when the nurse came in to check on her, but had stayed put when Clarke’s eyes had snapped open in terror and her heart monitor spiked like crazy when Lexa had tried to pry Clarke’s hand from her shirt.
It had taken a while for Lexa to calm her down and reassure her that she was safe. Clarke fell asleep with tears staining her cheeks and a death grip on Lexa’s shirt. She leaned over and brushed her lips across Clarke’s bruised cheek and stroked her finger down her left arm to the cast on her hand. She couldn’t imagine what Clarke had gone through. Her heart clenched in her chest at the thought of her girl enduring pain and torture.

She blamed herself for not protecting her, for not being there, for not stopping any of this from happening before it came to this.

Tears gathered in her eyes as she looked down the rest of Clarke’s body covered by a scratchy blanket and unflattering gown, but it could never detract from Clarke’s beauty. Both inside and out. Lexa knew underneath all that there were more bruises, cuts and another cast on her ankle and foot. It was necessary after surgery to repair it. Lexa clenched her fists and took a few calming breaths before she got too worked up. She was doing her absolute best not to wake up Clarke because Clarke didn’t need to be burdened with what she was dealing with. At least not yet. Clarke needed her rest and Lexa would be damned if anything deterred that from happening.

Lexa would do whatever it took to help Clarke heal both physically and mentally.

The door opened slightly and a head peeked in. Lexa looked up and met the worry filled eyes of Clarke’s mom, Abby. Lexa held a finger to her lips and tried to untangle herself, but even in sleep Clarke refused to let go.

She was okay with that if it’s what Clarke needed to feel safe.

“It’s okay. She needs her rest.” Abby whispered stepping quietly inside and shutting the door, “how is she?”

“She’s okay, I think. She’s only woken up twice, but not for long. I…” More tears spilled down her cheeks and she quickly brushed them away, “I’m so…”

Abby strode forward and took her free hand and held it to her chest, “You have nothing to be sorry for, Lexa. She’s here and she’s safe. That’s what matters. You found her, Lexa. Thank you.”

Her eyes widened in disbelief and the tears came faster. She didn’t expect gratitude. She expected anger for letting her get taken, for not telling Abby when they had been close to finding her, and for so many other things, but instead Abby was comforting her.

“But I…” Lexa choked up.

“No ‘buts’ sweetheart.” Abby shushed her and stroked her hair, “it’s going to be okay. You two will get through this together. I just know it.” she pressed a kiss to her head surprising Lexa even more before making her way around the bed to Clarke.

“But...how?” Lexa leaned into Abby’s touch, missing the comfort of a parent that she never truly had.

“Call it a mother’s intuition,” Abby smiled and gently squeezed her hand that wasn’t wrapped around Clarke, “How are you?” She indicated towards her hand and Lexa felt her eyes tear up again at the concern she heard in Abby’s voice. It meant a lot that Abby was checking up on her even though her daughter was the one in the hospital bed.

“It hurts, but I’m okay,” Lexa’s eyes drifted down to Clarke again and her heart lurched in her chest. She’d felt so helpless since Clarke was taken, but now Clarke was safe, but Lexa couldn’t stop feeling helpless.
This was all her fault.

“I’m here for you too, Lexa. I just want you to know that,” Abby looked her up and down and Lexa knew she was looking her over to see if she was truly okay. Lexa didn’t tell her what hurt the most wasn’t her injuries, it was Clarke being hurt and she did nothing to stop it. “Thank you, Abby.”

She nodded, letting Abby talk because she obviously needed to. Lexa had no idea what to say, so she chose just to listen and hoped it was the right call. She knew Abby felt guilty and that was one thing she understood well. The guilt. Lexa watched Abby lean down and press a kiss to her forehead and push Clarke’s hair behind her ear. Looking away for a second, Lexa pretended not to see the tears streaming down Abby’s cheeks, “I love you. I’m so sorry I wasn’t there.”

“Mom...” Clarke’s voice was groggy and her eyes weren’t open, but hearing Clarke’s voice again was music to her ears when it wasn’t her name screamed in terror.

“I’m here baby, I’m right here,” Abby yanked the other chair over and sat down in it, “can you open your eyes for me?”

Lexa watched Clarke’s eyes flutter open as she took in her surroundings, a hint of fear present in her eyes. She wished she could take it all away.

“Lexa?” Clarke questioned lifting her head slightly and she was finally able to look at her favorite shade of blue.

“I’m right here babe. Do you know where you are?” Lexa asked gently running her hands up and down her back, but when she felt Clarke stiffen, she removed her hands. Even though it hurt her not being able to touch her girlfriend, Lexa knew she’d let Clarke set the pace.

Clarke shook her head.

“That’s okay. You’re on a lot of pain medicine and the drugs are still in your system. You’re in the hospital,” Abby responded gently, but Clarke kept shaking her head like she didn’t believe it.

“This isn’t real…” The bed moved slightly as Clarke rolled off of Lexa’s chest and onto her back wincing in pain, “he still has me...this isn’t real. I’m...I’m...” She broke down in tears and all Lexa wanted to do was scoop her up and take away her pain, but there was nothing she could do or say that would make this better. Lexa knew though she had to try, “He’s here...he...he...don’t let him get me…”

“You’re safe, love. Shh...it’s alright. This is real, I promise. Take my hand,” She waited patiently for Clarke to clasp their hands together. Once she did, Lexa squeezed her good hand rooting them in place together, “You feel that?” Clarke nodded, “See...I’m real baby. I’m real.”

“You’re safe, love. Shh...it’s alright. This is real, I promise. Take my hand,” She waited patiently for Clarke to clasp their hands together. Once she did, Lexa squeezed her good hand rooting them in place together, “You feel that?” Clarke nodded, “See...I’m real baby. I’m real.”

“Are you sure?” Lexa nodded, “But how?” Clarke rasped. Lexa leaned over and grabbed a cup of water with a straw and held it to Clarke’s chapped lips, who sucked it down slowly and pressed a hand to her throat marred by angry bruises courtesy of Bellamy. Lexa took a deep breath because Clarke asking again meant she didn’t remember anything that happened yesterday when she woke up and Lexa held her.

Just his name had her blood boiling and she wished she’d pummeled him more than she did and had to swallow hard a second lost for words even if they were the same ones she’d been saying over and over again. She froze when Clarke’s terror filled eyes locked with hers and just shook her head.

“Lexa found you and rescued you.” Abby spoke up and locked eyes with her with a smile, “She didn’t rest until she found you, Clarke. None of us did. I’m so happy you’re safe, I was so worried,”
Abby reached for her, but Clarke recoiled back from her and Abby’s eyes watered as she pulled back.

“Bell..” his name came out in a gasp filled with so much fear, Lexa’s eyes filled with tears again.

“He’s in jail sweetheart.” Abby promised, “And that’s where he’ll stay if I have anything to say about it, and I do.”

“Is that true, Lex?” Clarke looked up at her hopefully. Lexa nodded and hoped that piece of information would give Clarke at least some piece of mind and that she would remember it this time.

She could hope.

“After I beat the shit out of him,” Lexa admitted and sent a glance at Abby, “sorry Abby.”

“No need,” Abby growled, “that little fucker got what he deserved. I can’t believe he would do this. He’s not the boy I thought he was.” Abby looked away with a sigh and wiped her face quickly. Lexa had never heard Abby sound like that. Granted she didn’t know her that well, but the anger in her voice surprised her, “He will get what he deserves, I’ll make sure of it.”

“You saved me? You really beat him?” Lexa nodded again.

“Yes, I did and would do it again in an instant. I would do anything for you, Clarke,” Lexa squeezed Clarke’s hand that she was still holding, “He deserved every single punch and so much more. I…” She shook her head, not wanting to scare Clarke with how close she came to actually killing him. She could be facing charges. But really, she didn’t care.

Clarke took a moment to answer and Lexa saw her swallow thickly, “He deserved it,” Clarke took a deep breath, “so that means I’m safe?” Clarke clutched to Lexa’s shirt and tears streamed down her face, “Really?” Her voice broke on the last word along with Lexa’s heart.

Lexa gently wiped them away and tried not to let the hurt show when Clarke flinched before she relaxed, “yes, you’re safe. I promise,” she would repeat herself for as long as it took. She tried not to think about the worst possible scenario, that Clarke might suffer from some permanent memory trouble among other side effects such as hallucinations as a result of the dangerously high doses of Red, Bellamy had kept pumping through her blood, “I won’t let anything else bad happen to you, Clarke.”

“You promise?” Clarke’s voice shook asking her, but than shook her head, “Sorry...that isn’t fair...right?”

“I promise I’ll do everything in my power, love. I can promise you that,” Lexa vowed and couldn’t help but think there were more side effects than even she realized from this drug. Abby had told her that was the worst prognosis, but Abby expected a full recovery and didn’t see any reason why Clarke wouldn’t pull through. Lexa put all her hopes into that. She had to. It was still hard to see, when Clarke kept forgetting the comforting things they were telling her; and her brain had locked on to all the terrible memories of the ordeal. It just wasn’t fair. “I promise baby. I’m...I’m...nevermind,” Lexa shook her head. Her girl was still out of it and now wasn’t the time to talk about it. She just pressed another kiss to her forehead and ignored the ache in her chest that when Clarke flinched. She hated that Clarke now seemed scared of her.

She understood why, but it still hurt.

Clarke nodded, “Thank you,” Lexa watched her eyes dropped shut before soft little snores escaped from between her half parted lips, one hand fist in Lexa’s shirt and Clarke’s fingers of her casted...
hand intertwined with hers.

Lexa watched her sleep for a moment, but felt Abby’s eyes on her and looked up.

“If you need a break, I can watch her,” Abby suggested, but Lexa shook her head vehemently, “She’s safe with me, Lexa.”

“I know she is, but I’m good,” Lexa didn’t want to let Clarke out of her sight. She did that once and she lost Clarke...that couldn’t happen again.

“She’s gonna be okay,” Abby gently insisted, “it’s just gonna take time. More than you may think. Clarke is going to need a lot of help and I just want you to be aware. Clarke is going to need all of us even if she pushes you away, which she might, just remember she loves you.”

“I’m not going anywhere. I’ll help however I can. I know this will be hard, but I’d endure a thousand cuts if I have to in order to help her,” Lexa swore, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“You need to eat, shower, and change. You have blood on your shirt and Clarke wouldn’t want you to not to take care of...” Abby started to say, but Lexa cut her off.

“I’m not going anywhere.” Lexa firmly repeated, “Anya will bring me some clothes and I can shower here, but I’m not leaving this hospital until Clarke does,” Her tone had more bite than she meant to, but there wasn’t a chance in hell she was leaving unless Clarke asked her to, but even then she would camp outside her door if she had to.

It didn’t matter how long it took. Lexa wasn’t leaving Clarke’s side.

“What about classes, football, and whatever else you have going on?” Abby tried to reason with her, but Lexa was dead set against it and shook her head again.

“Nothing else matters except Clarke,” Lexa looked down at her beautiful face marred by bruises and cuts. She could feel Abby’s eyes on her again, but this time didn’t look up.

“How about I got get you some food, then? I speak from experience that the food here is crap. I’ll get Clarke’s favorite and sneak it in, so when she wakes up, hopefully she’ll eat,” Abby smiled warmly and stood. She kissed her head first than Clarke’s.

“Pizza works, but umm can you get salad too, please?” Abby nodded with another smile. “Okay, thank you, Abby,” Lexa’s eyes closed as she snuggled closer to Clarke, but barely touched her. Clarke hadn’t let go of her, so she hoped it didn’t freak Clarke out, but Lexa couldn’t help but bury her face in Clarke’s hair and breath in deeply. It was the closest she could get at the moment, but Lexa would take it over not having her near at all.

Lexa did her best to focus on that and was fast asleep before Abby even left the room.

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The bed was unfamiliar beneath her as whispers were heard around the room and the smell of pizza wafted through the air. Clarke licked her chapped lips and tried to swallow, but her throat was too dry. She blinked her eyes open as she took in the room and the monitors around her. Her heart beat rapidly in her chest as memories flooded through her mind and she looked to see Lexa sleeping peacefully right beside her.

Clarke immediately relaxed knowing Lexa was right next to her. She stared at Lexa with her mouth partially open, a peaceful look on her face and Lexa’s hand was clasped with hers. She knew that
meant she was finally safe and away from him.

“Clarke,” a voice she vaguely recognized said beside her and a face swam into view. She blinked her eyes a couple more times until the faces of Raven and then Octavia came closer.

“Shh, you’re gonna wake her up.” Octavia slapped her shoulder.

“I saw her eyes open, O, back off...geez...” Raven fired back.

A small smile graced her lips, “stop bickering.” Clarke scolded. Her head was throbbing along with the rest of her body.

“Clarke,” Raven exclaimed and Octavia shushed her as Clarke squinted her eyes at the light, it was too bright, “how are you? Thank god you’re okay.”

“Mmm, what?” Clarke answered groggily, it hurt to talk. She went to sit up, but her whole body hurt, “what happened? Where am I?”

“You’re in the hospital,” Raven answered gently, pulling her chair closer to the bed, “We found you and got you out of there.”

“Where’s everybody?” Clarke frantically searched the room until her eyes settled on Lexa and she slowly felt her heartbeat return to normal. She cleared her throat, “Who else is here?”

“Lincoln and Anya are over there,” Octavia pointed beside her. Instead of turning, Clarke nodded, “and your mom dropped off pizza. She’s been in and out since you were brought in.

“She’ll be back soon, I’m sure.” Raven added, “You’ve been out for over a day, Clarke. We were so worried.”

“So this is real?” Clarke asked, unable to believe it, “I’m not imagining it.”

“Yes, yes it’s real,” Octavia dropped to her knees, tears running down her face, “I’m so so sorry, Clarke. I didn’t…I wouldn’t…I’m sorry...” she choked up and Clarke saw Raven put a hand on her shoulder.

Clarke felt the bed shift and felt a tentative hand on her arm. She froze, Bellamy’s face flashing through her mind before she recognized the touch and her voice.

“Now is not the time,” Lexa warned, and Clarke could hear the threat in her tone.

“But…” Octavia went to argue, but Clarke saw her deflate when Raven put a hand up as well.

“No...” Lexa shook her head, leaning over her. Clarke flinched when Lexa moved closer and the next she felt the bed move when Lexa jumped up. Out of the corner of her eye, Clarke saw Octavia and Raven move back as well, both eyeing her wearily. Raven stood in her line of sight, but she saw Octavia move even farther away before she disappeared completely.

She felt an urge to talk to her, but she couldn’t think clearly and tried to focus back on Lexa.

“I’m sorry, baby, I’m sorry,” Lexa held her hands up and came back into her line of sight.

“Its okay,” Clarke rolled over, wincing in pain. “I know its you...I do... I just…”Clarke shook her head slightly to clear up the fuzziness.

“You don’t have to explain, love,” Lexa slowly reached out and Clarke held open her good hand to
let Lexa know she wanted her closer. Lexa got the hint and sat on the edge of the bed. Clarke reached up and caressed Lexa’s face, watching Lexa’s eyes close and lean into her touch, “it’s just me. I won’t go anywhere. I promise.”

Clarke nodded, the words she felt like she heard Lexa say before, but wasn’t sure, “I know. You are. Thank you.” she swallowed thickly, her eyes tearing up as she looked at her girlfriend. Lexa looked exhausted, hair coming out of her braids, bags under her eyes and splint on her hand. Taking a moment just to look at her, Clarke was so thankful to be safe now and back with Lexa and everyone else.

“Anything for you, Clarke.” Lexa asked running her thumb back and forth over her knuckles, “Are you hungry?”

“I could eat,” her stomach rumbled on cue. A half smile quirked adorably on Lexa’s lips, which had Clarke returning a small smile too before she knew she was doing it. Lexa reached over and got her a slice of pizza. Ignoring the gazes of everyone else in the room, she locked eyes with Lexa, “I love you.” she couldn’t imagine what Lexa had been through. Somewhere, in the still fuzzier parts of her head, she thought she remembered hearing Lexa had been in the hospital. Clarke took a few a bites of her pizza, savoring the taste of something solid. She couldn’t remember the last time she ate.

“I love you too,” Lexa rushed out. Her eyes filled with hope, “can I kiss you?” her lips had parted a little and she was holding her breath, “please…”

Clarke licked her lips, she had missed Lexa terribly, but Bellamy’s flashed through her mind and she jerked back out of reflex, the memory of Bellamy trying to kiss her fresh in her mind. Clarke felt her heart drop at the look on Lexa’s face. Lexa had adopted her mask she wore on the field, but Clarke could still see the hurt in her eyes.

Clarke swallowed despite her throat being so dry. The last thing she wanted to do was hurt Lexa.

“I’m sorry, Lex, I…didn’t…I…” Clarke started to say, but Lexa shook her head sadly.

“It’s okay, Clarke,” Lexa replied with a smile that didn’t quite meet her eyes. Clarke knew she’d upset her girlfriend and so did everyone else. The room went quiet and she could feel the worried eyes of their friends on them. All of the sudden she felt overwhelmed by the attention. Her heart started beating faster and it was becoming harder and harder to breathe.

“Clarke,” Lexa sounded panicked, “baby!” She jumped, her hands flailing around as Clarke struggled to pull air in.

Clarke’s hands went to her throat as she tried to talk and her vision went blurry. She was vaguely aware of the machines going off around her like crazy and everyone scrambling in close. Multiple faces stared down at her and she closed her eyes to try and block them out.

It was too much...too fast.

Lexa pushed through them, “all of you, get the fuck back!” she snarled. Clarke scrambled a hand against her chest as she fought for each breath she took. Everyone jumped back.

“Breathe, baby, breathe,” Lexa said soothingly, “listen to my voice, love. Take nice, slow, easy breaths.”

“I’m getting a nurse,” Anya hissed lowly and stomped towards the door.

“Can’t you tell we’re making it worse,” Raven’s voice trembled as she spoke.
“This is all my fault,” Octavia groaned putting her head in her hands.

“Is she going to be okay?” Lincoln asked softly.

“Let’s leave them alone right now.” Raven suggested and opened the door.

“Us being here is doing more harm than good.” Lincoln agreed and gestured for them all to leave as quietly as possible.

Aware of everyone leaving, Clarke scrambled and tried to grab Lexa, “don’t, don’t leave me!”

“I’m not, I’m not leaving, Clarke, I’m right here,” Lexa sounded pained. Warm fingers held onto hers, but Clarke heaved for air anyway.

“Don’t...don’t...please...don’t...”

“Clarke, Clarke, I’m not leaving you,” Lexa soothed and Clarke felt her panic start to slip away as Lexa gently got her back down onto the bed, “listen to me, Clarke. Deep breaths.”

Clarke did her best to focus on Lexa’s soft, gentle tone, and her fingers running gently through her hair. She sucked in a deep breath like Lexa asked, but her chest was tight and her lungs felt like they were going to explode.

“That’s my girl,” Lexa cooed, “’C’mon babe, you got this. Follow my breathing, can you do that for me, Clarke? List three things you hear?”

“Umm..I hear monitors beeping...you...breathing...and...ummm talking in the hall...” She gasped out.

“That is great, love,” Lexa squeezed her hand lightly, “Now how about three things you smell?”

“You’re shampoo...vanilla and...bleach...,” Clarke wrinkled her nose as she continued trying to catch her breath and focus on Lexa. She continued trying to take even breaths.

“I’m so proud of you,” Lexa’s voice sounded farther away, but Lexa’s hand was still in hers, “Now what do you feel?”

“Your soft skin....itchy gown and my...my heart beating too fast…” She took a couple more breaths following Lexa and could finally feel her heart rate slowing down. Her eyes tried to close, but she fought to keep them open.

Lexa’s hand gripped hers, “its okay…it’s okay my love,” She ran her thumb over her knuckles and it helped relax Clarke further.

“Lex.. Lexa...don’t let him...don’t...please...Lex...” Clarke fought to stay awake. She reached for her girlfriend with her other hand, but it was wrapped in a cast. Tears of helplessness sprang to Clarke’s eyes and started rolling down her face, “he...he...”

“Shh.. just sleep...you’re safe here, I won’t let anything happen...sleep love. I got you,” Lexa leaned in, Clarke felt her hesitate and leaned into her and sighed when she felt Lexa kiss her gently on her forehead. Sobbing softly, Clarke kept a death grip on her hand. She dropped into sleep without meaning to, with the feel of Lexa’s lips pressed against her head.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, Lexa dropped back into the chair beside the bed. Not taking her hand from Clarke’s, she ran her other hand down her face ignoring her brace. Clarke’s panic attack and wrenching sobs tore at her heart, “I’ll kill him.” Lexa muttered, “I’m going to fucking murder...
that son of a bitch.” She stared at her vulnerable girl laying in the bed.

Lexa leaned back up, unable to bear being even that far away from Clarke. Lexa put her head down on their conjoined hands and let her tears fall, soaking the bed, but she couldn’t stop. There was absolutely nothing she could do for Clarke except be there for her. She knew that, but she wanted to do more. Before she realized it, she dozed off to the sound of Clarke’s breathing, the days of not sleeping catching up to her.

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The sunlight was shining in through the window the next morning as Lexa watched Clarke blink her eyes open and squint at the light. Lexa smiled because it was almost normal seeing Clarke do that when she overslept and missed her morning surf. It rarely happened, but a sleepy Clarke was an adorable one.

“Good morning, love,” Lexa whispered not wanting to startle her, “How are you feeling?”

Clarke shrugged her shoulders and furrowed her brows as she looked around. Lexa held her breath, “I’m okay I think. A little better.” She licked her lips and Lexa took a glass of water and held it to her lips, releasing Clarke’s hand.

“That’s good. I’m relieved to hear that,” Lexa smiled slightly as Clarke gulped down the water before shaking her head. Lexa took it back and set it down. She glanced at her phone next to her and was surprised to see it was almost eleven in the morning. Lexa hadn’t noticed, too busy staring at Clarke to make sure she was okay after her nightmares last night.

A knock on the door sounded and Lexa called out, “Yes?” She felt Clarke reach for hand again and Lexa quickly laced their fingers together.

“Hey, are you up for visitors, Clarke?” Anya asked gently looking at Clarke and than Lexa. She looked exhausted.

Lexa smiled knowing that Anya most likely stayed outside the door all night to watch over them and the love she felt for her best friend, her sister overwhelmed her. She knew though that if Anya stayed, Raven stayed as well and Lexa smiled knowing Clarke had a best friend like that. She wondered if Octavia and Lincoln were out there as well, but had a feeling they weren’t.

Afterall, she did snap at Octavia yesterday and saw the guilt swimming in her eyes.

“Yeah, Clarke, you up for it?” Raven popped up behind her, “There are a few people wanting to see you.”

Clarke nodded and tried to sit up, but looked at Lexa, “Can you help me?”

“Yes,” Lexa stood up and waited for Clarke’s nod before putting her hands under her arms and lifting her up, putting a pillow behind her back and raised the bed so she was sitting upright.

“Thank you, “Clarke locked eyes with Lexa before turning to the door, “Okay, I’m ready.”

The door was shoved open with Fox, Monroe and Niylah piling into the room, pushing each other to get to the bed first. Before they got to close, Lexa held up a hand halting them in their steps.

“Do not touch her, do not scare her, do not overwhelm her,” Lexa threatened, “No loud noises, no fast movements. Do not go out of her sight. Is that clear?”

“Lex,” Clarke squeezed her hand, “I’m okay, just stay, okay?”
“Yes, love,” Lexa shot one last withering look at them, but especially at Niylah who held a bouquet of red roses in her hand.

Niylah shrunk back at the look. She looked at the roses, “I uh…” she looked around the room.

“Yes?” Lexa asked sternly, folding her arms to wait for whatever Niylah would spit out. Get well cards and flowers were not an issue, the room already had a ton sitting around the room. The issue was that Niylah had made her intentions clear before.

“These are from all of us,” Niylah said softly and looked at the others who shook their heads.

“No,” Fox spoke up and held up a card, “this is from all of us,” Fox approached the bed and Lexa watched her like a hawk, but all she did was hand the card to Clarke and stepped back.

“Yeah, everyone signed it, Clarke. We all hope you feel better soon. Well except for Nia, but I’m sure you figured that,” Monroe smiled sheepishly, “We were really happy to hear you were found.”

“I was barely able to sleep until they found you, Clarke…” Niylah came forward, bypassing Lexa and holding the roses out. Lexa growled, but Clarke’s hand on her arm stopped her from throwing her out.

“Thank you,” Clarke mumbled taking the flowers and the cards, “That was sweet of you all,” Lexa felt Clarke looking at her and did her best to reassure her everything was okay.

“You’re welcome. We were really worried,” Fox mumbled and stepped closer, but Lexa was pleased to see she still kept a good distance away from Clarke.

“As you can see I’ll be okay,” Clarke looked down and fiddled with the blanket and Lexa wanted to take her hand again, but they were full with the stupid roses, “Eventually.”

“That’s great,” Monroe came forward, “Does that mean you can come back to surfing soon?”

“I hope to, but it’s going to be awhile until I heal and all,” Clarke looked at them and Lexa could see the pain she was trying to hide.

Niylah eagerly leaned in, “If you need any help at all, Clarke, I’m more than happy to help,” Lexa saw her hand reach out and Lexa was about to say something when she pulled her hand back, “Just let me know and I’ll be there.”

“That’s kind of you to offer, thank you, but I have Lexa,” Clarke said firmly and Lexa was pleased to see Niylah deflate and take a defeated step back.

“Really though, if you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask us,” Fox smiled gently, “We’re here for you too,” The others nodded.

“Thank you, Fox. I’ll keep that in mind,” Clarke yawned and Lexa knew she was getting tired. This was a lot for her at the moment.

Lexa stood back up, “Thank you all for coming, I know it meant a lot to Clarke,” She looked down at Clarke fondly, “I’m sorry to have to do this, but I’m going to have to cut this visit short,” She looked at Niylah pointedly, “My girlfriend needs her rest,” She looked back and saw Clarke nod tiredly.

“No problem, dude,” Monroe nodded, “We’ll head out.”
“Thank you for coming,” Clarke waved with the flowers in her hand, “I appreciate it.”

“Anytime, Clarke. Just get better, we need you back out on the water. It’s not the same without you,” Fox waved back and headed to the door.

Niylah lingered and looked at Clarke wistfully, “Just get better, C. That’s all that matters to me...to us,” Lexa shot her a glare, “I’ll come see you again soon,” She blew her a kiss and escaped the room with a wave over her shoulder. Lexa watched her back retreating with a scowl. Everyone else filed out behind her.


“I’m sorry, love. How can I help you?” Lexa turned back to her girlfriend and took the roses she was trying to hand to her.

“Can you have Rae take those to the cancer wing or somewhere. I don’t need them,” She pushed the roses harder into her hands followed by the card, “They need them more.”

Lexa’s heart was bursting at the seam with love and pride for her girlfriend, “Absolutely, love. Rae?” She called out and waited for the door to open.

“You hollered, Woods?” Raven questioned, “Everything good?”

“Yeah, it’s fine. Can you take these to someone in the cancer wing who looks like they need some flowers please?”

Raven looked between them and nodded, “Sure,” She took the flowers, but still waited at the door, “Was that all?”

“Yeah, thank you, Reyes,” Lexa nodded and sat back down to watch her girlfriend shift side to side.

“Alright, holler again if you need anything else,” With that, Raven was gone, closing the door softly behind her.

“Why did you do that?” Lexa couldn’t resist asking.

“I didn’t want her flowers. Honestly…” Clarke looked around the room, “I appreciate them, but don’t need them or the stuffed animals.”

“Are you sure?” Lexa knew what Niylah was doing with the gesture and it seemed Clarke knew it too.

“I’m sure. Can you have them take all the other flowers and pass them out and the animals go to the kids please?” Clarke asked, “I have everything I need,” Clarke locked eyes with her and Lexa felt her heart skip a beat, “Others aren’t as lucky and I’d like to bring at least a little joy to them if I can.”

“Anything you want, love. I’ll make it happen,” Lexa’s eyes watered listening to her girlfriend, because she was so selfless and thoughtful, it amazed her how lucky she was too. Clarke was right, others might not be, “I’ll take care of it. I promise.”

“Thank you,” Clarke reached for her hand and Lexa laid the flowers down to take her hand again, “I’m tired, Lex,” Clarke yawned again, “Will you stay?”

“Not going anywhere, you sleep, babe. I’ll be here when you wake up,” Lexa held Clarke’s hand up and waited for Clarke to notice. With Clarke’s nod, Lexa brushed her lips across her knuckles and
closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of Clarke’s skin against hers.

When Lexa looked back up, Clarke was asleep.

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The floor creaked underneath her feet as she crept closer and closer to the closed door, her heart beating faster with every step she took. When she got to the door, she pushed it open, a feeling of dread pooled in her stomach.

Handcuffed to the bed was Clarke, her eyes closed and her hands fisted above her. She was completely naked with cuts and bruises littering her body. Bile threatened to spill from her mouth as she took in the sight of her broken girlfriend.

She was too late.

Lexa rushed towards the bed only to hear the door slam behind her. She whipped around to see Bellamy in his boxers, a self satisfied smirk on his face as she moved toward the bed where Clarke laid helpless.

“You’re too late,” Bellamy gleefully cheered and pressed the gun to Clarke’s temple, “I warned you. I took what’s mine and there was nothing you could do about it.”

“I’ll fucking kill you, I swear,” Lexa growled, but the vacant look in Clarke’s eyes completely broke her and she dropped to her knees.

“Say goodbye,” Bellamy grinned and cocked the gun.

“Don’t do this. Take me. Kill me. Don’t hurt her anymore,” Lexa begged as tears rolled down her cheeks.

“No,” Bellamy locked eyes with her, “This is all your fault!” The gun went off and the sound echoed of the walls.

Lexa jolted awake, tears on her cheeks, palms sweaty and her heart beating out of her chest. She looked wildly around as her heart rate returned to normal when she saw Clarke safe and sleeping in the bed. Relief flooded through her and all she wanted was to collapse and kiss her girlfriend, but she restrained herself with a lot of effort because she didn’t want to scare her. Lexa settled for just looking at her instead, watching her breathe.

Alive.

The room was quiet except for the steady beep of the monitors and the light seeping in under the door, but Lexa still jumped up and took a protective stance in front of Clarke. A sound reached her ears and she searched for the sound. When she heard it was behind her, Lexa turned around to see Clarke thrashing in bed.

Clarke was whimpering in her sleep, tears streaming down her face as she clutched her pillow in her fist. Lexa hovered over her girlfriend and stroked Clarke’s sweaty hair back from her face hoping the action didn’t make her nightmare worse. All Lexa cared about was calming Clarke down.

“Baby, wake up. It’s just a nightmare,” Lexa squeezed Clarke’s hand and caressed her face, but Clarke continued to thrash. Lexa was afraid Clarke would hurt herself worse. She climbed in behind her, careful of the cords and pulled Clarke into her arms. At first Clarke fought back, hitting and punching, but Lexa held her firmly against her chest and was quick to reassure her, “It’s me, love.
It’s just me. It’s Lexa, baby. It’s okay. It’s all gonna be okay,” Lexa whispered over and over again as Clarke finally relaxed against her.

It seemed right now the only time Clarke would truly let her comfort her was when she had a nightmare. It had been like this ever since she was rescued.

“Lex…Lex…Lexa!” Clarke cried out and Lexa started rocking her slowly as she felt Clarke’s hand in her shirt and tears soaking her neck.

“Shhh baby, I’m right here,” Lexa kissed her temple, “It’s me, love, just me,” She kept repeating it over and over again until she felt Clarke release her right grip.

“Don’t leave,” Clarke whimpered and buried her head in Lexa’s chest, “please don’t leave me.”

“I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere.” Lexa whispered against blonde hair and held on even tighter so that Clarke could feel her more solidly.

“Don’t let him get me,” Clarke sobbed into her chest, “please…I'm so scared…” the last couple words were said in a tiny voice which such a huge contrast to how Clarke normally spoke, “please stay…”

“He’s in jail, love. He will not get to you again,” Lexa said firmly, “I promise he will stay there, I'll make sure of it. You're safe, Clarke,” she pressed a lingering kiss to her forehead and felt Clarke nod against her.

“Okay, Lex,” she mumbled, but Lexa knew Clarke didn't believe her. She didn't blame her considering she was unable to protect her before. Why would she suddenly believe her now? Lexa shook her head and went to say something else, but realized Clarke had fallen asleep on her. Instead she pressed her lips to her head, “I love you.”

Clarke shifted and burrowed deeper in her arms. Lexa continue to rock her, not just for Clarke’s sake, but her own as well. She closed her eyes and willed herself to fall back asleep, but she couldn’t.

Lexa needed to stay awake in case Clarke needed her.

She spent the rest of the night with her eyes alert and watching Clarke sleep knowing she was safe and sound.

For how long lingered in the back of her mind. She couldn’t help it either.

-=-

The next few days passed slowly, or so it seemed to Lexa. She could be found at Clarke’s beside the whole time, never leaving regardless of her friend’s pleas,

“Lexa,” Anya would ask, the second morning while Clarke lay sleeping. With bags under her eyes Lexa lifted her head from the side of Clarke’s bed to find her friend pacing next to her, “you have to go home.”

“No.” Lexa put her head back down again.

That was just one incident. There were many, and not with just Anya. Lincoln had also tried the one time he came by, noticeably alone, for just a few minutes to check up on them. So had Raven and Abby checked in every morning and night when she wasn't busy with rounds.
They all asked her to leave, but she stayed put. She wasn’t ready to have Clarke out of her sight yet. The truth was, she wasn’t sure if she’d ever be. And she had a feeling that Clarke wasn’t ready, either.

She would hold Clarke’s hand when Clarke wanted to. Which was often. Clarke’s meds had been lowered and the drug was very slowly leaving her system. With Clarke more lucid and awake, Lexa yearned to kiss her, but hadn’t asked to again. She knew Clarke wasn’t ready and would gladly wait until she was. Lexa knew Clarke was still in pain physically, but knew it was the emotional toll that was affecting Clarke the most.

To try and help with the boredom, Raven had brought one of her laptops to watch Netflix. She had also threatened her with bodily harm if she didn’t get her computer back in pristine condition. They binge watched different things. Sometimes Clarke would ask her to sit next to her and if Lexa was lucky enough, Clarke would snuggle up next to her. Other times, Lexa pulled the chair closer and held Clarke’s hand.

Either way she was with Clarke.

Lexa hated Bellamy with every fiber of her being.

Lexa was so lost in thought that she didn’t hear the door open. When she looked up, Titus was standing at the door. “I wanted to come by and bring you your assignments. Since it's about to be fall break, you have a bit of a reprieve,” He stepped forward and handed her a folder.

She had forgotten about classes for the most part until Abby had come by yesterday to tell Clarke she’d contacted her professors and gotten her schoolwork for when she was ready.

“Thank you,” Lexa appreciated her coach did that for her, but she got the feeling that wasn’t the only reason he was there.

“How's the hand?” Titus asked as he stood next to her with his hands behind his back and skin looking ghostly under the harsh hospital lights.

“Its fine. I just bruised it.”

“That's excellent news, we need you back on the field as soon as possible,” Lexa rolled her eyes as he continues to speak, “We need you out there if we have any hope of making the playoffs,” Titus replied formally and Lexa wanted to scoff. Of course that was all he cared about.

“I'll be back on the field when I'm able to,” Lexa stated stiffly, “My first priority is Clarke.”

Titus clenched his fist, “Surely that is all resolved now. I mean she's been found and she's safe, correct?”

“That's not the point, Titus,” Lexa shook her head because he always had a one track mind. Football.

“It is the point, Lexa. You are letting some girl interfere with your duty to football and classes,” Titus snapped and faced her.

“Do not refer to Clarke as some girl,” Lexa hissed standing up as well, “I happen to love her and if can't respect my choices than you can leave.”

“I'm only looking after your best interests, Lexa,” Titus deflated and stepped back with his head
bowed, “I don't want to see you make a mistake and jeopardize your future.”

“Clarke is not a mistake,” She growled, “and she is my future. Leave now.”

“But, Lexa…” Titus held up his hands.

“No…leave now,” Lexa clenched her jaw and stood up straighter, “mention Clarke around me again and I will quit football.”

Titus blanched, “As you wish,” he nodded and left the room.

Lexa huffed and sat back down, irritated that Titus would say crap like that. Of course football was important, but Clarke mattered so much more to her than a game.

“That sounded eventful,” Clarke rasped and Lexa’s head shot up at the sound of Clarke's voice.

“I'm sorry you had to hear that, love,” Lexa leaned and admired the sleep lines of Clarke's face, “I thought you were sleeping.”

“I was,” Clarke yawned, “I'm sorry I eavesdropped,” she looked scared to admit and Lexa was quick to reassure her.

“That's alright, Clarke,” Lexa’s lips curled into a small smile, “Titus was being an idiot as usual. Nothing new.”

“I heard what he said about me, Lex…” Clarke trailed off and Lexa hated Titus’s terrible timing.

“That's good to know,” Clarke husked, “Look at me, Lex,” She looked up, “I feel the same.”

“That's good to know,” Lexa mimicked Clarke and was rewarded with a tiny barely there smile. It wasn't the full blown smile she loved.

But it was something.

-=-

Lexa was doing her best not to pace, and she had succeeded so far. But it was difficult. Detective Kane and his partner were due to show up soon and she was nervous for Clarke to speak to them.

“Lex, it's okay.” Clarke said softly, and Lexa turned from the window she’d been staring out of to look at her. Clarke tried a brave smile. But it didn’t reach her eyes.

Lexa moved forward and sat at the edge of the bed, “you’re sure?” she asked, “we can call and cancel.” Earlier that day Kane had called her to let her know they would be by today. Lexa had agreed after speaking to Clarke who had been surprised that they waited as long as they did. But soon sound out that Abby refused them entry when they came by the day after Clarke was rescued. Lexa was grateful because she knew that Clarke wasn’t ready to talk to them at the time, and honestly, she wasn’t entirely sure that Clarke was ready now either.

“I’m fine. I’m ready to talk to them,” Clarke insisted, but sitting there, Lexa saw the hitch in her
breathing and the tears in her eyes. Clarke reached for her hand and laced their fingers together, “it's something I have to do. I need to do it.”

“Okay,” Lexa agreed reluctantly, “but if it gets too be too much, I'll ask them to leave.”

“I know you will,” Clarke replied and squeezed Lexa’s fingers gently.

Lexa stared for a moment and couldn’t help but think how brave Clarke was trying to be despite everything that had happened, “Do you need anything before they get here?” Lexa could see the bags under her eyes, the clench of her jaw and her shoulders tense. No matter how much Clarke pretended to be okay, Lexa knew better.

“No, I’m okay,” Clarke shook her head with a sad smile She glanced at the door and then at Lexa again, “I just want to get this over with.”

“Whatever you need, love,” Lexa kissed her knuckles and got a small genuine smile from Clarke, “Do you want me to stay when they get here or…” Lexa didn’t get to finish because Clarke bolted up in bed, wincing as she did.

“No...please stay with me…” Clarke’s face had paled and her eyes widened in fear and Lexa hated herself for causing that reaction, “Don’t leave me, Lex!”

“Baby, calm down, I’m right here. It’s okay. I’ll be right next to you the entire time, okay?” Lexa stroked her thumb across Clarke’s knuckles trying to calm her girlfriend down, “I’m not going anywhere. I love you, Clarke. I love you so much.”

Clarke hiccuped as tears streamed down her face, “I love you too. I’m sorry you have to deal with all of this. You don’t deserve...deserve to have to handle any of this. I’m broken…” Clarke whimpered and Lexa felt her own eyes fill up with tears.

“I love you, Clarke. The good, the bad and the everything in between. This is just a bump in the road, love. That’s all. We’ll get through this together. I want to be here with you. There is no other place I’d rather be, Clarke,” Lexa rushed out and raised her hand, but hovered until Clarke nodded. Only than did she brush away Clarke’s tears away with her fingers, “You’re it for me, Clarke. I’m here as long as you want me to be.”

More tears spilled out, but she nodded, “I’ll always want you, Lex, but are you sure? I’m a mess,” Clarke mumbled and stared at her with tear stained cheeks.

“I’m absolutely sure, love. You’re not broken nor are you a mess,” Lexa did her best to make Clarke believe her, but felt like she was failing her yet again, “I’ve seen you when you’re a mess in the mornings after a rough night and this isn’t it, babe,” Lexa’s heart fluttered when a small chuckle escaped from Clarke.

“I love you, Lex,” Clarke whispered reverently, “so much.”

“That’s a good thing because I love you more, Clarke,” Lexa wanted so badly to kiss Clarke, but restrained herself even though her eye flickered down to Clarke’s lips and back up. She saw Clarke doing the same thing before she licked her lips. She nodded and Lexa moved closer without even realizing it.

