Unsung Heart

by Tabithacraft

Summary

Lexa is in love with her best friend Clarke. Clarke is questioning who she is and what she really wants.

The first 22 chapters is the complete story. All chapters beyond are a few short POV's from Clarke's perspective.

Notes

I'm reposting. I've fallen out of love with this fic though it holds a special place in my heart. This is where it became what it is and I think it actually belongs on here.

I love comments. Please let me know what you think. If you think I should have done something differently then I welcome the conversation.

It's going to be a countdown to Christmas - one chapter a day unless life gets in the way. Theres a few big changes and a few less big ones.
Lexa Woods knew exactly how long she and Clarke Griffin had been friends; six months, or one hundred and eighty-four days. They’d met after the stroke of midnight at a New Year’s Eve party hosted by Lincoln, her best friend and bandmate. She’d found the blond girl, although the word ‘girl’ would never be an appropriate nor adequate description of the stunning woman, sitting in the hallway outside the only bathroom in the apartment, legs tightly crossed. Unable to help herself, she’d given the girl a once over and then asked her, “Hey, have you been waiting long?” which unintentionally sounded like a line. However, the girl had merely whimpered in response, face contorting with the effort of controlling her need to pee.

“Agh, yes. I don’t know what’s going on in there—puking I think. What I do know is that there is going to be a big puddle on the floor soon,” she’d whimpered again and Lexa had laughed, utterly enchanted. She had stared captivated at Clarke, whose long blond hair fell in waves around her shoulders, her cute mouth puckered in distress, beautiful blue eyes pleading with her for help, all as her low cut black top exposed a hint of gorgeous cleavage. Her skirt was short showing her shapely legs, which were clenched tightly together. Lexa had stared with wide-eyed wonder, but the girl was beautiful, all soft curves and sexiness.

Lexa had immediately offered the distressed girl the use of her bathroom, a credible and non-creepy offer given that her apartment was next door to Lincoln’s. Clarke had enthusiastically accepted the offer and that had been that. Numbers were exchanged, plans were made and there began the six months of the sweetest torture Lexa had ever endured. Clarke had approached their relationship with enthusiastic intent from that first meeting. Lexa had been hesitant about the friendship at first—from that first conversation it was immediately obvious that she was going to have the world's most enormous and epic crush on Clarke, but there had been enough of an undercurrent of flirtation between them to give her hope that Clarke felt the same way. Clarke was everything Lexa wanted in a girl, not that she’d ever really considered what she wanted before meeting her. On the outside the girl was her polar opposite, a medical student with a brilliant mind, who flit like a hummingbird between order and chaos. Lexa was ordered and structured in all aspects of her life, despite being in a band, whereas Clarke was determined and fierce in her pursuit of medicine, but a kaleidoscope of art and bad time keeping in every other way. Clarke who was cute, funny and exceedingly smart. “Just cute,” Lexa frequently attempted to convince herself, mainly because Clarke wasn’t “just” anything; she was sexy with an amazing curvy figure and beautiful boobs, and with eyes that kept stealing Lexa’s ability to function. With her long wavy blond hair, Clarke was more goddess than girl. Everything from her devotion to medicine, her comic book obsession, her artistic ability, her flirtatiousness, her confidence, her kindness, had immediately appealed. By the morning of New Year’s Day Lexa had known resistance was futile, she was going to fall hopelessly in love with the girl, which at that moment in time had made her feel weightless and warm with optimism.

Lexa wasn't sure whether she'd fallen in love with Clarke the second she discovered her sitting outside Lincoln's bathroom, during their first conversation, or at some point during the six months they’d spent as best friends—it was all a process with an inevitable result, she loved Clarke, she was in love with her. Clarke was beautiful and witty. She was silly, where Lexa had always been serious, sending a barrage of humorous texts from the get go, never worrying about what she was saying and how it might be construed. She was smart, switching between medical jargon and comic book dialogue and storylines in moments, beguiling Lexa constantly. She was confident and sassy and unashamed when she was uninformed, just always eager to learn. And Clarke so obviously adored her—they talked endlessly, about everything, a new experience for Lexa. It was always so easy
It hadn't taken long before Lexa and Clarke were hanging out several times a week, constantly texting and talking on the phone. Lexa had learnt several things about Clarke very quickly—she was constantly drawing, whether it was comics or doodles in the margins of readings, her toenails were always painted whatever the season and likelihood of them being seen, and Clarke loved her food, especially pizza. Clarke might hate to cook but she loved to eat and when denied, she got hangry, which was why six months later Lexa knew better that to turn up without take-out, which was why she was juggling two bags of Clarke’s favourite curry as she checked her phone which had buzzed with a message from Clarke.

Clarke: Lexa Lexi, please tell me you're going to be here soon, I'm hungry. So hungry.

Almost immediately another came through:

Clarke: Come over now! Right now! I'm really, really hungry—my stomach is trying to eat itself. What should I order?

With a smile, she typed out a response;

Lexa: Chill, lady, I'm right outside. Open your door!


“Because I grabbed curry on my way over, which I hope is okay,” she grinned, waving the bags of take-out in front of Clarke before putting them down, and then removing the guitar case from her back and setting it on the floor carefully.

“Oh my god, I love you,” Clarke instantly gushed, peering in bags, opening boxes and inhaling the smell of her favorite spicy food.

“I'm sure,” her smile grew.

“You are the best friend in the whole world,” Clarke grabbed the bags while giving Lexa another half hug.

“I'm sure Octavia and Raven would be thrilled to hear you say that,” she mumbled into Clarke’s shoulder referring to the other girls two oldest and closest friends.

“I've known them forever; they’re not worried about their position in my life. And if it is possible to have two best friends, then it's absolutely possible to have three,” Clarke was dismissive, as she led her into the kitchen area of her apartment.

“True,” she conceded. “I mean I have the band,” her best friends were all members of her band, Trikru. Lincoln, she’d met during her difficult teen years. Anya was her cousin though they hadn’t known each other properly until Lexa turned eighteen. Indra was originally Anya's friend but when she joined the band she became Lexa’s friend independently of her cousin. Indra might be less out going than the rest of them but Lexa valued her quiet, steady consistency.

“And I have Octavia and Raven! Bellamy too I guess. And you have me and I have you,” Clarke fluttered her eyelashes.

“Bellamy?” Lexa asked with a calm that belied her true feelings of irritation and jealousy. Bellamy
was Octavia’s older brother and Clarke’s friend and occasional fuck buddy. Lexa disliked him on principal—he was tall, dark and ever so handsome and, worst of all, he got to have sex with Clarke. “I thought that was more about sex than friendship.”

“It’s actually more about friendship than sex. We only sleep together if we’re feeling lonely. He’ll get a girlfriend one day, I’ll get a boyfriend and then it’ll just be that he’s one of my best friends. Sex doesn’t have to complicate everything.”

“For you,” she mumbled.

“Is that why you never, ever come onto a girl? In case you complicate things?” Clarke teased as they sat on the couch together and she began dishing curry and rice between the plates she’d put on the coffee table.

“I don’t have time,” she answered truthfully—between writing songs, performing gigs, her friends and Clarke, she had no time for hooking up, let alone a relationship.

“You have time to see me,” Clarke smiled softly, the kind of smile that turned Lexa into a puddle of mush.

“You’re my friend, of course I have time to see you. And you sure take up a lot of time!” she teased, loving the slight flush on her friend’s cheeks.

“I’m needy, what can I say? I like my friends around.”

“Well, you’re just lucky that sitting and watching you work is so much fun,” she deadpanned and Clarke looked at her, wounded. It was true that Clarke was constantly on her computer writing applications, assignments, or conducting research. “I’m kidding, you puppy, I actually work really well when I’m around you,” she lied.

“That’s crap—you’re stuck in the mire of writer’s block,” Clarke nudged her shoulder against Lexa’s.

“Only with lyrics. The tunes I’m coming up with sound pretty sweet.”

“Yeah, they do,” Clarke agreed, “will you play after we eat? While I write my stupid personal statement?” Clarke was in her last year of medical school and applying for residency which meant she needed a kickass personal statement to accompany her applications.

“Sure, I’ll even try some lyrics out.”

“Cool! I love it when you sing.”

Clarke didn’t get much of her personal statement written because Lexa had found it amusing to sing her silly made-up ditties and the blonde had ended up spending most of her time giggling, snapping pictures and short films and putting them on Instagram, Tumblr and Twitter. Lexa didn’t care about her friend’s incessant posting because it was good publicity for the band and she secretly loved the world knowing that Clarke adored her, that they were friends. At length, she’d put down her guitar, handed Clarke her personal statement notes and made coffee.
“You gonna stay tonight?” Clarke asked a couple of hours later after hitting save and watching Lexa yawn.

“Aw crap it’s midnight. I can, I guess,” she shrugged. She slept pretty well on Clarke's couch.

“Stay, then we can watch cartoons in our pajama's in the morning.”

“Or Buffy, because we're twenty-four not fourteen.”

“You love cartoons! Stop acting tough,” Clarke flicked her playfully.

“Yeah, but I like Buffy more—especially watching it with newbie you who somehow escaped cultural norms and never watched anything!”

“My mom had very…particular standards. There wasn't time for a lot of TV.”

“Well, I have to question your mom’s standards if they didn't include the vampire slayer,” Lexa rolled her eyes, feeling the weight of Clarke's head drop against her shoulder.

“Hmmm, you smell nice,” her nose pressed into Lexa’s neck.

“A shower, deodorant and nice conditioner, it’s pretty easy, you know?” she snarked because Clarke sniffing her made her body go crazy—sweaty palms, increased heart rate and a tightening in her belly.

“Haha,” Clarke yawned, but snuggled closer. “You smell all fresh, but I don't know, good. Sexy. I'm amazed you don't have a girlfriend.”

“Yeah, because a girlfriend would love my beautiful best friend snuggling with me.”

“Haha,” Clarke laughed softly, before fighting a yawn. “Okay, bed. You sure you're all right on the couch? My bed is huge?”

“I'm fine on the couch,” Lexa loved that Clarke always offered, that she wasn't one of those people who thought her lesbian best friend must be lusting after her. Of course, she was but she knew their friendship was as real as her killer crush.

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“Morning, Lexi,” Clarke squirmed her way onto the couch and under the duvet Lexa was using, their bare legs tangling together as she grabbed the remote and turned on the TV, switching on Buffy the Vampire Slayer. She was wearing a skimpy tank and stupidly short pajama shorts, blond hair a mass of messy waves, all sleep-rumpled and delicious.

“Let me give you more room,” Lexa pulled her legs away but Clarke just maneuvered herself under them and held them on her lap, her fingers drawing patterns on her calves absentmindedly. “I can't believe you didn't make coffee,” she chided with faux grumpiness and Clarke smiled without turning her eyes from the TV.

“Hmm, too tired.”

“That's the point of coffee,” she mumbled, still sleepy and loving the feeling of Clarke's hands on her
ankles and calves.

“You have ridiculously pretty feet,” Clarke muttered a few minutes later.

Lexa had dozed off again and so yawned as she opened her eyes, “What?”

“Your feet are really pretty.”

“Feet aren't pretty,” she stated into the fluffy duvet. “Not ever.”

“Actually, yours are. Mine aren't bad, but yours are gorgeous,” Clarke duly poked an extremely pretty foot out of the covers and rested it on the coffee table. Lexa stared at it—she had of course noticed her friend’s pretty feet.

“Very pretty,” she shuffled a little so she was sitting up, feet trailing off Clarke's lap.

“Wait a sec,” Clarke hopped off the couch and disappeared into her bedroom, after flicking on the coffee machine, returning a few moments later with a big bag of nail polishes. She sat closer to Lexa, pulling her feet back on her lap before delving into her bag and returning triumphantly with a green bottle. “To match your eyes.”

“My eyes aren't green,” Lexa protested as Clarke shook the bottle and opened it, placing an incredibly neat coat of paint on Lexa's little toenail.

“And what color are they?” her friend gave her an amused look.

“Hazel, grey.”

“Green,” Clarke insisted.

“I know what color my eyes are,” she huffed a little.

“Who stares at them more, you or me?”

“Me,” she responded instantly.

“Honestly Lexa, that’s silly. I do.”

“You spend half your time with your nose in a book or staring at my feet,” Lexa defended.

Clarke giggled, “Okay, sit still and look at me,” she turned, screwed the lid on the nail polish and dropped it and Lexa's feet before kneeling on the couch beside her, hands on her friend's shoulders as she stared into her eyes. Lexa's breath hitched and her heart began to pound wildly because Clarke was so close and so pretty, and just staring into her eyes, until she wasn't. Until her eyes fell for just a fraction of a second to her lips. Without conscious thought, her tongue swished across her lips and she swayed closer. “Your eyes are really beautiful,” Clarke said and her voice came out soft and raspy—**intimate**, before she was flopping back onto the couch, grabbing Lexa's feet and stating obstinately, “and green.”

Lexa didn't respond, couldn't respond, because what had that been? Clarke had felt it too, she was sure, the electricity, the pulse between them. And Clarke’s eyes had dropped to her goddamn lips. Lexa hated that she was sat with her best friend and entirely turned on. She felt guilty.