“Are you sure?” Lexa whispered a breath away from Clarke’s lips.

Clarke nodded again, “Yes,” She husked and that tone sent a shot of desire straight down. Lexa leaned back still unsure, but Clarke’s hand wound around her neck and when Lexa’s lips barely brushed Clarke’s, it was enough to have Lexa’s heart skip a beat. She was just about to press more
firmly against her...

A knock on the door interrupted their moment.

Lexa cursed under her breath and pulled back, but Clarke jumped a mile and gone was the confident woman she fell in love with replaced with a scared, vulnerable woman who was afraid of her own shadow.

All thanks to Bellamy Blake.

She hated that Clarke lived in fear now even though he was sitting in jail and couldn’t get to Clarke, Lexa knew her girlfriend was still absolutely terrified of him. He got to her once and even Lexa had to admit she was scared that he would somehow find a way to get to her again.

Not that she would ever admit that out loud especially to Clarke.

After looking at Clarke who was wiping the rest of tears away, she nodded, “I’m ready.”

Lexa watched her for a moment and wished more than anything Clarke didn’t have to do this, but knew it was necessary. She finally called out, “Come in.”

The door opened and Kane walked in wearing a suit and a smile. Cartwig was a few steps behind him in a pantsuit carrying a leather briefcase. Closing the door behind them both she stood back against the wall and with a nod of her head let Kane take the lead.

Kane strode forward with his hand out, but Lexa stood up quickly to intercept him before he could reach Clarke. She clasped his hand for a moment and noticed the flicker of his eyes that Clarke had shrunk back. He nodded and took a step back, “How are we both doing today?”

“Fine,” Lexa muttered and sunk back onto the edge of the bed. Clarke took her hand as soon as she sat back down. Honestly, Lexa was sick of the police and didn’t care to associate with them anymore. She found Clarke with the help of their friends, not them. They were utterly useless, but Lexa knew they were here to do their job and kept her mouth shut.

She squeezed Clarke’s hand to give her strength and Clarke squeezed back. Lexa locked eyes with her and Lexa hoped Clarke knew she was there and wasn’t going anywhere. She knew she had said it so many times. But she knew Clarke still feared it. Lexa would say it for however long it took. Lexa smiled at her reassuringly.

Clarke took a deep breath before she answered, “I’ve been better, but I’m okay,” she was trying to ease the tension, Lexa could tell she was doing it for Kane’s benefit.

“I’m glad to hear that,” he pulled out a notepad and a pen before motioning to the empty chairs nearby, “mind if we sit?”

Clarke gave a barely there shake of her head, and Kane moved and took a chair and sat down. Cartwig quickly followed suit. Kane must have noticed the tension and kept his voice calm he quickly got to the point.

“We’re here for a couple reasons,” he started off, “the first being that we have reviewed the incident in which Ms Griffin,” he nodded at Clarke, “was rescued from Mr. Bellamy Blake-”

Clarke shuddered involuntarily at the mention of the name, and Lexa started soothing the back of her hand with the pad of her thumb. Still, she glared at both Kane and Cartwig.
“-and charges of breaking an entering that Mr. Blake wanted to file against you will not go to court. On the basis of the eyewitnesses and Ms. Griffin being in clear danger, we see no reason to press charges.”

“He...he... was going to press charges against, Lexa?” Clarke’s eyes watered, “He had a gun to her head though,” Clarke shook her head.

“Yes and that brings up the issue of assault that Mr. Blake is claiming…” Kane looked down at his notepad and back up.

“But…”

“It was self defense,” Cartwig spoke up quickly, and everyone turned to look at her, “He had a gun and threatened you. None of it is valid and will be dismissed. You have nothing to worry about on that front, Miss Woods.”

“Thank you,” Lexa nodded her head in relief. She folded her arms, hoping they’d get to the real reason they were here and leave, “any questions for myself or Clarke?”

Kane and Cartwig looked at each other briefly. It was Kane who spoke up, “we would like to ask you some questions if we can, Clarke, about what happened?”

Clarke flinched and pulled one leg up to her chest and wrapped her free arm around herself like she was trying to hide, “babe?” Lexa asked gently, tracing the pad of her thumb over the back of Clarke’s hand. Her heart sank seeing Clarke so vulnerable, “you don’t have to do this if you’re not ready?”

“It has to happen sometime right, so why not now?” Clarke shrugged her shoulders like it was no big deal, but Lexa could see it was, plus Clarke still didn’t move from her awkward position.

“Are you sure?” Kane asked and Lexa appreciated the care he was showing, not many police officers she had met showed that they cared like Kane was doing, “We can come back another time.”

“Now is good, right babe?” Clarke looked over at her and she just nodded, unable to speak because hearing Clarke call her babe made her heart flutter in her chest. She hadn’t heard Clarke call her that since before she was taken.

“Umm...ye...yeah...it is,” Lexa stuttered over her words and flushed in embarrassment.

“Okay,” Kane started gently. He looked down at his page as though he needed a reminder but it was probably more out of habit, “can you tell us the last thing you remember before you were taken?”

“I was at the game,” Clarke spoke clearly, as though she was seeing all over again in her head. She glanced quickly at Lexa, “Lexa’s game. I got up to go to the bathroom, but Anya wouldn’t let me go by myself.”

“Because of the stalker?” Cartwig spoke up clearly. That made both look at her and Lexa glared a little harder than she should.

Clarke swallowed thickly, “yes.”

Seated in his chair Kane nodded slowly. Carefully he prompted, “what happened next, Clarke?”

“Octavia said she would go with me so Anya said I could go. We got to where the bathrooms were and I..” she paused for a second, her face becoming ridden with guilt and she looked down. Lexa
knew why. She had heard this story before and even if it still burned and twisted in her gut she squeezed Clarke’s hand to keep her from going into a darker place of self-blame. Clarke did not need that right now.

“Baby?” Lexa kept her voice soft, “I know.”

Clarke looked up at her. Her hand was shaking in Lexa’s, “you know? That I made her leave me?”

“She told me.” Lexa confirmed softly. She gave Clarke a weak smile and tried to hide the hurt in her eyes, and the questions why. They would come. She had a feeling. She didn’t want them to, but she had a feeling they would come down the road somewhere. And they wouldn’t help anything right now. So for now, Lexa gave a tiny shrug.

“I was stupid, Lex…” new tears started rolling down Clarke’s face.

“Maybe we should,” Kane spoke up, “maybe we should go for now.”

“No,” Clarke said abruptly, surprising them all. She jerked her gaze over to him, “I can do this, I can….” she swallowed and wiped the tears away.

“Okay,” Kane said gently. Cartwig then prompted, “so you got to the bathrooms?”

“Yes.”

“Can you tell us what happened next?”

“I..I. we got there. I told her she didn’t need to stay right there with me. So I said she could go get food while I was in the b..bathroom, the food stands were right there,” all the words came spilling out at once, “she didn’t want to leave me alone, but I talked her into it and and..” she started to choke for air, “we we..we are at the s..stadium all t..the time. I...I..didn’t think any..anything would h..happen.”

“Clarke…” Lexa tried to soothe, Clarke was starting to panic, her eyes wide with fear. Lexa held her hand a little tighter, “babe…its okay, its…” she wanted to hold her. She wanted to hold her oh so bad. But she had to settle for soothing her thumb over Clarke’s fingers.

“No, I have to say it,” Clarke sobbed brokenly, looking up at her, “I came back out and this guy approached me-”

The two officers looked at each other.

“Can you tell me his name?” Kane prompted.

“He he..” Clarke took a deep breath and wiped at her wet face, “John Murphy. He said his name was John Murphy. He g...gave me a c..card for City of Light s..surf Club. He s..said they wanted to be a sp...sponsor.”

“Is he the one that took you?” Cartwig asked.

For a second, the hospital room fell silent except for the beep of Clarke’s monitor. After a beat Clarke started nodding, “y...yes. It ...it was him.” Lexa just sat there, remembering the greasy kid she had seen in interrogation at the police station. She wanted to kill him then. She still did. But she kept smoothing her thumb across the back of Clarke’s hand instead to try and help her.

“We have him in custody.” Kane spoke up.
Clarke seemed to melt with relief, “oh thank God.”

“He’s confessed and is looking at serious jail time,” Cartwig added in, “your statement will cement that.”

“Th...thank you.” Clarke whispered and looked down. Lexa knew in that second she was more worried and terrified of Bellamy.

So Lexa spoke up for her, “but what about Blake? He’s the one who-”

“We’ll get to him, Ms Woods,” Kane said assuredly, “we’ll get to him.” Lexa tried to relax a little, but couldn’t quite. This was all so terribly hard on Clarke. Kane must have noticed it to.

“Clarke, are you okay to keep going?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Okay,” Kane sat back. Cartwig asked, “how did he get you out of the stadium? Do you remember?”

“He pushed me through a door,” Clarke whispered. Her eyes went distant as though she were reliving it again, “and.. I tried to fight back. I almost g..got away. But that’s when he..he..” Clarke’s voice broke and so did Lexa’s heart. In her mind she could see it happening. She had to take deep breaths and not squeeze Clarke’s fingers too hard remembering how Murphy had been laughing about it in interrogation. She wanted to snap his neck and the urge was stronger now. Clarke went on, “but he drugged me, and I couldn’t. I just couldn’t!” she sounded desperate a minute before looking down at her lap and whispering, “things get hard to remember, after that.”

“That’s okay, Clarke,” Kane said to her, “can you tell us anything you remember after that?”

Clarke looked up then, right at him. But she looked so distant like she wasn’t even there. After a few seconds in which the detectives exchanged glances Cartwig prompted gently.

“Clarke?..”

“Sorry, I…” Clarke whispered. She wiping back quiet tears she started shaking a little and looked over at Lexa. Lexa ached so badly at the broken look that flashed over Clarke’s face, and the way that Clarke’s fingers were wrenching her hand. Lexa cleared her throat, “you don’t have to, Clarke,” she whispered, “they can come back.”

“I’m not sure I can start again,” Clarke whispered back, “tell it from the start, again,” she swallowed thickly, “I want to keep going. But I... don’t know if you want to hear this.”

“What matters to me,” Lexa said slowly, she knew they were getting to the hardest parts and she wasn’t sure herself how she would deal with hearing them, but still she said, “is that you’re comfortable, and feel safe,” she rubbed Clarke’s hand with her thumb, “I can get through anything to make sure of that.”

“You’re not...gonna like it,” Clarke warned.

“I know.”

Clarke took a deep breath and her eyes became unfocused as she thought back, “I woke up in a bed in a room that was identical to my own room. Down to the last detail.”
Lexa clenched her jaw recalling that the room had looked familiar, but her focus had all been on Clarke.

“At first, I thought I was home and reached for Lexa, but she wasn't there,” Clarke whispered, “I tried to escape, but the door was locked. I was really out of it. When Be...when he came in, I thought he..he was there to rescue me,” Her voice trembled, “but he wasn’t.”

“You're doing very well. When did he hurt you the first time?” Kane asked gently, but Clarked froze, her eyes glassy. Lexa sat there tapping her foot because Clarke was right. She didn't want to hear what the bastard did to her.

But Lexa knew she had to.

“I think when he tried to kiss me, or when I slapped him...when..he mentioned..my dad...” Clarke whispered. She wrapped her other arm around herself, “or maybe when I ...I didn’t didn’t eat his s..sandwich. I..I don’t know. He...he brought me a c..cake. He..he… he had a r..room in the h..house set up like a..like a nursery.. For a b..baby.....” Clarke choked and started sobbing, wet tears of despair running down her face, “L..lex..Lexa...” she grabbed for the front of Lexa’s shirt.

Lexa climbed into bed next to her and opened her arms and Clarke all but threw herself into her arms. Tears soaked her shirt, but Lexa didn’t care, “shh baby..it's okay...”

“He...he...” Clarke looked up, “he said he did it all for...for me...and nobody would...would come between us again...he..he...won't stop...” Clarke let out a heart wrenching sob and buried her head back in Lexa’s chest.

Lexa tentatively wrapped her arms around Clarke and looked over at the detectives who watched them with mixtures of sympathy and determination, “that's enough for now, I think.”

Kane went to say something, but Cartwig cut him off, “We understand. We will be touch, and for the record, she won't have to start at the beginning again,” she indicated her head towards Clarke, “Please let her know that. Thank you for your time.”

Clarke sniffled against her chest, “I'm...I'm...I thought I could...” another sob escaped and Lexa’s heart broke for the hundredth time that day.

“Don’t even worry about that. It's quite alright. Get some rest. We'll be in touch,” Cartwig and Kane nodded.

“Look after each other,” Kane smiled and they both excused themselves.

Once Clarke had calmed down, Lexa turned to look at Clarke and went to brush her tears away. She waited for Clarke’s nod of consent and gently took Clarke’s face in her hands, “Are you okay?”

“I've been better,” Clarke attempted to joke, “I really...thought I could get through it...” she looked at Lexa with so much pain and it devastated her not being able to do anything.

“It's really okay, love. They said you wouldn't have to start from the beginning and there was no rush.”

“It’s fuzzy somewhat the more I try to remember. The drug didn’t really ever leave my system so I’m not completely sure what was real and what wasn’t. If that makes sense,” She shrugged her shoulders and looked over Lexa’s shoulder at the wall.

“It makes sense, love. I just want to make sure you’re really okay. That’s all that matters to me,”
Lexa cupped her cheek, stroking her thumb lightly over a bruise that was an angry purple.

Clarke leaned into her touch, “Thank you for understanding and thank you for being here. I fought to get back to you, Lex. You…” Clarke teared up again, “You were what kept me going…” Clarke broke and started to sob again. Lexa just held her and let her own tears dampen Clarke’s hair as she held Clarke against her and willed her pain to go away.

It would take time, she knew.

“I fought to find you too, love. We are together now and that’s what’s most important,” Lexa felt an ache in her chest at how close she came to losing Clarke for good. “You get to get out of here soon,” Lexa knew Clarke hated hospitals.

“Yeah...will you stay with me when I do?” Clarke’s voice was laced with fear, tears pooled Lexa’s eyes.

“Of course I will. From what I’ve heard, everyone is planning to stay together. You’ll have all of us there for you. You won’t ever be alone unless you request it and someone will always be near by, I promise,” Lexa had talked to all their friends, minus Octavia, about the logistics of what would happen when Clarke was discharged. They had it all figured out around their schedules and etc to be there for Clarke because she needs a support system.

It was what Clarke needed and Lexa refused to fail her again.

“Okay,” Clarke said softly, but Lexa knew that didn’t make Clarke feel safe. She could tell that Clarke didn’t want to go home. Her house would only be a reminder of the room she was trapped in now. She didn’t feel safe there, but was afraid to say it. Lexa shook her head at her girl, because even now with everything she was going through, Clarke was thinking about everyone else other than herself.

On that thought, Lexa pulled out her phone and shot off a couple fast texts, never removing her arm from around Clarke who clung to her quietly.

“Who are you talking to?” Clarke whispered into her hair. She sounded so tired.

“Our friends,” Lexa would do whatever it took to make Clarke feel safe, even if it meant rearranging some things at the last minute. To be honest, she didn’t like the idea of going back to her apartment or Clarke’s house right now either. Both places were tainted, and she wasn’t sure if either of them would ever feel safe enough to sleep in the places they had once called home. Clarke had dropped into a fitful sleep against her. Lexa bit her lip and put her phone down.

Only time would tell.

Lexa picked up her phone again and dialed. The person said, she could call any time for anything night or day. But she wasn’t expecting them to pick up on the first ring, “Lexa, is everything okay?”

“Aabby, I need a favor.”

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It was the day for Clarke to go home and she was terrified. She put on a brave face and acted like she was fine, but underneath, she didn’t want to go home. She loved her house, but now everything was tainted because of him. Clarke didn’t want to add any more burden to Lexa and their friends, so she just smiled when they asked if she was excited to be home.
All except Lexa. She seemed to already know.

Clarke wondered what Lexa was thinking because she didn’t ask, nor did she push. She was just there, her rock in her storm. She felt horrible for adding all this onto Lexa’s shoulders, but Lexa never complained. The drugs were finally out of her system and she was thinking clearly now, but a part of wished to stay under the haze so she didn’t have to deal with any of this.

Especially him.

Lexa was sitting next to her on her phone, but her hand was linked with hers. Clarke had been in the hospital for a week and while part of her was itching to get out of here, the other part of her felt safer inside these walls and doors with all the people around. She looked next to her where her phone lay that she got back, but everytime it dinged with a message, Clarke couldn’t help but think it was him.

The reaction was crazy. But she couldn’t help it. Logically, she knew it couldn’t be him but each time her phone went off she still jumped until Lexa noticed, reached around her and turned her phone on silent. Lexa smiled at her softly, “you okay?”

“Yeah,” Clarke said softly back. She looked around the hospital room for a minute taking in the bland walls and daylight outside the window before her eyes fell on her girlfriend bathed in the light pouring in through it. Lexa had bags under her eyes and looked exhausted and Clarke knew it was because she hadn’t left her side since she was admitted. She appreciated it, so much. She couldn’t imagine how she could get through this without her. But she felt guilty for putting the woman she loved through all of this. Because if she had just listened none of this would have happened in the first place.

Turning her eyes away she noticed a bag sitting on the windowsill that Raven had brought earlier, with crutches and a wheelchair. She wouldn’t be able to use the crutches until her hand healed, but her foot was going to take a while longer because she didn’t just break it trying to kick down the door in that room, she tore a ligament that had required surgery, her mom had said.

A knock sounded on the door and Lexa looked up, calling for whoever it was to come in. The person who walked in wasn’t who Clarke expected and felt herself recoil into herself. Anger flooded through her like a river. The first feeling she’d felt besides guilt and fear in days.

Finn stood there awkwardly with his hands deep in his pockets, a far cry from how he acted last time she saw him.

Beside her, Lexa stood up and looked like she was going to say something, but Clarke held her back, curious to hear what he had to say for himself.

“What do you want, Finn?” Clarke asked, not keeping the malice from her voice.

“I wanted to come by and apologize for being a jackass at your competition. I was only home to visit my parents. I honestly didn’t expect to see you, but couldn’t resist coming to say hi,” He shifted from foot to foot clearly uncomfortable, “I was out of line the other day and when I heard you went missing, I felt even worse.”

“What does it matter, Finn. I don’t care.” Clarke shrugged her shoulders and held tightly onto Lexa’s hand. She could see the tension in Lexa’s shoulders, like given the chance Lexa would explode any minute, “You just wanted to be an ass. It’s what you’re good at.”

Finn shook his head, but didn’t argue, “I’m sorry, Clarke. You didn’t deserve what happened. Seeing you made me realize I missed you and I know I screwed up. I guess I wanted to see if we
could start over,” He paused when Lexa growled, “I see now that you’ve moved on.”

“Yes, I have,” Clarke laid back against the bed and tried not to let it show she was in pain, “I got over you a long time ago, Finn. You showed your true colors back then.”

“I didn’t handle it well, I know this and I’m sorry for everything I put you through,” Finn sounded sincere, but Clarke still had a hard time believing him, “I really am glad that you’re okay. I always had a bad feeling about Bell…” Finn stopped talking when Lexa cut him off.

“I’ve heard enough,” she snapped and pointed a finger to the door he was still standing in, “You need to leave now!”

No matter how hard she’d tried not to, Clarke flinched hearing his name and knew that was why Lexa jumped to her defense, “Goodbye Finn.”

For a second it looked like he wanted to argue, but must have decided against it, “Goodbye, Clarke,” he said, then turned on his heel and disappeared.

She didn’t even bother watching him leave. That door had been closed for a long time, and now it was final. Clarke had Lexa now, and she treated her so much better than he ever did. She knew how lucky she was to have someone like Lexa in her life, someone who still chose to stick by her even through all of this.

Not many people would, especially not Finn.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Lexa asked quietly, her anger evaporating and Lexa looked at her with so much love shining in her eyes.

“Not right now, but thank you for asking,” Clarke looked over to the bag of clothes and then down at what she was wearing. She really didn’t want to wear this home, “Umm, Lex?”

“Yes, love?” Lexa leaned in closer, but kept a respectable distance knowing how she felt about being touched right now. It made her fall even more in love with her, if it was possible.

“Can you…” Clarke closed her eyes and took a deep breath and tried again, “can you help me change...please?”

“Of course, Clarke,” Lexa went over and grabbed her bag and pulled out some soft cotton shorts and a loose t-shirt, “Does this work?” She held them out.

“Yes,” Clarke threw off the covers ignoring the twinge of pain the movement caused, “I’d do it myself, but…” She held up her injured hand and also pointed to her foot, “as you can see, it probably wouldn’t be a good idea.”

“Probably not. You’re clumsy enough as it is,” Lexa teased lightly and Clarke swore she saw a small smile on her girlfriend’s face.

“That may be true, but not out on the water. Out there, I’m perfect,” She said wistfully, knowing it would be awhile until she could surf again.

“You’re always perfect, Clarke,” Lexa blushed and held out her hand for. Clarke took it and let Lexa pull her up so she was sitting on the side of the bed with her legs dangling over the side.

“Is there clean underwear in there?” She asked shyly and looked at the wall. Clarke had never been shy in front of her before, but couldn’t help but be now.
Lexa dug through the bag again and pulled them out, “Yes, do you…” Lexa’s ears turned red and Clarke was nervous about Lexa seeing her now.

Clarke struggled to pull her dirty underwear off, but felt Lexa staring at her. She looked up to see Lexa watching her with a soft expression, her hand hovering above her legs. Clarke blushed and nodded, and tried to help by lifting her ass off the bed for Lexa to pull them off. Even though Lexa kept her eyes locked on hers as her fingers found and gripped the elastic of her panties and pulled them down, Clarke didn’t realise she was holding her breath until they were around her ankles.

“It’s okay, love. Take a deep breath,” Lexa’s touch was gentle as she eased the clean panties up and tapped her to lift her hips. Once she was finished, Lexa withdrew quickly and stood there patiently waiting until her breathing evened out. Clarke’s eyes filled with tears because she normally she loved Lexa’s touch, craved it even, but now everything was different. She felt violated and didn’t want to turn Lexa off because her body was different, covered in bruises and most likely scars.

It was humiliating.

“I’m sorry, Lex…I’m so…sorry,” Clarke choked up trying to get the words out, “I know it’s you…I do…but I can’t…I just can’t not…everytime I close my eyes…I…see…him…” She cried out and felt Lexa move closer, but didn’t touch. The fact that Lexa respected it and didn’t push it meant a lot to her. Reaching out she pulled Lexa to her and buried her face in Lexa’s chest for a moment and breathed in her familiar scent.

It was comforting and made her feel safe. Truly the one person who made her feel that way.

“No need for sorry, baby, it’s okay. I’m right here, Clarke, I’m here and not going anywhere,” Lexa reassured her calmly, but Clarke felt her quiet tears fall on her head and she hugged Lexa even tighter trying to help her girl some.

It took a few moments for her to calm down. Once she did, Clarke wiped her eyes and looked up sheepishly at Lexa who wasn’t looking at her like she was broken or damaged. Instead Lexa looked at her like she always had. With adoration and love.

“Okay, I’m ready to finish getting dressed now,” Clarke mumbled and Lexa nodded. Clarke noticed this time Lexa took great care to barely touch her as she pulled her shorts up, “Can you untie me please?” Clarke couldn’t wait to get the gown off. She hated it.

Lexa nodded and went behind her, “It’s just me, love,” Lexa repeated over and over again knowing she couldn’t see her as Lexa untied her gown before she stepped back into view, Clarke let out a deep breath she didn’t know she was holding, “You ready?”

Clarke nodded and swallowed thickly. She pulled the gown off and sat there topless with her arms raised for Lexa to slip the shirt on. Her eyes were locked on Lexa’s as it went over her head and Lexa pulled the gown away and tossed it on the chair. She noticed Lexa’s jaw was clenched and her hand fisted at her side and knew in that moment, it was just as hard for Lexa as it was for her.

She looked down and noticed it was one of Lexa’s shirts that smelled like her and Clarke brought the collar up to her nose and inhaled deeply, unaware of Lexa smiling fondly at her.

“You always steal it when you stay with me, so I thought you’d like to have it,” Lexa had a tiny half smile.

“You’re right, I do,” She loved the faded green and black Grounder’s shirt with Lexa’s last name stamped across the back, “Thank you,” Clarke whispered right before the door cracked open and
Raven’s head peaked in.

“Can we come in?” She asked with a grin and Clarke nodded, but took Lexa’s hand in hers and drew some of her strength because she needed it. She braced herself for all them to come flooding in, and was surprised when only Anya and Raven walked in hand in hand.

“We’re here to spring you from this joint!” Raven called out a little too loudly, but Clarke appreciated the fact that her best friend wasn’t treating her any different.

“You are huh? Seems like you’re missing a few people though,” Clarke looked behind them wondering if the other two had just fallen behind, but one look at Raven’s face, Clarke knew. Just like the other times they’d come, Octavia was conveniently busy.

“Yeah, umm, you’ll see them later,” Raven said too quickly even for her and looked over at Anya.

“Raven’s telling the truth, they were busy and couldn’t come, they wanted to.” Anya agreed with her girlfriend, but Clarke didn’t believe her and looking at Lexa, Clarke knew she either, but neither said anything.. Clarke would have to talk to Octavia herself to find out what was going on.

“Ohay,” Clarke rolled her eyes and saw Raven rub the back of her neck, a clear sign that she as lying. It was something Raven had done for as long as she could remember, “I’m just waiting to get released.”

“Abby should be in soon to discharge her,” Lexa spoke up, “You’re a little early though.”

Raven smiled, “and you’re point is?” she cocked an eyebrow at Lexa before Anya slapped her upside the head gently.

“Knock it off, Reyes,” Anya scolded and pulled her over to one of the empty chairs, “Sit down and be quiet, please, babe. Can you do that?” Raven shook her head with a grin, “For me?” Anya asked.

“That’s not playing fair, but fine,” Raven pouted and Clarke shook her head. Leave it to Raven to always be dramatic. Luckily, her mom walked in and distracted her before she could point it out.

“Hey, ready to go home?” Abby asked, paperwork in hand. She smiled at Clarke.

“Yeah,” Clarke gulped, “I am,” she nodded to her mom who came and sat beside her, “Where do I need to sign?” She wasn’t ready, not even close.

“In a hurry, I see,” Her mom teased and handed her a pen and the clipboard, “Just here and here…” Abby pointed and Clarke did her best to sign with her right hand, which wasn’t easy and ended up looking more like a scribbled elephant, “Okay, you’ll all set, sweetheart.”

“Thanks mom,” Clarke went to stand up, but didn’t have the balance and started to topple over. Lexa caught her and lowered her back to sit on the bed before removing her hands quickly. She knew that Lexa had felt her tremble when she touched her. Clarke sighed and reached out to let Lexa know it was okay to touch her, stroking her hand nervously along her jaw and barely touching it. Still, Lexa gasped and leaned into it like it meant everything.

“Okay, I’ll come check in with you later, but you have to ride the wheelchair down. Hospital policy so don’t even try and argue;” Abby gave her a look, “Oh and that one is for you to keep for now since you can’t use the crutches with your ribs and hand. Clarke wanted to argue, but knew her mom had a point, “I love you, Clarke.”

“Love you too, mom. Abby smiled and looked around the room, “Raven, behave please. Anya, try
and keep her in line and Lexa, keep an eye on my daughter please. I’ll see you all later,” Abby rushed out as her beeper went off in her pocket, but called out, “Text me when you get home, please,” With that Abby dashed out the door with a wave over her shoulder.

“Will do, Abby,” Lexa spoke up.

Clarke wondered how long she would have to wait for a nurse, but as she was thinking it, in walked her favorite nurse, Karen, “My favorite patient is leaving me, what will I do?”

“You’ll be okay, I’m sure. Besides you say that to all your patients,” Clarke shook her head.

“Maybe I do, maybe I don’t. You’ll never know,” Karen smiled and pushed the wheelchair next to the bed, “Ready to get out of here?”

Before Clarke could reply, Raven jumped up. She heard Lexa sigh exasperatedly and Clarke couldn’t help but agree, “Yes, she is. Let’s get you out of this hellhole, I’ve seen enough of this place to last me….” Raven’s face paled and she shut up immediately.

“Ignore her, she doesn’t know when to keep her mouth shut, isn’t that right babe?” Anya slanted her a look and she heard Lexa chuckle.

“Yes, babe,” Raven’s shoulders slumped as she walked to the door and held it open, “Oh, I wanted to warn you that there’s a lot of people outside so beware okay?”

Clarke took pity on her as Karen helped her to the wheelchair, Yeah, okay. Thanks Karen.”

“Actually, can I push her please?” Lexa asked and Clarke ducked her head at how shy Lexa sounded. She saw Lexa shoulder their stuff with a hopeful look at Karen.

“That’s fine, dear,” Karen smiled, “I have to walk down with you though,” She removed her hands and stepped beside Clarke.

“Thank you,” Lexa said sincerely and took ahold of her chair, “You ready love?”

“Yeah,” She reached back and squeezed Lexa’s hand and than turned to Raven, “Thanks for the heads up.” Clarke took a deep breath. She wasn’t sure she was ready to face a bunch of people.

“Good idea,” Raven smiled and looked over at Anya, “Will you go the car and pull it up to the door.” Raven held out her keys. Anya nodded and kissed her cheek.

“Don’t do anything stupid, please,” Anya asked as she walked out the door.

“Yeah, right, that’s Raven’s middle name,” Lexa scoffed with a smile as she pushed Clarke towards the exit. Clarke tried to smile, but it slid off her face pretty quickly. She braced herself for what was to come.

“It is actually,” Raven started to say, but shut up quickly, “You know what, nevermind,” Raven was silent all the way to the elevator and the only thing Clarke could think of that would shut her friend that quickly was Lexa must have given her one of her commander looks.

“Is she always like this?” Karen asked as they got into the elevator.

“Yep, she is,” Clarke agreed with a look over to her friend.

Nerves started to build as they descended down in the elevator. The closer they got to the exit, the more nervous she became and the harder she struggled to keep her breathing even. Lexa must have
sensed it, because the wheelchair stopped suddenly and then she was kneeling in front of her. Clarke looked up and met worried filled green eyes. They were all she saw, and it was calming, if for a moment.

“Everything will be okay, love,” Lexa said softly, her hands on the arms of the wheelchair, but not touching her, “I won’t let anything happen to you, I promise.” Outside the glass door Anya pulled up in the car.

Clarke nodded, “I trust you,” She meant it completely even if her heart and her head didn’t agree right now, they agreed on that.

“Okay, if you need to stop, just let me know,” Lexa continued to push her towards the exit. Clarke got her first glimpse of all the news crews and cameras. They were everywhere and Clarke recoiled into her chair, “We will protect you.”

“Okay,” Her voice came out small and weak. The doors slid open and Clarke was bombarded by microphones shoved in her face and camera flashes going off. It was too much and she covered her face with her hands.

“Get out of her face,” Lexa growled and spread her arms out. Raven and Karen both got on the side of her and Lexa pushed through the crowd that had surrounded them. Anya shoved her way and stood in front of Clarke and clawed her way through to get Clarke to the car.

She was thankful for all of them.

“Miss Griffin, can you tell us what happened?”

“Was it really a friend of yours?”

“Is it true, he was in love with you?”

“Miss Griffin.”

“Look over here.”

“Don’t you all have anything better to do!” Raven yelled as she opened her door, “Stay away from my friend.”

Lexa handed her their bags off to Anya and held her arms out for her. Clarke stood up on one leg and let Lexa help her into the car while Raven and Anya put everything else in trunk. Including the stupid wheelchair.

Karen leaned in, “Good luck, Clarke. Sorry about all of them,” She said apologetic.

“Not your fault,” Clarke shrugged and kept her head down mostly to avoid the cameras, “Thank you, Karen.”

“You’re welcome. If you have any issues, please come back in,” Karen said with a smile.

“Thanks,” Clarke shifted in her seat and kept her face looking at the floorboard. She was ready to get away from all the attention. She didn’t want it.

“Bye,” Karen moved back just enough for Lexa to slip past, settle into the seat, and close the door behind her. Lexa hit the lock and scowled one more time at the reporters. Then she turned to Clarke and her expression softened. She looked like she was going to say something, but before she could,
Anya and Raven got in as well.

As they started the car she suddenly wanted Lexa to hold her, it was one of the few places she felt completely safe. As if Lexa was reading her mind, she opened her arms with a shy, soft smile. Clarke felt her lips curve up as she slide over and felt Lexa’s arm fall around her shoulder and hold her gently to her chest.

Clarke out a content sigh. There were times these days that she couldn’t handle anyone touching her. Other times she found herself craving one particular touch...Lexa’s. As the car started forward, Clarke laid her head on Lexa’s shoulder and looked out the window. She tensed up when she saw all the people again even though they were getting way from them. It still had her heart started beating fast and her hands clammy, but when Lexa whispered in her ear, it helped relax her.

“I’m right here, love. They can’t get to you. Lean on me, Clarke. I love you,” She whispered and Clarke shivered from her hot breath on her ear, “I got you, always.”

“Forever,” Clarke whispered back and pulled Lexa’s braced hand to her lips and placed a kiss on it, “I love you too.”

A snort was heard from the front followed by a thump and all went deadly quiet as music drifted through the car. Clarke yawned and she snuggled deeper into Lexa’s embrace, letting Lexa’s arms help chase away her demons.

“You can rest, I’ll be here when you wake up,” Lexa promised with a small smile.

“I’m okay…” Clarke yawned again knowing it was futile to fight it and dozed off.

She woke up from her small nap to see them pulling into a driveway of an unfamiliar house on a beach. It was a two story with a wrap around painted a soft grey with blue shutters. It was picturesque, but Clarke was curious as to whose house it was even though the house felt homey, Clarke was still confused.

“Where are we?” Clarke asked looking at Lexa.

“You’ll see, love,” Lexa opened the door and helped her into the wheelchair that Raven just pulled from the trunk. Clarke grudgingly sat down in it, already hating the thing because made her feel like a invalid. Lexa rolled her up the drive to the front where a board had been laid out over the steps, “I knew you didn’t want to go back to your house, so I arranged this. A place where we can make new memories.”

Clarke’s heart felt like it would burst with the amount of love she felt for her thoughtful girlfriend, “You’re amazing, you know that.”

Lexa shrugged her shoulders, “I just wanted you to be comfortable and I knew you wouldn’t be at either of our places,” Lexa rolled her up the impromptu ramp and through the front door that had been opened by Anya.

“Welcome home,” Raven called out as she set their bags down in the front entry, “Well for now.”

“Seriously, where are we?” Clarke looked around and took in the open floor plan from the eat in kitchen to the living room with big windows lining the back of the house. It was a gorgeous place and she’d barely seen any of it, but she needed to know where they were.

“It’s your mom’s house,” Lexa admitted and came around to kneel in front of her, “She offered to let us stay here when I asked. I knew your house and my apartment wouldn’t be good options and
Lincoln didn’t have the room, but he did offer,” Lexa ran a hand over her face and looked at her questioningly, “Is this okay?”

She was at a loss for words because she hadn’t realized her mom had bought a house here, last she knew she didn’t live on the island. Her eyes burned with unshed tears as she took in the fact that her mom really was trying and wanted to mend their relationship. It meant a lot because she really missed her mom especially after her dad died.

“Yeah, it’s good,” Clarke took another look around, “When did she buy this place?” She noticed that there weren’t really any boxes laying around and the house was fully furnished. Clarke shook her head knowing her mom probably hired someone, but it was the thought that counted.

“I’m not sure honestly,” Lexa had her hand hovering over her leg. Clarke nodded and she felt Lexa’s warm palm settle on her thigh, “Your room is down here, and it has its own private bathroom. There’s another room down here that Anya and Raven will take and there are two more rooms upstairs.”

“Our room, Lex,” Clarke tried to digest all the new information and it was making her head hurt, “Is it okay if I go lay down?”

“Of course,” Lexa wheeled her towards the room, but stopped, “An, can you wake us when Abby comes home, please?”

“Yeah I can,” Anya smiled and took Raven’s hand in hers, “We need to go grab a few things, but we’ll be back as soon as we can.”

“Are you two okay here by yourselves?” Raven asked, “I mean one of us can stay.”

Lexa looked to her and she shook her head, “No we’re okay, just please lock the door and set the alarm.”

“Will do,” Raven came towards her and Clarke tensed, “Can I hug you?” Raven whispered as she kneeled in front of her like Lexa had.

She hesitated for a split second too long and saw Raven’s face fall even though her friend did her best to hide it, “Yeah, you can,” Raven gave her a quick hug and pulled back.

“I’m glad you’re safe, Griff,” Raven’s voice broke at the last part and Clarke took Raven’s hand in hers and squeezed.

“Me too,” Clarke wiped her eyes, released Raven’s and reached for Lexa’s hand to anchor her.

“Okay, we’ll be back,” Raven stood and wiped her eyes too and the last thing she saw as Lexa wheeled her away was Anya holding her and Raven sobbing into her chest.

She tore her eyes away as Lexa pushed the door open and led her inside. It was simple room with blue gray walls and a king sized bed covered in a white blanket. The bed was calling her name so she held out her arms for Lexa, “Can you carry me to bed, please?”

Lexa smiled and gingerly picked her up like she was made of glass and laid her gently down on the bed and covered her. She watched as Lexa pulled off her lone flip flop and kicked of her own shoes before climbing in next to her and once again opening her arms.

“Only if you want?” Lexa smiled genuinely.
“Very much so,” Clarke eagerly went into her arms and settled her head back on Lexa’s chest and her casted hand across her stomach. She’d missed this. There had been days when she wasn’t sure if she’d ever get it back, or be able to do it. Lexa shifted a moment and put a pillow under her leg and Clarke almost kissed her for her thoughtfulness, but she wasn’t sure she was ready for that, despite the other day.

Not yet.

Instead Lexa wrapped her arms around her and Clarke snuggled into her, “I really do love you, Lex.” She knew that with Lexa’s support and everyone else’s, she would get through anything especially if she continued having Lexa by her side.

“I love you too,” Lexa whispered back, but Clarke had already fallen asleep safe and secure in Lexa’s embrace.

Back where she belonged.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Here is the next chapter. Sorry for the longer wait. I've had a lot going on, but hopefully the next chapter won't take as long

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A week had passed since they had moved in with Abby. Lexa knew it was going well, or as well as it could. Most of the time it just ended up being her and Clarke while the others were either in class or at work.

Lexa was currently on the couch with her feet up on the coffee table with Clarke’s head in her lap. She wanted to run her fingers through Clarke’s hair, but didn’t want to do it without permission.

“Can I touch your hair, love?” Lexa asked gently, her hand hovering over her.

“Yes,” Clarke nuzzled farther into her lap.

Now that Lexa had her permission, she gently carded her fingers through Clarke’s hair feeling the silkyness slide through her fingers. Clarke’s pleasant hum sent a warmth through her chest. Clarke was relaxed and comfortable and that was all that mattered to her. In the background, the TV had some stupid show on that Lexa wasn’t paying attention to and knew Clarke wasn’t either by the way her eyes moved around the room.

As they sat there her mind couldn’t help but drift to school, she knew she had to get back to her classes. Her thoughts also drifted to football and she knew she had to get back to the field. But the thought of doing either made her palms sweat and her chest grow tight with dread. She was uneasy with the thought of leaving Clarke. Lexa tensed noticeably and Clarke must have felt it because she sat up and looked at her.

Lexa dropped her hand uselessly in her lap already missing the comforting presence of Clarke touching her.

“You okay?” Clarke brushed hair out of her eyes and Lexa couldn’t help but skim her eyes over her face. The bruises were starting to turn yellow and she knew within another week or two they would disappear for good, but that was only what she could see on the outside. Lexa knew Clarke had more on the inside that she couldn’t see.

She hated it.

“I’m good,” Lexa closed her eyes when Clarke cupped her cheek. Clarke’s touch still sent shivers down her spine. Lexa hoped it always would. Little by little there had been more touches, which Lexa loved. The small gestures meant more to Lexa because she knew Clarke didn’t let anyone touch her except her.

It made her feel special.
Still, she missed intimacy with Clarke, but would never push her for anything before she was ready. It made it hard when Clarke would look at her in a certain way, or stare at her lips or something. She would have to excuse herself to the bathroom because she didn’t want to alarm her girlfriend.

“You sure? You can talk to me,” Clarke whispered, biting her bottom lip.

Lexa repressed a groan at the action and felt herself twitch in her shorts. She shifted a moment trying to situation herself, but it wasn’t helping matters. She saw Clarke’s eyes dart to her lips and Lexa was sure she wasn’t imagining it.