“I should go,” she pulled her feet from Clarke who tsked in irritation,

“Lex, I've only done one foot!”
“I promised the guys I’d meet them for breakfast.”

“Oh,” Clarke’s face fell.

“You can come if you want?”

“No, no, it’s okay. I have work to finish off before I meet up with the others for lunch,” she made reference to her best friends.

“Okay,” Lexa nodded, pulling on her jeans, all of a sudden embarrassed to be in just her T-shirt and underwear.

“Can’t you at least stay for a coffee?” Clarke pouted.

“I should go. I need a shower and clean clothes.”

“Shower here like you always do,” Clarke offered, apparently picking up on the weird tension Lexa knew she was creating. There was something in her friend's voice that was beginning to sound a little desperate.

“Nah, I better get going. We're still catching that movie tomorrow night?”

“Yeah. Maybe the late showing if I have too much work?”

“Sure,” she nodded. “See ya,” she pulled on her leather jacket and boots, just knowing her hair was a hot mess, but she needed to escape more than anything. She opened the door to Clarke's apartment and practically ran away.

Clarke texted her a couple of hours later, and because there was still a funny feeling in her stomach from the moment they had shared on the couch, she didn't immediately respond. She didn't want to admit that the moment on the couch had unnerved her. She didn't want to think about why it had unnerved her, though the reason kept flicking through her mind—she'd wanted to kiss Clarke and she didn't think Clarke would have stopped her.

Clarke: How was breakfast? Did you guys have a practice after?

Clarke: Did you sing them your silly lyrics? I wish I could have seen Indra's face.

Clarke: Lexa? Are you there?


Clarke: Is it that you hate green? You can be honest? I'll swear your eyes are hazel grey if it means so much to you. Even if they are green.

Clarke: A beautiful green.

Clarke: Lexa? Lexa? Where are you, Lexa?
Clarke: I drew a new character for my comic. Reply if you want to see it…

Lexa: Text much?

Clarke: Yeah, I do—especially when I think my dumbass best friend is mad at me.

Lexa: Why would I be mad at you? Dumbass!

Clarke: I don't know. I just got a vibe.

Lexa: A vibe? Yeah, because we know how awesome your vibes are.

Clarke: I'll say it again—you don't look like a lesbian so how was I supposed to know!

Lexa: Clarke, no! No, no, no.

Clarke: Yeah, I know there's no one lesbian look—avoid stereotypes yada yada.

Lexa: And we shouldn't have to tattoo it on our foreheads.

Clarke: Haha I know!

Lexa: I’m just saying, I’m almost too gay to function and you didn't get that vibe, which proves that your vibe detection is crappy.

Clarke: Is that a Mean Girls quote? Pull out the big guns, why doncha? ;-)

Clarke: So, you're not mad and we're good?

Lexa: I'm not and we're fine.

Clarke: FYI, I know I totally missed the fact that you’re a lesbian until you spelled it out and you don’t look like a lesbian because there is no one way a lesbian looks and as discussed, you don’t have it tattooed on your forehead.

Clarke: Thank fuck!

Lexa: Are you saying we couldn't be friends if I did have it tattooed on my forehead?

Clarke: I'm saying you'd look like an idiot and I hate face tattoos.

Lexa: Fine, I'll tattoo it on my ass!

Clarke: No don’t!

Lexa: Okay, okay, I won’t. And I don't hate the color green. FYI it's my second favorite color.

Clarke: It’s my favorite—especially the green of your eyes. Look at my new character and guess who she's based on.

Lexa waited until the photo came through and zoomed in on some fierce looking girl in a cloak, dark hair peeking out from under her hood, she was clearly packing weapons and she appeared to be wearing a mask that resembled a raccoon.
Lexa: Why’s her eye makeup smudged so much it looks like a raccoon mask?

Clarke: Ugh Lexa! It’s supposed to be intimidating. She’s like the Commander of the Grounders. It’s war paint!

Lexa: She looks cool. I like her cloak and the weapons. Is that a cross bow? And knuckle dusters?

Clarke: Yes and yes. So, does she remind you of anyone?

Lexa: You based her on me, didn’t you?

Clarke: Yeah. You look fierce like that when you’re on stage

Lexa: I do have great stage presence.


Lexa: To eat lunch or eat…

Clarke: Me?

Lexa: Yeah?

Clarke: To collect me for lunch. I'm not in the mood

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Lexa huffed to herself as she tried to get comfortable on her couch. She was unsettled and the reason why was pulsing in her brain in bright neon colors—Clarke. Her stomach had been a mass of electrified nerves, clenching and turning over since that moment on the couch. It had meant nothing at all, just like all the ‘moments’ she’d had with her best friend. However, the moment felt mutual, it felt like Clarke was as addicted, as into her as she was into Clarke. Lexa had assumed Clarke was somewhat queer from her first interactions with her—she was flirty and affectionate and Lexa had felt it everywhere in her body, this desire for an amazing person. She’d thought Clarke was on the same page until two weeks into their friendship.

Everything about Clarke was everything Lexa wanted and it seemed that Lexa was everything Clarke wanted too. They spent as much time together as possible, whether it was out hiking, or getting drunk in Lexa’s local it was perfect. Clarke could navigate between a thorough hashing of how exactly Lexa's gaydar worked, engage in a debate on how infallible it was, give Lexa a lesson on the exact anatomical proportions of a girl's parts, and then seamlessly segue into tattoos and how much she loved Lexa's tattoos and wanted some of her own. Other nights would be spent watching Netflix with takeout, Clarke's sketchpad on her knees, as Lexa doodled in her notebook instead of composing the song lyrics as she was supposed to be doing. Anya said that unrequited love was ruining her, that she was lyrically useless and while in the grips of writer's block it was hard to disagree. Indra insisted she should make a move on Clarke or get a girlfriend before the band's dream of a second album permanently flunked. Only Lincoln, her oldest and closest friend, defended her situation, arguing that Lexa's tortured state of mind would one day result in an epic masterpiece of an album, citing Fleetwood Mac's ‘Rumors’ as the example behind his logic. Lexa didn't want to point out that Fleetwood Mac broke up after that particular album.
The truth about her friendship with Clarke was that no matter where they were and what they were doing, Clarke had, for whatever reason, decided that she adored Lexa and Lexa adored her back. That she was in love was obvious to most people, that she thought it might never end was something she kept secret, because it terrified her.
"You're gay?"

Chapter Notes

Thanks you everyone! You're all so kind. I'm happy to be posting again and it's actually making me feel like writing so I'll see what I can do.