“I know I can,” Lexa licked her lips, “You know I’m here for you as well,” She leaned closer. She wasn’t sure if it was her imagination or not but swore Clarke was leaning in as well and Lexa closed her eyes...

Her phone rang loudly on the coffee table in front of them. Lexa cursed as Clarke jumped back and curled into a ball on the couch. Lexa reaches for it to silence it quickly, sees it’s Titus, she scoffed and ignored it.

She’ll deal with him later. Clarke was her focus and she made a stupid move for not turning her phone on silent knowing loud noises were a trigger for her girlfriend.

Lexa’s heart hurt seeing her so fragile, “Clarke, it was the phone. Its okay, you’re safe. I promise” She moved back and opened her arms to give Clarke the option not wanting to spook her more than she already was. Clarke’s eyes darted around for a moment as she chewed on her bottom lip before she uncurled herself and fell into her embrace.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” Clarke rushed out against her chest, “I’m so fucked up, I know.”

“You’re not, love, at all. You went through alot.” Lexa peppered her head with kisses and rubbed her back soothingly. She could feel her Clarke trembling against and she felt utterly hopeless, “Please don’t think that because I don’t, nobody does. Certainly not me.”

Clarke shook her head like she was going to argue, but shook her head, tears stained on her cheeks, “Okay,” She said softly before pulling out of her embrace.

“Alright, love,” Lexa smiled gently and stood up to help Clarke up, but before she could scoop Clarke up, a key in the door had Clarke freezing and her eyes widen in panic.

“Don’t let him take me, don’t let him,” Clarke clutched her hand almost like a lifeline, “He will hurt me, but he’ll hurt you worse and I can’t...I can’t,” Lexa sat back down and Clarke scrambled into her lap. She made sure to hold Clarke tight against her, doing everything she could to keep her from going into a full panic mode.

It hadn’t happened since the hospital.

“I’m so scared, Lex. He tried to kill you. I can’t lose you,” Clarke’s voice broke, “Not because of me.”

“Shh, love...shhh, I got you “Babe,” Lexa tried to get her attention, “It’s probably Abby,” Lexa knew the other two were in class, “She has a key, its okay... its okay. It's not him. You're safe. He’s in jail where he’ll stay,” Lexa whispered over and over again. “He won’t get to you or me.” Lexa rocked her back and forth Clarke had mentioned she was locked in the room so everytime someone unlocked the front door, it was another trigger for Clarke. Whether she was making progress or not.
Lexa really hated Bellamy Blake.

Clarke kept her face buried in Lexa’s chest as Abby walked in the door. Lexa watched her stop right inside the door and take in the scene in front of her, “I’m sorry I scared you, that wasn’t my intention,” Abby sounded sincere and Lexa was thankful she closed the door softly behind her making sure to lock the double deadbolt and chain that Lexa had installed to make Clarke feel safer.

“Hi, Abby,” Lexa replied for her girlfriend.

“Hey, everything okay?” Abby didn’t move from her spot. Lexa felt Clarke shift and raise her head to look at her mother. Clarke didn’t move toward her instead, she never did. She kept close to Lexa’s side at all times and she understood, but for Clarke who was someone who prided themselves on their independence, it was uncommon, but considering what happened, it was understandable.

Lexa knew Clarke’s wounds would take time to heal.

“Its okay, mom, everything is okay,” Clarke spoke up before she could. Lexa saw Clarke wipe her eyes and take in a deep shuddering breath. She turned to see Abby come closer, but just like she did around Clarke, Abby’s pace was slow and cautious, “it shouldn’t bother me, I know,” Clarke sighed and Lexa could hear the self doubt tinged with fear and not for the last time, Lexa hated that she couldn’t help. It physically pained her to be so useless, so Lexa promised herself to just be there for whatever Clarke needed.

She just hoped it was enough.

“What should and shouldn’t bother you doesn’t matter, Clarke,” Abby said gently as she sat in the leather armchair across from them, “you are traumatized and suffering from PTSD and I think…..”

Clarke glared at Abby and Lexa couldn’t help but enjoy seeing the flash of fire back in Clarke’s eyes even if just for a moment, “You’re not a therapist, Mom.”

“No, I’m not,” Abby sighed and looked at Clarke, “but I do think you need to see one. I have a couple very good recommendations, Clarke. I think it would help you, both of you,” Abby’s eyes locked onto hers almost pleading with her to back her up. Lexa knew it would be a good idea, but how could you convince Clarke to go when she wasn’t even sure she wanted to go herself.

“It’s Clarke’s choice,” Lexa shook her head sadly, “But, love…”

“Lexa…” Abby started to say, but Clarke cut them both off.

“No, I’m not seeing some fucking shrink,” Clarke bit out and squeezed on her forearm so hard that she left fingerprints, but Lexa didn’t mind. If it helped Clarke than so be it.

“Maybe I should let you two talk,” Lexa thought it might help for Abby and Clarke too talk. She knew they were coming to terms with everything and needed space to talk. She went to stand up, but Clarke latched onto her. Lexa was quick to reassure her, “I’ll be in right in the next room if you need me, love,” She rubbed Clarke’s back to calm her knowing it seemed to be something that helped keep her calm as long as she was the one doing it.

“She just hoped it was enough.

“I need you now, though.” Clarke whispered, “don’t leave me, please,” She huddled against her stomach, and Lexa stroked her hair, “Please stay.”

The tremor is Clark’s voice was almost her undoing, but Lexa didn’t give in. She needed to get Clarke and herself accustomed to spending time apart again like before. It broke her heart to deny Clarke anything, but she had to if either of them were going to get better. She had too.
Lexa bent down in front of her, “I’m not leaving. I promise. I’m going to the bathroom, okay?” Lexa’s hand hovered by her cheek, “Can I?” Clarke nodded and Lexa cupped her cheek to look into watery blue eyes, “You’re safe, just remember that and all you have to do is holler if you need me.

“Okay, hurry back,” Clarke slumped back against the cushions, but kept her eyes on her instead of Abby, Clarke noticed, “Please don’t be too long.”

“Yes, love,” She pressed a kiss on Clarke’s head and left the room. It was hard on her too. Every step away from Clarke was a dagger to her heart even if she was only going to be less than a hundred feet away.

It was too much right now.

She locked eyes with Clarke who was watching her leave before giving her a half smile and closing the door behind her. She leaned her head against it for a moment, taking a deep breath, her heart beating erratically in her chest and her breaths coming out in short pants. She bent over with her hands on her knees as she tried to regulate her breathing. She vaguely heard them talking, but ignored it and went to the sink to splash water on her face.

“You can do this,” Lexa spoke to herself in the mirror, “She’s safe, she’s okay. She’s right in the next room,” She rubbed her tired eyes and slumped back against the wall between the sink and door to wait.

Lexa knew she would only come out if it was truly necessary. She was doing this for both of them.

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Clarke watched Lexa leave and knew she was pathetic for not wanting to be away from her, but Lexa was the only person that made her feel safe and didn’t look at her like she was broken. Before they could go hours, if not days, without seeing each other and even though Clarke didn’t like it, she understood and respected it.

Now though, just having Lexa out of sight brought fear rushing through her veins. The closed door she was left to stare at felt like a barrier and if it wasn’t for her mom who sat down next to her, Clarke was sure she’d have another panic attack.

“Just breathe, honey, in and out. Easy breaths.” Abby coached and Clarke listened and tried to take deep, even breaths. Once her chest didn’t feel like caving in, she rounded on her mother.

“Why did you make Lexa leave?” she demanded, bringing her legs up and wrapping her arms around them. She hated seeing the casts, but hated looking in the mirror even more. It was a constant reminder of what she went through and she couldn’t wait until the bruises faded away and her bones healed. It was much easier to pretend when she didn’t have obvious injuries.

Abby looked taken back, “I didn’t make her leave, Clarke. She had to use the restroom.”

“That’s not the only reason and you know it.” Clarke growled, heart aching for Lexa.

“Maybe not, but you and I do need to talk, sweetheart.”

“I’m not in the mood to talk about anything. Not dad and especially not...” Even the thought of his name had a shudder tear through her. She willed her voice to keep steady, “what’s the point, honestly?” Clarke stared over her mom’s shoulder at the wall. She knew her mom didn’t deserve her anger or hostility. But the more Abby pushed, the angrier she got.
“You need to talk about it. That’s why I think a therapist will help. Honey, you can’t keep bottling it up. It’s not doing you any good. It’s going to build and build until you explode. What about Lexa? How do you think she would take that?” Abby patted her hand.

Clarke bit her lip to keep from screaming. How dare she use Lexa as a bargaining chip, “Don’t you dare,” Her fist clenched at her side as anger coursed through her and it was much better than being afraid all the time. She relished in it for a moment and let the anger fill her up.

It was better than being so fucking scared all the time. She felt like a shell of the person she used to be and hated it.

“Sweetie, I’m only trying to help.”

“Enough, mom! Just leave me the fuck alone!” Clarke couldn’t take it anymore and exploded. A feeling of satisfaction went through her when her mother flinched.

“Language, Clarke.” Abby scolded.

“I’m an adult, mother, in case you forgot,” Clarke stated with a glare.

“This isn’t you, Clarke.” Abby tried again but Clarke wasn’t having any of it.

“How would you know?” she snapped, tear burning in her eyes. She wanted Lexa and could see even through her anger she was hurting her mom and dread filled her up. She wasn’t this kind of person and knew she needed away from her mother. With Lexa, everything else seemed to disappear and that was what she needed right now. Clarke couldn’t stop looking toward the closed bathroom door even if she wanted to knowing who was on the other side.

Clarke stood up, forgetting for a moment about her cast on her leg. She fell to her knees and heard her mom stand up, “Don’t touch me,” Clarke held up a hand and crawled toward the bathroom on her hands and knees. She was vaguely aware of the cast on her hand. Lexa must have heard the commotion because the bathroom door flew open and Lexa came running out towards her.

“Babe, what happened?” Lexa crouched down next to her, her hands hovering above her. She loved that Lexa respected her boundaries, but right now she needed Lexa to hold her. Clarke whimpered and grabbed onto Lexa’s hands herself and hauled herself up and into Lexa’s arms who caught her easily.

Her anger melted away when Lexa kissed her head and kept her arms tight around her. Clarke looked up at her and Lexa pressed a kiss to her cheek, and all Clarke could think in that moment was Lexa’s lips on hers. She missed it more than anything. She wanted to kiss her badly, but Clarke didn’t want their first kiss after she got back to be when her mother was in the room watching them. When Clarke kissed her again, she wanted to be able to reconnect with Lexa privately.

Instead she snuggled into Lexa’s neck and inhaled her scent that she loved so much. She felt Lexa’s soothing touches on her back that always helped her.

“Clarke. I’m sorry,” She heard Abby sigh, but Clarke was relieved her mom didn’t approach her, “I’ll leave you be. I’m here if you wanna talk. I love you sweetheart.”

Clarke just nodded, but didn’t say anything. She heard her mother head upstairs and she released her breath she didn’t realize she was holding.

“Love,” Lexa stroked her hair and Clarke leaned into the comforting touch, “what happened?”
“She thinks I’m crazy,” Clarke climbed further into Lexa’s lap ignoring the pain in her side, “She
wants me to go see a fucking shrink.”

L Lexa hushed her and wrapped her arms tight around her, but Clarke could feel the tension in her
arms and shoulders. She knew Lexa was hesitant to touch her without permission and Clarke didn’t
want that.

“You never have to be afraid to touch me. Never you,” Clarke looked up and met worried green
eyes.

“Are you sure, love?” Lexa asked.

“Yes, if it ever becomes too much, I’ll tell you. I promise. Being in your arms is the only place I feel
safe,” she admitted quietly, but needed Lexa to know.

She deserved to know.

“That’s really good to hear, love,” Lexa kissed her head and shifted again.

“Maybe we should move to the couch,” Clarke suggested, “I know you’re uncomfortable.”

Lexa smiled in relief and stood up slightly awkward cradling her in her arms. She moved them over
to the couch and went to set her down on the couch, but she held on wanting to remain in Lexa’s
arms. Lexa chuckled softly and sat down with her in her arms, not once complaining.

It meant more than words could say that Lexa never pushed or asked for more. Clarke knew this was
hard on Lexa too, but Lexa never said a word and continued to be her rock in the storm.

“I love you,” Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa’s neck and buried her face back in Lexa’s neck
She felt Lexa freeze and heard her choke up when she replied.

“I love you too, so much, Clarke.” She swallowed thickly, “I’m so happy to have you back in my
arms. I was so scared, so scared, Clarke. I thought... that ...that I’d never ...see you again,” Lexa
whispered brokenly before tears cascaded down her cheeks. She climbed off her and moved Lexa’s
head into her lap before she carted her fingers softly through her hair.

“Shh baby, let it out. I’m here, Lex. I’m right here,” Clarke kissed her head, “I’m so sorry you had to
go through that. I’m sorry, babe,” Clarke bent over and wrapped herself around Lexa as her
girlfriend’s whole body was wracked with heart wrenching sobs.

Clarke wasn’t sure what to do, so she continued to hold Lexa as her girlfriend completely broke
down in her arms. Clarke felt awful for putting Lexa through this. Lexa didn’t deserve this, not her
strong, beautiful, thoughtful girlfriend who was in tears all because of her. If she’d just stayed with
Octavia then none of this would have happened.

It was all her fault.

A nagging voice sounded in her head that he would have just found another way no matter what she
did. Clarke knew that deep down because he was determined and delusional. Right now though her
focus was Lexa.

Lexa needed her and that was what was mattered. Lexa. Always Lexa. Clarke lost track of time as
they sat there. She didn’t dare move even though her leg was hurting and her ribs. Not with her girl
crying in her arms.
“It’s okay, love. I’m safe. I’m here. You saved me,” Clarke whispered over and over again. She knew Lexa needed to let this out, so she kept a steady rhythm through her hair with her fingers and stayed right where she was.

“I...was...almost...too late,” Lexa hiccuped as she continued to sob, “I almost...lost you,” Clarke’s heart clenched in her chest. How did she miss that Lexa was hurting?

“You didn’t though, you didn’t. I’m here,” Clarke kissed her head repeatedly and held her tightly. Once her sobs subsided, looked up at her sheepishly with tear stained cheeks and red puffy eyes and Clarke chastised herself for being so caught up in her own issues that she completely failed to see Lexa’s. She vowed to be a better girlfriend.

“I’m...” Lexa started to say, but Clarke held a finger to her lips that Lexa kissed.

“Don’t ever be sorry for having feelings, Lex. Sometimes I forget that you’re dealing with things too because you’re always so strong,” Clarke tilted Lexa’s chin to look into her eyes, “but you don’t have to be strong with me all the time. I’m here for you just like I know you’re here for me. Okay?”

“Okay, love. You’re right. I know. I’m sorry,” Lexa pulled herself up and stood. She held a hand out for her to take. Once she was on her feet, Lexa picked her up with ease. “You need your medicine and some food.” She turned toward the kitchen.

“I ate earlier. What I need is a nap with you in my arms. Can we do that first? I’m not hurting too bad. Besides, the best cure for what ails me is you.” Clarke kissed the side of Lexa’s face.

“Whatever you need, love, but I’m pretty sure that’s not how the saying goes though,” Lexa turned and carried her towards their bedroom.

“It’s true,” Clarke grinned and laid her head on Lexa’s shoulder, “All I need is you.”

With each passing day Lexa could see Clarke acting more like herself. It was in the little things, a smile at dinner, a laugh during a movie, a joke during homework or the kisses they shared that were everywhere but on the mouth. Lexa had carried her outside and set her down to run back inside for drinks, but tripped over her own two feet. Luckily she caught herself and looked back at Clarke who looked like she was trying hard not to laugh.

“Something funny?” Lexa asked with a raise of her eyebrow.

“Not at all, Lex,” Clarke shook her head, but covered her mouth. Lexa could see the smile that was trying to break through.

“You can laugh, it’s okay,” Lexa was flustered, but hearing Clarke’s giggle was music to her ears and made her embarrassment completely worth it.

As she headed inside to grab them both a couple of waters, she couldn’t help think it was wonderful to see Clarke smiling more and enjoying the little things. She had missed Clarke’s laugh and her beautiful smile. She knew Clarke still had her struggles, from nightmares to triggers she didn’t have before. Add to the fact that Octavia hadn’t been around had really been weighing on her mind and
Clarke’s as well

Classes started back for them next week after fall break. She wasn’t ready to go back and hoped that her plan for this weekend would be something Clarke would enjoy.

“You should talk to her,” Lexa voiced after watching Clarke scroll through her pictures on her phone and sigh every time Octavia popped up. Clarke was stretched out with her head in Lexa’s lap on the screened in back porch. They were on the couch enjoying the late September breeze and hearing the waves crash against the shore.

It was relaxing for the most part.

Since Clarke got her phone back, she’d barely been on it at first had had mostly hidden it in a drawer, but lately she got on a little more and didn’t flinch every single time a message came through. Lexa called that progress.

Even though it was small, it was a step in the right direction.

“She knows where I am if she wants to talk,” Clarke crossed her arms and stared stubbornly at her phone.

“But, love…” Lexa started to say, but Clarke shook her head.

“What time are we meeting the detectives?” Clarke asked, her phone flopping down on her stomach, as she changed the subject.

Lexa checked the time, “An hour,” She groaned having almost forgot about it. Clarke needed to go down to the station and give her final statement before the fucker could go to trial. They were supposed to talk about everything and Lexa was scared it would set back the progress Clarke had made, “We can reschedule…” She volunteered, but knew Clarke wouldn’t agree.

“No, if I don’t give my statement than who knows what could happen,” Clarke trailed off than and Lexa ran her hand through her hair in an effort to reassure her, but Clarke sat up and turned on the bench to look at her. She looked up at her, “Just don’t punch any signs,” She smiled gently and rubbed Lexa’s hand in reminder.

“I make no promises,” Lexa rolled her eyes, “Better than punching a cop right?”

Clarke laughed, “Yes, but still.”

“I will do my best.”

“That’s all I ask. Are you sure you want to come with me? It’s something I have to do, but not you,” Clarke asked.

“Its okay, I get it, you have to do this, and yes I want to go with you,” Lexa brought Clarke’s hands to her lips and kissed her knuckles ignoring the hard plaster on her left hand.

Lexa smiled sweetly at her before she leaned in and pressed their foreheads together, “Thank you, babe,” Clarke whispered and Lexa’s heart jolted hearing the pet name fall from Clarke’s lips and it didn’t fail to make her smile.

She could feel Clarke’s breath on her lips and yearned to kiss her girlfriend, but remained still. It was Clarke’s decision and Lexa wouldn’t push.
Tears burned her eyes as Clarke closed the distance between them. Lexa’s eyes slammed shut as she felt Clarke’s lips on hers in the softest, most tender kiss. A tear leaked from the corner of her left eye as she sucked in a shuddering breath. Lexa opened them when she felt Clarke pull back and just stare at her.

“Clarke…” Lexa whispered afraid to ruin the moment.

“Lexa…” Clarke sat up and moved back in wrapping a hand around her neck and kissed her again. This time longer and deeper. Lexa whimpered into the kiss, but kept her hands at her sides even though she itched to touch her girlfriend. When Clarke licked across her bottom lip for access, Lexa immediately granted it. The first touch of Clarke’s tongue curling around hers was heavenly and Lexa heard Clarke whine into the kiss.

Before she knew it, Clarke had her pressed against the couch as she climbed on top of her. Lexa’s hands wrapped around Clarke’s back, keeping her against her. Lexa was embarrassingly turned on and felt her cock twitch in her shorts. She started to ache for release as it had been awhile since she had an orgasm that wasn’t by her own hand.

Lexa knew she would explode in her pants if Clarke kept doing that and it didn’t help that sinful noises were dropping from Clarke’s lips.

“Ah, fuck...we...Clarke...” Her protests were cut off when Clarke pressed kisses to her jaw while still keeping a steady rhythm with her hips. Lexa’s grip tightened around Clarke and she was painfully aware of the bulge in her shorts.

Clarke didn’t stop though, only grinded harder into her and Lexa felt herself fighting a losing battle.

“I’ve missed you,” Clarke whispered against her skin dropping hot open mouth kisses down her throat before moving back up and capturing her lips again in a fiery kiss that set her nerve endings on fire, “I’ve missed you so much baby.”

“I’ve missed you too, Clarke,” Lexa groaned again, “We don’t have to do this…” Lexa breathed out trying to fight against her body’s urges, “We...we...can...stop.” She tangled a hand in Clarke’s hair, gripping tightly as she tried to hold onto her sanity. Her eyes closed, her breathing ragged and she could hear Clarke panting above her as she arched up into her.

She couldn’t help it.

“I don’t want to stop, I want you,” Clarke bit down on her pulse point and Lexa’s vision went hazy as the she felt the familiar tightening in her groin.

“Ooh...okay,” Lexa squeezed her eyes shut as Clarke rolled her hips again just right and that was the final straw. “Fuck...fuck...fuck...Clarke!” Lexa cried out as her hips bucked into Clarke, feeling Clarke’s wetness through her shorts had her coming undone, “Clarke!” She exploded in her boxers, her head thrown back in absolute pleasure.

“Fuck, that’s so hot,” Clarke slowed down her pace before laying completely on top of Lexa, “You’re so fucking sexy when you come.”

Lexa threw an arm over her face in embarrassment. Normally she lasted longer than that and felt ashamed for not stopping sooner especially knowing what her girlfriend was going through, “I’m
“No, baby, I wanted to. Fuck I’ve really missed you and you’ve been incredibly patient and I’ve been wanting to do that for awhile now. I finally just acted on it,” Clarke stroked her face tenderly, “I know I’m safe with you.”

The little motion and admittance brought fresh tears to Lexa’s eyes that she somehow fought back, “You are safe with me.”

“I know,” Clarke replied with absolute conviction and Lexa couldn’t help but kiss her chastely.

“I’ve been holding back and being patient because I never want to push you, Clarke. I’d wait forever for you if I had to. Are you sure that was okay?” Lexa placed a hand against her cheek.

“Yes, I’m sure. I’m not sure I’m ready for our clothes off right now, but can you kiss me, please?” Clarke leaned in and Lexa could feel how aroused her girlfriend was and felt bad that she had found release, but not her.

Lexa nodded rapidly, “I’m all yours for whatever you wish,” Lexa encouraged with a smile. She would do anything for Clarke.

Clarke smiled, and Lexa couldn’t help but grab her face gently with both hands and kiss her like she’d been dreaming about.

“I love you,” Clarke breathed out between kisses as she moved her hips again as she grinded into her. Just seeing the pleasure on Clarke’s face made the stickiness in her shorts absolutely worth it. She didn’t move, just let Clarke use her however she needed.

“I love you too,” Lexa put her hands on Clarke’s hips and helped her grind harder occasionally canting her hips up to bring Clarke more pleasure. When Clarke’s hips started to falter, Lexa knew Clarke was close and figured she was on the brink before she stopped a few minutes ago when she got off, “Let go, love, I got you. Let go.”

Clarke did just that with a long drawn out moan and a chant of her name and it was something that never got old watching Clarke fall apart because of her.

“Fuck...fuck...yes...Lexa!” Clarke’s pace faltered, but Lexa arched up into her to help draw out her climax. When it tapered off, Clarke collapsed bonelessly in her arms and Lexa pressed kisses across her head sighing in absolute contentment. She could have stayed there all day if her phone hadn’t chosen that moment to beep with the alarm she set for the meeting.

“Damn it,” Lexa whined, “We need to clean up and get going even though I’d much rather stay cuddled up with you.”

“Ohay,” Clarke made no move to get up and Lexa smiled, “I would love that too,” This was another side of Clarke she’d missed.

“Babe.” Lexa kissed her face.

“Yeah...Yeah...Yeah.”

“Are you okay?” Lexa checked in with her again because no matter what, Clarke was her top priority. She would always take the time to make sure Clarke was okay.
“I’m good,” Lexa raised an eyebrow, “Really I’m okay, but thank you for checking in.”

“Always,” Her phone beeped again. Lexa sat up dragging Clarke with her, “Okay, we really need to get moving or we’re gonna be late.”

“Fine,” Clarke pouted adorably and Lexa wanted to kiss it away, so she did. She moved in slowly to give Clarke time to pull back, but she didn’t. Clarke kissed her back eagerly which was a relief. She wasn’t sure she could go back to not being able to kiss Clarke again.

“You sure this was okay?” Lexa formed it like a question.

“Yes, I promise,’ Clarke leaned up and stole another kiss.

“Oh okay,” Lexa stood and pulled Clarke up before sweeping her up in her arms knowing how much Clarke hated the wheelchair, “I love you, Clarke,” She kissed Clarke’s temple.

“I love you, too, Lex more than you could possibly imagine.”

“I highly doubt that,” Lexa grinned and nudged her playfully.

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Sitting in the waiting area of the police station, Clarke thought she’d feel safer than she did. After all she was surrounded by officers, but instead she felt uneasy and afraid. Her eyes kept darting around at the cops walking by with guns holstered on their belts, phones kept ringing, the door opening every few minutes.

“Raven wanted me to tell you that she loves you,” Lexa looked up from her phone.

“Okay,” Clarke replied as she looked up when she felt someone watching her. She tapped her fingers on her thigh and tried not to cringe. She met the eyes of a young cop who wouldn’t stop staring at her.

It creeped her out. Thank god Lexa was there because she was the only thing that kept her together.

As if Lexa read her mind, she leaned in and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. In that moment, she knew that Lexa could tell she was nervous. Clarke knew it had to be a bit uncomfortable because of the wheelchair, but Lexa did it anyways to make her feel safe, “You okay?”

Clarke appreciated that more than she could say.

“Yeah, I just want to get this over with,” Clarke sighed and couldn’t help but wonder if he was locked up somewhere in here. That thought had her heart pounding as she casted her eyes wildly around as if he would suddenly appear, but her eyes just locked with the cop’s again.

“He’s locked up, Clarke. He’s not here. You’re safe,” Lexa kneeled in front of her chair, and when Clarke locked eyes with hers, she saw fear and worry swimming in the green eyes she loved.

“I know… I do. I just…” Clarke couldn’t grasp what she was trying to say. Instead just continued to look at Lexa and lose herself in the love she saw shining in her eyes as well. But she noticed Lexa was breathing faster than normal, her palms were sweaty and she had a slight tremble in her voice. Completely forgetting about everything else, Clarke started to worry about Lexa, “Are you okay?”

“What, me? yeah… I’m fine…” Lexa waved a hand dismissively and tried a smile, but Clarke knew Lexa wasn’t being completely honest.
“Lex…” Clarke was cut off when the cop behind the desk called out for her. She huffed and turned to face him, “What?”

“Can I get your autograph?” He asked with a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“No,” She turned around to face Lexa again, but the guy didn’t stop.

“C’mon, you’re famous now.” He sneered and Clarke got a bad feeling from him. She was about to reply when Lexa stood up with her hands clenched at her sides and anger in her eyes.

“What did you just say?” Lexa took a step towards the guy, but Clarke grabbed ahold of her arm to stop her. She was pleased to see the guy cower beneath lexa’s rage though.

“Babe, he’s not worth it,” Clarke whispered, “He’s just a jackass.”

“A jackass who insulted my girlfriend,” Lexa hissed towards him, his face had gone deathly pale, she noticed and internally smirked.

“It was just a joke, lighten up,” He rolled his eyes and that was the final straw, Lexa strode forward.

I’m going to fucking…” Lexa was cut off when the door opened and Kane walked out. She saw Lexa tense before her shoulders dropped and all fight left her. In relief, Clarke noticed Lexa’s shoulders slump. But she still kept her eyes on Lexa’s to let her know that the conversation was far from over.

Lexa just nodded with an unreadable expression on her face.

“Thank you both for coming in,” Kane smiled and shook both their hands, “It’s appreciated.”

“You’re welcome,” Lexa glanced at Clarke, “I think I speak for both of us that we’d doing anything to see him locked up. For good.”

Clarke nodded as she couldn’t agree more.

He waved them through past the guard desk and into the back, past rows of desks and towards a door in the very back of the room, “We’ll go in here and talk,” Kane opened the door and gestured them in but Clarke immediately tensed up knowing this was an interrogation room. It was windowless with a single table with one chair on each side and a mirror covering up half the wall.

Clarke shook her head, stopping the forward movement of her chair with her good foot, “is there somewhere else we can go, please…” her voice broke a little and she knew she sounded desperate, but she didn’t care. This room felt like a prison and she felt claustrophobic. She needed open and airy, not dingey and dark. She knew it was crazy considering her prison had been similar to what she needed, but it helped remind her that she was free.

“Of course, of course,” Kane closed the door and led them down the hallway. He stopped in front of what looked like a conference room with big windows and a round table in the middle.

Much better.

Plus she even had a view of the ocean. Nothing compared to her house...but a view nonetheless.

“Thank you,” Clarke mumbled sheepishly, but Lexa squeezed her shoulder gently and Clarke felt herself relax under her touch.

Thank god she had Lexa.
Kane moved a chair out of the way so Lexa could push her up to the table before she sat down in the seat next to her. Clarke immediately reached for hand, drawing strength from her.

“It’s nice to see you out of the hospital, Clarke,” Kane smiled, “May I call you, Clarke?”

“Yes, you may and honestly it’s nice to be free of the place,” Clarke spoke up and knew she meant free from more than just the hospital.

“I’m sure it is,” Kane replied when a knock sounded at the door making Clarke jump, but she noticed Lexa tense up as well. Clarke filed that away for later.

She wasn’t the only one with the problems and she would do anything to help Lexa.

Detective Cartwig walked in and took the empty seat next to Kane, “I’m sorry I’m late, I was finishing up paperwork.”

“That’s quite alright,” Kane nodded at her before turning his attention back to her, “Are you ready to begin?”

Clarke sucked in a deep breath and nodded. Kane clicked a recorder on and set it between them on the table. She had been doing her best to bury what happened and not think about it. It was bad enough she had nightmares nearly every night, but now she had to relive it again without the haze of pain medicine and whatever drug he dosed her with. She wasn’t sure she could do it, but knew she had to. Blankly, and with a trembling lip almost not able to find the words, she stared at the recorder.

A squeeze of her hand brought Clarke out of her swirling thoughts.

“You’re safe, take a deep breath for me, love,” Lexa whispered and Clarke took in comfort in Lexa’s voice, “Nobody can hurt you now. I got you.”

Clarke let a deep breath out and in when she looked up and caught both Kane and Cartwig looking at her with concern and a little pity.

She hated being looked at like that, so she looked back at Lexa instead to find teary green eyes filled with love, worry, fear and so much more. Clarke wanted to kiss away the tears, but instead she cupped Lexa’s cheek, “Thanks, babe,” and turned back around to face her demons with Lexa by her side.

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The only thing Clarke felt after leaving the station was exhaustion. Her mind was still reeling from everything she heard as well as having to relive everything all over again down to the very last detail. It helped having Lexa by her side even though Clarke knew it was hard for her girlfriend to hear, Lexa never left her side.

“I love you,” Lexa mumbled as they headed towards the exit. Her voice more strained than before their meeting.

“I love you too, Lex,” Clarke could sense the tension rolling off her girlfriend in waves. She understood why Lexa would be upset.

After all she had laid everything out on the table and did her best to remember everything she could. Clarke was glad everything was recorded and relieved that Bellamy was facing multiple charges ranging from assault to kidnapping to attempted murder. With her statement, Kane and Cartwig were confident he would be going away for a very long time.
“That fucker going to prison isn't enough though. He deserves more serious punishment,” Lexa mumbled and she wasn’t sure if Lexa was talking to her not, “For what he did, he deserves to pay.”

“I know,” She whispered her agreement anyways, “What did you think about what Kane said about Nia and Cage?” It was on her mind and she was curious to hear what Lexa had to say.

“It doesn’t surprise me. That bitch was not to be trusted. What we heard just proves it. Cage, he looked like a slimy sleazeball,” Lexa pushed her outside into the late evening, the sun had just started to set.

It had surprised her when Kane had informed them that the drug charges were not only against Bellamy, but Nia and Cage as well. When Clarke had told them about ‘Red’ and how he sold it, Kane had informed her that the other two had been arrested and were facing multiple drug charges.

It put a smile on her face because they deserved it, especially Nia, the bitch.

Clarke hadn’t even realized they made it to the car, too caught up in her thoughts until Lexa had opened the door to her jeep and lifted her from the wheelchair. She buckled up while Lexa stowed her wheelchair in the back and climbed behind the wheel.

She really hated the stupid chair. It made her feel inadequate.

Before Lexa put the keys in the ignition, Clarke laid a hand on her shoulder, “Do you want to talk about what you heard?” Clarke bridged the silence between them. She was scared that it would become too much for Lexa even though deep down, Clarke knew it was an irrational fear.

Lexa laid her head back against the seat and sighed, her keys falling into her lap, “I don’t even know what to say. The only thing I can think of is I wish I killed the motherfucker when I had the chance,” Lexa growled out, her fist clenched against her sides.

Clarke moved her hand from Lexa’s shoulder over her clenched fist until she loosened it and brought Lexa’s hand to lips and kissed the crescent shape moons in her palm, “I know, me too sometimes, but than you’d be in jail possibly and I can’t bear the thought of life without you.”

“That’s one of the reasons I didn’t, I couldn’t become that person, Clarke. I couldn't, but I was so close,” Lexa admitted in a broken whisper and Clarke’s heart hurt for her.

“You’re a good person, Lex. You wouldn’t have gone through it even if Anya hadn’t pulled you off,” Clarke squeezed Lexa’s hand and saw tears brimming in her eyes. Clarke took a deep breath knowing that she needed to do this for the both of them.

“You don’t know that,” Lexa gritted her teeth and turned her face away to look out the window.

“I do, I know you,” Clarke stared at the side of her girlfriend’s face, neck strained and jaw clenched, “I know you, Lexa,” Clarke took a deep breath, “I think my mom is right and I do need to go to therapy.”

It was something that had been weighing on her mind since before her mom mentioned it.

“Really?” Lexa’s head whipped back to look at her in surprise.

“Yes,” The thought scared her, but if she truly wanted to put this all behind her and move on with her life, Clarke knew she had to face it head on and knew a therapist would help her. Even though she hated the thought of talking to a stranger, “But I think you need to see one too, babe.”
Clarke waited for Lexa’s reaction and was shocked when Lexa only nodded defeatedly, “You’re right, I do.”

“Baby, why didn’t you tell me you were struggling so bad?” Clarke was hurt Lexa hadn’t shared, but at the same time knew why Lexa hadn’t.

“You’re dealing with so much more than me already. You went through something I can’t even fathom and I didn’t want to pile my crap on top,” Lexa closed her eyes and tears leaked out from under her eyelashes. She tried to wipe them away, but they slid silently down her face anyway.

“Look at me, please baby,” Clarke cupped her cheek and Lexa opened her eyes, “Just because I’m going through something doesn’t make what you have going on any less important,” She scolded lightly and sighed when Lexa leaned into her hand, nuzzling into it. Her beautiful, stubborn, selfless girlfriend. Clarke shook her head sadly.

“I’m struggling, I have been, but I need to be strong…I have too…for you…” Lexa rushed out, her cheeks flushed red.

“How about instead we be strong for each other?” Clarke suggested, promising herself that she would heal in every way, not just for Lexa, but for herself. She wasn’t going to let this one moment ruin the rest of her life. If she did that, he won and that was something Clarke couldn’t live with.

It would take time and it would be a battle, but Clarke was determined to win, the first step was talking to someone.

“That sounds good, and I’m sorry. I haven’t been honest with you about my feelings, love,” Lexa looked at her with sad, tired eyes, “I promise I’ll do better.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong, babe.” Clarke answered, “I understand why you didn’t. I haven’t exactly been in the right frame of mind, but it’s getting better I think, at least sometimes. I’m starting to slowly feel more like myself.” she tried a smile.

Lexa smiled back. “That’s really good to hear, Clarke, but I’m still sorry.”

“Don’t be… I love you, Lex. Thank you for sticking by me,” Clarke leaned over farther in order to kiss Lexa’s lips that she missed so much. Earlier was wonderful and Clarke didn’t regret it, but this wasn’t about pleasure, this was about comfort. She hadn’t expected what happened that morning, but if she had to choose again, she wouldn’t change a thing.

She could never regret anything that happened with Lexa.

“I’m not going anywhere. I love you too. I’m with you through the good and bad and everything in between. You’re stuck with me.” Lexa finally smiled.

“Well when you say it that way…” Clarke teased feeling happy and enjoying the banter.

Lexa looked affronted, “Oh I see... so that’s how it’s going to be?” Lexa pouted and Clarke let out a deep, raspy laugh and it was freeing to laugh like that again.

“You know I’m just teasing…babe…” Clarke whispered and wished she could straddle Lexa’s lap, but the confines of the Jeep made it tricky with her casts.

She hated them.

“I’m not so sure…” Lexa crossed her arms, but Clarke could see the half smile Lexa was trying to
“Baby…” Clarke batted her eyelashes, but Lexa didn’t budge. She had really missed the playful banter and teasing between them. It was one of the things that Clarke loved about Lexa, she could keep up with her and that was rare, “I’m sorry.”

“Dork,” Lexa’s face broke out into a grin and she took Clarke’s face in her hand and kissed her before nudging her back into her seat, “How about we pick up food and go home?”

Clarke’s stomach rumbled at the mention of food, “Sounds good,” And for the first time since everything happened, she was truly starting to believe everything was going to be okay.

 Clarke was still sleeping soundly when Lexa rolled over to check on her and kissed her on the cheek. She was so beautiful, Lexa couldn’t help but think. She stroked Clarke’s hair softly a minute before slipping from the bed and tiptoeing into the living room. It wasn’t late really, but nobody was around for which she was grateful. She sat down on the couch and pulled her computer from the coffee table and continued to research what she had been earlier.

Lexa knew this would be good for them both, especially after talking to Abby about it and getting her okay, along with her credit card, that Lexa didn’t want to take. But it had been made clear that she would.

Once everything was booked she shut her computer down again and set it back on the coffee table. Pulling out her phone, Lexa scrolled through until she found the number she was looking for. Pressing call she stood up and started pacing impatiently while the phone on the other end rang and rang. She knew she was being ignored, and that upset her even more, Lexa had almost given up hope when finally the person picked up.

“Hello,” The person on the other end of line seemed hesitant, but Lexa ignored it because she needed to say what she had to. For Clarke.

“Octavia,” Lexa snapped, “What is your problem?” Even though Octavia wasn’t there to see her, she couldn’t hold back her glare.

“I don’t have a problem,” Octavia fired back, “Why are you calling me anyways?”

“Clarke has been home for over a week now and you haven’t come by once,” Lexa growled and ignored the nagging feeling that Octavia sounded as defeated as she felt.

“What the fuck does it matter?” Octavia choked out over the phone, “It’s my fault. It was my brother, mine and I’m a fucking idiot,” Lexa pinched between her eyes waiting for Octavia to finish her thought, “He is my brother and I just…”

“Just what?” Lexa was irritated and she knew deep down she shouldn’t be. She could tell that Octavia was feeling guilty, but her first priority was Clarke. Lexa knew however if she could get her friend to see reason and come see Clarke, it wouldn’t just help her girlfriend, it would help Octavia as well.

“You wouldn’t understand,” Octavia breathed out. Lexa could almost hear her deflate, “Nobody does.”
“I can understand your feelings and I respect them. But right now Clarke needs you. She needs her best friends and the only one that’s been there is Raven, not you. How do you think that makes her feel?” She tried to keep the bite from her tone, but knew she failed when she heard sniffling.

“She wouldn’t want to see me, I’m just a constant reminder,” Octavia sighed, “She deserves a better friend than me. I didn’t…I couldn’t… I can’t…” that was the last thing, Lexa heard before the line disconnected.

Sighing, Lexa slumped down on the cushions and tossed her phone beside her. With her head in her hands she took a moment to gather her thoughts before standing up, grabbing her phone and making her way back to their bedroom where Clarke was still sleeping peacefully. Unfortunately, Lexa knew it wouldn’t last and Clarke would be torn from sleep by the nightmares that plagued her.

She had tried, now it was up to Octavia and she really hoped Octavia was the person she thought she was.

Climbing into bed she smiled when Clarke mumbled, “Lexa..” and rolled over and cuddled on her chest. Lexa pressed a kiss to the top of her head. She stroked Clarke’s back softly and stared up into the dark. If she held her a little closer than normal after what she heard today, she reasoned it was a normal response.

“I love you.” Lexa whispered into the dark. There was nothing she wouldn’t do for Clarke, and whether she admitted it or not, Lexa knew Clarke missed her best friend. She missed Octavia too, as well as Lincoln, whom hadn’t been coming around either in solidarity with Octavia, Lexa assumed.

Lexa closed her eyes and hoped Octavia came through, For now though, she snuggled with Clarke and let sleep overcome her.

It had been an emotional and trying day for both of them.

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There was a headache brewing behind her eyes as Clarke stared down at the pages in front of her but the words all blurred in front of her eyes.

Her homework had been piling up.

“Tell me again why we let it get this bad?” Clarke groaned knowing she had to get started on it before it took over the entire coffee table. Clarke stared down at the pages though with a headache forming behind her eyes but the words all blurred in front of her eyes.

“We’ve had other things on our mind,” Lexa patted her thigh as she stared at her own mountain of homework. Her glasses were slipping down her nose and Clarke thought she looked adorable as she pushed them back into place.

“School starts back next week and we haven’t made a dent in it,” Clarke furrowed her brow in concentration on the math problems in front of her. She didn’t have the patience for this, but knew she couldn’t keep putting it off.

“It does and we will get through it. The sooner the better,” Lexa smiled with a gleam in her eye. Clarke was about to question it, but Raven and Anya walked through the door behind her making her jump slightly. Lexa glanced up in concern, but Clarke took that as improvement no matter how small. Her first scheduled therapy session was next week as well and Clarke was nervous and scared, but Raven started talking and it was pushed to the back of her mind.
For now.

“Thank god, it’s almost fall break,” Raven tossed her bag on the chair by the door with a sigh.

“I agree, classes are already kicking my ass,” Anya groaned and leaned back against the closed door.

“I’m sure there’s something I could do to make you feel better. What about…” Raven whipped around when Lexa cleared her throat and Clarke winked at Lexa because seeing her friend startled was great.

“Sorry didn’t see you there,” Raven smirked trying to hide her red cheeks, but Clarke wasn’t going to let this go. Anya took her hand and pulled her over to the island where Clarke and Lexa were currently set up.

“Sure you didn’t,” Clarke rolled her eyes, but looked past Raven hopefully to see if anyone was else was coming in.

There wasn’t and the door wasn’t locked.

Her shoulders fell, but Clarke shook it off when she felt three pairs of eyes on her, “What?”

“You good?” Lexa asked and scooted over to kiss her on the cheek.

“Better now,” Clarke smiled and turned to kiss Lexa on the lips. She had missed kissing Lexa whenever she wanted and from now on, she would continue to do so unless Lexa told her otherwise.

“Still disgustingly in love, I see,” Anya snarked and took one of the stools pulling Raven in between her legs.

“Isn’t that getting old?” Lexa scoffed and Clarke laughed.

“Never,” Raven and Anya both said at the same time.

Clarke cleared her throat softly, “can you lock the door please?” She asked Lexa who got up immediately, shooting their friends a look.

“Sorry, we forgot,” Raven looked apologetic and moved as well, but Lexa waved her away.

“I got it,” Lexa started for the door when a knock sounded. Clarke looked up in curiosity, wondering who it could be. Everyone was here minus her mom who was working.

“Who could that be?” she asked.

“No idea,” Lexa replied and looked through the peephole before she opened the door, but Clarke heard her girlfriend’s gasp. Instead of locking it she yanked open the door.

Clarke’s mouth dropped open when Lexa moved aside and Octavia stood on the porch with Lincoln behind her. Octavia said something, but Clarke was too far away to hear, but she saw Octavia’s eyes dart to her and back. She must have said something right because Lexa gestured for them to come in.

Clarke stared at her friend who looked different from the last time she saw her. Octavia looked pale, had dark circles under her eyes and looked like she’d lost weight. Not to mention she kept shifting from foot to foot.

Such a far cry from how Octavia normally acted, but Clarke couldn’t say anything because she wasn’t acting like herself either.
“Hi, Clarke,” Octavia whispered, and stepped closer to where she was sitting. Only vaguely aware of the others standing silently behind her, Clarke eyed her friend up and down. She tried not to let her anger get the best of her, but over a week had passed without a call, text or visit made her blood boil slightly. She knew she could have reached out too, but she barely talked to anyone minus Lexa.

“That’s what you have to say? Over a week and that’s the best you can come up with?” Clarke growled and clenched her uninjured hand. She saw Lexa take a step towards her from the corner of her eye, but Clarke shook her head. She needed to do this on her own.

“We’re going to go outside for a little bit,” Lexa spoke up and basically shoved everyone towards the door, but mostly Raven who was lingering, but Anya took her arm and pulled a grumbling Raven outside. Lexa was the last to leave and made sure to lock eyes with her. Clarke answered her silent question with a nod knowing she would be okay.

Once the door was shut, Octavia fiddled with her fingers before finding the courage to speak, “What do you want me to say?”

Clarke bit back her smartass retort before calmly speaking, “Why has it taken you this long to come see me?” She demanded.

“How could I even face you, Clarke. Tell me...how? When it was my brother who do this to you. My fucking brother,” Octavia’s voice broke on the last word and Clarke ached for the pain her friend must be feeling.

“He did it, Octavia, not you,” Clarke said gently, her anger slowly ebbing away at the look of pure guilt strewn across her best friend’s face. It was the same look, Lexa got when they talked about her inability to protect her. She reassured Lexa, now it was time to do the same with Octavia.

“I know that, but I didn’t stop him,” I should have seen the signs, I should have helped. It’s my fault. Mine for not seeing it,” Octavia bit her fist and tears pooled in her eyes. Octavia hastily brushed at them, but they streamed down her face instead.

“It’s not your fault, it’s his. He was good at hiding it, apparently, even from you,” Clarke took a deep breath, “He did this, not you.”

“But I helped him!” Octavia cried.

Clarke looked at her in confusion not sure if she heard correctly, her headache pounding with all this information. “Did you say you helped him?” Her mind ran in all kinds of directions on how that could have possibly happened.

“Not like that, I meant when I visited him at his place. I trusted him and never thought to lock my phone or hide things from him. I always told him everything. How do you think he knew so much, not just from the...stalking, but other things too. How do you think he got Lexa’s number or yours when the cops changed them?” Octavia sucked in a deep breath, “It was all because of me.”

Clarke cursed him in her head for the millionth time, not just for what he did to her and Lexa, but for what he did to his little sister. Shaking her head sadly, Clarke stood up and balanced herself on one leg using the counter. Only a couple more weeks and these stupid casts would be off. Clarke hobbled to her friend, trying to keep her weight off her foot, but slipped on the hardwood floor, but Octavia somehow caught her and moved her to sit her on the couch.
Octavia sat next to her, but left a sizable gap between them and Clarke was feeling the distance keenly. She tried to look Octavia in the eye, but Octavia was looking everywhere else, but at her.

“I don’t blame you, O, I never did,” Clarke sighed when Octavia still refused to look at her, “He would have just found another way,” She shuddered at the thought.

“Why not? None of this would have happened if it wasn’t for me. I knew he had a crush on you, I knew.”

“A crush maybe, but not an obsession. There was no way to know he would take it this far. I know if you had known, you would have warned me and definitely tried to stop him,” Clarke moved closer, “But you didn’t know. You’re not to blame, he is.” Her memories of the moment they rescued her were hazy in some places. But she clearly remembered anguished tears streaming down Octavia’s face. Fuck him. Clarke bit down on her lower lip hard.

“Of course, I would have. You’re my best friend,” Octavia sobbed out, her watery eyes finally locking with hers Clarke smiled sadly, “This is why you haven’t been around?” Clarke questioned even though she already knew the answer, “You think I blame you?”

Octavia nodded, “How could you not?”

“I’ve never once blamed you. His actions are his own and you don’t need to feel guilty for what he did,” Clarke said firmly, “You had nothing to do with it. Okay? Please let go of the guilt. I’m not mad at you for any of it.” She scooted the last foot and was close enough that their thighs were touching.

“But he’s my flesh and blood, my big brother,” Octavia broke down, “he was always there for me, always protected me and now I find out he’s...not who I thought he was. He did all these things to you and Lexa and I just...I hate him so much for it...but I love him and I hate myself for that,” sobbing she let the tears cascade down her cheeks. Clarke wiped at her own tears because she hadn’t realized how hard it would be for Octavia. She should have, it was her brother, but Clarke hadn’t seen it and felt like a selfish, ignorant friend.

“It’s okay, O, it will be okay,” Clarke whispered to her friend the same words, Lexa often whispered to her. Her shirt was soaked with tears, but Clarke didn’t care, “Feel better,” She asked when Octavia lifted her head from her shoulder.

“A little…” Octavia’s voice was thick with tears, “I’m sorry, Clarke...for not being here when you needed me…”

“It’s okay,” Clarke reassured her, “I was upset, I won’t lie. I thought you might have blamed me for what happened actually…” She whispered the last like a secret. Octavia’s eyes widened as she shook her head quickly, “Like I somehow led him on or gave him hope or…”

Octavia cut her off, “No...never, Griff. He got it in his head that you two are meant to be. That you’re soulmates and all this crap…” Octavia must have realized she said too much and slapped a hand over her mouth.

“Wait...how did you know that?” Clarke’s eyes narrowed. Only Lexa and the detectives knew about all of that besides Bellamy himself, “You’ve been to see him?” Clarke couldn’t keep the gasp from escaping, “Why?” She couldn’t fathom why Octavia would go and see him, but then again he was her brother.
“Because I had to!” Octavia’s voice got louder as she jumped off the couch and started to pace, “I needed to understand how he could do such a thing, why he did it. He just kept spouting the same shit over and over again,” Octavia balled her hands into fists, “He begged me to understand, begged me to be on his side and I just got mad,” Octavia paused and took a deep breath. Clarke was leaning forward on the couch hanging onto every word. Octavia whipped about, “Than he had the audacity to ask me to be a witness for him in the trial and to lie.”

“Lie about what?” Clarke couldn’t help but be curious.

“He said he was going to plead insanity,” Octavia scoffed, “I mean seriously..what the fuck is he thinking? That he’ll get away with it? Not likely. Not if I have anything to say about it...”

Clarke tuned out after she heard the word insanity, “No...no...no...no...no!” Clarke shook her head frantically at the thought of him getting out. Fear spread through her and she choked for air. He could come back for her...he could hurt her again or worse...hurt Lexa. This couldn’t be happening.

It couldn’t.

“Clarke, breathe,” Octavia was in front of her in an instant, “Breathe, it’s okay. I told the cops everything and I even recorded the conversation on my phone and gave it to them. They needed to know. I don’t know if it’s admissible in court or whatever, but I won’t let him get away with this. Brother or not...he deserves to pay.”

Clarke’s shoulders sagged in relief. She caught her breath, but the nagging voice in the back of her head kept telling her it was possible because even when she was his prisoner, she thought he was insane.

To this day, it always took her by surprise how Octavia could switch from one mood to the next, but it was skill she often bragged about, but Clarke knew it was easier sometimes to be like that.

“Thank you, O,” Clarke stood up and reached for Octavia to pull her into a hug, “I’ve missed you.”

“I missed you too, Clarke.”

The door flew open and Lexa rushed inside pushing past Anya and Raven who tried to pull her back, “What happened?” She was by her side in an instant.

“Nothing babe, I’m okay,” Clarke ran her hand down Lexa’s arm in an effort to calm her.

“Okay, good,” Lexa’s whole body sagged in relief and she kissed the top of her head. Clarke smiled and looked up to see Raven standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips, “Everything good in here? Any bloodshed?” Raven grinned slightly and they both laughed at her antics, but shook their heads no. “Good to hear because the Commander here was getting antsy and was freaking me out, as you can see with the way she rushed in.”

“I was not that bad,” Lexa argued.

“So were,” Raven piped up.

“Shut up, Reyes,” Lexa growled.

Clarke shook her head, “Did you need something?”

“Actually, yes, we were talking and I’m starving,” Raven smiled and patted her stomach. The door was pushed open wider. Anya and Lincoln stood behind them with their arms crossed, but smiles on
“Of course you are,” Clarke rolled her eyes and saw Octavia do the same.

“We were thinking about a movie night?” Raven asked tentatively, “That is... if that’s cool with you two?”

Clarke looked over at Octavia who nodded. “That’s a great idea,” Clarke glanced at Lexa who was hovering over her. Normally, Clarke hated hovering, but she knew Lexa was only doing it out of concern, “Come back inside all of you, you’re letting the cold air out. My mom would be pissed if she was here.”

Raven gulped.

Everyone spilled through the open door and Raven slammed it shut making everyone yell at her.

“Sorry,” Her tanned cheeks blushed red.

Lexa bent down, cupping her cheeks to give her a chaste kiss, but Clarke craved more. She didn’t want to give their friends a show though. Instead, Clarke gently pushed Lexa down on the couch and curled up beside her while the rest of them argued over what movie to watch and what kind of a pizza to order.

Clarke smiled. It was nice to be home and all together again.

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It was still difficult to have Clarke out of sight after everything that had happened and especially after everything she learned. She kept her feet planted on the porch though because she knew Octavia and Clarke needed to hash it out. She knew that in the long run, Clarke needed both of her friends, not just one.

She was just glad that Octavia actually came through.

“What are you thinking about?” Clarke whispered where she was curled up against her on the couch. Lexa shivered as Clarke drew patterns above her waistband where her shirt had ridden up. Their friends were spread out around them with Lincoln and Octavia cuddled up in the oversized recliner and Raven and Anya snuggled up on the other couch. The movie played in the background, but Lexa wasn’t paying attention to it too distracted by Clarke’s fingers every once in awhile dipping under her waistband.

“I’m glad you made it up with Octavia,” She replied with a smile, “It seems like it helped you to talk to her.”

“It really did, thank you,” Clarke’s fingers had stopped moving and splayed out over her stomach.

“For what?”

“I know you had something to do with her showing up,” Clarke arched her eyebrow almost daring her to deny it.

“Guilty,” Lexa knew there was no point in lying. Clarke already knew, “I knew you needed both of your best friends, not just one.”

“It means a lot, Lex,” Clarke kissed her shoulder, “I love you.”
“I love you too,” Lexa pulled Clarke just a little tighter against her as her plan floated around in her head. It was all booked now and she hoped it was okay. And she knew she really needed to bring it up to Clarke to make sure she was on board. She wanted to surprise her somehow, but she didn’t want to just spring it on her, and they were already set to leave in a couple days for a long weekend.

Lexa went to speak up, the movie ended and the room that had been nice and quiet sprang back to life.

“God, I love that movie,” Raven commented stretching her arms up above her head.

“You’re such a kid, Rae,” Octavia voice from Lincoln’s lap.

“You’re as big of a kid as I am, O, don’t deny it,” Raven fired back leaning towards her.

“Am not.”

“Are too.”

“Am not.”

“Yes. You. Are,” Raven protested loudly, looking around the room for support, but nobody said anything. Lexa just laughed.

Octavia finally shrugged her shoulders, “Fine, you win. It’s true.”

“Are we seriously arguing about this?” Anya rolled her eyes and shifted her arm from behind Raven.

“Of course they are,” She wouldn’t admit it out loud, but she missed her friends bickering. It was normal.

“I better get used to it than,” Anya smiled lovingly at Raven who smirked in triumph.

“You and me both, An,” Lincoln grunted when Octavia smacked him in the stomach.

“Watch it, you,” Octavia smiled and kissed him.

“Like you two are any better,” Lexa pointed a finger at both of them,

“Don’t bring me into this,” Lincoln warned playfully, “You and Anya are far worse than anybody here.”

“No way,” Lexa looked back at Clarke when Clarke chuckled, “You agree?”

“Well…” Clarke smirked and Lexa couldn’t even be mad because Clarke’s smile was a sight to see even if it was becoming more and more frequent.

“Betrayal! Betrayal all around,” Lexa shook her head sadly, and did her best to hide her smile by ducking her head shyly. Her head snapped up when she was nailed with a pillow on top of her head.

Lexa looked up to see Clarke with a playful smile on her a face and a pillow in her hand.

“You’re gonna pay for that!” Lexa took the pillow from behind her and held it above her head.

“You wouldn’t…” Clarke teased, “I can’t even get aw…” Her words were cut off when Lexa smacked her gently in the face.
Next thing, Lexa knew, the others had jumped up and started a massive pillow fight with Raven somehow coming out with silly string. Staring in surprise Lexa wondered where she got it from, but didn’t have the chance to ask when a pillow from Anya hit her square in the face.

“Oops!” Anya cackled and scampered off. Lexa turned to Clarke who sat on the couch, still with a smile on her face. Lexa knew Clarke was feeling slightly left out, so she leaned down and got close to her.

“Truce?” Lexa held out her hand.

“Only if you help me get the others,” Clarke whispered.

“Deal,” Lexa turned around and put her back to Clarke, “Climb on,” Once Clarke was secured on her back, Lexa attacked while their friends ran away from the tag teaming duo. Clarke hitting and Lexa running.

“Take that,” Clarke screamed as she whacked Lincoln across the head.

“Hey,” Lincoln laughed as he took off and pulled Octavia in front of him like a shield, “Take her, take her.”

“Wimp,” Octavia looked back at him before she attacked and Lexa had to dance away from her as she charged towards them, “I got them.”

“Sure you do,” Clarke taunted, but Lexa didn’t see Anya and Raven sneaking up behind them as she was too focused on the threat in front of them.

“Got you!” Anya and Raven cheered as they whacked both of them.

“Damnit,” Lexa’s head dropped down, “You cheated!”

“We didn’t, but whatever helps you sleep at night, Commander,” Anya smirked victoriously.

“Don’t worry babe, we’ll get them back,” Clarke whispered in her ear. Lexa smiled before she leaped forward with Clarke brandishing the pillow.

They wouldn’t go down without a fight.

Feathers were everywhere, pillows were torn to shreds, cushions were off the couches, chips were scattered across the floor and the silly string was everywhere including all over each one of them.

Even Raven couldn’t escape.

The living room was a complete disaster and none of them had realized the door had opened because someone, Lexa wasn’t sure who, had turned music on loud. When Lexa looked up and spotted Clarke’s mom, she froze and gulped. Abby stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips. The color drained from her face and Lexa was vaguely aware of everyone else freezing and dropping their weapons.

Lexa decided to speak up, “Hi, Abby,” She knew her cheeks were red with exertion and embarrassment, but didn’t dare look away from the piercing gaze that was directed at her. Lexa gently lowered Clarke down on the couch and faced Abby again with her shoulders straight and hands clasped behind her back.

“Well hello,” Abby sighed, taking in their warzone, “Whose bright idea was this?” She looked
around at each of them.

Nobody spoke up. They all just looked at each other.

“I see,” Abby stepped forward, closing the door behind her, the noise echoing loudly because Raven had shut the music off. She bent down and picked up one of the silly string cans, “I assume this is yours, Raven?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Raven swallowed thickly, andLexa had to stifle a laugh and nudgeClarke with her foot becauseClarke was shaking from trying to control herself. Lexa couldn’t help but giggle. But when Abby turned to look at her, Lexa kept a impassive mask on so Abby couldn’t see through it.

She hoped.

“Thought so,” Abby turned and eyed each one of them in turn, narrowing her eyes at them, “You all will clean this up and I better not see a speck anywhere. Is that understood?”

A chorus of yes’s went up and Lexa looked around at everyone, from Anya who looked nervous, Raven who was scared, Octavia who didn’t look bothered, Lincoln’s face didn’t give away much andClarke who just couldn’t stop smiling.

“But first,” Abby squeezed the blue silly string can and hit Raven right in the face. Raven sputtered and glared before grabbing one of the discarded cans.

“Oh it’s on.” She lunged at Abby who took off across the house.

Lexa finally let out the breath she was holding and laughed freely. She scooped Clarke back up and took off after them.

It was the most fun they’d had in awhile.

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Clarke woke up feeling refreshed for the first time in what felt like forever, but in reality it hadn’t even been two weeks. She had no nightmare last night and that was cause to celebrate even though she knew they weren’t gone for good. She hoped they would be after getting some help.

“Lex.”

It was late morning and Lexa wasn’t in bed beside her. Normally, Clarke would start to panic, but after her full night’s sleep, it didn’t bother her as much. She slipped out of bed and hobbled towards the door on one leg.

Clarke found Lexa on the couch with her legs up on the ottoman, her glasses perched on her nose and her computer in her lap. She took a moment to admire her girlfriend who was clad only in a thin tank top and gym shorts. Clarke licked her lips as she took in Lexa and it was hard to remember why she wanted to take it slow.

Lexa looked good enough to eat.

“Babe, why didn’t you holler for me? I would have came and helped,” Lexa’s voice was laced with concern. She hadn’t realized Lexa had looked up until she met her eyes and saw Lexa looking at her appreciatively as well before she shook her head and jumped up,

“Sorry, I just wanted to do it on my own. Besides, I finally get my walking boot today. I can’t wait. I
can deal better with this,” Clarke held up her hand, “Than I can with this,” She kicked her leg out and if it wasn’t for the wall and Lexa, she would have fallen.

I know, love,” Lexa kissed her head, “A few more hours and it you’ll be rid of it,” Lexa scooped her up and carried her over to the island.

“I might miss this though,” Clarke chuckled and laid her head on Lexa’s shoulder. She loved Lexa picking her up all the time and being able to snuggle safely in her arms.

“I will still do it anytime you want, love,” Lexa laughed and set her down on the stool carefully, making sure to elevate her foot.

“Good to know,” Clarke looked down at Lexa’s hand that was no longer in the brace, “How’s your hand feeling?”


“That’s good,” Clarke took her hand and pressed a kiss to Lexa’s knuckles that were no longer bruised. She wanted to ask about football, but didn’t want to upset her so she decided to wait, “Is it better now?”

“Much,” Lexa blushed and Clarke loved seeing the shy side of her girlfriend. She pulled Lexa closer and kissed her lightly on the lips, “I was thinking about making breakfast, you hungry?”

“Yes,” Her stomach growled, “Can I help?” Lexa looked like she was going to refuse so Clarke added, “Please?”

“Okay, but only if you’re careful,” Lexa stood up, “How about whisking the eggs?” Lexa leaned down and put her hands on Clarke’s hips bringing their faces close together. Lexa tickled her and made her squirm, “Oops, my hand slipped.”

“I’m sure…” Clarke shoved Lexa’s shoulder, but before Lexa could move away, Clarke latched onto her wrist and pulled her in. Clarke captured Lexa’s lips in a deep kiss, all tongue and teeth clashing. Lexa’s hands came back down on her hips, squeezing tightly before picking her up and setting her on the counter. Clarke moaned when Lexa stepped in between her legs so they were smashed together. Clarke’s hands wound around Lexa’s back and into Lexa’s luscious brown locks. Lexa gasped when Clarke moved to suck on her neck and felt Lexa buck into her.

Clarke was close to stripping Lexa off all her clothes, but instead slowed down the kiss because she wasn’t quite ready for more. Lexa stepped back, breathing heavily, her green eyes almost black with desire and Clarke could feel her excitement against her thigh. Lexa pressed a final tender kiss to her lips before breaking completely away. Clarke was appreciative that Lexa knew without her having to say anything.

It meant more than words could say.

“Breakfast?” Lexa’s voice came out deeper than normal and Clarke had to clench her thighs when heat rushed south and remind herself once again why she wanted to wait.

Yeah...yeah...breakfast sounds good,” Clarke smiled and ran a finger across Lexa’s bottom lip when she stepped in close again. Lexa shuddered and kissed the pad of her thumb before she moved and started to pull ingredients from the fridge.

“What we having?” Clarke asked as she maneuvered back onto the stool carefully.
“I was thinking bacon, eggs and pancakes if that works for you,” Lexa laid out everything on the island. She handed over the carton of eggs, a bowl and a whisk.

“Sounds delicious,” Clarke’s mouth watered at the thought. She loved Lexa’s cooking and was excited to have it again even if it was only breakfast. They’d been eating a lot of takeout.

After breakfast, Clarke debated asking Lexa something that she’d been going back and forth on for days. She looked over at Lexa who was sitting next to her on the couch. She had changed into khaki shorts and a green button up left open over a black tank top. Clarke had opted for jean shorts and a blue v-neck shirt which was loose and comfortable. Finally gathering up the courage, Clarke spoke up.

“Can we go by my house before the doctor please?” It was something she felt like she needed to do, just like going back to the stadium was as well, but Clarke wasn’t quite ready for that yet. She had some more time before Lexa would be playing again.

Lexa looked surprised, but nodded regardless, “Yeah, babe, of course,” Lexa hesitated, “But are you sure?”

“I’m sure,” Clarke said with as much conviction as she could muster.

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Clarke was okay as they drove the few blocks towards her house. She was nervous, but not as much as she thought she would be. It all changed when Lexa pulled onto her street. Clarke couldn’t help, but tensed up at the sight of her house and her eyes filled with tears. She loved this house and because of him it was tainted.

“You sure you want to do this?” Lexa asked as she parked in the driveway. Clarke could feel her eyes on her, but she was too busy staring at the place she called home.

“Yes,” Clarke squared her shoulders and opened the door, “There’s so many good memories here, I need to remember that.”

“Of course, love,” Lexa came around and picked her up, “Do you want to go inside?”

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, “I need to do this.”

“Okay, but just say the word and we leave. No questions asked,” Lexa walked them to the front door and produced the key from her pocket. Clarke took it to unlock the door. She swallowed thickly as she pushed the door open and Lexa stepped inside.

It looked exactly how she left it.

“Doing okay?” Lexa kissed her head and Clarke took comfort in knowing Lexa was here with her. She knew there was no way she could do it on her own.

“Could be better, could be worse,” Clarke tried to joke, but it fell flat as they walked into the kitchen.

“Remember when Raven and Octavia caught us in here,” Lexa laughed, “It was a great first impression if I do say so myself.”

“I’m sure it was,” Clarke couldn’t help but laugh as well. The memory made her smile. Even back then whether she realized it or not, Lexa was always more than a friend with benefits, “Stud.”
“That’s me,” Lexa chuckled and nodded her head towards the back of the house.

Clarke knew what she was referring to and nodded her head. They stood just outside her bedroom door and Clarke started to panic. Her heart was beating rapidly, her palms were sweaty and her breathing was becoming labored.

The door opened and Clarke stiffened like a taut bowstring in Lexa’s arms.

She felt Lexa freeze as well as knew it was hard for her too. She took one look at her room and immediately flashed back to the room she was held captive in. A mirror copy of this one. Clarke couldn’t do it. “I can’t go in there, please don’t make me…please don’t make me,” She breathed out in harsh pants. Clarke felt Lexa wrap her arms tight around her and press kisses to her head as Lexa hurried away from her room and out to the couch where she sat down with Clarke in her lap.

“Okay, love,” Lexa rubbed her back. “Shh, it’s okay, we won’t go there, I promise. I had a feeling this would be too hard right now and honestly it’s hard for me. We never have to come back here again if you don’t want to. We’ll figure it out together, okay?” Lexa pressed another kiss to her hair.

“Okay” Clarke nodded against Lexa’s neck. She refused to go back in there. She wasn’t sure if she ever would. She was relieved that she didn’t have to explain, because Lexa just understood.

She would be forever grateful for Lexa.

“Okay, let’s go,” Lexa stood up and carried Clarke back outside to the car. She buckled herself in, “I’ll be right back, I gotta grab something and lock the door.

“Hurry back, please,” Clarke leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes, tears falling down her cheeks. She opened them again to take another look at the house that used to be called home.

Not anymore.

Lexa was home.

She watched Lexa come back out with her favorite surfboard tucked under her arm and she stared at it wistfully. She really did miss surfing and hoped to get back to it as soon as the casts were off.

“Thank you,” Clarke could hear the tremor in her own voice as Lexa climbed in behind the wheel. She hated what she’d been reduced too because of him.

“Whatever you need, baby. That’s what matters,” Lexa murmured into her hair, “I know you can’t surf yet, but whenever you’re ready, your surfboard will be waiting for you.”

“Sometimes I think I don’t deserve you,” That was the last thing she remembered before she dozed off, exhausted from the morning’s activities and didn’t hear Lexa’s reply.

“It’s me that wonders what I did to deserve you.”

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It was the night before they were set to leave and Lexa still hadn’t told Clarke. They were currently in bed and Lexa was reading to Clarke. Her girlfriend had requested it the night after they got home stating that Lexa’s voice soothed her.

How could Lexa deny Clarke? She couldn’t.
“I love this series,” Clarke sighed happily.

“I know, you’ve only told me a billion times,” Lexa laughed at Clarke’s pout, “You’re a nerd when it comes to Harry Potter babe.”

“I can’t deny that,” Clarke giggled and snuggled back into her.

“You couldn’t even if you wanted to,” Lexa rolled her eyes playfully. They were on the second Harry Potter book because Clarke couldn’t believe she had only seen the movies and not read the books. Clarke had called it a *sacrilege* and said that was what they were reading, having Raven fetch the books. Lexa didn’t want to admit it yet, but so far the books were better than the movies.

Lexa kept it to herself for now because otherwise she wouldn’t hear the end of it from Clarke.

“Hey, love,” Lexa set the book to the side when she finished the chapter they were on. Harry just found out he could speak to snakes.

“Yes, babe,” Clarke lifted her head from Lexa’s chest to look her in the eyes. Lexa fidgeted with her hands suddenly overcome with nerves and afraid Clarke would reject the idea, “What is it, Lex?”

Clarke sat up completely to face her.

“I have an idea, well I had an idea and ran with it because I wanted to help and because of everything and all. You’ve been through so much and I thought you’d like this and I…” Her rambling was cut off when Clarke pressed a finger to her lips.

“Breathe, than tell me babe,” Clarke chuckled softly.

Taking Clarke’s advice, Lexa took in a deep breath and let it out, “Clarke…would you like to go on a trip with me?”

“I’m sorry…what?” Clarke tilted her head in confusion. Lexa took a deep breath, trying to shake her nerves off.

“Would you like to go on a trip with me?” Lexa asked and waited for Clarke’s answer, hoping she would be excited about it like she was.

Clarke stared at her blankly for a moment before she suddenly straddled her and kissed her hard, “Is that even a question?” Clarke threw her arms around her, “Yes, yes, yes. Wait… a trip where?”

“It’s a surprise,” Lexa mumbled against her, “I can’t tell you.” Lexa pretended to zip her lips shut, but a smile still broke out across her face.

“Awe, please, Lex,” Clarke started to jump up and down in her lap in her excitement, “Please…please…please…” Clarke pouted, but Lexa wasn’t giving in no matter how adorable Clarke looked.

“You’ll just have to wait and see,” Lexa smirked, relief coursing through her at Clarke’s excitement.”

“When are we leaving?” Clarke asked, a beaming smile on her face.

“Tomorrow morning,” Lexa laughed when Clarke poked her in side making her giggle.

“Who is going?”

“Just us.”
“Who knows about this?” Clarke raised an eyebrow.

“Your mom that I know of,” Lexa answered, “but I’m sure Anya and Raven have figured it out.”

“So it really will be just the two of us?” Clarke furrowed her brow before a wicked smile spread across her face. Lexa gulped and shifted at the look on her girlfriend’s face, “I can’t wait.”

“Me either,” Lexa swallowed thickly.

Lexa really hoped that getting away helped Clarke and herself.

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Chapter End Notes

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Words couldn’t express how excited Clarke was to get away. She loved her city, she loved the beach and loved her friends, but the chance to get away from the constant reminders was too good an opportunity to pass up.

If it was possible, Clarke loved Lexa even more for coming up with the idea.

Normally Clarke didn’t like surprises, but with Lexa she didn’t mind. Besides, she figured she would find out soon enough, but couldn’t resist bugging Lexa as they drove.

“Ready to tell me where we’re going, yet?” Clarke asked, pressing kisses to Lexa’s hand that was currently intertwined with hers.

“Not a chance. Patience, love,” Lexa chuckled and Clarke tried pouting, but still Lexa resisted, “You’ll see soon enough.”

“That’s too long. I didn’t even get to pack which could have given me a hint,” Clarke blew out a frustrated sigh. She wasn’t really upset and Lexa knew that with the smirk on her face.

“I love you,” Lexa hummed squeezing her hand, “you know that, right?”

Clarke smiled, “of course I do. You know how much I love you?” she asked leaning over the console, her seatbelt preventing her from getting as close as she wanted.

“I do,” Lexa blushed beneath her sunglasses and Clarke couldn’t help but brush her lips against Lexa’s cheek.

“Good,” she whispered, “I hope you do,” Clarke leaned back and saw Lexa’s white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel. She loved being able to fluster Lexa. She made it was so easy sometimes.

Looking out the window Clarke saw they were pulling into the airport. Finally, she would know where they were going and she tried to ignore the anxiety building up in her about the crowds after everything she had gone through. Still, she had to face her fear sometime. But Lexa drove right past the terminals and back toward an area she’d never been.

“Umm, babe, you passed the airport terminal.” Clarke was confused.

“I know.”

“But...”

“Just wait,” Lexa continued to drive a couple more minutes before she pulled up to what looked like a private hangar and glanced over at Clarke, “we’re here.” Lexa shut off the truck.
“Where?” Clarke cocked an eyebrow as her eyes darted around.

Lexa laughed and climbed out. Clarke followed quickly, happy to be off the crutches, but she still hated the boot.

“Babe,” Clarke walked around the truck where Lexa was pulling out their suitcases and backpacks.

Clarke took a moment to admire her girlfriend’s muscles in her long-sleeved henley t-shirt, jeans and Nikes. The only hint that Clarke had gotten was to wear jeans and shoes, but that hadn’t been much to go on.

“Ready?” Lexa smiled as she shouldered both backpacks and rolled the suitcase behind them. She did it all over Clarke’s protests and still managed to hold her hand.

“I think so,” Clarke saw the private plane behind the hangar and came to a complete stop, “Oh my God! Lexa,” She turned to look at Lexa who had a small smile adorning her lips, “What?” Clarke’s mouth dropped open, “How? Seriously?” the questions flew out before she could stop them.

Lexa looked at her patiently, “I know how you are with crowds and I wanted the best for you. So I thought this would be easier for both of us and your mom helped…” Lexa mumbled out.

“She did?” Clarke raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“Abby insisted. She was very persuasive.” Lexa shrugged and looked at her apologetically, “is that okay? Is this…” Lexa waved a hand in front of her, “okay?”

Tears sprung to her eyes and Clarke couldn’t find any words to say so instead she surged forward and captured Lexa’s lips in a kiss. When Clarke pulled back Lexa smiled her best smile, “I’m guessing you’re okay with this then?”

“More than okay,” Clarke dragged Lexa forward with a grin, “I’ve never been on a private plane before. I feel fancy.”

“You and me both.”

“Ms Woods and Ms Griffin I presume,” a man stepped forward with his hand stretched out.

“That would be us, but please call me Lexa and this is my girlfriend, Clarke,” Lexa smiled and shook his hand.

“Nice to meet you, sir.” Clarke said politely as she eyed the guy up and down. He was in his late fifties, Clarke guessed, with a full beard, hazel eyes and tattooed arms that looked big enough to crush her. He was such a big guy that Clarke shrunk back from him slightly in fear, but it was enough for Lexa to pick up on.

“You okay?” Lexa whispered, “we checked him out. I promise. A very thorough background check. I would never take a chance with your safety, love,” Lexa’s voice dropped even lower. Clarke’s shoulders relaxed and she nodded her head.

“Nice to meet you as well. I’m Nyko and I’ll be your pilot. I assure you…” He looked directly at her, “you’re in safe hands.”

“That’s good to know,” The tension eased off as Clarke looked into his eyes and didn’t see any malicious intent. Only honesty and sincerity. She smiled in relief and got an idea as Nyko started to load their baggage into the plane, “hey Nyko,” she called out from the bottom of the steps.
“Yes, ma’am.” his head popped out of the open door before he descended back down the steps.

“Where are we going?” Clarke looked over at Lexa with her own smirk, but it quickly fell when Nyko didn’t give her the answer she wanted.

“I’m afraid I’m not at liberty to tell you that Miss Griffin,” He had moved back to her side and leaned close and lowered his voice, “I was sworn to secrecy.” Nyko winked at Lexa which only made Clarke groan and shoot an exasperated look at her girlfriend.

“Of course you were,” Clarke grumbled to him before she turned back to Lexa, “you’ve thought of everything, I see.”

“What can I say? I know you, Clarke,” Lexa kissed her cheek, “I may be overly prepared for this, but I want you to enjoy this. Plus its our first trip together and I want it to be perfect.”

“It will be,” Clarke looked her arms around Lexa’s neck, “because I’m with you. That makes it perfect already,” Clarke kissed her, but Nyko clearing his throat interrupted them.

“Sorry, ladies,” he smiled wide, “but are you ready to board?”

“Hell yes, I am.” Clarke started for the steps almost dragging Lexa along behind her.

“Wow,” Clarke breathed out when she stepped just inside the cabin, “this is amazing.” the plane was sleek and modern inside with leather recliners. Clarke counted eight of them of the plush black seats. The walls were white and the floors were a dark gray plush carpet Clarke noticed when she stepped onto it and was afraid she’d mess it up.

“Damn, your mom went all out,” Lexa breathed out and wrapped her arms around her from behind, “We owe her a gift basket or something.”

“Yeah, she’d like that,” Clarke couldn’t believe her eyes, the luxury of the plane had taken her breath away, but it was nothing compared to what Lexa could do just by looking at her.

“If you two could settle in your seats, we’ll be taking off shortly.” he gestured to the seats, “my co-pilot is in the cockpit. Her name is Gaia. There's breakfast in the back as well. Please help yourselves now or after I give the all clear, okay?” he looked between them both.

“We understand,” Clarke was practically bouncing on her heels as she squeezed Lexa’s hand tight in hers, “I can’t believe this!” She squealed.

Nyko laughed, “Have fun, but when the seatbelt light comes on, please buckle up,” he smiled warmly at them, tipped his head and disappeared into the cockpit.

“This is fucking luxury flying. I don’t know if I can go back now.” Clarke let go of Lexa’s hand and clapped her hands together in her excitement. She plopped down into one of the plush leather recliners that welcomed her like a lover, “oh my God, Lexa, you gotta sit down. This is fucking fantastic.”

Lexa giggled and sat down next to Clarke, “damn you’re right. This is hella comfortable. Thank you, Abby.” Lexa sighed and closed her eyes. Clarke found her absolutely adorable and couldn’t help but look at her girlfriend. She was completely head over heels in love with her and still couldn’t believe how lucky she’d gotten.

It was still very early and Clarke was exhausted, but she didn’t think she could sleep. She decided to climb over into Lexa’s seat and squeeze in next to her. Lexa was the only thing that made her feel
safe and even her being in the seat next to her was too far away.

“This okay?” Clarke laid her head on Lexa’s shoulder and sighed in contentment.

Lexa hummed happily and opened her arm for Clarke to settle more comfortably against her, “Of course it is, love.”

“Thank you, babe.” Clarke whispered snuggling farther into Lexa. It was a little tight, but there was no other place she’d rather be than right here with Lexa.

“Don’t thank me yet, love,” Lexa cracked an eye open, “you’ve seen nothing yet.”

Clarke yawned and closed her eyes, “still… thank you.” Clarke said, “not just for the trip, but for everything else as well.”

Lexa seemed to understand because she held her tighter against her and kissed her temple, “Anytime, my love. Sleep love. It's going to be a few hours until we land.”

Clarke wanted to protest that she wasn’t tired, but within seconds, she was asleep and wasn’t aware that Lexa fell asleep right behind her.

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Checking their bag to make sure they had everything they needed for the tenth time, Lexa finally sat down across from Clarke and watched her sleep. Clarke was so beautiful, it hurt with the amount of love, Lexa felt for her. She resisted the urge to touch her, knowing it would wake her up Instead, Lexa went around the cabin and made sure all the windows were open for when they descended into their destination.

She wanted Clarke to have every view possible that she could.

It should be another half hour roughly until they landed and Lexa was hoping where she chose would please Clarke. Lexa had wanted something completely opposite of what they were used to and had found the perfect place.

With the help of Abby who insisted on footing the bill. Lexa had declined multiple times but Abby had been very persuasive. Lexa had ended up caving, but knew in time she was planning on paying back every cent no matter how long it took.

Abby just didn’t know it yet.

Deciding it was time to wake Clarke, Lexa moved over and sat down on the edge of the reclinger and stroked Clarke’s hair softly, “babe,” Lexa kissed her temple, “love, time to get up.”

Clarke grumbled incoherently.

“We’re almost there,” Lexa said louder and laughed when Clarke’s head snapped up. Clarke rubbed at her eyes sleepily.

“We are?” She sat up so fast that Lexa had to jump back to avoid getting hit in the head by Clarke. “where?”

“Take a look and see,” Lexa gestured to the window.

She watched Clarke scramble up to peer out the window and Lexa couldn't help but look as well. Lexa could have looked sooner, but she wanted to share this moment with Clarke. She’d never been
here before either.

Clarke gasped and turned to look at her with disbelief and wonder in her gaze, “Are we…” she paused and looked back out the window, “is that snow?”