Day two of the Clexa advent;-)

Yes Clexa is endgame just for those who asked.

Chapter Two

“Lexa, Lexa, beautiful Lexa,” Clarke sang as she danced into Lexa's apartment. Her friend was clearly pleased that her class was over and Lexa was just happy to see her. Her already sun-soaked apartment seemed to grow even brighter with the presence of the happy, dancing girl, blond waves bouncing around her shoulders.

“Wow, you're cheery,” she laughed, pouring two glasses of lemonade, and then after a moment of hesitation, held up the bottle of gin she kept in the fridge. At Clarke’s eager nod, she added a generous shot to each glass.

“I can't wait until this rotation is over. Three more weeks! Then I get one glorious week where I can have a break from those stupid six thirty am rounds. I can sleep, sunbathe, watch too much TV and we can plan camping for some point this summer…”

“Camping?” her expression froze because camping didn't sound in the least bit appealing.

“Oh, don't be such a baby,” Clarke swatted her arm and grabbed her glass, drinking nearly all of it in one go before brandishing it back at Lexa for a refill. Her smirk was hard to hide.

“Three weeks, Clarke. You still have to go in tomorrow, you know?” Lexa rolled her eyes but refilled the drink anyway.

“Why do we never get a break, why?”

“Because maybe they think doctors need quite a lot of training,” she pulled Clarke to the balcony which offered an amazing view of the sun-kissed city, and from where they could watch the setting sun while seated in expensive and extremely comfortable deck chairs. Of course, a sun-kissed Clarke was a far better view.

“You haven't distracted me from camping, you know? You're coming because it'll be fun. We'll share a tent, okay?”

“No,” Lexa shook her head, laughing at Clarke's utter optimism.

“It's so sweet that you still think you can resist me,” with a patronizing shake of her head, she flicked Lexa’s shoulder. “We're planning to go to this awesome campsite near this little town somewhere in upstate New York—there's a waterfall, a lake for swimming in and pretty mountains. We can even go hiking—that's exercise right there, Lexi! And you have to come!”
“Who else is going?”

“Octavia, Raven, Bellamy, and Lincoln, if Octavia has her way. Oh, and maybe Monty and Jasper.” Basically, all of Clarke’s best friends. Monty was an okay kid, sweet, kind-hearted and gay, but Jasper was annoying, approaching life with an immaturity he should have grown out of—mostly inappropriate comments and lewd gawping at girls.

“Are you inviting me because Octavia wants me to invite Lincoln along?” she asked suspiciously, as ever unable to trust Clarke’s apparent adoration of her.

“No, you dummy. I’m inviting you because you’re my best friend and I’d miss your stupid face if you didn’t come. And that would ruin my fun,” the poking out of her tongue was adorable.

“You’re so very, very selfless,” she sassed back and Clarke kicked her toes gently against her thigh, which was totally innocent and still totally turned her on. She really should try and find a nice willing girl to sleep with—she knew that. Maybe if she had someone else, then all the desire would stop seeping into her friendship with Clarke. She knew, absolutely knew, there was no getting rid of the feelings, but it would be great if her body didn’t become a mess every time Clarke touched her, which was all the time because Clarke was such a tactile person.

“Please say you’ll come? I’ll ride up on your bike with you if you don’t want to go in Raven’s Jeep?” Large blue eyes with long fluttering lashes turned to look at her beseechingly.

“But I hate camping,” she pouted.

“That’s because you’ve never gone camping with me,” Clarke said, brightly turning away from her to stare at the sunset.

“I’ve never exactly been camping at all,” she admitted.

Clarke’s gaze snapped to her, “Really?”

“Really.”

“I just…how have you never gone camping? It's like a rite of passage!”

“Clarke…” she hesitated, because although she had told her friend nearly everything, she hadn't told her one of her biggest secrets. Secret was the wrong word—it was just something she didn't share often.

“What?” Clarke could clearly hear something in her tone, her expression growing serious.

“It’s nothing big,” she lied.

“Shut up and tell me,” Clarke snaked a hand across and took Lexa’s, “you can tell me anything, Lexa, you know that.”

“I know,” Lexa did think she could tell Clarke anything, even that she loved her, and Clarke would still be there making her feel adored. That was why Clarke was special.

“I’m a foster kid, that’s all, which maybe you knew if you read stuff on the internet about me. I don't know,” she shrugged feeling awkward. “I was taken from my mom when I was four and put in the system. Or, more accurately, my mom left me and they took me. I last saw her when I was twelve. I grew up in a bunch of different foster homes and from the time I was fourteen, I lived in a group home.”
“Lexa!” Clarke's expression had fallen. It was a mix of sympathy and pain.

“Oh, don't look like that, please don't,” Lexa begged. “I met Lincoln there and they found Anya for me, she's the one member of my family I see. I'm relatively unscathed, Clarke. Some of the families were nice. It was mostly disinterest when they weren't. And in group homes, well it's just warfare half the time, but I survived, right?” she attempted a bright smile, but Clarke was staring at her intently,

“Mostly disinterest?” her blue eyes watered, “Mostly?”

“Aw, come on, Clarke. You know the drill. So, I had the occasional slap and punch—it was nothing I couldn't handle, you know?”

“Oh, I know you can handle yourself, Lex,” Clarke squeezed the hand she was still holding, “doesn't mean that the thought of someone hurting you, someone being disinterested in you, someone not appreciating you, doesn't piss me off, doesn't make me want to hold you tight.”

“I'm fine, Clarke. I have my own family now. I'm good,” she did squeeze Clarke’s hand back though.

“I still want to hold you tight,” Clarke had a fierce expression on her face and Lexa rolled her eyes.

“I didn't tell you for pity,” she pointed out, and the expression on her friends face hardened.

“I know. And I did read something, but I wanted to know about your past from you, so I stopped. Now, come here,” Clarke demanded.

“Where?” she gestured to where Clarke was sitting in her deck chair, looking all lovely in her floaty skirt and tank-top.

“Here,” Clarke patted her lap.

Lexa scoffed, half laughing, “You're not serious?”

“You want to try me?” Clarke asked in a voice Lexa had never heard her use. Clarke meant it and so, with a huff, she pushed herself out of her chair and stood uncertainly beside her friend. “Sit down,” Clarke ordered, and tugged the hand she still held, encouraging Lexa onto her lap. Lexa couldn't lie, it felt amazing to be sat like that with Clarke (even if in her head Clarke was always sat on her lap because she was taller) especially when Clarke's arms snaked around her and she squeezed her tight, really, really tight, her face pressed against Lexa's bare shoulder.