“Yes, love, it is,” Lexa laughed, “isn’t it beautiful?” Lexa wasn’t looking out the window though, she was looking at Clarke.

“Yes it is,” Clarke breathed out and reached for her hand. She noticed Clarke raised her eyebrows at her when she saw her looking. Lexa pressed a kiss to Clarke’s knuckles.

“You are,” Lexa smiled when Clarke blushed, “the most beautiful woman in the world.”

“Charmer.”

“Always.”

“I love you.” Clarke turned to kiss her before her gaze went back to the window, “Alaska?”

“Yes, and I love you too,” Lexa whispered like a prayer. “How did you know?”

“The glaciers and the snow were my first clue,” Clarke laughed, “plus I learned all I could about Alaska when I was a kid and loved it,” Clarke squeezed her hand.

“That explains the knowing look when I suggested it,” Lexa shook her head dumb founded.

“What look?” Clarke tilted her head in confusion.

“Your mom.” Lexa kissed Clarke’s cheek.

“Oh…” Clarke smiled, “she didn’t tell you?”

“Nope, she sure didn’t.”

“Sorry, babe…” Clarke apologized.

“Nothing to be sorry for. So did I pick a good place for our first mini vacation?” Lexa asked looking down shyly and held her breath.

“Absolutely. You did wonderful, Lex. I can’t wait to explore,” Clarke was giddy with excitement and Lexa was happy to see the shadows that were in her eyes usually lately had disappeared.

At least for now.

“Thank god,” Lexa mumbled, but found herself with an armful of Clarke so suddenly that she toppled over and hit the floor.

“Oops,” Clarke shifted, causing her to grind down and Lexa had to bite her lip from whimpering.

“You okay?” Lexa asked in concern, trying to focus on something other than Clarke on top her. It wasn’t very well especially when Clarke kept shifting.

“I’m good, are you hurt?” Clarke went to stand and Lexa was torn with wanting her to stay and not at the same time.

“No. I’m okay.” Lexa looked down to see a slight bulge in her pants and groaned under her breath.
She knew Clarke had initiated some things, but Lexa also knew Clarke wasn’t ready for more no matter how much she ached for her girlfriend.

She respected her too much.

“You look a little red, are you sure you’re okay?”

Lexa nodded not trusting her voice. She discreetly grabbed the sweatshirt she laid out on the seat and held it in front of her.

“I’m sure. I just need to go to the restroom. Be right back,” Lexa made a hasty escape, pressing a kiss to Clarke’s cheek as she headed to the the back of the plane.

Once the door was shut behind her Lexa dropped the sweatshirt and now saw a prominent bulge that she knew wouldn’t go away anytime soon, “fuck.. fuck.. fuck,” Lexa cursed under her breath.

Knowing she had no other choice but to take care of it, Lexa undid her pants and let her cock spring free of its restraints. Lexa sighed in relief. She was already leaking precum and it wouldn’t take long for her to climax. Lexa closed her eyes and imagined Clarke on her knees wrapping her lips around her. Lexa pumped herself a few times before she came undone with a groan to the image of Clarke sucking her off.

Her head fell back and hit the wall as her orgasm tapered off. Normally she would have been embarrassed with how quick she came, but time was of the essence with them landing soon. She quickly cleaned up and washed her hands. Taking a deep breath, Lexa made her way back out to see Clarke sitting back in her seat watching out the window.

“Sorry about that, I really needed to go.” Lexa couldn’t make eye contact at first. When she finally did, Lexa saw Clarke’s eyebrow quirk with a small smirk was on her lips. Lexa’s shoulders slumped because she knew she was caught, “do I need to apologize or…”

Clarke stood up and trailed her hand down Lexa’s neck and chest, “it’s only natural, babe,” Clarke pressed a kiss to her neck, “I was thinking about joining you in there actually,” Clarke husked, “all the things I could do with my mouth…”

“Clarke..” Lexa choked out, her image of Clarke on her knees coming to the forefront of her mind.

“I really wanted to, but I couldn’t will myself to move.” Clarke’s voice dropped, “I’m sorry.”

Lexa shook herself off the fantasy and gathered Clarke up in her arms. She held Clarke tight and kissed her temple, “That’s quite alright, love.”

“How often do you have to take care of yourself?” Clarke mumbled against her chest.

Lexa pulled back to look Clarke in the eye, “Not as often as you might think. I have more important things to focus on,” Lexa squeezed her tighter against her, “So it’s really not important, babe.”

“But…”

“But nothing,” Lexa pressed a kiss to her head, not wanting Clarke to be too hard on herself.

“Thank you for being patient. I know I’m kinda being hot and cold,” Clarke sighed, “I don’t mean to lead you on,” Clarke whispered softly.

“I don’t mind and you don’t need to thank me.” Lexa smiled and pulled back. “Besides, it gave me
“You did not just say that,” Clarke smacked her on the shoulder, “spank material, really Lex?”

“What? It’s true.”

“Ladies, if you can please take your seats we are starting our descent. Please buckle up.” Nyko’s voice rang through the cabin over the intercom loud and clear.

Lexa pulled Clarke over and sat her down before making sure she was buckled. Once satisfied she moved to take her own seat and strapped herself in.

“Wait until our friends hear about this,” Clarke teased and Lexa flushed red and shook her head.

“You wouldn’t. I’ll never hear the end of it,” Lexa argued weakly because she loved the gleam in Clarke’s eyes and didn’t want to do anything to diminish it.

“Serves you right, babe,” Clarke reached out and squeezed her hand.

“Yes, love,” Lexa sank back into her seat waiting for the plane to land with Clarke’s hand tight in hers.

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As soon as they landed and they were free to move about the cabin, Lexa handed her a parka, pants and boots. Lexa had the same in her arms as well. Within minutes they were both bundled up, a complete contrast to what they wore back home which was basically as little as possible.

Clarke loved it.

Lexa couldn’t have picked a more different place and it was just what she needed. Nyko came out and nodded at them, “Welcome to Anchorage, Alaska,” he smiled and opened the latch to lower the stairs, “I’ll get your bags,” He disappeared down the steps.

“Ready?” Lexa asked holding out her hand. Clarke couldn’t contain her smile at Lexa’s giddiness.

“Yes!” She eagerly grabbed Lexa’s hand and pulled her toward the steps.

The first thing she noticed was the clean, crisp air that bit at her exposed skin. Her eyes scanned the private airfield that had a car waiting, but what excited her most was the snow blanketing everything in pure white.

She’d never seen snow before. At least not in person.

Clarke hurried down the steps, slipping slightly, but Lexa caught her.

“Slow down, love,” Lexa held tightly on her hand leading her down the steps, “The snow will still be there. It’s not going anywhere.”

“But it’s so pretty…” Clarke pouted, but knew there would be time to admire it later. She let Lexa lead her to the town car that was waiting, “This is fancy, babe.”

“Only the best for you,” Lexa brought their joined hands to her lips.

“But…” Clarke wanted to protest, but stopped because she knew it would be futile. Plus she knew this was a gift from her mom. Who was she to look a gift horse in the mouth? “you’re amazing.”
“So are you,” Lex assured quickly before she opened the door. Clarke stood there a moment enjoying the view of the mountains covered in snow before she kissed Lexa's cheek.

“Where are we staying?” Clarke asked as she climbed into the car with Lexa right behind her.

She looked up in surprise when Nyko climbed into the driver’s seat.

“You’ll see,” Lexa smiled at her.

“Nyko, you’re our driver too?” Clarke asked, pinching Lexa on the leg, “you’re just full of surprises aren’t you?” She couldn't help but wonder if Nyko had been hired to for the entire trip as a bodyguard.

It would be a Lexa thing to do, Clarke knew.

“Yes ma’am,” Nyko saluted and pulled out while Clarke relaxed back against her girlfriend with Lexa's arms around her.

It was the perfect place to be.

“I’m glad its you,” Clarke smiled at Nyko in the rearview mirror and snuggled closer into Lexa.

“It’s my pleasure, Miss Griffin. Just relax and we’ll be to our next destination soon.”

Nyko turned music on low and the last thing Clarke heard was Lexa singing the song ‘All of Me’ by John Legend under her breath.

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Clarke woke up as they were pulling into a gravel driveway. The bumping and jostling having woke her. She looked through the window to find they were stopping at a cabin in the middle of a snowy clearing. It had forest wrapping one side, a frozen pond on the other and snow capped mountains jutting up behind it. But maybe cabin wasn’t an accurate description of the place, it was more of a modest sized house with big picture windows and a wrap around porch with a couple rocking chairs and a swing.

“I thought we’d stay in a hotel,” she looked quizzically at Lexa who was attempting to help Nyko get their bags from the trunk.

“Well, I figured you’d want more privacy. Originally though we would have had to, I’ll admit. But your mom stepped in and her exact words were,” she paused as Nyko took all the bags from her. She tried to get one back, but he just smiled.

“I have this, you come up when you are ready. I’ll wait on the front porch,” Nyko headed toward the house and Lexa sighed and shook her head before reflecting what she’d been saying, “her exact words were, ‘spare no expense. You both deserve it,” Lexa moved in and put her arms around her and held her close, “and you’ve met your mom, tell me how was I supposed to not accept?”

“You can’t. It’s almost impossible. I mean, the only time I did it was when I pursued surfing, but even then it still ended up being a compromise,” Clarke shook her head a little and gave a wry smile, “she’s a formidable woman, and stubborn as hell.”

“Like mother, like daughter,” Lexa teased, kissing the side of her head.

“Watch it,” Clarke’s voice dropped low and she felt a shiver of excitement when Lexa tensed, “I’ll
make you sleep on the couch.”

“You wouldn’t.” Lexa snorted softly.

“Want to find out?” Clarke threatened softly.

Lexa spun her around to face her, “Never.”

“Good answer,” Clarke took Lexa’s hand and pulled toward the cabin with Lexa following close behind.

She stepped back as Lexa entered in a passcode in a lockbox and produced a key before she unlocked the door and gestured for her to go in first.

The first thing she noticed were the floor to ceiling windows in the back overlooking a pond with a view of the snow capped mountains behind. It was a breathtaking view. It was open concept layout that reminded her a lot of her mom’s house.

It was the perfect place to disappear for a weekend getaway.

She turned back to Lexa who stood near the door with her hands shoved in her pockets waiting for her reaction.

“It’s perfect.”

Lexa’s shoulders slumped in relief, “You really like it?”

“I love it.”

Nyko interrupted them by clearing his throat. They both turned, “I’ll take my leave now. Just call me if there’s somewhere you’d like to go. The kitchen is fully stocked. Firewood is stacked beside the fireplace. There are extra blankets and an emergency kit in the linen closet. If you can’t find anything, don’t hesitate to call.”

“Thank you, Nyko.”

“Yes, thank you.”

“My pleasure. Goodnight,” Nyko bowed before making his way outside and closing the door behind him.

Clarke stood in the middle of the living room as she watched Lexa go to the door and lock the double deadbolt, twist the lock on the knob and put the chain on.

Lexa smiled reassuringly and made her way to the back door to make sure it was secure as well. Clarke very much appreciated Lexa double checking and knew she was doing it for her piece of mind.

It meant more than words could say.

“We’re alone,” Clarke wrung her hands together slightly, suddenly nervous. She looked around them and then at Lexa.

“We are,” Lexa stepped forward tentatively, “is that okay?”

Clarke nodded, “It is. It’s just… so quiet and we haven’t been alone in weeks,” She shifted from foot
to booted foot.

“I know. The house is great, but sometimes it can get a little crowded,” Lexa smiled.

“Couldn’t agree more,” When Lexa was within reach, Clarke pulled her into her arms and laid her head on Lexa’s shoulder as they swayed back and forth.

“I love you,” Lexa whispered against her hair.

“I love you too,” Clarke squeezed Lexa a little tighter, “Thank you for planning this.”

“Anything for you,” Lexa pulled back and twirled her, or tried to. It wasn’t as graceful with her boot on so it was more of Lexa being dumped onto the couch with her beside her. “Want to see the rest of the cabin?” Clarke could see the eagerness in her eyes and nodded.

“Of course,” Clarke laughed when Lexa scooped her up, “what are you doing?”

“Carrying the love of my life,” Lexa grinned and her eyes lit up with so much love and adoration, it took Clarke's breath away.

“I love the sound of that,” Clarke sighed in contentment.

“Me too, would you like a tour?” Lexa looked at the house around them with a wide smile. Clarke nodded and Lexa took her hand eagerly.

The house consisted of four cozy bedrooms all with their own bathrooms, a heated outdoor pool, a hot tub, and a jacuzzi tub in the master bathroom that gave Clarke all kinds of ideas. There was also a rec room that boasted a huge flat screen tv with recliners on one side, the other half was a game room with a dartboard, pool table and foosball table, Clarke was looking forward to playing.

Busted hand or not, Clarke couldn’t wait to go up against Lexa.

And by the end of the tour, Clarke was having a hard time keeping her eyes open.

“Why don’t you go take a nap and I’ll fix dinner?” Lexa suggested softly.

Clarke was too tired to argue even though she slept in the car and on the plane, but knew she could use some more sleep.

She was still healing after all.

“Oh kay,” she mumbled. Lexa scooped her up and carried into the bedroom. Clarke smiled against Lexa’s shoulder before her girlfriend gently laid her down on the massive king bed. The last thought she had was how comfortable the bed was.

She was out before her head hit the pillow.

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While Clarke slept, Lexa unpacked their bags and started dinner. She kept dinner simple and made spaghetti, leaving it warming on the stove. Going to the bedroom she checked on Clarke and made sure she was still sleeping. It was a habit that she couldn’t stop after they found her.

She had to make sure she was okay.

Lexa smiled and closed the door back after seeing Clarke sprawled out in the middle of the bed, her
hair fanned across the pillows and her mouth hung open. She shook her head and headed back to the living room rubbing her hands together.

Her phone rang and Lexa quickly answered it.

“Keep in mind after this call, I won’t answer unless it’s a emergency,” Lexa said in lieu of greeting.

“Well that’s just rude,” Anya fired back.

“Yeah what did we ever do to you?” Raven chimed in and Lexa smiled because of course Raven was there.

“Do you really want me to answer that?” Lexa questioned and heard whispers before Anya spoke up again.

“Nope, we’re good. So I’m guessing you made it safely?” She asked, “Alaska as pretty as the pictures?”

“Haven’t seen much of it yet so can’t tell you,” Lexa sat down on the couch and put her feet up on the coffee table, but not before grabbing the blanket off the back of the couch and putting it over her. She was cold, not something she was used to living on the beach.

“That’s true,” Anya agreed.

“We expect pictures,” Raven laughed, “And not just pictures of the two of you. We see your ugly mugs enough.”

“I’ll be sure and tell Clarke that,” Lexa leaned her head back against the couch and could picture Clarke’s smile when she told her, “But seriously, after this, no calls, no texts, no nothing. This is our escape.”

“We get it, commander,” Anya spoke up and she heard a slap which Lexa could only guess was Anya hitting Raven. More than likely to shut her up. Lexa rolled her eyes.

“Explore though, don’t hole up the entire weekend and have a sexathon,” Raven yelled and she heard Anya hiss at her to shut up.

“Sorry about her,” Anya sighed, “I don’t know why I put up with her.”

“I know why,” Lexa singsonged, feeling lighter talking to Anya.

“Zip it,” Anya growled and she heard scuffling before a panting Raven was on the line.

“Don’t be a…” Raven was cut off before she spoke softly, “Enjoy your time and be safe.”

Lexa raised her eyebrows at Raven’s sudden change of demeanor, “Thanks, Rae. I think.”

“You heard her, be safe and we expect a call or text when you guys are headed home,” Anya voiced and Lexa nodded before she remembered Anya couldn’t see her.

“I will,” Lexa couldn’t help but wonder what Anya said for Raven to change her tune, but the more she thought about the more she didn’t want nor need to know.

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Lexa meant it.
“Good, tell Clarke we said hi,” Anya’s voice was softer than before.

“And that we love her,” Raven called out.

“I will,” Lexa smiled again, “Thanks for calling, tell Abby and everyone else we’re good and not to bother us, please.”


“Bye.”

Lexa turned her phone off and closed her eyes for a moment. All the traveling had made her tired, but she knew she couldn’t sleep yet. She yawned and went to stand up, but fingers running through her hair stopped her before she could. Lexa slumped back onto the couch and enjoyed Clarke stroking her hair.

It was her favorite thing. Lexa would never admit how much she loved when her hair was played with. She leaned into it and closed her eyes.

“I thought you were sleeping,” Lexa mumbled.

“I was, but I missed you,” Clarke answered and came around to sit beside her. They linked hands. Lexa lifted Clarke’s to her lips and kissed the back of her hand.

“I missed you too,” She kept Clarke’s fingers against her lips for a second, lost in Clarke’s eyes. She thought about what almost happened. She thought about how she had almost lost her and the pain was real and viceral for a second, sweeping into her stomach. But she was determined to leave that behind them for now in Hawaii and focus instead on this weekend with Clarke.

“Thank you for bringing me here, Lex,” Clarke smiled at her and brushed the pad of her thumb across her cheek. Goosebumps spread over Lexa’s skin from the little touch, “It’s cold here,” Clarke huddled closer into her.

“Hold that thought, love,” Lexa took the blanket and covered Clarke before she stood up and went over to the fireplace. She was thankful it was gas and with a flick of a switch, it lit up and casted an orange glow across the room. Lexa turned to look at Clarke who smiled at her.

“Thanks, Lex,” Clarke shifted to put her booted foot on the coffee table, “Dinner smells amazing by the way.”

Lexa smiled, “I’m guessing that’s your way of saying you’re hungry.”

“You know me so well,” Clarke blew her a kiss and for a split second, Lexa remembered the last time she did that and she had to close her eyes and take a deep breath, “Come here, babe.”

Lexa moved back over to the couch at Clarke’s request, “Yes, love?”

“I love you,” Clarke whispered and took her hand again.

“I love you too,” Lexa breathed out, clutching to Clarke’s hand a second to get her emotions under control.

“I’m here, but I won’t be if you don’t feed me right now,” Clarke winked, “I need food, Lex!”

It had the desired effect that Lexa knew Clarke intended and made her laugh, “As you wish, love. Eat here or the table?”
“Here, it’s cozy and the fire is warm,” Clarke requested, “Can I have a water too please?”

“Of course,” Lexa itched for some alcohol, but knew Clarke couldn’t have any due to her pain meds and didn’t want to enjoy a beer if Clarke couldn’t.

It wouldn’t be fair.

She served up two plates of spaghetti, piled high as neither of them had eaten since that morning. Lexa left them on the counter as she pulled out the garlic bread that had been warming in the oven as well. She lit the few candles in the kitchen before putting everything on a tray and bringing it back to Clarke.

“Yum,” Clarke exclaimed as Lexa handed her a plate. She sat down across from Clarke and watched as Clarke enjoyed her food, completely forgetting about her own until Clarke looked up and reminded her, “are you gonna eat or just watch me?”

Lexa blushed, “I was distracted because I forgot how much of a barbarian you are when you haven’t eaten in awhile.” Still watching Clarke she forked up some of the spaghetti.

“Rude,” Clarke mumbled around a mouthful of food.

“Point proven, Clarke,” Lexa shook her head and enjoyed her food along with her view. She was hungrier than she thought and it didn’t take long until both plates were scraped clean, “Do you want any more?”

“No right now,” Clarke patted her stomach and sighed in contentment, “But thanks.”

“Of course,” Lexa took their empty dishes to the sink, “I’m gonna put the leftovers away and load the dishwasher. Need anything?”

“I’m good,” Clarke shook her head, “want some help?”

“No it’s ok,” Lexa shook her head, “You go and relax.” she motioned toward the living room and Clarke smiled, got up, and kissed her on the cheek before leaving the kitchen. With some difficulty after that, Lexa set herself to the task of cleaning up and twenty minutes later, she turned down the lights and lit some more candles and was back on the couch next to Clarke. Clarke cocked an eyebrow at her and Lexa flushed in embarrassment.

“Not like that, love,” Lexa was quick to clarify, “It’s just to relax us.”

“And romantic,” Clarke curled up beside her with her head on her chest and drew random patterns on her bare skin underneath her shirt with her fingertips. Lexa shivered beneath her touch and turned to look down at Clarke who was already looking up at her.

“True,” Lexa whispered and without further thought, she leaned down and captured Clarke’s lips in a soft kiss. Clarke’s hand was at the back of her head in a minute and Clarke was returning the kiss. Clarke’s lips were soft and warm and Lexa whimpered because she couldn’t help it; she was already getting hard in her shorts. She shifted some, but it was as if Clarke already knew because without breaking the kiss, Clarke slid into her lap.

Lexa’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, “Clarke…” she gripped Clarke’s hips.

“Shh…” Clarke put her hands on Lexa’s shoulders and started to grind against her, “You are so sexy.”
“You are,” Lexa moaned out and trembled when Clarke’s good hand snaked under her shirt again and touched her overheated skin. Just having Clarke in her lap was giving her palpitations, “We don’t have…”

“Shh...baby...shh...” Clarke whispered against her lips as she kissed her again, her tongue flicked against her lips requesting entrance. Lexa was powerless to deny her and eagerly opened her mouth. The first touch of Clarke’s tongue against hers had her canting her hips up trying to ease the ache. It got worse when Lexa felt the heat of Clarke’s core against her, she whimpered into the kiss, “Do you remember all the times we’ve had sex?”

Lexa’s eyes snapped open as she stared into her favorite pair of blue eyes that were almost eclipsed by black. Of course she remembered, how could she not? Lexa’s hands clenched on Clarke’s hips, “I remember every single time, Clarke. Every…” She kissed Clarke hard, “One.”

Clarke smiled wickedly and Lexa had missed her devilish smile so much, “Oh really?” Clarke leaned in and kissed her pulse point. Lexa knew Clarke could feel it pulsing to the rapid beating of her heart. That’s what Clarke did to her everyday and Lexa wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Yes,” Lexa groaned and slid a hand down over Clarke’s ass and caressed it. She locked eyes with Clarke who gave her a minuscule nod before she squeezed. Hearing Clarke’s moan spurred her on even more and her hand streaked up the back of Clarke’s shirt, “I remember each one perfectly.”

“Like me sucking you off in the elevator,” Clarke bit down on her neck and sucked. Lexa knew she was leaving a mark, but didn’t care, “Or using a butt plug on you,” She soothed the bite with her tongue, “You pounding into me on the balcony.”

Lexa froze for a split second, and gripped Clarke tighter, “Yes…” She stuttered out. Lexa’s cock was in desperate need of relief and every memory, Clarke brought up had her picturing it in her head was only turning her on more, “You loved every second of it.”

“I did,” Clarke pushed up her shirt and Lexa eyed her for a second, but didn’t sense any hesitation from Clarke. She raised her arms and let Clarke peel off her shirt and tensed slightly when Clarke’s hand streaked over her abs, “God, I love your abs.”

“That’s a good thing, I bust my ass to look this good,” Lexa teased and was rewarded when Clarke surged up and kissed her. It was more a clashing of teeth because Lexa couldn’t stop smiling and neither could Clarke, but it didn’t matter. All Lexa cared about was Clarke.

“And damn do you look fine,” Clarke ground down harder and Lexa let out a long groan because it was pure torture for her right now. Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa’s neck and played with the baby hairs there, “I want you, baby.”

“I want you too,” Lexa leaned her head back against the couch, “So much.”

Clarke got up and knelt on the floor in front of her. She knew her bulge was noticeable and watched as Clarke licked her lips. Clarke placed her hands on the waistband of her sweats, but Lexa quickly covered her hands with her own. She wanted this more than anything, but couldn’t in good conscious let Clarke if she wasn’t ready.

No matter how much she ached for relief and the thought of emptying herself in Clarke’s mouth.

“Baby,” Clarke husked and it was nearly her undoing as Clarke started to pull her sweatpants down around her knees, leaving her in her boxers. She waited patiently as Clarke stared at her even though she was slightly uncomfortable with how hard Clarke was staring, “I want to…” but she hesitated
and finally looked away, but not before Lexa saw the slight shine of tears in her eyes.

“You’re not ready though and it’s okay,” Lexa bent down and pulled Clarke back up and situated them where Clarke was laying in front of her on the couch with Lexa behind her spooning her. Lexa wrapped her arms tight around Clarke and held her close. She kissed Clarke’s head repeatedly, “It’s okay. Really, babe. It’s okay.”

“It’s not,” Clarke grumbled, but scooted back farther into her embrace and Lexa had to bite back a groan, “It’s not at all, I totally just blue balled you. I’m the worst girlfriend in the world.”

“It is, Clarke and you are the best girlfriend in the universe. Besides, I can take care of it later if I need to,” Lexa kissed her neck, “You can blue ball me anytime,” Lexa smiled into her neck and breathed in Clarke’s scent.

“Nerd,” Clarke shook her head and laughed which was exactly what Lexa wanted, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Lexa yawned, the day catching up to her.

“Can we go to bed?” Clarke asked turning her head to look at her, “I need to take my pain meds anyways and I wanna cuddle.”

“That sounds good to me,” Lexa kissed her on the cheek, “I just need to run to the bathroom really quick.”

Clarke gave her a knowing look, but just nodded, a shadow crossing over her features for a moment, “Okay.”

“Don’t…” Lexa cupped her cheek, “I will wait forever if needed, because you, Clarke Abigail Griffin are the love of my life and more than worth the wait.”

Clarke nodded and kissed her again and Lexa could feel Clarke’s love in her tender kiss, “You’re mine as well, Lex.”

Lexa smiled, her heart bursting with love for Clarke as she climbed over Clarke and stood next to the couch before bending down and scooping her up.

“Bedtime, love,” Lexa smiled and did her best to ignore the throbbing ache as she carried Clarke to the master bedroom, “I’ll be right back. I gotta blow out the candles and make sure everything is good.” She didn’t mention the other thing knowing Clarke would only get that look again which Lexa desperately wanted to avoid.

“Okay,” Clarke nodded and Lexa stood in the doorway for a moment before disappearing to take care of business.

With how worked up she was, it only took a few strokes before she came in her hand, the release paled in comparison when she was with Clarke, but it relieved the ache for now. She hurried back to the bedroom after washing her hands and blowing out the candles to find Clarke already in bed. Clarke was laying on her side with her good hand tucked up her chin and her casted hand laid on her chest.

Lexa climbed in and pulled Clarke to where she was lying on her chest with her arm snug around her. She tangled her legs with Clarke’s good one and fell into a dreamless sleep with the help of Clarke’s gentle snores to lull her to sleep.

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Clarke woke up slowly to the morning light glinting off the snow and shining in the window where they had forgotten to close the blinds the night before. She blinked her eyes a couple times getting used to it. A smile adorned her face as she took in the view of the snowcapped mountains outside the window and she breathed out a happy sigh. Her smile widened as she took in the fact that it was snowing as well.

It was a perfect morning and it was made even better when Clarke looked to see the most beautiful girl in the world still asleep beside her. Lexa was stretched out on her back, the covers were pushed down to her waist and exposed her chest and abs because she was only in a black sports bra. She must have stripped off her shirt in the middle of the night, and Clarke eagerly took in the expanse of skin that was presented to her.

She thought back to last night and still felt slightly guilty for leaving Lexa hanging. She knew Lexa understood, but she really did want to be with her. She just needed to get out of her own head and to trust herself and Lexa. She ran her fingertips over Lexa’s abs, feeling them jump slightly at her touch. She dragged her fingers down and under the waistband of Lexa’s sweats and felt her girlfriend start to harden.

“I do want you,” Clarke whispered as she continued her exploration of Lexa’s skin. Once again cursing her cast she trailed her fingers up to Lexa’s face and ran the pad of her thumb across Lexa’s pouty lips and couldn’t resist leaning in to kiss the bottom one.

Lexa whimpered softly in her sleep and canted her hips up. Clarke could see Lexa was harder than before and she ached to help her. Reaching down she palmed Lexa through her sweats and she could feel her throbbing beneath her hand, “Clarke...”

Clarke’s eyes shot up to Lexa’s face and noticed her breathing was heavier, but could tell Lexa was still fast asleep. Taking a deep breath she squeezed Lexa again. Clarke was rewarded with a long drawn out moan and another jut of her hips. Clarke’s eyes slammed shut and she pulled her hand back. She loved morning sex, but she wanted their first time again to be when they were both coherent and aware of their surroundings.

“Clarke...please!” Lexa whimpered and Clarke cocked an eyebrow at her. She stifled a laugh when she realized Lexa was having a sex dream, “Fuck...please!”

“I’m here, baby,” Clarke whispered in her ear and nibbled her ear lobe, “Come for me, Lex,” She watched in fascination as Lexa brought her own hand down inside her sweats and started jerking herself off quickly, “That’s my girl.”

Lexa groaned as she released and Clarke licked her lips just watching, her own arousal seeping through her panties. She laid down beside her girl and slid fingers into her own seeping entrance and dragged her finger over her clit. Watching Lexa come had turned her own so bad, and she needed this, “Lex...Lex...Lexa!” she canted as she plunged two fingers in and out and circled her clit with her thumb, “oh fuck! Oh yes!” She cried out, missing Lexa’s eyes fluttering open as her orgasm washed over her, leaving her breathing hard on the bed as she collapsed against the sheets.

Once it subsided, Clarke felt eyes on her and looked over to find Lexa watching her. Lexa’s expression was dark and hungry, her eyes hooded as she licked her lips, “Clarke,” Lexa husked and leaned in. Lexa put a hand to her face to hold her chin before she kissed her softly, “that was so fucking sexy.”

“Sorry, I watched you come in your sleep and I couldn’t help...” Clarke stopped when Lexa put a finger to her lips.
“Don’t ever be sorry for giving yourself pleasure, love,” Lexa smirked, “besides I wouldn’t mind watching that again sometime.”

Clarke smiled, relieved because Lexa was the most understanding and patient girlfriend ever. She pulled her fingers out, shivering slightly and held them out to Lexa, “If you want a taste,” Clarke giggled when Lexa grabbed her wrist and wasted no time in leaning in and sucking her fingers clean, moaning and swirling her fingers with her tongue. Clarke bit back a groan, but Lexa let her fingers go with a pop and suddenly Lexa jumped out of the bed.

“Thank you for the taste, Clarke,” Lexa backed up slightly and Clarke knew she was doing it for her. She could see the tension in the way she moved and in her eyes. It was taking everything in her to stay away.

Clarke shook her head, her smile widening, she teased, “you’re welcome, I mean ..you were obviously dreaming of me so I thought I’d give you a taste of the real thing.”

Lexa flushed scarlet, but her cockiness still got the better of her, “and it was so much better than my dream, always is and always will be,” she smirked before turning on her heel and scurrying fast as she could into the bathroom shutting the door behind her.

“I would hope so,” Clarke called after her, “What’s the plan for today?”

The door opened and Lexa peeked her head back in, “get cleaned up and dressed, and I’ll tell you,” she disappeared back into the bathroom.

Clarke huffed out a laugh and got up. She knew a bath was in order since she couldn’t shower and knew she needed Lexa’s help. Lexa had helped her multiple times before and was always respectful. Lexa kept her eyes on her face and never anywhere else even though Clarke wouldn’t have cared if she had looked.

It meant the absolute world to her that she had Lexa in her life.

“I’ll need your help,” Clarke managed to grab an outfit out and laid it on the bed and sat down.

“Okay, do you want to bath first and I shower after or vice versa?” Lexa appeared back at her side and knelt down in front of her where she sat on the bed.

“You can shower first,” Clarke leaned in and kissed her cheek.

“Okay, I’ll be quick,” Lexa kissed her on the head, grabbed her own clothes and disappeared. Clarke itched to join her, but her casts prevented any sexy times in the shower. Plus that wasn’t the only reason she didn’t move, she knew.

They both did.

Taking a deep breath Clarke grabbed her phone and decided to check in with Octavia. Lexa had told her she spoke to Anya and Raven yesterday, but figured it wouldn’t hurt to check in with Octavia as well. Besides she needed some advice and knew Octavia was the better choice on this matter. Clarke promised herself, she would disconnect after speaking to her best friend.

She checked the time and it was earlier than she thought, but she knew Octavia would be awake. Lincoln had been dragging her to the gym and as much as Octavia complained, Clarke knew better. Clicking on Octavia’s name she listened to the phone ring as she waited for her to answer.

“Hey, C!” Octavia’s familiar voice floated through the line, “How’s Alaska?”
Clarke groaned, “Did everyone know, but me?” She flopped back on the bed.

“I heard from Raven, so I can’t say for sure,” Octavia’s voice was laced with concern, “She also told me you guys were disconnecting from everyone…” She trailed off and Clarke knew her friend was curious as to her call.

“Yeah, we are…” Clarke paused unsure how to continue.

“So then is everything okay?” Octavia asked softly in confusion, “did something happen? Why..why are you calling?”

“Nothing bad, I just need some advice,” Clarke’s head and heart were at war and she didn’t know what to do.

“About what?”

“Sex…” Clarke cringed when Octavia squealed. In an instant gone was her sensitive, caring friend, “Octavia…”

“Sorry, sorry. What about it exactly?” Octavia laughed and it did little to ease the tension she felt.

“Nevermind,” Clarke knew it was a bad idea, but she didn’t know who else to turn to, “I gotta go.”

“No wait…C!” Octavia yelled, “I’m sorry. Have you and Lexa not had sex since…?”

She sighed, pinching a hand between her eyes, “No.”

“Why not?” Clarke could picture Octavia with a look of disbelief on her face.

“We’ve fooled around and everything, but it gets to a point where I freeze and I just…” Clarke stopped talking as she angled her head to look towards the bathroom and imagined being in there with her…

“And what?” Octavia’s voice snapped her out of her daydream.

“I leave her hanging,” Clarke whispered and felt awful. She hated doing it. She wanted to be with Lexa in every way. She missed the intimacy and the closeness of making love to her, “I feel like an awful person.”

“You’re not an awful person, Clarke,” Octavia scolded lightly, “You’ve been through something that none of us can relate to. What does Lexa say?”

“She says she’s willing to wait and that I’m worth it. She’s so understanding and patient and I feel,” Clarke reflected in frustration, “I feel like I’m just leading her on,” she ran a hand through her hair and winced she caught on a few tangles.

“It doesn’t sound like Lexa thinks that,” Octavia said gently, “Do you want to be with her?”

“More than anything,” Clarke admitted in a whisper, “She makes me feel safe and loved and treats me like a fucking queen. I’ve never felt the way I do about her with anyone else.”

“Exactly, C. Remember that. Lexa loves you and you love her. Hold on to that feeling and when the time’s right, you’ll know. You don’t have to force yourself to be ready. Lexa will wait, you know she will. Stop overthinking and live in the moment with her if the time arises again,” Octavia sniffled or at least Clarke thought she did.
“You’re right. Thanks, O,” Clarke felt some of the weight ease from her shoulders when she heard the water shut off, “Lexa is out of the shower, I gotta go.”

“Okay, I love you and just stay in the moment with Lexa, remember it doesn’t belong to anyone else.” Octavia voiced softly, her voice breaking a little in reflection, “Have fun and be safe.”

“Thanks, I love you too. Bye,” Clarke hung up and turned her phone off and put it on the nightstand just as Lexa emerged in tight jeans and a green flannel shirt, her hair still damp and dripping over her shoulder. Her feet were bare and Clarke swallowed thickly as the steam and the smell of Lexa’s soap wafted out and invaded her nostrils.

“I ran you a bath,” Lexa came over and kneeled in front of her and cupped her cheek, “Are you ready?”

Clarke nodded, “More than ready,” She sniffed her armpit and winced.

Lexa slapped her lightly on the shoulder, “You don’t smell at all, love,” She kissed her head and her lips lingered for a moment. Clarke leaned into her and wrapped her arms around Lexa’s waist and just held her for a moment, inhaling her comforting scent.

“Think what you wish, I think I smell,” Clarke narrowed her eyes playfully.

Lexa rolled her eyes, “You’re ridiculous,” She bent down and scooped her up again. The feeling of being in Lexa’s arms never failed to accelerate her heart and make her feel absolutely safe.

“But you love me,” Clarke really did feel lighter after her talk with Octavia. It helped put some things in perspective for her. Plus it helped having an outsider’s point of view even if it was her best friend.

“I do,” Lexa stopped walking and locked eyes with her, “More than anything.”

“I know and I love you just as much,” Clarke kissed her cheek, “Now take me to my bath, Woods!”

Lexa laughed and led them into the bathroom, “as you wish, Griffin.”

The smile never left Clarke’s face.

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The diner they settled in was quaint and cozy with not a lot of people around. It was an old school fifties diner called Mel’s and Lexa absolutely loved it. It had cracked red and white booths, checkered tables, a jukebox in the back and a old school counter against the wall where the cooks were with a waitress in front serving coffee.

“This place is so cool,” Clarke giggled as Lexa pulled her along. Nyko had followed them in and escorted them to an open booth.

“You read my thoughts,” Lexa answered letting Clarke climb in first, “It’s awesome and I bet the food is amazing as well.”

“It is,” Nyko spoke up, “Enjoy your breakfast. I’ll be in the car,” he turned to go, but before Lexa could speak, Clarke beat her to it.

“Please stay and have breakfast with us,” Clarke looked to Lexa who nodded instantly. She looped an around Clarke’s shoulders and pulled in close.

“I was just about to ask as well,” Lexa laughed when Clarke pinched her side.
Nyko hesitated and looked between the two of them, “Are you sure?”

“Positive,” Lexa and Clarke answered at the same time which then made them burst into a fit of giggles.

“Please join us,” Lexa placed a kiss to Clarke’s temple as Nyko settled himself in across of them.

“This is very kind of you,” Nyko laid his napkin in his lap and folded his hands on the table just as the server approached the table.

“Hiya folks, Welcome to Mel’s!” She beamed, “What can I start you off with to drink?”

“Coffee for us,” Lexa answered for both her and Clarke.

“Same for me, thanks,” Nyko answered a little stiffly.

“Be right back to take your order,” She smiled and walked off.

Lexa locked eyes with Clarke and knew what she wanted her to do. She shook her head with a smile and looked over to see Nyko looking out the window.

“Nyko, relax please,” Lexa didn’t want to beat around the bush and didn’t back down when Nyko locked eyes with her. She felt like he was sizing her up and she refused to show any weakness.

She was stubborn like that.

Lexa felt Clarke squeeze her hand and she relaxed her posture just as Nyko relaxed his.

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” Nyko let out a long breath, “I’m not used to having meals with clients.”

“What!” Clarke exclaimed, “Why not?” Lexa shot her girlfriend an amused look when she saw the look of pure outrage on her face, “That’s outrageous.”

“It’s my job to blend into the background, I’m used to it,” Nyko shrugged his shoulders, “It’s my job.”

“Not with us,” Clarke shook her head vehemently. Lexa was honestly surprised Clarke was willing to trust Nyko after everything. But when she thought about it, it was just how Clarke was and she wouldn’t treat someone differently because of what had happened.

She was in awe of Clarke because she wasn’t sure if the roles were reversed, she could do it. Lexa was having a hard enough time dealing with her own feelings after Clarke’s kidnapping.

Here and now was not the time to think about it though and she tuned back into what Clarke and Nyko were talking about.

“So, Nyko, do you live here or just fly here often?” Clarke asked.

“We fly here often,” Nyko replied with a small smile, “It’s a great city, lots to do,” He locked eyes with Lexa knowingly.

Lexa nodded her head knowing that without his help, what she planned wouldn’t have been possible.

“Oh,” Clarke’s face lit up, “like what?”
“Well there’s the railroad, hiking, shopping and the nort…” Nyko stopped talking abruptly when Lexa cut him off.

“We need to figure out what we’re eating before she comes back,” Lexa handed a menu to Clarke who was watching her intently, but took the menu she offered, “What’s good to eat here?” She asked Nyko.

“Everything, honestly,” Nyko smiled, “I usually get the full breakfast that includes, bacon, eggs, toast and hashbrowns.”

“That sounds good,” Clarke admitted, but gasped suddenly making Lexa look at her in concern, “Babe they have french toast!”

“Get it love,” Lexa ran her free hand down Clarke’s spine, “I think I’ll get an bacon, green pepper and onion omelet with toast.”

“That sounds good too,” Clarke looked up at her from under her lashes and Lexa shook her head with a smile.

“How about we share?” Lexa suggested knowing that was what Clarke wanted and she didn’t have any problem with it.

“That’s even better,” Clarke’s eyes shone with so much love it took Lexa’s breath away for a moment, “I love you,” She whispered and leaned up to capture her lips in a sweet, soft kiss that Lexa had the urge to deepen if they weren’t in public. She pulled back, but not without nipping Clarke’s bottom lip first. When she locked eyes with Clarke again, she noticed a look in them she hadn’t seen in weeks.

The look was one of pure desire, it shown in her eyes like a beacon calling to her.

It made her shift in her seat until the server appeared and broke their heated exchange. Lexa ignored the woman for a moment in order to kiss Clarke again, “I love you too.”

The woman watched them with a small smile, “Are we ready to order?” She asked setting their drinks down.

“Yes, we are,” Lexa never took her eyes from Clarke’s face and was rewarded with a blush that coated her cheeks, “Love?”

Clarke ordered followed by Lexa and Nyko.

“How long have you two been together if you don’t mind me asking?” Nyko asked taking a sip of his coffee. He smiled at them, “You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to.”

She put an arm around Clarke’s shoulders, “Officially like four months or so, unofficially six or so,” Clarke replied with a look towards Lexa who nodded in agreement.

“It’s nice to see two people so in love with each other,” Nyko smiled brightly.

“Are you married?” Lexa asked curiously.

“I am,” Nyko’s ears tinted pink, “Three years last month.”

“That’s awesome,” Clarke tilted her head to the side which alerted Lexa to the fact that Clarke wanted to ask another question, “What does your partner do?”
“He’s a detective actually,” Nyko looked so proud and Lexa was happy for them both.

Clarke tensed slightly, but Nyko didn’t notice. Lexa did and pulled Clarke even closer to her if it was possible, “Are you able to see each other a lot?”

“Yes, we make time for each other every couple weeks at least,” Nyko looked back and forth between them, “How did you two meet?”

Lexa looked at Clarke who burst out laughing, “Do you want to tell the story or shall I?” She blushed scarlet, but nodded for Clarke to go ahead.

“Well, Lexa here,” Clarke began and threw a grin at her, “stalked me.”

Lexa spoke up quickly seeing Nyko’s look of surprise, “It wasn’t like that!”

“No?”

“No, love,” Lexa put her head on the table and sighed in exasperation. This woman would be the end of her, “Please tell it truthfully.”

Clarke pouted and rolled her eyes, a twinkle of mischief alight in her eyes, “Fine.”

“Thank you,” Lexa kissed her temple once she picked her head up from the table.

“So not stalking?” Nyko questioned with a small grin.

“I call it admiring from afar,” Lexa sheepishly said, “Right, love?”

“What?” Nyko leaned forward and Lexa got the impression he was thoroughly enjoying their banter. Honestly so was she.

“Hey now, you ran into me,” Lexa protested with a grin.

“You weren’t paying attention to where you were going,” Clarke fired back.

“Neither were you!” Lexa threw up her hands, but a minute later nuzzled into Clarke’s neck, breathing her in.

“I wasn’t the one on my phone,” Clarke kissed her head and Lexa melted into her.

“Touche,” Lexa nodded in defeat.

“So you met by running into each other?” Nyko’s eyes bounced back and forth between them.

“Yep,” Clarke answered with a smile, “And the rest, let’s say is history,” Lexa was about to say something, but the look on Clarke’s face stopped her. Instead, Lexa just nodded before pressing a kiss to Clarke’s neck. She felt Clarke shiver in response.

“That’s quite an interesting story,” Nyko leaned back, “I feel like there’s more to it but I won’t pry. All that matters is the two of you found each other.”

“That’s true,” Lexa smiled at Nyko. She was very much liking him. They were interrupted when
their food was delivered. Lexa’s mouth watered when her plate was laid down in front of her. Her omelet was the size of her plate and was dripping melted cheese, “Oh my god!” She looked at Clarke who had the same reaction she did. On Clarke’s plate there were four pieces of french toast drizzled in powdered sugar and syrup.

“Wow!” Clarke looked back and forth between both their plates, “No way I can eat all of this.”

“Told you,” Nyko smiled knowingly as he helped himself to his outrageous portion of food. The amount of food he had just for himself could have fed her and Clarke for at least four meals.

Lexa shrugged and looked at Clarke who shrugged back and winked at her. They both took bites of their respective plates and moaned. Lexa couldn’t help but watch the look of pure ecstasy cross Clarke’s face as she chewed her food. She wished she could be the one to make her feel that way. Hopefully it would be her soon.

“Good?” Lexa asked even though she already knew the answer.

“Fucking delicious, you?” Clarke took another bite.

“Amazing,” Lexa held out a fork for Clarke to taste. She watched in rapture as Clarke’s lips closed around her fork as she took the bite, her blue eyes darkened as Clarke kept her gaze locked to hers, “As good as yours?”

Clarke smirked and shook her head, “Why don’t you try mine and judge for yourself?” Clarke scooped up a bite and dragged it through the powdered sugar and syrup. Lexa took the bite with a smile. Clarke watched her like a hawk and Lexa enjoyed every minute of it. She had to admit it was delicious.

“You win,” Lexa swallowed and already wanted more. She took her own fork and took another bite.

“Hey!” Clarke smacked her shoulder lightly.

“Thought we were sharing?” Lexa poked out her bottom lip knowing Clarke couldn’t resist.

“That’s not fair,” Clarke tried to keep a straight face, but Lexa could see her fighting a smile.

“No idea what you’re talking about, Clarke,” Lexa feigned innocence.

“To be fair, that is what you said,” Nyko spoke up and Lexa felt bad because she’d completely forgotten he was there.

“Who’s side are you on?” Clarke turned her attention towards Nyko who held up his hands.

“The truth,” He said taking a bite of his food that was almost gone while both her and Clarke had more than half left of their own.

“Fair,” Clarke nodded towards him and Lexa blew a sigh of relief which had Clarke’s attention back on her, “Got something to say, babe?”

“No, love,” Lexa pressed a lingering kiss to her cheek, “Only that I love you.”

“I love you too,” Clarke broke out into a huge smile.

Fifteen minutes later their plates were clear and Lexa reached for her wallet to pay for the meal. She was excited to get on the way to their next destination, and a little nervous.
“Let me pay, babe,” Clarke reached for her purse.

“No, love,” Lexa stopped her gently and pulled money out of her wallet and put it on the table. She kissed Clarke’s slightly parted mouth, “it’s your surprise.”

“I want to help,” Clarke pulled back from the kiss, “Please.”

Lexa had a hard time turning down Clarke, when she asked like that, still she tried a compromise, “maybe another time?” and slid the bills, plus plenty extra, into the center of the table.

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Lexa sighed and gave in, and at the look of excitement on Clarke’s face she added, “just… just not anything today, okay?” Lexa smiled and kissed both of Clarke’s hands.

“Deal,” Clarke grinned and kissed her cheek, “Isn’t she wonderful?” Clarke’s attention turned to Nyko.

“She is,” Nyko agreed and stood up, “Are you ready to go?”

Lexa nodded and gently nudged Clarke who slid out of the booth, “Where we going?” She was almost bouncing when Lexa tried to help her with her coat.

“You’ll see, love,” Lexa zipped her up and put on her own coat. She didn’t want to spoil the surprise she had. She had every intention of today going perfectly and so far it was off to a fabulous start. Lexa knew she couldn’t have made it happen without Nyko’s generous help.

So far, so good as Lexa took Clarke’s hand in hers.

As long as Clarke was by her side, it was a good day.

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After making sure Clarke was adequately protected from the cold, Lexa led them towards the rental place. Nyko had dropped them off down the street so Lexa could surprise Clarke. He informed them, once again, he was just a phone call away.

“How’s your foot?” Lexa asked in concern not wanting Clarke to overdo it. It was the whole reason that Lexa had arranged for them to explore this way. She had heard from Nyko about a place that was about an hour away that was absolutely beautiful and Lexa wanted to take Clarke there, but knew Clarke couldn’t walk the entire way in her boot.

“It’s okay,” Clarke huddled closer towards her looping her arm through hers and linking their gloved hands. Lexa just smiled and looked over at Clarke with her blue beanie snug on her head, blue scarf and white winter jacket that Lexa knew was warm. She tested it herself. She had the same one just in black with a green beanie, scarf and gloves. Abby had insisted and Lexa couldn’t say no even though she preferred black. She was lucky to get the black coat.

“Are you sure, love?” Lexa asked as she held the door open to the rental place and heard Clarke gasp as she stepped inside and took in everything around her.

The store was modern, a good size and had mopeds, atvs, bikes and motorcycles all over and rock music playing in the background. There was a counter off to the side and Lexa headed that way pulling her girlfriend along.
“Hi, I have a reservation for Woods, please,” She smiled at the young guy behind the counter that was looking her up and down before he glanced a Clarke. His eyes kept coming back to her and Lexa shifted slightly uncomfortable with the attention. She wasn’t used to getting it. Girls sometimes, but guys never.

“Absolutely Miss Woods,” The guy, Sebastian said according to his nametag, checked his computer, “It shows you rented an ATV for the day.” He smiled and raised an eyebrow at her, looking her over again.

“Yes, that’s correct,” Lexa smiled at Clarke as she turned to look at her.

“You what?”

“I got us an ATV, I know you can’t hike on foot, so this is the next best thing I could think of,” Lexa responded as she looked back at the guy who held out a set of keys.

“Here are the keys, I just need to sign a couple waivers for you and your friend,” He kept his eyes on Lexa and didn’t acknowledge Clarke.

“Actually, she’s my…” Lexa didn’t finish because Clarke grabbed her face and kissed her. Not a chaste kiss, but a deep kiss that left her panting and in a daze when Clarke pulled back. She turned back to look at the guy with a dopey smile on her face, “As you can see, not just my friend, she’s my girlfriend.”

“Sorry about that,” He mumbled. He looked down at the papers and handed them each a pen without looking at them, “Everything’s already been taken care of. Everything you need is ready for you,” He took the papers once they signed and led them back outside and to the side of the building.

Lexa took in the black and blue ATV with two helmets and safety goggles sitting on the seats.

“Wow,” Clarke ran a hand over it with a smile.

“This is our Sportsman touring xp 1000. It is high-performance close ratio on-demand all wheel drive with standard engine braking system. It also has active descent control as well as dual a arm front suspension with 8.25” of travel and standard electronic power steering. The tires are 26” PXT tires with 14” cast aluminum wheels.” Jason said with reverence, “Not many people rent it.” He looked at them curiously and put his hands in his pockets.

“Yeah, well, we’re not just anybody. Thanks,” Lexa said curtly and the guy made his way back inside with a nod.

“Babe, this is too much,” Clarke stared at her for a moment, but Lexa just pulled her towards her and into a hug.

“Nothing is too much for you, Clarke,” Lexa whispered in her ear, “You ready to take a ride?” Lexa cocked an eyebrow at her girlfriend.

Clarke nodded and she was almost vibrating in excitement, “Where we going?”

“You’ll see,” Lexa handed Clarke the helmet that was blue and black took off her beanie and helped her put it on. She couldn’t resist kissing Clarke seeing how cute she looked in the helmet. Next Clarke put the goggles on and Lexa did the same with her helmet and goggles before she motioned Clarke to get on first. After she had, Lexa got on in front of her and started the ATV, “ready?” she shouted back over the rumble of the engine.
“Now I am!” Clarke leaned up and wrapped her arms around her instead of using the handholds. Lexa smiled and bit her lip a little as her heart skipped from the simple embrace, she had absolutely no complaints at all with Clarke being wrapped around her.

Lexa took a deep breath. She hadn’t driven one of these, but it couldn’t be too different than the atvs back home, and it has snow tires. “Hold on,” she took off and was surprised by the power she felt as it zoomed out of the parking lot. Nyko had told her where to go, and she had memorized the way to the place the night before and as she drove she didn’t go as fast as she would have if she was alone, as not to scare Clarke.

That was the last thing she’d ever want to do.

The hour flew past as they sped over ice and snow around them, enjoying the scenery. Even the cold, bitter wind biting into places their skin was exposed was refreshing in a way. Clarke tightened her arms around Lexa, “this is awesome!” she called up, tucking her head into her back.

Lexa chuckled. She would give anything to kiss Clarke right now and not just from the rush of adrenaline, but from Clarke’s hands and arms holding her body, “yeah it is!” she took a deep breath and tried to focus ahead of them, “we’re almost there!”

“And where’s that?” Clarke asked as she pressed her cold nose into her neck making her jump.

“You’ll see,” Lexa replied nonchalantly as they rounded the bend that she was told to watch for. It had a rock formation that looked something like a wolf. Lexa’s excitement grew as they neared it and knew Clarke wasn’t paying attention because her face was currently pressed into her coat.

“You suck.” Clarke mumbled as they arrived. Lexa stopped the ATV and went to climb off, but Clarke wasn’t letting go.

“Baby, look,” Lexa gently extracted herself for Clarke’s arms and watched her girl’s face transform in a look of utter shock and wonder. In front of them was a waterfall that was frozen and sparkled in sunlight. It connected with a body of water that was frozen as well, but it was the ice blue glaciers surrounding the area that really caught Clarke’s attention, “It’s like color of your eyes, love.”

Clarke’s gaze locked to hers, “Mine are nothing like that,” She breathed out and looked away.

“You are right,” Lexa tilted her head back to hers, “yours, are even more beautiful, than all of this,” she stepped back and gestured around them before dropping her arms, “you outshine everything else, Clarke.”

Tears sprang to Clarke’s eyes, and Lexa was quick to use her gloved thumbs to wipe them away as they ran down Clarke’s face, “I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” Lexa leaned in and hugged her tightly, “did you want to look around a bit?” Clarke nodded and Lexa stepped back and looked down at Clarke’s injured foot, she bit her lip worried whether or not Clarke would over do it, “your foot okay?”

“Relax, babe,” Clarke took her hand, “if it starts hurting, I’ll tell you.”

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Clarke kissed her lips softly, “now,” she looked around, “how did you find out about this place?”

“Nyko told me,” Lexa answered as she started walking with Clarke hand in hand closer to the
glacier. Nyko had told her that there was a couple of glacier’s here that they could go into because they weren’t very deep and he had assured her they were safe. Which was her main concern.

“I really like him,” Clarke smiled and her face lit up the closer they got, “This is so cool.” she looked around them before looking at Lexa, “so different from home.”

“That was the point, love,’ Lexa laughed as they continued to stomp through the snow.

“I know,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

The entrance to the cave was fairly easy to find. It was a huge opening, that slanted down the farther they went, and it shimmered along the ceiling and sparkled like diamond glinting off the snow and ice.

“It’s so beautiful..” Clarke whispered as she stopped to take it in. She whipped her eyes over to Lexa’s and they shone in absolute wonder.

“It is,” Lexa whispered back as they edged further in. She kept her hand tight in Clarke’s to help her keep her balance, mindful of her girlfriend’s boot. She looked up to smile at Clarke but right as she did a flash went off in her face and she heard Clarke laughing as she blinked her vision free, realising Clarke had just taken a picture..

“But look who’s more beautiful than this,” Clarke smirked, and showed her the picture.

Lexa looked to see her eyes were wide in surprise and a her smile was half covered by hair falling out of her beanie. She rolled her eyes but laughed a little. Raising an eyebrow she answered, “no you are.” she started backing Clarke gently up to the icy wall..

“What, Lex?” Clarke asked as her back touched it.

Lexa smiled at her, “just, stay right there.” she didn’t want Clarke to slip so she added, “and hold still.”

“What are you doing?” Clarke asked in amusement.

Lexa didn’t answer, but instead found her phone and snapped Clarke’s picture. Soon as she had it she felt herself break into a smile and went and stood by her girl to show it to her, “see, most beautiful feature of this glacier, captured right here.” She kept her tone dead serious, but was unable to keep the laughter out of her eyes.

And gave up all together when Clarke blew out laughing, “you dork.”

Lexa wasn’t able to keep from laughing now, “maybe,” she shrugged. Laughing turned to smiling and she reached and brushed Clarke’s hair out of her face, cupping it with her hand, Lexa kissed Clarke softly, loving the feel of Clarke’s lips on hers and moaning a little before she could help it. Taking a deep breath she rubbed thier cold noses together before taking a step back and looking around, “want to explore a little more?” Lexa kept her hand at Clarke’s waist to steady her.

Clarke nodded quickly, “of course, besides, I need more pictures of you. Anya and Raven demanded it.” she tugged Lexa’s hand to pull her along as she started off into the shimmery glacier caves again.

Lexa laughed but followed happily, “I think they said not pictures of us?”

“Beggars can’t be choosers,” Clarke countered, and grinned across at her.
“I guess you’re right,” Lexa chucked with a shrug. Holding onto her girlfriend’s hand to keep her on her feet as they snapped picture after picture. If she was being honest, most of Lexa’s were of Clarke and rarely of their surroundings, unless Clarke was in them, happy, here and smiling. And even though they were in a glacier in Alaska, Clarke’s smile warmed her heart.

Before she knew it, an hour had flown past and Lexa had to break the news softly, “we should head back,” she didn’t want either of them getting sick and it went without saying they were far from used to these weather conditions no matter how much they bundled up.

“Probably is a good idea,” Clarke agreed reluctantly, pulling her aside, “thank you for bringing me here.” she leaned up and pecked Lexa on her lips.

“Of course,” Lexa smiled, “anything for you, love.” she kissed the back of Clarke’s hand, and started leading the way back out of the glacier. It took a bit to find it, and the sky was cloudier when they emerged than it had been when they had gone in and she got them quickly as she could to the ATV was. Clarke got on first again and Lexa settled behind her and started the atv up. As she drove them out of there as they both took one last look at the majestic landscape, searing it into their minds.

Clarke’s smile made it all worth it.
Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay. Life got in the way. I had a partial tear in my rotator cuff, well technically still do which hindered my writing a lot, Other things I won’t get into, plus I’ve been sick and currently am right now, but wanted to get this out. Bdasswarrior will probably yell at me, but hopefully the chapter is worth. Sorry nerd. I hope the next chapter won’t take as long.

Huge thank you to Distantstar!!

I hope you all enjoy and thank you for your patience.

The afternoon flew by as they spent the next few hours exploring Anchorage and what it had to offer. Nyko acted as their chauffeur when they got too cold, but otherwise they walked, wrapped in their thick winter coats, scarfs, beanies and gloves. Lexa had to make sure they were prepared and didn’t want either of them to get sick.

“That was amazing!” Clarke laughed in excitement as Lexa carried her piggyback out of the doors of the multi storied building behind them. The icy wind ripped through the parking lot and Lexa made sure to hold onto Clarke’s legs a little tighter to be sure she wouldn’t fall.

Ahead, Nyko waited for them patiently leaning against the car. She’d asked him to come inside with them, but he’d politely declined and informed them he’d seen it plenty of times. Lexa smiled, knowing he was also trying to give them some alone time. She would have to thank him somehow, later.

She glanced back at the Anchorage Museum they’d just left and was happy they went because Clarke really seemed to enjoy it when Clarke spoke up, “there was so much history in there, it was so interesting.”

Lexa laughed and continued through the parking lot, “I know, right? Who would have known there was so much to do here?”

Clarke giggled again and hugged her tighter. She leaned in, her blonde hair falling over Lexa’s shoulder as Clarke kissed her face, “you know...maybe we should get a house here someday? So we can see it everything and don’t have to rush.”

Lexa’s pace stuttered just a step as she thought of a house in Alaska, with Clarke. She was smiling before she knew it because it meant Clarke was planning a future with her. They had talked about it before, she knew, but it still made her get butterflies in her stomach every time. This just happened to be the first time since everything had happened and knowing Clarke still pictured spending the rest of her life with her made happiness bloom in her chest.

“You can put me down, babe,” Clarke said next, kicking her legs a little, the boot hitting Lexa softly, “I can walk.”
“And I can carry you.” Lexa argued playfully back.

“But you have been for the last half hour.” Clarke countered, combing her fingers through Lexa’s hair she kissed the side of her ear.

Lexa started nodding in agreement and shivered from Clarke’s kiss on her ear, “I play football, remember? Besides, I....” she was going to say something else, but stopped when Clarke raked her fingers through her hair underneath her beanie. Every touch of Clarke’s lips continued to send shivers down her spine.

“Babe?”

“Hmm?” Lexa kept walking, dreaming about walking down this same road with their children between them, on the way back to their house in the mountains. She smiled just imagining a daughter with her brown hair and Clarke’s blue eyes or a son with Clarke’s blonde hair and her green eyes. Either way, it would be perfect.

“Babe??” Clarke laughed.

“What?”

“You missed the car.”

“Huh?” Lexa pulled to a stop and blinked a few times, realising Clarke was right. She sheepishly smiled because while she’d been daydreaming, she’d completely missed the car. She turned around to find Nyko hurrying after them and hailing them down, “fuck.” Lexa turned crimson and kicked the ground with her boot.

“Nerd,” Clarke wiggled to get down and Lexa released her legs before she bent down and lowered her down gently.

“You know it,” Lexa grinned when Nyko shook his head. He opened the door for them to climb in. She let Clarke go first before she turned to Nyko, “Mall, please.”

“Of course,” He smiled and shut the door behind her after she climbed in after Clarke.

“Where we going now?” Clarke asked, scooting closer to her and laying her head on Lexa’s shoulder.

“The mall,” Lexa pressed her lips to Clarke’s hair, “I want to spoil you.”

“You’ve been doing that...even before this trip,” Clarke smiled and kissed her shoulder, “I don’t need anything else, but you.”

Lexa’s heart melted at the admission, “I feel the same way, but please let me do this.”

“Okay,” Clarke conceded.

“Thank you,” Lexa smiled and released a breath of relief. She wanted to get Clarke a nice dress for what she had planned later, not that she didn’t look good in anything she wore, but tonight was important.

After everything they’d been through, Lexa wanted to show Clarke how special she still was and that nothing had changed.
She just hoped Clarke enjoyed it.

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The ride to the mall went faster than Lexa anticipated, but she adored the look of wonder on Clarke’s face as she pressed it against the glass watching the snowy world slide by outside. Trees and light posts alike were decorated in lights, beyond them colorful buildings were spread out around them and beyond that, the snow capped mountains loomed larger than life behind the city.

Lexa had to admit, it was a pretty spectacular view, but she was more interested in watching Clarke because she was absolutely adorable.

Nyko pulled up to the front of the glass front mall that was a couple stories high and even had a walkway connecting to the parking garage. He parked and let them out, “I’ll find you after I park the car.”

“Sounds good, thanks,” Lexa nodded at him and took Clarke’s hand to lead her inside.

“This place is huge,” Clarke took everything in while Lexa was content to just watch her soak it all up.

And to think this wasn’t even the best part. That was yet to come.

“Yeah, it is,” Lexa wandered over to the map at the entrance to take a look. She had her own clothes for the night’s activities, but Clarke didn’t. She just wasn’t sure where Clarke would want to go and wanted her to pick out something she loved, “Any particular place you want to go?”

“Umm, there’s so many. How about Nordstrom?” Clarke shrugged.

“Works for me,” Lexa led her to the west end of the mall where the map said the store was, “Do you need a piggyback ride again?” Lexa wiggled her eyebrows causing Clarke to laugh.

“I’m good for now,” Clarke grinned and squeezed her hand, “But thank you.”

“Anything for you,” Lexa laughed and brought Clarke’s hand up for a kiss. Before she knew it, they were walking into the store and Lexa led them over to the women’s section and watched Clarke’s eyes light up.

“There’s so many to choose from, I don’t know where to start,” Clarke picked up a silver dress with a plunging neckline that had Lexa’s mouth watering when she pictures Clarke wearing it.

“There are, but chose a few and you can try them on,” Lexa smiled wide, dirty thoughts dancing in her head.

“Naughty,” Clarke kissed her cheek, “You just want a fashion show.”

“Of course I do,” Lexa feigned shock, “I mean...have you seen you. I have the most beautiful girlfriend in the universe.”

“Flatterer,” Clarke’s blush was adorable and Lexa loved having that kind of effect on her, “How about I choose a couple and you chose a couple and than I try them all on?”

“I like the way you think, love,” Lexa kissed her quickly, lingering longer than she intended because Clarke wrapped her hand her neck and pulled her into a deeper kiss. She reluctantly broke the kiss, “Ten minutes and we meet back up?”
“Yeah, but please don’t go far,” Clarke asked and stepped back, but reached for her hand. Lexa brought her hand to lips and brushed her lips across her knuckles.

“I promise I’ll stay in your sight at all times,” Lexa was quick to reassure her. She hated the flash of fear that sparked in Clarke’s eyes at any given time. It was slowly getting better, but Lexa knew there was still a long way to go. She was happy to hear that Clarke didn’t want to be too far from her because she was nervous as well, just the idea of looking over and not seeing Clarke...

Lexa was glad they were on the same page.

“Thank you, babe,” Clarke kissed her quickly and walked over to some of the farther racks, “No peeking.” Clarke called as she scanned up over the top of the rack as she started looking through it.

“Yes, love,” Lexa laughed and turned to the rack in front of her. There was a dress in a light blue she thought Clarke would look stunning in. She touched the fabric lightly and her mouth went dry as she peeked at Clarke over her shoulder to find her girlfriend absorbed in a clothes rack a few feet down. Lexa took the dress out, and laid the dress over her arm when her eyes fell on an emerald green one. She knew, Clarke would look stunning in just about anything, so she added it to her pile.

“I can’t decide,” Clarke spoke up. When Lexa turned around again, Clarke had come over with her arms full of choices. Her eyes lit up when she saw the two Lexa had picked out, “I want you to pick something out for you.”

Lexa smiled and struggled to find words, “Uh…” she looked at what she had in her hands, “oh these are for me too, don’t worry. I’ll be the one who gets the privilege to look at you all night and know how lucky I am that you’re with me,” she gave Clarke a lopsided grin.

“Charmer.”

Lexa shrugged, but her heart was beating a mile a minute, so she decided to change the subject by looking at what Clarke held, “what do you have?”

Clarke moved back, “hey, I said no peeking.” she protested and held up a hand to keep her back.

“Fine, fine,” Lexa relented, she wet her lips because her mouth was already impossibly dry, “lets uh, go find a place for you to try these on,” she put her hand to the small of Clarke’s back and started guiding her toward a fitting room. On the way through, she picked out a white dress with a fitted top and a loose skirt that caught her eye.

She could imagine Clarke wearing something simple like it on their wedding day.

“Babe,” Clarke protested, rolling her eyes.

“I can’t help it.” Lexa shrugged. They arrived at the fitting room and the attendant looked up, “one, please?” She spoke up for them, but still glanced back at Clarke to smile.

“What,” Clarke teased, “you’re not coming in with me?”

Lexa bit her lip and shook her head, not trusting herself to speak at the moment. She clenched her hands at her sides and took a deep breath, her face crimson, “You go ahead, I’ll be…” She gestured to the chair.

Clarke raised an eyebrow, amusement danced in her eyes, “Sit down, baby. Let me show you what I got.”
“Okay,” Lexa handed Clarke her dresses and she plopped down in the chair and watched her take them into the changing room at the end. Pulling out her phone so she could take pictures she remembered Nyko might have a hard time finding them. Lexa shot a quick text to Nyko letting him know where they were. She glanced up when she heard the door to the changing room open and her mouth dropped open when Clarke stepped out.

Without thinking, she raised her phone and snapped a picture, “My god, love. You’re a vision.”

Clarke blushed, “Thank you.”

Lexa nodded slowly, completely dumbstruck because the bodice of the light blue dress contoured to Clarke’s body like a second skin and highlighted her breasts spectacularly. It flared around the middle of her thighs and had a slight view of her cleavage from the dip in the front.

It was perfect.

“Wow,” Lexa said again, the only word she could remember at the moment because Clarke was an absolute vision.

“What do you think?” Clarke asked and stepped closer to her. Lexa had to clench her hands on the seat to avoid grabbing Clarke and giving the poor woman that manned the counter a show.

“I love it, but what matters is what you think?” Lexa was more concerned about what she thought.

“It’s really nice,” Clarke smiled and glanced down at what she was wearing, “I love it too.”

“Good,” Lexa mentally added it the basket even if it wasn’t the one Clarke chose for dinner, she was still buying it, no way she wasn’t.

Clarke moved in, took her face in her hands and kissed the top of her head. When Clarke leaned in, Lexa almost lost it because she could practically see down the front of Clarke’s dress, “I’ll try another.”

Somehow she snapped one more picture as Clarke walked away, leaving her to sit there helpless and stare after her. She looked down at the photo and realised this may have been a bad idea. Lexa decided to save it to her personal folder and found herself still staring at it when the door opened again and as she looked up she wasn’t sure her heart could take much more.

This time, it was the emerald dress, which Clarke looked good in, it highlighted her hair, but it wasn’t the right one. And by the look on Clarke’s face, Lexa knew Clarke felt the same.

“Not my favorite,” Clarke shrugged and looked to her.

“Try on the next one,” Lexa suggested honestly, “I just want you to be comfortable.”

“Thanks, babe,” Clarke smiled and sauntered back in the room. Lexa heaved out a sigh and tapped her fingers against the chair as she waited the few minutes it took for the door to open and Clarke to step out again.

“Babe?” Clarke twirled in a circle with a bright smile on her face and Lexa knew without a doubt that this was the dress. Anything that put that look on Clarke’s face was a winner in her mind. She looked breathtaking in a silver strapless dress that was tight around her chest, flared around her legs and sparkled like diamonds.

She was gorgeous.
"That’s the one," Lexa stood up and smiled, “Spin again.”

Clarke laughed, “Like this?” Clarke twirled as she kept laughing and Lexa couldn’t help but take picture after picture of her.

“Yes, just like that,” Lexa took another shot. She looked up over her phone and her mouth went dry at the sight of Clarke’s smile.

“I feel like a model,” Clarke giggled and Lexa found it absolutely adorable.

“You’re more beautiful than any model I’ve ever seen. None of them can compare to you,” Lexa kissed her quickly and before she knew it, she had Clarke pressed against the wall. Clarke’s whimper brought her back to her senses and she forced herself back, “Sorry.”

“I love you,” Clarke kissed her softly, “Thank you for saying that and you have nothing to be sorry for.”

“It’s true,” Lexa blushed and looked down.

“I think we gave the woman a heart attack,” Clarke laughed again and nodded her head towards the counter.

Lexa glanced her way and saw the woman looking anywhere else but at them with her cheeks flaming red, “Oh well.”

Clarke kissed her again, “So this is the dress?”

“Absolutely,” Lexa ran her hand down Clarke’s bare shoulder, “Why don’t you get changed and we will go buy it.”

“Okay, babe,” Clarke sashed her hips as she walked back into the changing room.

Lexa turned when she heard the door open, but only saw Clarke’s face, “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, can you give me a hand?”

“Sure,” Lexa hurried to her girlfriend and pushed the door open, but quickly slammed it shut behind her when she took in the sight in front of her. Clarke was wearing a sheer lace lingerie set. Lexa’s mouth watered as she leaned back against the door and stared.

“Like what you see?” Clarke grinned at her coyly.

Lexa could barely manage a nod. She took in Clarke’s sexy body and looked up into lust-filled blue eyes, “Clarke I...” Lexa’s heart started beating rapidly and her hands were clammy. She smiled and ran a hand through her hair, “wow.”

“Come here, Lexa,” Clarke crooked a finger at her.

She’d barely unglued herself from the door before Clarke grabbed her by the hand and yanked her across the small space. Lexa collided into her and ended up pressing Clarke against the mirror. Clarke kissed her and before she knew it, Clarke’s face was in her hands, her tongue had invaded her mouth and she’d slid her leg between Clarke’s thighs.

All Lexa felt was smooth, warm skin and her hands moved from Clarke’s face to her bare back. Lexa’s brain had short circuited when she saw Clarke in sheer white lingerie with garter belts hooking it all together.
“Fuck, Clarke,” She pressed closer to her and felt her hardening in her pants. Lexa groaned, but ripped her lips away and took a step back because the last thing she wanted to do was scare Clarke, “We are definitely buying that and the blue dress.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Clarke tossed her hair over her shoulder and winked, “I was hoping you would.”

“Fuck yes, I do,” Lexa kissed her forehead and resisted the urge to resume what they’d started, “As much as I’d like to continue, we need to get going, but,” Lexa caressed Clarke’s cheek, “I know you’re trying and I appreciate it.” It was a huge step for Clarke to be in lingerie in front of her and Lexa wanted to acknowledge it. Not to mention, it was the most skin, she’d seen in weeks.

“I am,” Clarke looked sheepish and all Lexa wanted to do was reassure her, but didn’t want to interrupt her, “I do want you, Lex, very much.”

“I know, but there’s absolutely no rush,” Lexa kissed her softly, “Let’s get the accessories and all to go with this dress and Nyko will take us back to the cabin to get ready.”

“Still not going to tell me where we’re going?” Clarke ran a hand through her hair.

“Nope,” Lexa swallowed thickly and kept her eyes locked on Clarke’s face and not the rest of her body. She grabbed the doorknob knowing she needed to get out of there before she went back on her word and took Clarke in the changing room. That wasn’t at all how she wanted their first time after to be, “Meet you out there.”

“Okay,” Clarke smiled, “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Lexa went to blow her a kiss, but thought better of it, not wanting to remind either of them of anything negative. Instead, Lexa hurried out with a small wave. The image of Clarke in the lingerie burned into her brain.

It was going to be a long night.

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Clarke had no idea what Lexa had planned, but was looking forward to it with so much excitement that she could barely contain herself. Standing at the mirror in the master bathroom, she took one last look to be sure she was ready. Clarke thought she looked good in her new dress. She’d tried her hair a few different ways before settling on pulling it back in a bun with a couple tendrils framing her face and using just enough makeup to highlight her eyes.

She took a deep breath and thought back to the date not long ago on the beach and how excited and nervous she was then. Clarke smiled when she remembered when their first ‘I love you’s’ followed by making love right there on the sand. She shivered as she recalled the last time they had sex.

It had been a few weeks and usually they couldn’t go more than a day. She knew when the time was right, it would happen, but one thing, Clarke knew for sure. She was ready.

Now she just needed to tell Lexa.

Clarke hurried out, but stopped in her tracks when she saw Lexa leaning against the door jamb right outside the bedroom. She raked her eyes down her girlfriend’s body and swallowed thickly. Lexa was in dark grey pants, a green button up with a skinny white tie. She finished off the outfit with black suspenders and matching dress shoes. Lexa’s makeup was smokey and made her green eyes pop.
“You look gorgeous,” Clarke took a step forward and ran a hand down Lexa’s curly hair that was down and over her left shoulder, “I’m so lucky.”

Lexa whistled and Clarke flushed beneath her admiring gaze, “I beg to differ, Miss Griffin, I’m the lucky one. I’ve never seen a vision more beautiful than you.”

“Thank you,” Clarke blushed, ”where are we going?"

To answer, Lexa just shook her head softly and kissed her chastely. She leaned back and asked, “what, and ruin the surprise?” Lexa shifted her eyes around, “after all this?” she bit her lip coyly.

Clarke just smiled at her, “well..I had to ask,” She was very intrigued and normally didn’t like surprises, but Lexa always had a way of making her love them. They were never bad surprises unlike with her ex.

“Wouldn’t expect anything else,” Lexa took Clarke’s hand in hers, “come on, beautiful.” she tugged gently and Clarke allowed her to lead her to the front of the cabin where they stopped near the door. Lexa got their coats down and helped Clarke into hers, “don’t want you getting cold.” She started to put her own on, Clarke stopped her and helped with the buttons because she didn’t want Lexa getting cold either.

“There,” Clarke kissed her nose, and watched her turn pink. She shook her head because it was adorable how easily Lexa got flustered. But her girlfriend just nodded quickly, turned to the door and pulled it open. Taking Clarke’s hand again she led her out into the snow to where Nyko was waiting with the car.

“Ladies,” he greeted, and got the door for both of them. Clarke saw Lexa smile at him conspiratorially.

“Is everything ready?” she asked him.

“Of course,” he smiled back.

Clarke just rolled her eyes at both of them, “you two are so not fair,” Lexa just laughed softly and helped her get into the car before sliding in right after her. Nyko closed the door behind them and Clarke could still hear him chuckling.

She slid over the plush seat and cuddled up next to Lexa who welcomed her with open arms. Just being in Lexa’s embrace made her completely happy and safe, but she couldn’t resist running her hand up and down Lexa’s thigh. Clarke enjoyed feeling the muscle in her thigh flex with every pass of her hand.

“Gonna tell me yet?” Clarke bit softly on Lexa’s ear and felt her shudder.

Lexa’s hand squeezed hers in a vice like grip, but still, she shook her head, “Nope. You’re not gonna break me.”

Clarke chuckled and pulled back to look into Lexa’s green eyes that she loved so much, “We’ll see about that,” Out of the corner of her eye, she checked on Nyko who was driving and didn’t once look back at them.

Good.

Without a second thought, Clarke straddled Lexa and ran her hands down her chest over her breasts. She took ahold of Lexa’s tie and yanked her up towards her. Lexa’s mouth opened in shock, but
before Lexa could speak, Clarke smashed their lips together in a kiss that she felt everywhere, especially between her legs.

Clarke lost track of everything else except Lexa’s lips on hers and it was heaven to feel so liberated for once. It reminded her of what they had before and what she wanted again. It wasn’t just about being with Lexa sexually, it was about taking back a part of herself that she thought was lost forever.

She was about to take it further, when Nyko cleared his throat, “We’re here, ladies.”

“Damn it,” Lexa huffed and Clarke pulled back with a pout, but when Lexa cupped her cheek and pressed a lingering kiss to her lips, Clarke smiled.

“There’s more where that came from, stud,” Clarke climbed off Lexa’s lap right as Nyko opened the door. She did feel bad that she was leaving Lexa with a small problem, well not that small.

“Really?” Lexa’s voice was higher than normal and Clarke couldn’t help but smirk knowing she caused this kind of reaction.

“Yes,” Clarke took Nyko’s offered hand and let him help her out of the car. Lexa was right behind her and Clarke shivered in the cold immediately laced their fingers together. She looked around in confusion because they were by the water and she still had no idea what they were doing, “Are we here?”

Lexa laughed, “Yep,” She tugged on her hand with Nyko following right behind them.

“But I don’t see anything,” Clarke only saw a dock with a boat, a couple buildings that looked like restaurants and a few parking lots behind them. It wasn’t until Lexa started leading her to the boat that it finally clicked.

“We’re going on the boat!” She squealed and started to jump up and down, but stopped when she remembered her boot and the slick sidewalk. For a moment, she’d completely forgotten where they were and the snow that was all around them, glittering in the late afternoon sun.

“We are,” Lexa confirmed, “Good surprise?”

“Excellent surprise,” Clarke was giddy with excitement. As they got closer, she didn’t think boat was an adapt description though, it was more of a yacht, at least a twenty footer and sleek white with blue accents, “This is so cool.”

“I’m happy to hear that,” Lexa wrapped her arm around her shoulder and pulled her close as they walked down the dock and towards the boat.

“You’re incredible, babe,” Clarke kissed her neck, “Thank you.”

“You are,” Lexa shook her head as they took the ramp up the boat. Clarke was about to protest when a woman approached them, “Welcome to The Seascape. My name is Gaia, I’ll be your hostess tonight.” she offered her hand forward.

“I’m Lexa,” Lexa offered her hand first. Clarke, was beside herself and trying her best to stay still shook her hand next.

“I’m Lexa,” Lexa offered her hand first. Clarke, was beside herself and trying her best to stay still shook her hand next.

“Clarke, it’s nice to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you too,” Gaia replied, “if you could come this way we will get you seated.” She smiled at both of them and went on ahead.
“Seated?” Clarke cocked an eyebrow at her girlfriend who had a mischievous glint in her eye.

“Oh did you think only the boat was the surprise. It’s more of a romantic dinner out on the water at sunset.”

“Baby,” Clarke was breathless as she stood on the deck and stared at Lexa. She sometimes had a hard time believing she was lucky enough to be with her. Clarke was left speechless, and she could tell Lexa knew it by the smile on her face.

“Are you two coming?” Gaia called back to them.

It had Clarke snap her head up as well as Lexa and she turned towards the voice. Lexa took her hand and led her towards the direction Gaia had went. Luckily, she hadn’t gone far. There was a large cabin with floor to ceiling windows surrounding it. They were led through the room bypassing a few other tables with guests until they arrived at one against the window. It was draped in a red cloth, a candle in the center as well as a dozen roses.

It was beautiful.

Gaia smiled at them, “Here you are,” she went to pull out one of the chairs for her, but Lexa stopped her with her hand one the chair. Clarke laughed under her breath, knowing what her girlfriend was thinking.

“It’s okay, Gaia,” Lexa said, “I got it, but thank you.”

“Okay,” Gaia stepped back from the table and nodded politely at them both, “Dinner will be served in a little bit.”

“Thank you,” Lexa answered. Gaia turned to leave and Clarke watched her disappear through door. Out on the deck, Clarke could see Nyko stepping onto the ship, but he just gave her a polite smile and vanished elsewhere onto the deck. She sighed out in contentment though, when she felt Lexa’s hand wrap around her waist from behind and smiled when Lexa kissed the back of her neck.