“This isn't a pity hug,” Clarke gave a sniff against her shoulder. Lexa didn't know if she was smelling her or crying.

“No?”

“It's an I love you hug and an I hate to think of anyone not appreciating you for the amazing, wonderful person you are hug,” Clarke actually kissed her shoulder and for one small second Lexa pretended this was more than a friend thing. “It's a thank you for telling me hug.”

“You're my best friend too, you know?” she whispered.

“Yeah?” Clarke moved her head back a little and looked at her.

“Yeah.”
“You never say that, you know? It's always me saying it to you.”

“You're better at social stuff than me,” she admitted. Lexa knew that she was bad at putting herself out there, but she had enough bad experiences to make her weary.

“That's crap. You're great with me!” Clarke protested dutifully.

“You're easy,” she admitted, aware that her face was probably red with embarrassment. She felt somewhat overwhelmed—between telling Clarke, her reaction, and the hug, she felt fragile and incredibly breakable.

“Watch your mouth, Woods!” Clarke winked flirtatiously.

“Oh crap, you know what I mean,” she got even more embarrassed.

“You're looking a little pink there,” Clarke ran a finger over her cheek, “maybe we should get you out of the sun!”

“Haha,” Lexa pulled herself off Clarke, unsure she could cope with any more of such tantalizing proximity. “The sun has practically set. Anyway, the point of my story was, camping, vacations in general, baseball games, picnics all that stuff…I've not really done that because it just didn't happen…not in the families I was in, not with my group home.”

“Well, you are going to come camping with me and we’re gonna do the other stuff! You can't say no now. You can play your guitar around campfires, eat s'mores, and hot dogs, and tell ghost stories. We'll swim in the lake and stink of sunscreen. We'll be grubby but happy. We'll get drunk and pee in the bushes because we're too drunk and scared of the dark to make it to the toilet block. And we'll have a crappy night's sleep, huddled in a tent together!”

“I was with you up until you mentioned peeing in the dark woods…”

“You'll be fine. It's so much fun—trust me.”

“I do trust you.”

“Good!” Clarke smiled triumphantly. “Ooh and don’t think you’re getting out of clubbing this weekend either.”

Lexa winced a little inside at the thought of clubbing. It wasn’t that she didn’t enjoy going out dancing, she was in a band and spent countless evenings dancing, it was more the thought of drunken Clarke and either dealing respectfully with the proximity of super affectionate Clarke or watching her head home with Bellamy.

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The club was dark and smoky and Lexa was drunker than she’d meant to get, but unrequited love and six or more months of seemingly endless writers block were beginning to wear her down. Generally, she didn't drink excessively, especially not around Clarke, lest she get handsy or overtalkative and share more than she should. She was sitting at the table on her own, nursing the ridiculous cocktail Clarke had bought her and was determined not to stare at the dance floor where Clarke was swaying to the music with her friends. She looked down at her hands, vowing to attend
more gay bars and clubs because she was becoming slightly pathetic, her brain singularly focused on her friend these days.

“Dance with me,” Clarke was suddenly in front of her, all sexy black dress and ample cleavage, flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes and lips—fucking beautiful glossy lips. The club was dark, sweaty and full, and Lexa was drunk or she would have declined.

“I thought you were dancing with Bellamy?” she tried not to sound like a bitch, she really did.

“Ugh, I don't want to dance with Bell, I want to dance with you,” Clarke pouted.

“Octavia will dance with you,” she shrugged. “I'm gonna play pool with Raven.”

“Octavia's dancing with Lincoln and I'm playing pool with Anya,” Raven stated helpfully, appearing from nowhere and plonking tequila in front of them both with a nod that said, ‘drink up.’

“Thanks Raven,” Clarke threw back her shot and stared expectantly at Lexa who reluctantly let the alcohol burn down her throat. She was far too drunk to be dancing with Clarke, especially with that dress she was wearing, and especially feeling as ridiculously horny as she was. Though better herself than some handsy bastard.

“Come,” Clarke tugged her hand, and Lexa found herself weaving through sweaty, dancing bodies, her hand held firmly by Clarke. Lexa blinked, realizing that this was bad, really bad because Clarke was so fucking affectionate when she was drunk, and so beautiful, and when she was dancing up close it was going to be a sensory overload. Clarke was beautiful and sexy and absolutely off-limits. It didn't seem to matter that she wasn’t hers, as her hands found Clarke’s hips, the sharpness of the bones firm against her palms, under the tantalizing softness of her flesh and skin, the dress felt barely there. Drunkenly, she realized she’d just put her hands on Clarke's hips and actually tugged her close. She was about to move them but then Clarke started to move again, arms twining around the back of Lexa's neck, a smile on her face as her body brushed against hers.

“Dance,” hot breath in her ear, lips accidentally brushing against her lobe. Lexa did, hips moving so she was sliding against Clarke, their chests bumping softly, Clarke's warm breath on her neck because they were close, so close and Clarke was looking up at her, eyes glinting in the semidarkness, arms firmly around her neck as she basically rubbed herself up and down Lexa. Lexa's thumbs betrayed her, rubbing soft circles on Clarke’s waist, not that the blonde protested—she didn’t tell her to get her lesbian hands off her, she stayed close staring at Lexa before she spun, pressing her back against Lexa’s front, her ass pressing into her. One hand reached for Lexa's and pressed it against her stomach, the other curled back around her neck, into her thick dark hair, practically forcing her lips to the bare skin of Clarke's shoulder. She didn't kiss her, but she didn't let her lips press there, did run her nose against the soft skin smelling Clarke's perfume, her deodorant and a tang of sweat. She was drunk, aroused and desperate. She hated being desperate.

The song ended and Clarke turned again in her arms, looping both arms back around her neck, body tight against hers.

“I'm so drunk,” she murmured, once again far too close to Lexa's ear.

“I'm drunk too.”

“That was way too sexy…dancing with you…you're so fucking sexy,” Clarke mumbled.

“You really are drunk,” she wanted to kiss her; she ached to kiss her.

“I am. I should go home,” the girl gave a lopsided, tipsy grin. “Am I sexy when you're drunk?”
“Yeah, you are,” Lexa admitted, voice gruff.

“Good,” Clarke nodded, her eyes fluttering shut.

“Okay, uber back to yours?”

“Yep, yep and yep. And stay so we can watch Buffy in the morning.”

“Okay,” Lexa smiled, and they moved through the dancing crowd, Clarke still draped around her. Lexa knew her heart would hurt more than her head in the morning—it already ached.

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“How did catching a movie turn into this?” Clarke asked, her speech slurring. It was about a week and a half later and they were in Copper Tank, their favorite bar, favored because of its proximity to Lexa’s apartment and the two pool tables in the back. They were drinking, even though it was midweek and they both had life commitments the following day.

“We missed the movie—you took ages getting those papers from your mom,” Lexa grinned throwing back the tequila shot. She had taken Clarke out to Concord on her bike, because of some medical related papers that Clarke just had to have from her mother.

“But it's a Wednesday night. I have three more days of my GI rotation and tomorrow is one of them. Tomorrow Lex!”

“You started buying the booze. You insisted,” she pointed out with a laugh.

“Meh, it'll be okay. I'll drink water, take ibuprofen and make sure I'm in bed before midnight. It'll all be fine.”

“It will, my lil pumpkin,” Lexa agreed, flushing as the girl a couple of tables over gave her an unsubtle wink. It had been a long, long time and even though she wanted the girl next to her, the idea of a girl in general for some fun—it was pleasant enough. She remembered the vow she’d made to herself in the club a couple of weekends before.

“What's that for?” Clarke asked, fingers butterflying across Lexa's cheek.

“What?”

“That blush. The pretty pink all over your cheeks?”

“No reason,” Lexa shrugged as Clarke started to unsubtly appraise the bar.

“Ooh, she's pretty.”

“She is.”

“And staring at you,” Clarke pointed out.

“Yep, I noticed.”

“So, go talk to her—I mean, if you want.”
“And leave you here alone? No,” Lexa didn't want to talk to the girl, not really. Since the day she’d met Clarke, she’d wanted to be with her whenever possible.

“Lexa, I can call Bell.”

“Don't call him. We're hanging out,” Lexa didn't need Bellamy Blake taking Clarke’s attention, and Clarke didn't look quite as enthusiastic for Lexa to head off on the prowl as she was making out.

“Yeah, but you need to get laid,” Clarke shrugged, looking a little defeated as she pulled out her phone.

“No, I don't,” Lexa insisted.

“You do. We've been friends for over six months now and you haven't slept with anyone in that time.”

“How do you know?” Lexa asked as the waitress put down two more drinks for them.

“We're best friends—you'd have told me,” Clarke was staring at her, blue eyes creeping into her head and looking through it.

“I'm not crazy about casual hook-ups,” she shrugged. “And I don't have time for a girlfriend.”

“But you'd be such a great girlfriend,” Clarke encouraged brightly.

“She's not really my type,” Lexa took a sip of her drink because that was a lie. The exceedingly pretty, dark skinned, dark haired girl with the shiny eyes was absolutely her type, or her type pre-Clarke.

“I'm sorry? She's fucking gorgeous. All that smooth skin, perfect boobs and dark, long lashed eyes. Is that too much pretty for you?”

Lexa sighed. Clarke always did this, whenever they were drinking all she did was look at women and talk about how pretty, how sexy, how gorgeous they were. It wasn't fair. It was why during their first couple of weeks or so as friends, Lexa hadn't been able to work out if they were dating or what. The trip to the comic book shop had been affectionate and flirty; the dinner with drinks had been even more affectionate and flirty. Clarke's texts had been friendly and, with all the banter, a little flirty. Clarke had complimented her so many times that she wasn't sure what to think about the relationship forming between them. It was obvious how Clarke saw their relationship given her reaction when Lexa had come out to her, the day that Clarke had inquired about ex-boyfriends just two weeks after they'd met. Lexa’s mind drifted back to that day, nearly six months earlier…

Flashback - 6 months earlier

On the evening Lexa came out to Clarke, two weeks into their friendship, they were squished into a booth at Clarke's favourite bar, Copper Tank. Clarke was laughing and Lexa felt high—not on drugs because she stayed away from those, but on the sound of Clarke’s giggle, the shine of her eyes, the feel of her body pressed up close, on the whole intoxicating feeling of meeting someone with whom everything clicked, high on meeting someone who seemed to feel the same way. Lexa hadn't ever had anyone think she was funny and interesting, look at her like she made the world better, not until she met Clarke. If anything, people seemed to assume that she had no sense of humor because she
was so often serious. Clarke had insisted that they get cocktails and Lexa had been more than happy to go along with the plan. For the first drink Clarke had demanded they order piña coladas and she admitted it was because she had the piña colada song, ‘Escape’ by Rupert Holmes, stuck in her head. Lexa hadn’t been wild about the cocktail, but after just two weeks of knowing the other girl she would already do pretty much anything for her. In fact, she planned to ask her friend out, to move things along, that very night. The moments between them kept happening and she’d have made a move sooner, but she kept getting side tracked by all the fun they were having. Clarke looked amazing in dark skinny jeans and an extremely distracting top; she always looked amazing. Her hair smelt of Moroccan Argan oil and she was wearing her usual perfume which had fast become Lexa’s favorite smell and Lexa's system was already buzzing from smelling her.

“You don’t have to drink it if you don’t like it,” Clarke tapped her fingers where they’d been gripping the glass, and made her stomach swoop.

“Oh, I’ve already drunk it,” she pushed the glass away and smiled. “But I’m ordering the next round.”

“As long as you can come up with a song title relating to your choice, then okay,” Clarke explained with a flirting lilt.

“What do you mean, ‘a song title?’” she smiled because she adored this girl. “Is it song title drinks this time?” she rolled her eyes as if Clarke were ridiculous.

“You like my games, Lexa. Don’t pretend otherwise.”

“Yes, only drinking drinks served on fire was fun,” she nodded, “though I preferred the only pink drinks night.”

“Well, tonight we must order only drinks from songs. Hence our piña coladas!”

“But you chose it because you can’t stop singing the damn song, right?” she found herself giggling because Clarke's nose wrinkled and she gave a concessionary nod.

“Exactly! I’m hoping by drinking the damn drink I can stop trying to ‘Escape…’”

“It took me a while to work out what song you were even singing, you know?” she teased.

Clarke eyed her warily before whacking her arm softly, “Haha, don’t make fun of my singing—we can’t all be rock stars,” and she poked out her tongue cheekily, which was just too much—way too adorable and sexy.

“Your singing voice is very sexy,” Lexa leaned a little closer and Clarke stared into her eyes as though captivated and Lexa really thought they might kiss.

“Because it’s all deep and raspy?” Clarke's eyes were fixed on hers.

“Nah, because you get all the words wrong and that’s adorable,” Lexa announced and sat back, because she’d wanted to watch Clarke fight her on it.

“I do not get the words wrong,” the girl protested indignantly.

“‘If you like making love at midnight with a dude in a cape…’” Lexa sang while Clarke nodded enthusiastically.