“You smell so good,” Lexa mumbled against her skin and Clarke heard her take a deep breath in. Clarke turned to look at Lexa who stepped back just enough for them to meet each other’s eyes, but her hand never left Clarke’s waist. Lexa’s eyes were full of longing, desire but they sparkled softly. After a second, Lexa cleared her throat and moved to the table, “your chair, my lady,” she teased and pulled Clarke’s chair out.

Clarke smiled feeling absolutely touched that Lexa went to so much trouble. She sat down and was happy to see that she could still see outside over the water where the sun was starting to sink in the sky. She was about to remove her coat when her eyes lit up when she saw something move in the water and saw spraying, “Oh my god!”

“What?” Lexa had just sat down, but Clarke just pointed out the window, her finger shaking in her excitement.

“Is that a whale?” Clarke pressed her face against the glass and was happy not many other people were in the room. It felt like it was just the two of them and nobody else existed. She couldn’t help but wonder how Lexa pulled all this off without her knowledge.

Either way, Clarke loved it.

Lexa turned to look, “I think so,” Lexa stood suddenly and grabbed Clarke’s hand to pull her out onto the deck. Clarke hurried over to the edge and leaned over the railing to get a closer look. The
wind whipped around her and she shivered, but the sight before her made it totally worth it.

“Wow!” Clarke leaned back into Lexa’s embrace to steal some of her body heat. Lexa’s breath was hot in her ear. Lexa’s arms wrapped tight around her and Lexa put her chin on her shoulder as they both gazed out towards the water.

“Amazing,” Lexa whispered and Clarke shivered not just from the cold. A pod swam by and Clarke kept her eyes locked on them when she felt Lexa move back. She didn’t question it as her attention was solely on the whales. Suddenly one of them breached the surface and a smile lit up her face as it crashed back into the water with a massive wave that rocked the boat slightly before the pod disappeared from sight.

She turned around to see Lexa lowering her phone, “Did you take a picture?”

“Of course,” Lexa showed her the picture, “How could I not capture this moment when you look so damn happy, love.”

Clarke took the phone and her mouth dropped open in shock. Lexa had captured a candid photo of her watching the whales. In the corner, she could see the whale above the water behind her with sun almost behind the mountains. It was a wonderful photo, “This is incredible, Lex,” She shivered again and leaned towards Lexa who pulled her closer and ran a hand up and down her arm.

“I’m glad,” She took her phone back and pulled Clarke back into the warmth of the cabin where a waiter was standing by their table patiently. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Nyko leaning against the wall. She debated asking him to join them, but got the feeling he would decline.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” Clarke apologized as Lexa pulled her chair out again for her. She smiled in thanks, quickly shrugged off her coat and sat down. Lexa did the same and as soon as Lexa was seated, Clarke looked back to their server.

“It’s quite alright. It’s not an experience you want to miss, I get it,” He nodded politely, “You’re lucky because that doesn’t happen as often as you might think.”

Clarke raised her eyebrows and stared at the waiter, “Really?”

He shook his head and shrugged, “I’ve only seen it a couple times, myself and I’ve worked on this boat for three years.”

“We’ll share the pictures with you,” Clarke grinned at him, “won’t we, babe?”

“Of course.”

“I’d like that,” he admitted then looked at the table, “I’m Brian and I’ll be your server,” He smiled when a tray was set down next to him by another server, “your dinner?”

“Right, dinner...” Clarke and Lexa said at the same time and started to laugh. Brian laid down their plates of flanked steak, roasted potatoes, green beans and salad, “oh wow! This looks delicious,” Clarke’s mouth watered at the sight and smell of their food.

“It really does,” Lexa agreed, but when Clarke looked up, she found Lexa not paying attention to their food at all, but staring at her instead.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but would you like any wine?” Brian asked as he returned, holding up a bottle of red wine.
Clarke glanced at Lexa who shook her head, “No thank you,” She was grateful that Lexa declined as well because with her pain meds, she couldn’t mix them with alcohol, “I can’t wait to see if it tastes as amazing as it smells.”

Lexa nodded in agreement, “The view is incredible as well.”

“It is,” Clarke looked out to see the setting sun casting pink and orange light to dance across the water. She looked up to smile at Lexam only to see her looking at her again. Clarke blushed and ducked her head, “Oh, you mean….”

“Yes, I mean you, love.” Lexa reached for her hand across the table and Clarke immediately linked their hands together. Sometimes being a lefty paid off, especially when she could hold her girlfriend’s hand during dinner, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Clarke took a bite of her steak and closed her eyes as the flavors exploded in her mouth, “This is amazing.”

“I’m glad you think so,” Lexa laughed and dug into her own plate. In no time at all, both their plates were empty. She was just finishing her chocolate soufflé when when she heard explosions from outside. Clarke saw Lexa glance up before they both looked out the window toward the noise.

Outside through the glass, colorful firecrackers were being shot into the sky. There were all the colors of the rainbow and so incredibly beautiful. Clarke stood up, “babe?” Lexa had finished her dessert as well. She just smiled coyly and got to her feet.

That was all the confirmation, Clarke needed to know that Lexa knew what was going on.

She let the Lexa help her into her coat before she took Lexa’s hand and they went back onto the deck, just the two of them, “You good?”

Clarke nodded as she stood breathless and watched the fading sky light up, “did you plan this?” Lexa came to stand next to her at the railing, and shook her head, “not this, no.” She smiled at Clarke, “but it’s perfect.”

“It’s on the house,” Gaia spoke up next to them. They both turned to look at her and she added, “just for the pair of you.”

“That’s not necessary,” Clarke protested.

“It is when the Captain says so,” Gaia smiled and disappeared.

“Who the hell is the Captain?” Lexa asked.

“Wait, you didn’t plan that?” Clarke knew she’d already asked, but she thought maybe Lexa had been yanking her chain. Obviously not.

“No, I didn’t,” Lexa shook her head, “Maybe your mom.”

“Anything is possible I guess,” Clarke shrugged, but looked over Lexa’s shoulder to see Nyko smiling at them, “Or it was Nyko.”

Lexa turned around to look back at him as well, “Now that I can see being a possibility as he lives here.”

“Should we ask him?” Clarke asked.
“Later,” Lexa wrapped her arms around her from behind, “Right now I just want to enjoy this moment with you.”

Clarke did the only thing she could think of and kissed Lexa deeply. She didn’t care who was around or where they were.

All she saw was Lexa and how lucky she was to call this incredible woman her girlfriend.

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It was almost midnight when they got back to the cabin. Because of the cold, Lexa hurried and helped Clarke get inside and settled her on the bed.

“We need to change, love,” Lexa settled Clarke gently on the bed, “Can you do that for me?” They would both need to change for the second half of the night, as they needed to dress much warmer than what they had on now.

Clarke nodded, “Mhm, I can,” She smiled dopely and Lexa could tell Clarke was tired. She felt bad, but knew this was something Clarke wouldn’t want to miss. Granted there was no guarantee they would see anything, but she still wanted to give it a shot.

“I know you’re tired, love,” Lexa kissed her head before Clarke stood up, “But I promise this last thing will be worth it.”

Clarke yawned, “I believe you,” Clarke shimmed out of her dress and Lexa quickly whipped around to give her some privacy. She stripped off her shirt and tie and had just finished taking off her pants when she heard the thump of Clarke’s boot sliding across the hardwood and was surprised when she felt Clarke wrap her arms around her, “You don’t have to turn around, babe.”

“I don’t want to pressure you or make you uncomfortable,” Lexa sucked in a deep breath because she was down to her boxers and sports bra and the feeling Clarke’s bare skin against hers was testing her resolve. Lexa bit her lip as she struggled not to put her hands all over her girlfriend.

“You’re not, Lex. I trust you,” Clarke moved back enough for Lexa to turn around. She kept her hands clenched at her side, but leaned in to kiss Clarke softly, “You don’t have to turn around, okay?” Clarke whispered when the kiss broke.

“Okay, love,” She saw that Clarke was wearing her new white lingerie set and her mouth watered at the sight. Clarke certainly wasn’t making it easy tonight.

“Good,” Clarke slapped her ass, “Now get dressed before I have my way with you.”

Lexa’s mouth dropped open, unsure if she heard correctly, “Umm...what?”

“You heard me,” Clarke went over to the dresser and pulled out snow pants, a thermal and wool socks, “But later,” Lexa stared after her and couldn’t help but check out Clarke’s ass in the see through material.

She just nodded dumbly as she quickly got dressed in her own warm clothes she’d laid out earlier, “Give me a little bit to set up, I’ll come get you when it’s ready.”

Lexa pulled her hoodie on over her thermal before leaning down and kissing Clarke’s pout away. She wanted the rest of the night to be as perfect as earlier was, “Hurry back.”

“I promise, I will,” Lexa kissed her forehead and made her escape, with Clarke’s words floating
around in her head. It made it even harder. She squared her shoulders and grabbed her coat before
ducking back outside in the cold. Lexa yanked her beanie and gloves on, but stopped in her tracks
when she noticed everything was already set up.

“Nyko?” Lexa called to the man setting up a few chairs along with a heap of blankets.

“Lexa,” He smiled as she came closer, “I was hoping to be done before you got back out here.”

“You didn’t have to do all this,” Lexa was touched he went to the trouble, but didn’t want him to
think they were taking advantage, “Nor did you have to take care of everything on the boat.”

“I know. I wanted too,” Nyko said simply, “Besides the Captain is an old friend of mine and he
owed me a favor.”

Lexa wanted to argue, but Nyko was so genuine, she bit back her original retort and instead said,
“Thank you.”

“It was my pleasure, honestly,” Nyko started to walk off, “Have a good night and enjoy the show.”

“Nyko,” she called after him. He turned and she went on, “you’re welcome to stay if you’d like,”
Lexa extended the invitation because she considered Nyko more of her friend than what he was
hired to do.

“I don’t want to impose,” Nyko shook his head at her. But Lexa could tell he was hopeful anyway.
He motioned toward the set up, “this is a special night you planned for just you and Clarke.”

“You wouldn’t be. I’d very much like it if you’d join us and I know for a fact, Clarke would love it
too. Besides from what I keep hearing, it’s one hell of a view,” Lexa looked up towards the inky
black sky littered with a multitude of stars. It was so crisp and clear, that she’d never see it like this in
the city.

Nyko nodded, “I would be honored to stay,” He smiled wide and took a step back towards her,
“Anything else need to be done or did I get everything?”

“Good, I’m glad. No I think that’s everything,” Lexa grinned, “How much time do you think we
have?” She glanced back up at the sky.

“It depends. There’s not a set time for it,” Nyko looked up as well.

“Okay, well I’m going to get Clarke, but thank you for setting all this up for us, I really appreciate
it,” She surprised him by hugging him quickly. He startled, but quickly wrapped his massive arms
around her in a loose hug.

“You’re welcome,” Nyko smiled and released her, “Go get your girl.”

Lexa grinned, “be right back,” Lexa turned around after a couple steps, “Would you like some hot
chocolate?”

“That would be great,” He nodded and she saw his eyes light up at the prospect of it and she
laughed.

“Coming right up,” Lexa dashed off across the snow, a permanent grin stretched across her face.
This trip has been fantastic so far and finding Nyko was a welcome addition to the trip and she knew
in her heart, this was helping them heal.
It was just what the doctor ordered for both of them.

It was time for the last part of tonight’s festivities and Lexa couldn’t wait to see Clarke’s face. She took one last glance back at the firepit that was roaring with a fire with chairs surrounding it. Each chair had a blanket and she watched Nyko stir the fire.

She smiled and headed up the porch. Taking a deep breath, she headed inside to find Clarke.

Lexa found Clarke laying sprawled out on their bed and singing under her breath. Lexa stopped in the door and took a moment to admire her girlfriend before she interrupted her.

“Hey, you ready?” Lexa spoke softly from the doorway, trying not to scare her.

Clarke shot up and nodded her head so fast, she almost looked like a bobblehead, “Yes!”

“Someone is excited,” Lexa commented and walked over to kiss Clarke again, “I can’t promise it will happen right away, we might need to wait a little while,” She held out her hand to help Clarke up.

“Hell yes, I am,” Clarke grabbed her hand and stood up,, “That’s okay, I’m sure we can find ways to pass the time,” She whimpered when Clarke pressed fully against her.

Lexa felt herself twitch in her pants and shifted to try and make it less noticable, “Just so you know, Nyko is joining us.”

“The more the merrier,” Clarke shrugged before realizing what she said, “I meant for whatever you have planned, not for…” Clarke’s cheeks flushed red in her embarrassment.

“I think I know what you meant,” Lexa couldn’t help but laugh. She kissed Clarke on the tip of her nose.

“Don’t be mean,” Clarke smacked her on the shoulder, “You know exactly what I meant.”

“Do I?” Lexa teased.

“Yes,” Clarke started to pull her towards the door, “Now, let’s get going, there’s more to do,”

“Impatient I see,” Lexa laughed and tugged Clarke towards the front door where she helped Clarke with her coat, hat and gloves, “I see you got a second wind.”

“We’re going outside?” Clarke’s blue eyes met hers, “And yes, I did.”

“Yep, we sure are,” Lexa ran a hand down Clarke’s back, “I’ll keep you warm, I promise,” Lexa let go of Clarke’s hand, “One sec, need to grab something,” She hurried to the kitchen to grab the thermos filled with hot chocolate.

“What’s that?” Clarke asked.

“Hot chocolate,” Lexa opened the door and they were immediately met with a gust of frigid wind. She took Clarke’s hand and hurried out into the cold and around the side of the cabin. She heard Clarke’s sharp intake of breath when she saw the roaring fire.

“Yummy,” Clarke dragged her towards the fire and sat down in one of the chairs. Lexa watched as Clarke quickly pulled a blanket over her, “This is nice or will be when I’m not freezing my tits off,” Lexa laughed followed by Nyko, “Oops, sorry, Nyko.”
“It’s okay,” Nyko waved her off, “Just pretend like I’m not here.”

Lexa shook her head and spoke up, “Nope, you’re here as our friend tonight, not as anything else.”

“Exactly,” Clarke agreed with a smile.

Nyko looked back and forth between them, “Thank you, I appreciate it.”

“Get comfortable,” Lexa said to both of them. She opened the thermos and started pouring hot chocolate into mugs that she had brought. She handed one to Clarke who took it gratefully and started sipping.

“Thank you,” Clarke smiled and squeezed her arm.

Next, Lexa handed one across to Nyko who looked at her for a second. She paused too and lifted an eyebrow at him. Finally, with a hesitant sigh, he took it from her. Lexa smiled at him before she poured her own.

She sat down in the chair next to Clarke and pulled another blanket over both of them. Across from them, Nyko was bundled up in his own chair and sipping out of his own mug.

“What are we doing out here, Lex. You never said,” Clarke looked over at her in question.

“We’re hoping to see the Northern Lights,” Lexa smiled at her and took her free hand.

“Seriously?” Clarke squealed and almost spilled her hot chocolate in her excitement.

“Yes, love,” She looked up as the sky started to change.

Nyko interrupted them as he pointed to the sky, “It’s about to start.”

Lexa took a sip, snuggled closer to Clarke, and looked up at the sky as Clarke did the same.

She was mesmerized by the sight of green light almost dancing in bands across the black sky. Lexa had never seen anything like it and by Clarke’s sharp intake of breath, she hadn’t either. Her eyes stayed locked on the green light before it started to shimmer into a bluish green. It stretched across the inky blackness as far as she could see.

It was an incredible sight to behold and even more special that she got to experience it with Clarke.

The light continued to shift colors from green, to blue with hints of red and was so beautiful, tears sprang to her eyes.

“What causes this?” Clarke asked, her eyes never looking away from the sky. Lexa didn’t know the answer so she was grateful when Nyko answered.

“When charged particles from the sun strike atom’s in Earth’s atmosphere, they cause electrons in the atoms to move to a higher energy state,” Nyko said softly, “When the electrons drop back to a lower energy state, they release a photon,” Lexa wasn’t sure what that meant, but Nyko answered her unspoken question, “A light. This process creates the beautiful aurora or what we refer to as the northern lights.”

“That’s so cool,” Clarke’s breath came out in puffs of air and Lexa opened her blanket and smiled when Clarke clambered into her lap, “Ah, even better,” Clarke mumbled and snuggled into her.

“Yeah it is.”
The Aurora Borealis lasted only ten minutes, but Lexa felt like she had a new perspective on life. She knew it sounded corny, but didn’t care. From the look on Clarke’s face, it looked like she felt the same. Lexa gently brushed the tears from Clarke’s cheeks and kissed her forehead.

“I’m going to take my leave, ladies. If you need to go anywhere or need anything at all, just call,” Nyko stood and smiled, “Have a good night.”

“You too, Nyko. Thank you for the history lesson,” Clarke smiled and got up to hug him. Lexa was surprised, but didn’t let it show. It was a step in the right direction that Clarke felt comfortable enough to initiate contact.

“It’s not often I can nerd out, so thanks for listening” Nyko chuckled as Lexa stood up as well and hugged him.

“Our pleasure, thanks for staying. I think our plan is to just stay at the cabin tomorrow, but if that changes, we’ll let you know,” Lexa looked to Clarke for confirmation who nodded her agreement.

“Sounds good,” Nyko walked off and Lexa set about putting out the fire and picking up the chairs.

“I can help,” Clarke stood beside her, but Lexa shook her head.

“How about you take the blankets inside and I’ll be right behind you?” Lexa suggested softly.

Clarke eyed her, but nodded. She gathered the blankets and kissed her cheek, “Don’t take too long.”

“I won’t.” Lexa watched her head back to the house, even walking around to make sure Clarke got inside before she turned and finished scraping snow over the fire. She made sure the area was returned to its natural state.

Finally, she looked up at the sky again and took a deep breath, “thank you,” she whispered, just in case anyone was really looking out for them up there. She didn’t know if there was, but Clarke was safe and that was a lot to be thankful for. Lingering only a second longer in the chilly air, Lexa picked up the chairs and started back to the house.

Arriving on the porch, she set the chairs aside for the morning, not sure where Nyko got them from, before opening the door and stepping inside.

Clarke was fast asleep curled up on the couch with blonde hair falling in her eyes and a happy smile on her face. She looked adorable.

A smile spread across Lexa’s face at the sight. She quietly closed the door behind her and shook her head as it had only been a few minutes since she’d gone in, but her girlfriend must have been exhausted, but still tried to wait for her. Lexa crept over quietly, knelt down and removed Clarke’s shoe. She slid an arm under Clarke’s back and started to lift her gently.

“Wha..” Clarke mumbled, “Lex…”

“Shh, its okay,” Lexa gathered her in her arms. She heard Clarke mumble something that wasn’t very clear. Lexa headed toward the bedroom with Clarke in her arms.

“I…” Clarke woke up again and tried to look around as Lexa moved them through the house.

“Shh, baby, its me…” Lexa kissed her forehead as she gently kicked open the bedroom door and laid her down on the bed.
“I love you...” Clarke mumbled as she dropped into sleep again. Lexa grinned ear to ear, her heart thumping with emotion.

“I love you too,” Lexa got Clarke out of her clothes carefully and down to her underwear before piling the clothes by the bed. There was a time, where there would be nothing between them, but skin. She didn’t do that tonight because she wasn’t sure it was the right time. Besides just being able to be with her was enough. Lexa stripped off her own clothes, laid down and pulled the cover up over her. Lexa moved to snuggle next to Clarke and wrapping her arms around her, sighing in contentment.

It had been a beautiful night.

And with the Northern Lights dancing behind her eyes, Lexa fell asleep.

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The next morning Lexa tried making pancakes for breakfast. Lexa had wanted to surprise her, but Clarke had woke up and came into the kitchen which had Lexa dropping the batter all over the floor. She smiled seeing Lexa covered in it and kissed her cheek.

“Still best surprise ever, baby,” Clarke stifled her laugh and pointed to the shower, “I’ll finish here, you go get cleaned up.”

Lexa nodded and after she was clean, they had a nice breakfast overlooking the mountains.

Later that afternoon, Clarke had started to get restless being in the cabin and wanted to go play in the snow. Lexa suggested they go play in the snow which had quickly escalated into a snowball fight. She had heard about snowball fights, but had never gotten the chance to have one. Growing up in Hawaii, it hadn’t been an option. Clarke was having a blast even though Lexa had the advantage with her aim and hit her way more than Clarke got her.

Currently, Clarke was hiding behind a tree catching her breath when she heard Lexa’s voice.

“Clarke…” Lexa’s voice called through the nearby trees, “I know you’re out here… come out, come out... wherever you are...”

Covering her mouth so she wouldn’t laugh, Clarke kept absolutely still, but couldn’t stop the shivers from the cold despite the many layers she had on. She found herself staring towards the snow covered cabin in the distance with the mountains beyond. It was picturesque and she found herself not wanting to leave. Clarke felt like this was a place she could come back to time and time again. She had meant what she said to Lexa yesterday about one day buying a house here, but Clarke now realized she didn’t want a house in the city.

She wanted this very cabin. Maybe one day, that dream come true.

“Come and find me, baby,” Clarke whispered, knowing Lexa wouldn’t hear her. She was ready, snowball melting in her hand.

A branch snapped nearby, but luckily it sounded like it was heading away from her. Clarke darted a quick glance around the tree trunk and spotted Lexa in her green coat heading in the opposite direction about ten feet away. The sun hit her girlfriend’s hair and at the slightest angle Clarke could see her jawline and god, she was beautiful.

For a moment, she just admired her girlfriend. Pressing herself back against the tree, she dropped the melted snowball and quickly packed another one. She tried to keep her breath even in case Lexa
moved closer, but it was still coming out in ragged puffs in the frozen air after her dash across the foot of snow that had fallen the night before.

Once Lexa had her back completely to her, she cocked her arm back and launched the snowball at her. Clarke was surprised at the accuracy of her throw as she watched it soar through the air and smack Lexa right in the middle of her back. She giggled when she heard Lexa’s squeal of surprise. Her smile fell when Lexa whipped around shuffled quickly towards her. Clarke spun on her good foot and started hobbling off fast as she could.

“I’ll give you a head start!” she heard Lexa call out. Clarke just laughed more, glanced back once and kept going, but she could feel her girlfriend gaining on her. She tried to dodge her way around the larger trees and shrubs, but the snow and her cast were making her much slower than normal.

Today though, it didn’t matter because she was having fun and for the first time in weeks, she wasn’t worried about anything. It was a much needed break from everything and once again, Lexa had thought of everything.

She had no idea how she could ever repay Lexa for all she’d done.

“Geez, thanks,” Clarke mocked and ducked behind a tree just as she heard a snowball splat against it.

“I never said how long of a head start you’d get though,” Lexa’s voice was much closer now and Clarke tried to hurry away, but it was too late. She giggled when Lexa wrapped her arms around her and smashed a snowball on top of Clarke’s head, “Got you, love.”

Clarke rubbed the dripping snow from her eyes and mock glared at her girlfriend. She tried to look upset, but couldn’t help but crack a smile when she saw the goofy smile adorning Lexa’s flushed face and watching her eyes sparkle with happiness.

These were the moments that Clarke treasured and the ones she chose to hold on to.

“Cheater,” Clarke’s hair was dripping wet as she wiped the snow from her face. Clarke shivered as a cold wind swept through the trees and blew the snow up around them. The sun was bouncing off the snow, almost blinding off the pearly white, and Clarke could see their footsteps zigzagging all over the once pristine, untouched snow.

She loved it and didn’t care that she was freezing, because she had Lexa right in front of her radiating happiness and that was all that mattered to her. She turned around and looped her arms around Lexa’s neck, carefully concealing what she held in her hand.

Lexa shook her head,” Nope, not at all. I gave you a head start, love,” She brushed their noses together and went in for a kiss. Clarke smiled into it before pulling back with a devious smirk. Just as Lexa’s eyes fluttered open, Clarke smashed the snowball she held right in Lexa’s face, “Clarke!” She squealed and brushed the snow off.

Clarke laughed so hard, she had tears running down her face because Lexa looked like a funny looking snowman with snow covering her face, “All is fair and love and war, babe.”

“Cheeky, love,” Lexa’s face was bright red. Snow was stuck in her eyelashes as the rest dripped like paint down her cheeks. Clarke bit her lip to stop laughing when she watched Lexa’s eyes narrow and half smirk grace her lips. Clarke knew she was in trouble, “Better run, Clarke,” She turned, but didn’t even get a couple paces away before Lexa tackled her to the ground.

“Uh oh,” Clarke couldn’t help but laugh. She did notice how careful Lexa was when she tackled her
and how she twisted at the last minute so she hit the ground instead with Clarke landing on top of her.

“Payback sucks,” Lexa grinned and shoved snow down her shirt, “Doesn’t it?”

She jumped up and squealed loudly, “Oh shit, that’s cold, fuck…fuck!” She hopped around as she tried to pull her shirt away from her body, but she shivered as the snow melted against her skin, “That was mean, Lex.”

“All is fair in love and war,” Lexa mocked and stood up. She brushed the snow off her pants and crossed her arms in front of her waist with a smirk on her gorgeous lips.

“Mockery is not the product of a strong mind,” Clarke raised an eyebrow and glared at her girlfriend. She wasn’t really angry, but it was fun to tease Lexa because she made it so easy.

“You love me?” Lexa stepped closer and batted her eyelashes with a puppy dog look adorning her face. Clarke could feel herself melting when Lexa stuck out her bottom lip and looked at her from under her eyelashes.

“That’s debatable,” Clarke stared over Lexa’s shoulder to avoid making eye contact because she knew the look would break her, but she could still feel a smile tugging at her lips.

“Well you did start it, love.”

“I did not,” Clarke protested, “You threw the first snowball!”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Lexa laughed.

“You little shit,” Clarke couldn’t help but smile now, “Well maybe I won’t talk to you the rest of the day,” She tilted her chin in defiance.

Lexa just smiled and wrapped her arms around her waist, “How about I make us some hot chocolate and light the fire? Would that make it better?”

Clarke pretended to think about it because she wanted to make Lexa sweat a bit. They’d been out playing in the snow for a couple hours and knew they needed to warm up since she couldn’t feel her hands or feet really. She tapped a gloved finger against her chin and waited another moment to torment Lexa a little, “It’s a start.”

“I’ll take it,” Lexa scooped her up, “How about a hot bath for you while I get everything else ready?”

She moaned, “That sounds heavenly,” Clarke smiled because how could she could resist when Lexa was so damn sweet all the time. Lexa kissed her temple and trudged through the snow with Clarke in her arms all the way back to their cabin when she spoke up again, “but only if you promise to take a shower or something to warm up too, deal?” She wanted to invite Lexa to share the bath with her, but she had a couple other ideas on how she wanted the rest of the day and night to go, “I love you.” Sitting in front of the fire snuggled up with Lexa sounded as perfect as it could get.

“Deal,” Lexa kissed her temple. Clarke smiled and laid her head on Lexa’s shoulder with a contented sigh as they climbed up the steps and into the cabin, “I love you too.”

It was their last night and Clarke intended to make it the best one yet.

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As she promised, Lexa ran Clarke a bath while she took a shower in the guest bathroom. She donned sweatpants and a t-shirt and padded barefoot to the living room to start the fire. Within a few minutes, she had the fire roaring with a few well-placed logs.

Deciding to check on Clarke as it had been close to an hour, Lexa stopped outside the bathroom. “Love you good?” Lexa called through the door, not wanting to invade Clarke’s privacy any more than she had too. She yearned to join Clarke in the Jacuzzi tub, but until Clarke invited her, Lexa kept her distance.

“I’m ready to get out,” Clarke called, “Could you help me, please?”

Lexa took a deep breath, shifted her sweatpants a little as she imagined the suds and water sliding off Clarke’s body and was instantly hard. She had forgone boxers and a bra to be more comfortable so it made her cock more noticeable. “Sure, love.” She pushed the door open and froze when she saw Clarke sitting in the tub. Clarke’s hair was piled on top of her head with her booted foot propped up on a towel.

She couldn’t help but lick her lips at the sight of Clarke’s bare shoulders and the top of her breasts that were barely covered by bubbles. Realizing she was staring, Lexa snapped her eyes back to Clarke’s face and immediately blushed when she saw Clarke’s smirk and raise her eyebrows.

“See something you like?” Clarke purred as she moved to sit up giving her a complete view of her bare breasts and puckered nipples.

Swallowing thickly, Lexa nodded. She was surprised Clarke was giving her a view. Despite the few times they’d fooled around, Lexa hadn’t seen her girlfriend naked in weeks. She was always respectful when she helped Clarke in and out of the bath and her eyes never strayed from Clarke’s face. Lexa didn’t know if Clarke was giving her permission or not. She tugged her sweatpants away from her aching dick. Now Lexa wasn’t sure where she was supposed to look.

“You’re beautiful,” Lexa grabbed a towel off the warming rack and set it on the side of the tub before leaning down to help Clarke stand, but keeping her eyes on the ceiling.

“You’re allowed to look, you know,” Clarke husked and she gripped Lexa’s hands. Her mouth dropped open, but only lowered her eyes to Clarke’s face and nowhere else, “I want you to.”

“Clarke…” Lexa groaned and bit her bottom lip so hard, she almost drew blood.

“Baby,” Clarke stepped out of the tub holding onto one of Lexa’s hands. She immediately wrapped the fluffy blue towel around Clarke, “I’m ready.”

Lexa’s hand slipped off Clarke’s wet shoulder. She looked up to meet Clarke’s eyes and only saw honesty and determination in her gaze. Lexa took a step back, not quite believing what she heard.

“What?”

Clarke dropped the towel and stepped closer to her. Lexa clenched her hands at her sides and closed her eyes in order to not look at Clarke’s curvy, wet body. She felt a hand on her cheek followed by soft lips pressing against hers.

Lexa was frozen in place and couldn’t even move her lips to kiss Clarke back. The only part of her that reacted was between her legs that jumped at the feel of her naked girlfriend pressed against her.

“Clarke,” Lexa breathed out when Clarke pulled back from the kiss, “I….” She couldn’t wrap her mind around anything at the moment except the ache down below.
“I’m not saying right this moment, I can see I’ve made you speechless,” Clarke laughed, her husky laughter was music to Lexa’s ears, “I just wanted to let you know.”

“Always, love,” She squealed and nodded. Lexa leaned forward to kiss her tenderly, “I’m...I’m going… to make hot chocolate.”

Clarke smiled, “Okay, babe. I’ll get dressed and meet you out there, babe.”

“Okay,” Lexa escaped and as soon as she was out of sight, she leaned against the wall and put her head in her hands. She shifted a little as her dick was straining for release and groaned at her missed opportunity. Clarke had given her the go ahead and had even been standing naked in front of her. What did she do? She escaped at the first possible opportunity.

What was wrong with her?

She ran a hand down her face and moved to the kitchen to make the hot chocolate and check on the chili she’d started before they went outside. Clarke’s words echoed around in her head the entire time making it nearly impossible to do the simple tasks in the kitchen.

Lexa took a deep breath as she finished their drinks finally and set them off to the side to cool. The chili smelled delicious and she pulled bowls and spoons out and laid them to the side for later. Lexa knew she needed to apologize for her reaction because Lexa knew it probably hadn’t been easy for Clarke to admit that and she ran away.

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“Can you blame me?” Lexa whimpered when Clarke moved her hand away and smiled.

“Not at all,” Clarke laughed, “I’ll meet you in the living room, but if you need to take care of that, I understand,” With one last kiss, Clarke disappeared from the kitchen towards the living room. Lexa fought the urge not to yank her back and fuck her senseless on the counter.

If tonight was going to be their first time since the incident, Lexa would do everything in her power to make it special and make sure Clarke was completely comfortable.

That was the only thing that mattered to her, Clarke’s comfort and pleasure. She didn’t care about herself, just Clarke and she would make sure Clarke knew that with every word and every touch.

With that in mind, Lexa grabbed their drinks and snacks and followed Clarke into the living room.

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Clarke had made a comfortable bed on the floor in front of the fire with cushions and blankets she’d taken from the couch and bedrooms before going into the kitchen. While waiting for Lexa, Clarke lit around a dozen candles that casted the room in a romantic glow. She had just shut off the lights when she heard Lexa’s footsteps coming her way.

She turned around and saw Lexa with a tray in her hands where she’d frozen mid step as she took in the room with a gasp of surprise.

“Is this okay?” Clarke shifted foot to booted foot as she waited for Lexa’s answer, but she could tell it was by Lexa’s smile.

“It’s perfect,” Lexa walked the rest of the way and carefully knelt down on the blankets and set the tray over on the floor. Lexa looked up at her and padded the spot next to her, “When did you do this?”

“When you were in the kitchen,” Clarke sat down next to her and smiled when Lexa leaned against the couch and opened her arms. She immediately moved into her embrace knowing nothing was better than this.

“This is really nice, thank you,” Lexa kissed the side of her head. Clarke nuzzled into Lexa’s shoulder and sighed in contentment.

“No, baby, thank you,” Clarke moved her hand up and under Lexa’s t-shirt to run it across Lexa’s abs. She enjoyed feeling, Lexa tense and shudder under her touch, “Words can’t express how grateful I am for how you’ve been these past couple weeks.”

“You don’t need to thank me, love.”

Clarke leaned up and caressed Lexa’s cheek. A smile spread across her face when Lexa leaned into her hand, “Yes, I do. I know I’ve said it before, but...thank you, Lex.”

Lexa’s eyes were glassy with tears and Clarke quickly brushed the few that fell down her cheeks, her heart lurched in her chest at the sight, “I love you so much, Clarke…and I…” Lexa shook her head with a sad smile.

“I love you too, Lex, more than I ever thought possible. What kept me going in that room… was you,” Lexa looked up at her in surprise, “I fought to get back to you, baby.”

Lexa wiped her tears away before grabbing the back of Clarke’s neck and crushing their lips together. Clarke moaned into the kiss that was more a clash of teeth and tongue, but it was everything to her to feel Lexa’s love and desire for her.
Clarke whined when Lexa pulled back from the kiss, panting with her kiss swollen lips, “I’m so fucking thankful you’re okay.”

“Me too,” Clarke breathed out and leaned in to kiss Lexa again. She climbed into Lexa’s lap to be more comfortable as they kissed. Clarke opened her mouth and felt Lexa’s tongue tangle with hers, “Please, Lex….please.” She loved kissing Lexa, but right now, Clarke needed and wanted more.

“Are you sure?” Lexa whispered against Clarke’s neck where she moved down to and was placing wet opened mouth kisses that sent tingles down her spine.

“I’ve never been surer, baby,” Clarke groaned when Lexa nipped at her pulse point. That seemed to be all the encouragement Lexa needed because Clarke found herself suddenly on her back with Lexa hovered above her. A couple days ago, this position would have scared her to feel so helpless and vulnerable, but with Lexa, Clarke only felt safe and loved.

“Tell me if it becomes too much and I’ll stop,” Lexa kissed her softly and sucked her bottom lip into her mouth. Clarke nodded and wrapped a hand around Lexa’s neck to keep her in place. Her other hand ran down Lexa’s chest and over her boob. She pinched a nipple between her finger and felt Lexa buck down into her with a whimper.

“I will,” She cried out at the feeling, but shook her head when Lexa stopped. Lexa looked at her with her brow furrowed, but Clarke yanked her down into another fiery kiss that had Clarke pulsing between her legs. Lexa shifted and Clarke could feel Lexa’s hardness against her upper thigh. She froze for a split second, but it was enough for Lexa to notice and pull back.

“Baby, are you okay?” Lexa’s voice was laced with so much concern and love, tears sprang to her eyes.

She nodded, but Lexa didn’t continue and went to move away, but Clarke’s hands shot out to stop her, “I’m okay.”

Lexa raised an eyebrow and Clarke knew she didn’t believe her.

“Really, I am,” Clarke meant it too, it was just a surprise at first and she wasn’t sure why. The only thing she could think of was that it’d been awhile, “Please baby, don’t stop, please.”

“Promise me you’ll tell me to if it’s too much or you’re uncomfortable.”

Clarke smiled and played with the baby hairs at the back of Lexa’s neck. It meant a lot to her that Lexa was willing to stop even though Clarke could feel her dick throbbing against her thigh. She was overwhelmed with the amount of love she had for Lexa and knew Lexa felt the exact same way.

“I promise.”

Lexa still seemed hesitant, so Clarke pulled her down into a kiss that set her nerve endings on fire. She nipped at Lexa’s bottom and smiled into it when she heard Lexa groan and arch into her. Clarke’s hand streaked up and under the back of Lexa’s shirt and splayed across her back, enjoying the feeling of Lexa’s warm, smooth skin under her hands.

“Clarke…” Lexa moaned and Clarke felt her hands go down to the bottom of her own t-shirt and she paused. Clarke nodded immediately and Lexa pulled back just enough to yank her shirt off. Clarke sat up to help, but as she did, Clarke tore Lexa’s shirt off as well because she wanted to feel Lexa’s bare skin against hers.

“Fuck,” Clarke whimpered when Lexa’s breasts pressed against hers. Clarke captured Lexa’s lips in another kiss, but. Lexa broke it after sucking on Clarke’s bottom lip again and moving down her
neck. Clarke’s hands moved from Lexa’s back to her breasts and she fondled her nipples to hard peaks. Lexa groaned into her neck and arched into her touch before sucking on her pulse point, “Yes…” Clarke cried out and didn’t care that Lexa was leaving a mark.

She wanted the whole world to know that she was Lexa’s and that Lexa was hers.

“I’ve missed you,” Lexa peppered kisses across her neck and chest before she latched on to a nipple. Clarke bucked up into her touch and she let go of Lexa’s breasts. One hand tangled in Lexa’s hair while the other gripped the blankets beneath her. Lexa’s hands caressed every inch of her stomach and chest. One hand played with the nipple she wasn’t lavishing with her tongue while the other ran up and down her thigh over her pants, “So fucking much.”

Clarke’s legs kept rubbing together to get some friction to relieve some of the pressure between her thighs, but it was no use. Lexa had shifted to the side, but Clarke could still feel Lexa’s hardness pressed against her. She longed to shove the rest of the barriers away, but didn’t want to rush away the moment.

“I’ve missed you too, baby,” Clarke yanked Lexa’s hair to pull up into a kiss. She was aching and needed some relief from the tension that was building in her core. Lexa’s hand finally moved to the waistband of her sweats and she looked up at her with her kiss swollen lips and eyes clouded over with lust, desire and love. Clarke nodded before Lexa could even voice the question. She lifted her hips and helped Lexa yank them off. Clarke was glad she hadn’t put on any panties because they would have been absolutely ruined by now because her arousal was dripping down her thighs and onto the blankets.

Lexa breathed in deeply, “You smell fucking fantastic,” She pressed kisses across her lower stomach and top of her clean shaven mound. Clarke was happy she took the time in the bath to groom. Lexa’s hands caressed her smooth legs and upper thighs and Clarke craned her neck to watch how cautious and loving, Lexa was being. Tears of happiness and gratitude pooled in her eyes as she could feel every touch and kiss filled with love and devotion. Her heart was overwhelmed by her love for Lexa and her body craved for more of her touch.

Clarke whimpered when Lexa kissed around her clit and down her inner thighs, nipping and sucking along the way. Lexa’s hand splayed around her legs as Lexa threw her good foot over her shoulder, Clarke immediately spread her legs.

She tried to buck her hips up into Lexa’s mouth, but Lexa held her down and looked up at her with a question in her eyes. In response, Clarke just pushed Lexa’s head down and cried out in pleasure when the tip of Lexa’s tongue swiped her from her entrance to her clit, “Fuck yes! Oh fuck…mmm baby!”

“I love you…I love you…I love you,” Lexa’s voice vibrated around her and Clarke smiled even as pleasure coursed through her. Clarke writhed around needing more and hoping Lexa got the hint. She threw her head back against the blankets when Lexa’s lips wrapped around her clit and sucked hard before she nibbled lightly causing her to scream in ecstasy.

Clarke could feel Lexa’s love in every touch, every caress, and every kiss.

“Fuck!” Clarke bucked her hips up again, but Lexa held her down. She tangled a hand in Lexa’s hair and the other wrapped in the blankets below her.

“Let me show you my love,” Lexa looked up from between her legs and Clarke couldn’t help but caress her cheek before she nodded. She arched off the bed when Lexa’s fingers pressed slightly at her entrance, but not delving any deeper. She clenched down wanting Lexa inside, but Lexa didn’t
move, “Is this okay?”

“Yes...yes...please baby, please...” Clarke panted out, her breathing becoming shallower the closer her climax got. She wasn’t going to last long, but didn’t care, “I love you...I love you too!”