“It’s a superhero reference, right?”
“No, the line is actually ‘in the dunes of the cape’—sex in the sand dunes at Cape Cod I guess, or one of the other ‘Capes,’” she had to laugh at the pout that wrote itself across Clarke's pretty face.

“Oh,” Clarke frowned, “wouldn't that be a little gritty?”

“Sure—if you’re not careful.”

“Have you ever?” Clarke waggled her eyebrows with insinuation and leant forward, and Lexa literally sat on her hands to stop herself from touching the girl.

“Yes,” she answered honestly. “Have you?”

“No,” Clarke shook her head, before leaning even closer in conspiracy. “Was it gritty?”

“Hmm, no…it was fine. We had a blanket and well…no…all good,” Lexa mumbled, surprised at her embarrassment and how uncool she was being.

“Tell me about your ex-boyfriends,” Clarke stated with a wide smile and then shook her head, “actually, tell me about your last ex-boyfriend—was he the lucky sex-in-the-sand guy?” and just like that, all of Lexa's dreams, her feelings, her hopes and fantasies for what she might have with this girl, crashed around her. Clarke hadn't been reading into their friendship—she had assumed Lexa was straight because she was straight. Lexa realized nothing was going to happen with Clarke at that moment and that she was therefore doomed, because it was far too late to stop her feelings. Clarke smiled at her expectantly and she tried to pull herself together, despite the sudden urge to cry or scream or will herself back in time. She somehow managed to pull herself to something resembling togetherness, took a deep breath and schooled her expression. Her teeth sunk into her bottom lip as she stared at Clarke and tried to find words.

Clarke instantly assumed the worst, “Oh my god, was it a terrible breakup? I’m sorry,” she rushed to say, she had obviously drawn her own assumptions from the look on Lexa’s face in that moment.

“No, no it wasn't. My ex-girlfriend,” she over emphasized the word, ‘and I…well it just kind of ended, we never really fell out,” Lexa squinted a little, unsure of the reaction, palms sweaty and heart beating hard. Clarke looked utterly mortified. Her cheeks turned red and her eyes widened as she slapped her hands over her face, making a low rumbling noise of distress.

“Oh my god—you’re gay! God, I’m such a dumbass,” she trilled into her hands. “Oh my God. Right. Fuck Lexa, you could have told me,” she mumbled, clearly humiliated.

“I just did,” she released a small, slightly awkward laugh.

“You don’t look gay at all,” Clarke dropped her hands and stared at her.

“No, Clarke, no,” Lexa shook her head in bemusement and shock.

Clarke turned red like a cherry tomato and threw her hands back over her face, “God, I didn’t mean that. I’m saying everything wrong, shit. I know. You just didn’t say anything?”

“Well, I didn’t hide it either,” she had shrugged.

“Oh my god, that sticker on your guitar, the one that says, ‘I’m just saying…if it wasn’t meant to be eaten it wouldn’t be shaped like a taco.’ You little horn dog,” she thumped Lexa lightly on the shoulder. “I’m an idiot.”

“You're not an idiot,” Lexa had reassured feeling sick. Everything had changed between them
abruptly, and she was suddenly looking at the previous two weeks with new understanding, seeing a new dynamic which for her had been hidden under the promise of something wonderful. Their friendship could still be wonderful but things were now different. They weren't two idiots falling in love anymore. She was the dumb lesbian who had fallen hopelessly in love with her straight best friend...

End flashback

Clarke had adjusted quickly to the fact that Lexa was gay, making up for her slightly inappropriate first response, except for every time they were drunk, Clarke would talk about boobs and pretty girls and how weird men's bits were. Which was kind of what she was doing right now—she was staring at the girl who'd been eyeing up Lexa, so intently that the girl clearly thought she was interested and had shifted her gaze from Lexa to Clarke.

“Clarke, she thinks you're into her,” it wasn't the first time Lexa had pulled Clarke back. “Which is fine if you are, but don't lead girls on—we don't really like it.”

“Sorry,” Clarke slurped at her drink and then stared at Lexa, head tilted to one side, her brain clearly mulling something over.

“What?” she asked.

“How did you know you were gay?”

“Same way you knew you were straight I guess,” Lexa answered blithely and Clarke frowned, clearly deep in thought.

“I used to think I was bi,” she admitted and Lexa was suddenly extremely focused on the conversation, her heart pumped full of so much adrenaline that she didn't even feel drunk any more—just very, very alert.

“Yeah?” she managed a casualness she really didn't feel.

“I don't know. It's the sex bit, I guess. I mean, I love boobs,” Clarke shrugged, “Like, you have fucking gorgeous boobs.”

“Thanks,” Lexa muttered dryly, wanting this conversation to go on while simultaneously terrified of where it might end up.

“I just can't imagine going down on a girl,” she pouted a little, clearly deep in thought.

“Why?” Lexa frowned, “I mean, it's really, really fun.”

“So, you weren't a bit... I don't know... grossed out by the thought?” Clarke's nose wrinkled.

“Honestly?” she asked and Clarke nodded, “well, yeah. I was grossed out by genitals in general
when I was a teenager. I mean, if we're being objective, they are kind of odd looking, right?”

“Right,” Clarke nodded, apparently relieved that Lexa was taking her question seriously.

“You're always going on about how a man’s penis and balls look weird and gross, and yet you still have sex with men. And give them blow jobs.”

“Well, okay, but aren't girl bits a bit…I don't know…” Clarke's nose wrinkled.

“A bit what?”

“Grosser,” Clarke shrugged.

“You know what the problem is?” Lexa huffed, alcohol fueling her annoyance.

“What?”

“It starts as little girls—we’re made to feel our vagina’s are gross. We’re taught that we shouldn’t even call them vagina’s, instead we call them some stupid name like ‘front bum,’ ‘fouff’ or ‘tuppence.’ Then when we’re grown it just continues—by boys, by men, magazines, media in general, fuck, even other women…we’re actively encouraged to change it, to improve it. For it to be sexy we need to trim it, excessively clean it, shave it, wax it, even surgically alter it. We're made to feel that we stink, even that we look funny. Stores sell scented panty liners as if our natural smell is bad, something to hide, that it’s excessive in some way. I mean, how many women do you know who still have a problem with the word vagina even once they’re grown-assed adults? They want names designed to make it sound prettier, they say the word is crass, indicating our vaginas are somehow crass. And then when we’re sexually active, vagina isn’t sexy enough and we’re into ‘cunt’ or ‘pussy.’ I’m done with women being told how it ought to look to be ‘acceptable.’ We need to love what we have, not worry about how much hair is too much, just have it how we like it, not how they like it. We need to trust our vaginas, love them, because they’re strong and awesome, and who the fuck cares that they leak—that’s part of its innate genius. A vagina is a vagina, Clarke, and it isn’t gross in any way.”