Lexa’s finger penetrated her and Clarke cried out in relief. She felt her muscles clench down around her immediately. Lexa pulled out and went back in with two fingers which was exactly what Clarke needed to fly over the edge. It took a couple pumps of her digits, but just as Lexa curled her fingers to hit her front wall, Clarke’s orgasm washed over her and coursed through her veins. Lexa helped her ride it out before she fell back limply on the bed, a satisfied smile on her face.

The love and patience, Lexa showed was everything to Clarke and she wanted to return the favor before they reconnected fully. She missed pleasuring Lexa and even missed her taste. Clarke had always enjoyed when Lexa went from shy and quiet to rough and demanding. She lived for making Lexa lose control.

Now wasn’t the time for it, but she knew in time she’d be ready for it again.

For now, she just wanted to make love to Lexa.

“Are you okay?” Lexa pulled her fingers out slowly and kissed her way back up her body, tasting every inch of her. Clarke pulled her into a kiss and could taste herself which had her desire ramping back up again. Instead of succumbing to getting off again with Lexa’s cock inside her, Clarke wanted to wrap her lips around her cock.

Besides, Clarke knew Lexa loved it, but would never ask so Clarke usually just took it upon herself, like right now.

“I’m perfect,” Clarke kissed her softly before rolling Lexa gently over on her back, “My turn.”

Lexa protested and tried to sit up, but Clarke pushed her back down, “You don’t...we don’t...I’m more than okay with just being able to do that, love. I...” Clarke cut her off with a kiss and moved her hand beneath Lexa’s sweats. She groaned into Lexa’s mouth when she realized Lexa was commando. Clarke stroked her a few times and could feel pre cum dripping out when she swiped her thumb over Lexa’s slit.

“I want to,” Clarke smiled and kissed down Lexa’s body and latching onto Lexa’s hard nipple. She was rewarded with Lexa’s eyes closing and her head thrown back. She didn’t want to do anything that Lexa didn’t want so she asked again, “Let me, please...”

Lexa nodded and Clarke bit down on her nipple with a smile. Lexa arched into her, a hand splayed on her lower back and other wrapped in her hair. Clarke pushed Lexa’s sweatpants down and smirked when Lexa kicked them off her feet. She was more eager than she let on. “As long...as long as you’re comfortable than okay, but stop if you need too,” Lexa whimpered, “I will understand, love.”

Clarke teared up because as usual, Lexa put her first and it was something nobody had ever done before minus her dad. The fact that Lexa was willing to stop even with her cock pounding with release meant more than anything. She was overwhelmed with love for Lexa and wanted to show her just how much, Tears tracked down her cheeks and she quickly ducked down so Lexa wouldn’t see and stop her.

“Come here, love,” Lexa pulled on her gently because of course, Lexa somehow sensed it.

Clarke met Lexa’s worried gaze eyes with her and shrugged, “Sorry, I don’t mean to cry.”
“Baby, it’s okay. We can stop,” Lexa brushed away her tears and Clarke leaned into her touch and kissed her palm.

She shook her head, “No…no… I’m okay,”

“You’re crying, baby,” Lexa looked on the verge of tears herself and Clarke was quick to reassure her because she hated that look in her lover’s eyes.

“Lex, I promise I’m okay. You didn’t do anything wrong,” Clarke leaned in and kissed her tenderly, “I just love you so much.” She took a deep breath and released it. Lexa made her feel like she wasn’t broken in every caress and every whispered word she uttered as Lexa made her feel alive, “I just got overwhelmed a little, but I’m okay now.”

“I love you too and we don’t have to do anything else,” Lexa ran a finger down her jaw that had Clarke shiver under her touch, “We can just cuddle and go to sleep.”

She smiled and bit her bottom lip coyly because there wasn’t a chance in hell, they were stopping now, but the fact that Lexa was willing helped her continue, “After we can definitely do that, it sounds perfect” She kissed her again before moving back down her body, to where Lexa’s dick was standing proudly and begging for attention. Clarke licked her lips as she stared and Lexa shifted underneath her.

“Baby…you don’t…” Lexa choked on whatever she was going to say as Clarke wrapped her lips around Lexa’s head and licked off her cum. She tasted so good like salty almonds. Clarke took another swipe with her tongue as she missed Lexa’s flavor, “Fuck...fuck..fuck! Oh god!”

Clarke used her hand and wrapped around the base as she sucked the head in her mouth hard, swirling her tongue around the tip making Lexa leak more cum. She bobbed her head up and down and felt Lexa’s throbbing increase. Clarke knew she was close and wanted Lexa to erupt in her mouth, “Cum for me, baby.”

“Clarke...Clarke, Clarke...” Lexa chanted her name and wrapped both hands in her hair. She was careful not to pull which Clarke appreciated at the moment, “Oh baby!” Clarke took her deeper into her mouth and enjoyed the grunts and groans escaping from Lexa’s lips. She relaxed her throat and was pleased when her nose touched Lexa’s pelvic bone. She brought a hand down to fondle Lexa’s balls, and squeezing them lightly.

That was the final straw as Lexa exploded into her mouth.

“Fuck yes!” Lexa’s head was thrown back, her neck taught and her hands tightened in her hair before immediately relaxing. Clarke swallowed it all and only pulled away when she was sure Lexa was finished. She kissed the slit before pulling away to see Lexa was still rock hard and pulsing.

It wasn’t the first time, Lexa was still hard after orgasming, but it wasn’t an everyday occurrence.

“How was that?” Clarke came up and kissed her and slipped her tongue inside so Lexa could taste herself. Lexa groaned into her mouth while their tongues tangled together.

Lexa gave her a dopey smile, “Other than cumming far too quickly, I’m awesome. But what matters is if you’re okay after… you know…” Lexa trailed off with a blush coating her cheeks which Clarke found adorable.

“It’s been awhile, it’s okay. I didn’t exactly take long either,” She kissed her softly, “And yes, baby, I’m great!” Clarke smiled and trailed her hand down to give Lexa’s dick a small tug. Lexa released a
long drawn out moan as she gritted her teeth together, “Are you ready to go again?”

“Always for you,” Lexa sat up and threw Clarke on her back, but froze when she realized what she did, “Crap, I’m sorry,” She looked stricken, but Clarke wouldn’t let her beat herself up.

“Baby, I trust you. It’s okay, I’m okay…” Clarke wrapped her arms around her back, “but I need you, Lex.”

“I love you,” Lexa whispered against her lips and shifted herself above her, “Are you sure?”

Clarke nodded, “I love you too and yes I’m sure,” She reached down and guided Lexa to her entrance. She wanted Lexa inside to fill all her empty places inside and make her feel whole and loved like only Lexa could, “Please, baby.”

Lexa waited a second and brushed her thumb over her lips before kissing her tenderly. As they kissed, Clarke felt the head of Lexa’s dick prop her entrance. Knowing Lexa was trying to be easy, Clarke went with it, but she was aching for more. She cried out in relief when Lexa slowly pushed inch by inch until she was seated fully inside. Her way made much easier with how wet Clarke was.

“Still good?” Lexa’s neck was taught as she kept absolutely still, like she was afraid to move. Clarke gripped her ass and kept her in place while she adjusted to the feeling of being completely filled and stretched.

“Yes, please move,” Clarke slapped her ass hard enough for Lexa to jerk forward and threw her head back as pleasure shot through her.

“Oh god, don’t stop,” Clarke’s nails scratched down Lexa’s back as she met Lexa thrust for thrust, “Fuck, baby,” Lexa was so deep and her vision was going slightly blurry as bursts of pleasure shot through her entire body. She brought Lexa in for a kiss, but it broke when Clarke couldn’t contain her moans

“Clarke, baby, I’m not going to last…fuck…” Lexa’s movements were slightly jerky, but she still managed to keep the pace slow and even.

“It’s okay,” Clarke clenched around her, “I’m close,” Clarke wrapped a hand around Lexa’s neck and pulled her into a searing kiss, “Come with me.”

Lexa nodded, her movements picked up slightly in pace which made Clarke writhe beneath her, her hands slipping from Lexa’s sweaty back to fist in the sheets, “Okay,” Lexa’s hips stuttered and Clarke felt Lexa’s cum splash against her walls as Lexa froze above her, a look of absolute rapture on her face. Still, Lexa managed to flick Clarke’s clit with her thumb and it threw her into the most powerful orgasm so far. Lexa kept pumping her hips as they both came down from their high. Once Lexa’s orgasm tapered off, she slumped on top of her, their sweaty bodies sticking together, “That was fast,” she panted into her neck, “I’m sorry.”

“It was, but so worth it,” Clarke stroked Lexa’s back and brushed her hair back that was sticking to her face, “It’s been awhile so it’s understandable.” She bit her lip and kissed Lexa, “Besides this was only the first round.”

“Oh really?” Lexa looked up and raised an eyebrow, “More? Really?”

“Lex, I always want you, I will always want you. You made this absolutely perfect,” She yawned
which quickly turned into a laugh when Lexa rolled them over yet again.

“Only after we take a nap.” Lexa guided her to lie down on her chest which Clarke was more than willing to do. She snuggled in close and enjoyed Lexa’s feather light touch on her bare skin, “you okay though?”

“I’ve never been better. Thank you for this trip, Lex,” Clarke kissed her neck, “Are you okay?”

“I’m with you, so I’m perfect,” Lexa kissed her head and started to hum softly as her fingers danced across her bare back.

With a contented smile on her face, that was the last thing she was aware of before sleep claimed her.

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The alarm Lexa had set in her phone went off at six the next morning just under her pillow. She’d set it to vibrate the night before, so it didn’t wake up Clarke. Opening her eyes, she looked at her girlfriend lying fast asleep right beside her in the sunlight falling in the windows. They had forgotten to close the blinds, and Lexa couldn’t help but laugh under under her breath they’d forgotten to go to bed.

The only thing she did remember to do before she fell asleep was to blow out the candles around the room. She smiled at the thought and effort Clarke put into making their first time since everything so special. They’d made love two more times and each time was even better than the first. She loved reconnecting with Clarke, and loved feeling her naked body pressed against hers.

She sat up and leaned over to kiss Clarke’s forehead softly. Lexa brushed blonde curls out of her face before she got up and put on a light robe before she headed to the kitchen.

They had to go home today and she wasn’t entirely ready for it. A knot of nerves balled in her stomach about that, but at the same time, Lexa knew this was something they had to do. At least Lexa had an idea on how to make the day a little better for both of them.

Lexa started the coffee first, reaching into the fridge, she pulled out bacon and eggs and started cooking them. As the toast popped out of the toaster, she put everything on two plates that she placed on a tray along with two cups of coffee. Lexa carried it all carefully back out to where Clarke still lay sleeping. Lexa smiled at the sight, but was surprised that the smell of bacon, eggs and coffee hadn’t woken her up. Setting the tray down on the coffee table nearby she sat back down beside her girl.

Leaning in, Lexa kissed her on the cheek before she kissed her soft sleepy lips. Her heart started pounding the second, Clarke started to kiss her back. Sleepy arms draped around her neck and with a last little peck Lexa ended the kiss, “morning babe.”

Clarke lifted her face and placed a kiss on Lexa’s lips again, “mmmm…” she mumbled then turned her head a little, “is that bacon?” Clarke’s eyes blinked open faster. She kissed Lexa again, deeper before pulling back, “Sorry morning breath.”

Lexa laughed into the kiss, “it is..and I don’t care,” She kissed her again before finally yanking herself away, “You hungry?”

“Yes,” Clarke sat up and kissed her cheek, “Thank you for doing this.”

“Anything for you,” Lexa put the tray in Clarke’s lap once she was situated with her back against the couch, “Hope it tastes okay?” She moved to sit next to her and just enjoyed watching Clarke inhale her food.
“It’s perfect,” she mumbled with her mouth full.

“You sure are hungry,” Lexa laughed as Clarke nodded, her cheeks blew out like a chipmunk.

“Worked up quite the appetite last night,” Clarke winked and Lexa blushed, her eyes trailing down over Clarke’s naked body.

“I bet,” A self satisfied smirk spread across her lips, “And you’re really okay with everything that happened?”

“You mean making love to my beautiful girlfriend multiple times?” Clarke’s smile lit up the room and she felt herself relax.

“Yes.”

“Baby, I’m more than okay with what happened. Thank you for checking in with me though,” Clarke leaned over and kissed the corner of her mouth. Lexa couldn’t help but turn her head to kiss her lips.

“Okay,” Lexa pressed their foreheads together for a moment and just breathed the sight and smell of Clarke, “finish your breakfast love, we need to pack.” She hated breaking the bad news.

“Do we have to?” Clarke pouted, but still took the last few bites of her food. Lexa was right behind her and she stacked their empty plates on the tray. She inhaled the strong aroma of her coffee and took a big gulp of it before she replied.

“Unfortunately yes, love,” Lexa moved the tray to the side and pulled Clarke into her lap. Her robe had ridden up when she sat down and now Clarke’s naked ass was pressed into her rapidly hardening cock. She chose to do her best to ignore it and focus of Clarke.

“When is our flight?” Clarke asked while she looped her arms around her neck.

“Ten am,” Lexa answered, her hands falling to Clarke’s hips and gripping tightly.

“Do we have time to take a bath together?” Clarke requested and Lexa was helpless to deny her anything when Clarke looked at her like that. Her head tilted to the side as she bit her bottom lip and hope shining out of her eyes.

Lexa checked the time and saw it was only seven thirty, “Yeah, we have time as long as we don’t dally when we pack.”

Clarke’s smile broadened and she jumped up, her booted foot smacking against the hardwood, “I’ll go get it started,” She blew her a kiss and took off back towards the master bedroom. Lexa’s heart lurched in her chest as the gesture. Her mind flashing back to the last time Clarke did it. She took a deep breath and reminded herself that Clarke was just in the next room.

Once her heart rate went back to normal, Lexa got up and quickly cleaned up their makeshift bed and dishes. She looked around to make sure the kitchen and living room were put back together before she hurried to join Clarke. Like the day before, Clarke was already in the tub with bubbles surrounding her and a couple candles lit. Only this time, she got to get in with her.

“What took you so long?” Clarke looked up from beneath her lashes and crooked her finger.

Lexa quickly stripped herself off the robe and let it pool at her feet, “I’m sorry, love. I was cleaning up.”
“Babe,” Clarke leveled her a playful glare, “I could have helped.”

She shook her head, “I took care of it, no worries,” Lexa smiled when Clarke moved forward in the tub to give her room to slip in behind her. Once she was situated, Lexa pulled Clarke back against her chest and wrapped her arms around her.

“Okay, but I get to help pack and make sure everything is put back together before we go,” Clarke looked over her shoulder at her and narrowed her eyes.

Lexa nodded and kissed her wet shoulder, “Whatever you want, love.”

She grabbed the shampoo and a cup to wet Clarke’s hair before she lathered it up and started washing Clarke’s hair. She rinsed it all out and did the same with the conditioner all while Clarke sat up in front of her. Next to grabbed the body wash and started soaping up Clarke’s entire body. She cleaned her back and shoulders before coaxing Clarke to lean back against her so she could clean her front.

Clarke sunk back into her embrace and Lexa couldn’t stop her hands from wandering over Clarke’s breasts with soap. She took her time as she played with her nipples until they were hard and Clarke was arching into her touch. She moved down as far as she could go and made quick work of washing what she could reach before she rinsed Clarke completely, “All clean, love.”

“I want you to keep touching me,” Clarke squirmed against her and her ragged breaths were music to Lexa’s ears.

“As you wish,” Lexa tossed the rag to the side and moved one hand back on Clarke’s breast while the other moved down her stomach and under the water. Her fingers dipped across Clarke’s clit and she could feel how wet Clarke was already, “Like this?” Lexa kept her fingers teasingly light across Clarke’s clit before she slid two fingers inside, but removed them quickly. She repeated it a few times until Clarke’s hand covered hers and arched into fingers.

“More, Lex,” Clarke tried to guide her hand inside, but Lexa held firm and peppered kisses across the back of Clarke’s neck, “Please.”

The pleading was what spurred Lexa to finally move and without hesitation, she thrusted two fingers deep inside Clarke as far as she could go. She was glad she had long fingers, it came in handy especially when the angle was awkward, “Better?” She bit Clarke’s earlobe and pulled into her mouth.

“Yes!” Clarke’s scream echoed around the bathroom as Lexa kept her fingers moving in and out before curling them to hit her front wall making Clarke squirm and slam her head back into her shoulder, “Fuck...faster...please!”

Lexa picked up the pace as best she could before pulling out much to Clarke’s displeasure, if the whine she let out was anything to go by, before she thrusted three fingers back in and continued her unrelenting pace. She couldn’t help but grind up into Clarke’s ass because she was rock hard. Her dick sliding through her butt cheeks which gave her just enough pressure to find some relief herself.

“I love you,” Lexa panted into Clarke’s neck, her fingers being clenched tightly by Clarke as she tried to suck them in deeper. Every other thrust she curled her fingers and felt Clarke flutter around her fingers. She imagined being buried deep inside Clarke again and that thought sent her over the edge as she came against Clarke’s ass. She made sure that Clarke came too with a pinch of Clarke’s clit, she climaxed right after her.
“Fuck,” Clarke’s whole body spasmed in aftershocks and Lexa smiled into her shoulder as the last of her load tapered off. She slowly pulled her fingers out and brought them to her mouth to suck them clean. Clarke’s eyes watched every move before she yanked her head down in a searing kiss that had Lexa seeing stars, “Well that was fantastic as always.”

“It sure was,” Lexa kissed across her shoulders and back, “You’re okay?”

“Yes, baby, I am,” Clarke smiled.

“Good,” She squeezed Clarke against her, “We should probably drain the tub and clean up.”

“Probably a good idea,” Clarke laughed and leaned up to let what was left of the water out, “Totally worth it if we end up being late.”

Lexa laughed loudly, “Couldn’t agree more, love.”

The rest of the time spent in the bathroom went quickly after. They hurried into clothes and Lexa found herself back in the bedroom packing with Clarke by her side mumbling under her breath, “you okay over there, babe?”

“I’m good,” Clarke answered. Out of the corner of her eye Lexa saw her brush damp hair out of her face, “I just….I don’t know how you packed all this stuff in here.”

Lexa looked over to find Clarke trying to close her suitcase and laughed under her breath, “we went shopping,” she reminded, and her face suddenly felt red when she remembered parts of that trip. She moved to where Clarke was, “let me help.”

“Lex,” Clarke laughed, “I can close a suitcase…”

“I know that but..” Lexa shook her head and said softly, “babe, your hand.”

Clarke looked down at it, “Right...” she murmured. Closing up her suitcase Lexa turned. Kissing Clarke’s forehead, she closed and locked her suitcase as well and stood back, “there we go.”

Clarke nodded, “All done?”

“All done.” Lexa confirmed. It was time to go. It made her a little sad, but at the same time, she was ready to go back and build a life with Clarke. She was pulled from her daydreaming suddenly by the soft smile on her girlfriend’s face, “what?”

Clarke just shook her head softly, moved in, and slid her good hand around the back of Lexa’s neck. Tugging a little she pulled her in and kissed her lips, “thank you for bringing me here.”

“Thank you for agreeing,” Lexa smiled into the kiss, “It’s time to go.”

“Do we have to?” Clarke pouted which Lexa found adorable.

“We do, but we’ll come back,” Lexa promised and she knew she’d keep that promise.

“Hope so,” Clarke took her hand and Lexa grabbed both their suitcases. She took one last look around the cabin before she led Clarke out the door.

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The plane ride home was uneventful as like the flight here had been, Clarke slept on her shoulder. When they landed, Lexa gently woke her up and led her off the plane. She quickly put their suitcases
in the jeep and hurried back to where Clarke and Nyko were talking.

“Thank you for being my bodyguard, Nyko,” Clarke looked at her over her shoulder with a knowing smile.

Lexa shook her head and shrugged her shoulders, “Upset?”

“Not at all,” Clarke held out her hand that Lexa quickly took.

“Ladies, it was wonderful to meet you both and it was my absolute pleasure,” Nyko held out his hand, but Clarke pushed his hand aside to hug him.

Lexa watched with a small smile and when Clarke pulled back, Lexa moved into hug him as well, “Thank you very much, I hope we keep in touch.”

“Oh I hope so too,” Nyko smiled, “Ladies, if you need me again, please call.”

“Thank you, Nyko,” Clarke smiled and waved as they left. When they were walking towards the jeep, Clarke stopped them and turned to look at her, “Can we...can we stop by the stadium before we go home?”

Lexa’s mouth dropped open in surprise, “Wait, what? Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I’m ready to go back and face it,” Clarke locked eyes with her and Lexa could see how serious she was. Lexa just wasn’t sure if she was ready to go back and face her failure of not being able to protect Clarke. She squared her shoulders because if Clarke was ready to go back, than she would be there for her, “Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah, it’s fine,” Lexa looked away from her for a second, but Clarke grabbed her chin to pull her back and made her look into her eyes.

“Baby, if you don’t want to do this, we don’t have to,” Clarke cupped her face in both of her hands, “I know this is hard for you too.”

“What I went through looking for you pales in comparison to what happened to you,” Lexa felt tears pool in her eyes and run down her cheeks.

“It’s not about that, Lex,” Clarke wiped them away with her thumbs and shook her head, “If you never want to step back on the field, I’ll support you.”

Lexa didn’t expect that. She hadn’t thought about never playing football again, she just needed time to face it again. She couldn’t imagine never stepping onto the field again, her dream was play pro if she could. She shook her head because she had her answer, “No, that’s not what I want.”

“Are you sure?”

She couldn’t help but smile when Clarke parroted her words back at her, “I’m sure,” Lexa kissed her softly on the lips and it calmed her down, “Let’s go.”

“Okay, thank you, babe,” Clarke kissed her again and they hopped into the jeep. Lexa’s hand gripped the steering wheel tighter and tighter as she got closer to the stadium. The drive was familiar, but instead of excitement and anticipation, all she felt building was dread. But she had to do this, for Clarke and for herself.

“I love you,” Lexa whispered as she parked and hurried around to open Clarke’s door. As soon as
Clarke was beside her, Lexa felt better. She wrapped her arm around her and held her close and breathed in her scent to remind her she was here and safe. But Clarke needed her. She was going to be by Clarke’s side the entire time no matter what.

Right now, Clarke’s feelings were important at the moment.

“I love you too,” Clarke held her hand tightly as they entered the stadium.

Clarke leaned into her side as they walked through the entrance and Lexa couldn’t help but tense up as the field came into view, the place she used to love, the place that was her home, “Where do you want to start, love?”

Lexa waited patiently as Clarke looked around, first one way and then the other. She watched her stare off seemingly into the distance and she could see tears forming in the corners of Clarke’s eyes. Finally Clarke let out a deep, shuddering breath, “I think...I think I want to retrace my steps,” and Lexa wanted nothing more than to scoop her up and carry her out of there.

But she didn’t, because she knew this was something Clarke needed to do. Lexa rubbed at her eyes to keep her own tears back at the sight of Clarke’s. This was something they both needed to do.

“Whatever you want,” Lexa took Clarke’s hand and held it so they could walk easier. She felt Clarke’s grip tighten as they got to the stands, “anytime, you want to leave, just say so. It’s okay.”

“I will,” A tear fell down Clarke’s cheek as they found the seat she was in. Lexa remembered that day like it was yesterday and still had nightmares about it, “you tell me as well, right?” Clarke asked, making her look up at her and Lexa nodded.

“I will,” Lexa kissed her temple and sat down next to Clarke when she took a seat and stared out at the empty field. It amazed her that Clarke was thinking about her well being as much as her own. Lexa watched her carefully, “you good?”

“Yeah, this was a happy place watching you do what you love on the field,” Clarke nodded toward it, “I’m always so proud to watch you and be able to call you my girlfriend.” she looked over at Lexa and smiled.

“I know the feeling,” Lexa smiled back, “I think having you in the stands made me play better. You’re my lucky charm,” She blushed and took a deep breath, “When I looked back up here and you were gone, I…” Lexa squeezed her eyes shut. She could still vividly feel and see that moment. Back on the field, Lexa and her team had just scored another touchdown and she made to blow a kiss to Clarke only to find she wasn’t in her seat. She saw Raven and Anya there so Lexa didn’t worry. She figured Clarke had gone to the restroom or something with Octavia as she wasn’t there either.

A few minutes passed and Broadleaf had punted yet again, Lexa searched behind her for Clarke who wasn’t there. Lexa shrugged her shoulders trying not to worry and made her way back out on the field to the roaring crowd. There were only a couple minutes left of the game and Lexa knew they only had a few plays left. She decided to let the time elapse by doing a few running plays.

The ball was snapped into her hands and sweat dripped down her face trailing through her warpaint, she sees defenders all around her and makes a lob to Lincoln who circled around her and took it up the field twenty yards before he was tackled. Lexa waited for the ball to placed on the line before she called the next play. Right as Lexa received the ball, she looked towards the stands to find nobody there and her heart plummeted in her chest. Not once this season had she ever looked
towards the stands to find them empty of her friends and Clarke.

Something was wrong.

Lexa didn’t see the defender until the last second and instead of making the play, the football slipped from her grasp as she was tackled hard into the grass. Lexa gasped for breath as the wind was knocked out of her. She didn’t think she was seriously hurt because she didn’t feel anything broken. Maybe a few bruises or so. It took a minute with her teammates huddled around her for Lexa to regain her bearings.

“You alright there, Lex?” Lincoln smirked and held out a hand to help her up.

“I’m fine, nothing a hot shower won’t fix,” Lexa took the offered hand and let Lincoln help her up. Her eyes scanned the empty seats and her head fell into her hands. She didn’t notice Lincoln had followed her line of sight.

“I’m sure, they’re okay, Lex,” Lincoln whispered in her ear. “Don’t worry too much,” Lincoln patted her on the shoulder. “We got a game to finish.”

“They better be,” Lexa wished more than anything that it was true. “We do,” Lexa smiled half heartedly, her heart no longer in the game.

She nodded her head to the referee when he asked if she was okay and once she was back in position, the whistle blew to start the next play. The ball felt unfamiliar in her hands as she went to hand it to Lincoln which had never happened before. Out of the corner of her eye, Lexa spotted Anya in the stands up against the railing all alone and Lexa bumbled the hand off. Anya looked directly at her and the look on her face told Lexa all she needed to know.

Without a second glance, Lexa raced off the field and towards Anya ignoring everyone suddenly shouting at her. Her heart pounded in her chest, her palms were sweaty and Lexa was scared out of her mind at what she was afraid Anya would tell her. She knew by just Anya’s look alone that it had something to do with Clarke and her heart broke in two at the thought of something happening to her girlfriend. She promised to protect her and they let their guard down when they shouldn’t have. Lexa hit the rail between her and Anya, “Where is she?” Lexa demanded as she ripped off her helmet. “Where the fuck is Clarke?”

Anya looked devastated, but Lexa barely registered it, “She’s...Lex...we can’t find her,” Anya looked down at her hands.

“What do you mean, you can’t find her, she wasn’t supposed to go anywhere alone. I trusted you, I trusted all of you and now Clarke is-” Lexa sunk to her knees in despair, and all she could hear was static and tongue felt swollen and she couldn’t think clearly. She barely hears the game end behind her, but all she saw was Clarke’s smile, her blue eyes lit up in happiness and the way Clarke made her feel whole and complete. “Oh, god!”

Lincoln appeared behind her with her bag and drops it next to Lexa, “What the fuck is going on?” He was still in his gear as he looked back and forth between the two. “You’ve never done something like that, Lex so I know it has to be something serious.”

With tears streaming down her face, Lexa looked up at her friend, “Clarke...Clarke is gone,” Lexa tried to stand up, but collapsed against Lincoln’s strong hold.

“Don’t panic, Lex. I’m sure she’ll show up, don’t worry until we know more. This stadium is huge, she could be anywhere. Clarke-” Whatever he was going to say next was cut off as Raven and Octavia ran up to them panting.
“We looked everywhere, we can’t find her?” Raven’s crestfallen expression mirrored her own.

Lexa whirled on Octavia and shoved her, “You were supposed to be with her, you were supposed to not let her out of your sight, you-”

“I didn’t, I saw her talking to a sponsor and when I turned around from ordering the food, she was gone,” Octavia pleaded. “She’s my best friend, do you really think I would let something like this happen?” Octavia breaks down in tears, “I raced over to the last place I saw her and I didn’t see her. I checked the bathroom. I-” She couldn’t talk or think anymore and sagged against Lincoln.

People were staring at them and cameras were flashing, but Lexa didn’t pay them any attention, too focused on Clarke. Her phone started to ring in her bag and Lexa dove for it hoping it was Clarke.

It wasn’t.

It was a text that read, ‘She’s mine now.’ Attached was a picture and when Lexa opened it to find a picture of the five them that had to have just been taken. She sees herself looking absolutely crushed and that was the last thing she saw before she fainted.

“I’m right here, baby, I’m right here,” Clarke assured, she squeezed Lexa’s hand gently which had Lexa’s eyes flying open. As she sniffled, she became aware of tears tracking down her cheeks, “its over, Lex, it’s over.”

Lexa nodded, brushed the tears from her face and stood up, “Can we...can we go out on the field?” She didn’t want to push Clarke into something she wasn’t ready for. She knew the worst memories for Clarke would be by the concessions while hers were on the field. Lexa wanted to protect Clarke as much as she could even if was from her memories.

She knew Clarke needed to face them, but not right this second. She would take the first hit as it were. Clarke reached up and gently brushed hair out of her face, “it's not just about me,” her blue eyes were so sincere as they searched hers, “we can do whatever you need to, too, baby.”

Lexa felt her heart give a little nervous trip as she nodded slowly, then stood up. With Clarke’s hand in hers they worked their way down from the stands and out onto the field. Stepping on the grass felt familiar and foreign at the same time to her. As she moved forward into the middle of it she could almost see the bright lights and hear the crowd chanting her name.

It was exhilarating on one hand, and absolutely terrifying on the other. But with Clarke’s hand in hers, Lexa took it one step at a time until she reached mid field. She felt tears sting her eyes and quickly wiped them away with her free hand; she loved the game, loved the feeling of stepping out onto the field and hearing the crowd cheering, “I love football,” she turned to look at Clarke, “But I love you more.”

“You can love both, baby,” Clarke stroked her cheek and Lexa leaned into her touch, “Do you remember the first time you brought me here?”

Lexa laughed, “Yeah, I do. You didn’t know jack about football,” She smiled at the memory and the tightness in her chest eased off and she let out a breathe she didn’t even know she’d been holding. There might be bad memories here now, but there were so many more good memories and that was what Lexa needed to remember.

“I came for the pretty girl,” Clarke smiled and wrapped her arms around her waist, “Besides you didn’t know anything about surfing, so we’re even.”

“Touche, love,” Lexa couldn’t help but lean in and kiss her soft and sweet, “Thank you.”
“For what?” Clarke pulled back to look in her eyes.

“Coming with me out here,” She pressed her forehead against Clarke’s, “I know this isn’t easy for you either.”

“It isn’t, no, far from it,” Clarke’s eyes were tinged red, but so far the tears hadn’t fallen, “But I have you here with me and I know I can face anything with you by my side.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Lexa promised and she meant it with every fiber of her being. Clarke was the love of her life and there was nothing that could tear her away, “As long as you’ll have me, I’m here.”

“How about forever?” Clarke pecked her on the lips and her eyes shined with happiness, but Lexa could still see the fear and pain lingering behind.

“I’m not sure forever will be long enough,” Lexa pulled Clarke into a tight hug, “But it’s a start.”

“One day at a time, right?”

“Yeah,” Lexa ran her hands up and down Clarke’s spine and felt her relax into her. She hated to ask, but needed to know, “Are you ready?”

Clarke nodded against her shoulder, “Yeah.”

Lexa kissed her softly and took her hand again, “I’ll be right by your side the entire time,” She headed towards the concession stand, but as she hadn’t been back here since it happened, Lexa wasn’t even sure exactly where it was. All she had was a vague idea. Before she could voice her thoughts, Clarke spoke up.

“This way,” Clarke’s steps faltered as they got closer to the bathroom that was across from the concession stand, “I went to bathroom and came out. I saw Octavia just over there when…”

“He approached you,” Lexa supplied knowing how hard this was Clarke. She thought going back onto the field was hard for her, but it was nothing compared to what Clarke had to endure and the memories that plagued her.

Clarke took a deep, shuddering breath and let it out slowly. Tears cascaded down her cheeks as she moved to a corner out of view of almost everything, “This...this is where…I was so stupid Lex, I shouldn’t...I really thought...it would...be okay...I...”

Lexa’s heart broke as she watched Clarke’s eyes glaze over as the memory swamped her.

“Clarke Griffin, it’s an honor to meet you,” The man stuck out his right hand to shake hers. He was medium height, with brownish blonde hair that looked like he rolled out of bed and his eyes were grey with bags under them. He wore jeans and a black t-shirt that was frayed at the edges.

“I’m sorry, who are you?” Clarke took a step back unsure of the greasy haired man.

“John Murphy,” He produced a card from his back pocket and handed it over. Clarke took it and looked down at the card that read City of Light Surf League. “We saw you surf and we were very impressed and would like to offer you a sponsorship with us,” He smiled genuinely and Clarke’s nerves dissipated. He wasn’t the first to offer, but the more offers she got, the more excited she became. “Do you have a few minutes to talk or-”

“No, I have a couple minutes, I’m just waiting on my friend is all,” Clarke waved at Octavia who
nodded back.

“Excellent, it will only be a minute, if you can step over here with me, so we can talk without having to yell,” He extended his hand to a secluded corner away from the roar of the crowd.

Clarke followed eagerly, part of her excited for the opportunity, but the other part was wanting to get back to the game and her girl.

He led her over to an out of the way corner, semi-dark and below the stands. His hands were shoved into his pockets and the set of his shoulders seemed a little smug but she missed the shifty expression that crossed his face as he looked around at the people milling around. Nearby there was a door propped open that read ‘maintenance’ over it and she felt a little uneasy when he stopped next to it and turned around.

Clarke found her voice, “so what are they offering?” Behind her the game roared on. She could hear the plays being called on the field including Lexa’s name. John Murphy with City of Lights Surf League didn’t answer though. He just stood staring at her blankly and a strange tingling feeling crawled up her spine. Reaching slowly behind her she took her phone out and started snapping pictures. She tried not to sound nervous, “you know what? Thank you but-”

He smiled creepily and took a step toward her.

She backed up, the tingling accompanied suddenly but knots of fear erupting in her stomach because he just kept slowly moving toward her. She tried again, “look, I’m not interested,” She tried to see around him but he suddenly looked like a cut out shadow against the lights of Lexa’s game. Clarke found her voice, “I’m just gonna go back to my friend-”

“I don’t think so.” he said at last, and Clarke started shaking all over so badly it was hard to stay standing and she wanted to throw up the second he grabbed her arm. She tried to scream, but a hand slapped so quickly over her mouth that all she got out was a strangled choke. It all happened in less than a second and he was bodily forcing her backward through the open door.

She scrambled against him. She scratched at the backs of his hands. She bit him. But he only laughed. The door slammed shut. She struggled to get away. He held her fast with one hand around both wrists behind her to stay out of reach of her kicking. Lexa was out there. Lexa would be terrified, was all Clarke could think. But the harder she tried to fight him the more she was being yanked along to his laughing inch after slow inch away from the crack of stadium lights she still saw from under the door.

She bit hard enough to taste blood.

“Bitch!” Murphy screamed, ripping his hand away.

“Lexa!” she used his shock to leverage her body weight and struggled a few feet back toward the door. Slipping from his grip at last she ran. Her body slamming into it, she reached and scrambled to find the handle. Her hands slipped and slid when she realized - it had been removed.

She whipped around just in time for his bleeding fist to connect with her face. Her ears started ringing it hurt so bad and she fell backwards only to smack her head against the concrete wall.

He grabbed her by the hands and pulled, “No!” she shouted back. Her vision went blurry as she tried to see straight, “Lexa…” she croaked out, trying to make her way back to Lexa. He smirked and slammed her back against the wall, but her head hit again and her vision swam. She strained and saw the lights under the door again.
It was the last she saw when everything finally went black.

The next she knew she was being dragged through a parking lot. Hands were under her arms and she was being pulled along by someone struggling and cursing behind her. Her brain felt like it had been stuffed with cotton and why she was being dragged didn’t make any sense until she looked up and from across a street, she saw through blurry eyes, the outside wall of Lexa’s stadium, “wh...what....”

The person pulling her stopped, “oh fuck, you’re awake.”

The voice jogged her memory. She remembered Murphy grabbing her. She remembered everything. Her eyes shot to the stadium she was being pulled away from and the lights, “Lexa!” Clarke screamed at the top of her lungs and started to struggle. Behind her Murphy started swearing, “bitch! You are going to get us caught!” His grip tightened.

“That’s the fucking idea!” she shouted at him, “Lexa!” Clarke struggled more and got an arm free and started to try and run back to Lexa. Before she could break all the way loose he grabbed her wrist he still had hard. She whirled and kicked at him, “get away from me!”

He just started laughing and jumped out of the way while keeping an iron grip on her wrist. Clarke locked her knees and skidded forward through the parking lot as he pulled. She tried to hit him, but he stayed just out of reach so she beat on his arm. It didn’t seem to bother him.

Clarke grabbed her phone and started taking every picture she could. He glared at her realizing what she was doing and ripped the phone away and tossed it in the leaves at the same time he whipped her about and shoved her front into the side of a black suv. With one of his arms around her waist and his body pinning her tight she struggled against him and felt the sting of something in the back of her neck.

Cold liquid entered her body and her head started spinning. He let her go and started laughing so loudly it hurt her ears. But all sounds died suddenly and she she was too dizzy to stay on her feet so she caught herself against the side of the suv as she turned, “what did you...” her voice was barely a rasp. He’d drugged her... and now he was opening the side door of the SUV.

“Fuck...” she took a stumbling step trying to get away from him. She had to get back to Lexa- Clarke passed out cold, her body falling on a bed of leaves and with a smirk Murphy turned to her and stared down at her, “bitch.” he muttered, looking at his bloody hand she had bit into earlier. Murphy nudged her with his boot to be sure she was out. Picking her up at last he looked around quickly before putting her into the suv and closing the door. Getting in behind the wheel, he started the suv quickly and drove away. Only looking back at the stadium lights getting smaller and smaller behind him as he drove off into the dark.

Lexa couldn’t take it anymore, watching Clarke’s shoulders shake as she sobbed. She pulled Clarke into her arms and felt tears soak her shirt, but she didn’t care, “Shh, love...shh. I got you. I’m right here...it’s over...baby. I’m here. I got you.”

“He played me,” Clarke sniffled into her shoulder, “I didn’t meant for it...to happen. I really only thought I’d be gone ten minutes, not...” She tensed and let out a wail as she collapsed against her shoulder. Lexa supported her as Clarke’s legs gave out and she gently lowered them both to the ground.

“Baby, it wasn’t your fault,” Lexa pulled Clarke into her lap and rocked her softly, “I know you believed it was going to be okay, and it should have been. What happened to you should never had happened, but I can’t sit here and let you blame yourself. It was his fault, not yours. You didn’t make
him take you. None of this was your fault. None of it.”

She had no idea how long she sat there with Clarke in her lap, but Clarke’s sobs had subsided to little sniffles and Lexa waited for Clarke to look at her. When she met Clarke’s eyes, her heart broke for her girlfriend because her face was blotchy and tear stained. She ran her thumbs under her eyes and brushed the tears still trickling down.

“I’m sorry, Lex. I know I shouldn’t blame myself, but if I’d been more cautious or if I...” Clarke trailed off and looked up at her, “I love you,” She leaned in to kiss her. Lexa let the kiss happen because she wanted Clarke to have a good memory here. She put all her love, devotion and passion into the kiss and was rewarded with a sharp intake from Clarke. Lexa slipped her tongue in and tangled it with hers, but pulled back when the kiss started to get more heated than she intended, “Wow.”

“Sorry, got a little carried away,” Lexa blushed and ran a hand across the back of her neck, “I didn’t mean to.”

“It’s okay, I liked it a lot,” Clarke gave her a small smile and that was all Lexa wanted to see. Clarke took a deep breath, “can we go home now?”

“Of course,” Lexa stood up with Clarke in her arms, “We’re going to get through this together,” She shifted Clarke before she strode towards the exit still carrying her.

“I know we will,” Clarke’s tears had dried, but Lexa could still feel her shaking slightly. She’d gotten Clarke’s smile back and that was what mattered the most. She knew this one trip wasn’t going to heal all their wounds, but Lexa knew it was a step in the right direction, “I faced this, now I just need to face…” She stuttered and trembled, “Him.”

Lexas couldn’t help but tense up at the mention of him, but nodded, “Whenever you’re ready, we’ll face him together.”

She sealed the promise with a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

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