“You may have a point,” Clarke conceded with a small giggle of delight, staring at Lexa, “vaginas get a lot of negative press.”

“A girl looks like a girl. She has a vagina and yeah, it's a little weird looking, just like a guy who's a little weird looking. But fuck, when you fancy a girl, it's sexy. It smells…fucking gorgeous and tastes better, and when a girl comes apart because of you between her legs—it's the hottest thing in the world.”

“So, it doesn't smell bad? I mean this one guy told me it smelled…‘funky.’”

“Fucking ass. No, it smells fresh, maybe a little musky sometimes but really good—like sex,” Lexa took a long drink, turned on. She sent the girl across the room a wink because it wasn't like Clarke would help her out.

“And it tastes good?”

“Yeah, I think so,” she drank again before turning her eyes on her friend. She wished she hadn't because every time she saw Clarke, it was like seeing her for the first time and her heart beat harder with need.

“What about the first time? I mean how did you know what to do?”
“Instinct,” she answered blithely.

“Lex, give me a better answer than that. I mean with a guy and a girl, the first time he just sticks it in, moves in and out and hopes for the best. You go from there. How’d you know what to do?”

“To be honest, I didn’t, how could I? It obviously helps to sleep with a girl who's not a virgin.”

“Did you? Who was it?”

“It wasn't Costia, my first proper girlfriend. And no, the girl wasn't experienced. Zenith, the first girl I had sex with, was a virgin, like me.”

“How old were you? Where were you? Tell me.”

Girl across the bar forgotten, Lexa told her everything, “We were both working at this record store one summer. We were maybe sixteen. I'd made out with girls before, but nothing under clothes below the waist—there weren't a lot of kids out at my school. Zen and I had a flirtation. We weren't in love, but we decided to get drunk and just go for it—help each other get experience.”

“And?” Clarke was leaning close, so close that her perfume rushed up Lexa's nostrils when she breathed.

“And we did. In the staff room, after closing. We got drunk, and then we got naked and touched each other. It was super experimental but I made her come,” Lexa couldn't help but sound a little cocky, after all she was still proud.

“With your mouth?”

“Oh, no. Not the first time,” she gave a laugh, because those memories were precious. “That was more of a learning anatomy up close and personal experience. I made her come with my fingers. The next time I managed to make her come with my mouth.”

“Did she make you come?” Clarke was staring at her, all wide eyed and close, so fucking close.

“No, not at first. It took her a couple of weeks. It made her so mad. But it was all about learning. She worked out how.”

“And what did you think? That first time you put your mouth between her legs?”

“God,” Lexa thought back to that moonlit night. “I could taste cocoa butter moisturizer on her skin—it was summer and we were in the sun after work every day. She was really wet and it tasted good. A little salty, but it made my stomach clench. She smelled fresh, like water, sex and cocoa butter. And she looked good. Not like I expected. You know, she looked nice—warm and soft and inviting, especially up close. It turned me on so much.”

“I've never really considered it like that,” Clarke mused.

“Like what?”

“Well, I just thought because I couldn't imagine sex with a girl, actually doing it, because I thought it might, be, you know…gross, I've never gone there.”

"There's more than one way to have sex with a girl--you don't have to use your mouth you know? And maybe if you got to know vagina's better you might even want to," she shrugged.

"You know you make it sound hot, not gross. I still get crushes on girls, and I guess I just figured
they were a friend thing, not a sexual thing.”

“What do you mean by ‘a crush’ then? I don't get it,” Lexa leaned back in her seat, hoping that a little distance from Clarke would clear her head.

“You know, a crush! I want to see them, kind of obsessed but in a good way—with what they say, what they're interested in. I think they're gorgeous. I want to text them lots.”

“So basically, like you are with friends?” Lexa laughed

“I'm not like that with my friends,” Clarke said and picked up her drink.

“You're like that with me…” Lexa said and then flushed at the rather obvious implication.

“You keep blushing!” Clarke smiled, “You're so cute! You know I have a crush on you!”

“Oh, on me?” Lexa was pretty sure she'd forgotten how to breathe, and no, she hadn't known.

“Oh, come on, Lex—I'm totally obsessed with you!” Clarke laughed easily, “Raven and Octavia are constantly making fun of me for it.”

“But you don't think you're bi?” Lexa tried to sound detached even though it felt like she'd swallowed a living fish that was flicking in her throat and threatening to make her hurl.

“It's ‘bisexual’ right? I can imagine sex with a guy, easily. And I have tried to imagine sex with one of my girl crushes, but you're so right…all the negative crap I've ever heard about girls' bits…that was in my head. I mean, I've thought about making out with them, but nothing more.”

“Right,” Lexa nodded, totally lost as to where to go with the conversation.

“But maybe I've been too quick. I mean, maybe there is more to these crushes? They could be sexual, right?” Clarke looked so optimistic and it was freaking cute and utterly terrifying. And if Clarke really did have a crush on her, and if she was bi, then fuck—Lexa might actually get to be with the girl she loved and that would be so amazing—she had to shut her thought process down. She shook her head—she was getting way too carried away.

“Sure,” she answered in-eloquently with a nod.

“So, we're friends, right?” Clarke was staring at her, eyelids fluttering nervously.

“Yes,” Lexa answered flatly, because she knew exactly where this was going.

“Well, maybe we could kiss?” Clarke smiled brightly.

“But we're friends. That might be weird,” she hedged with the sinking feeling that came from being the experiment and not the end result.

“I know. But I think you're crazy beautiful,” Clarke said easily, because of course it was easy for her to tell Lexa she was beautiful, and Lexa would never dare tell Clarke the same unless she said it in an explicitly platonic manner, lest she ruin their friendship.

“Hmmm.”

“And I've thought about kissing you.”

“You have?” she swallowed around the lump in her throat.
“God yeah. When I was staring into your eyes the other morning, it was like instinct or something. You're telling me you didn't feel it too? What, with the way you licked your lips...well, I guess I figured that's why you were a little weird and left.”

“I wasn't being weird,” Lexa defended.

“You were,” Clarke laughed, “and I know...you're so proper about the friends thing, but I think you were thinking about kissing me too...”

“Clarke,” she protested in frustration. Why was it always so easy for straight girls to play around like this? This was literally everything she wanted, except of course, it wasn't—it was just a drunken kiss in a bar. Lexa didn't want to be experimentation, not with Clarke.

“Oh, come on, Lex! Who else am I gonna experiment with if not my gay best friend? I mean, I'm way too old to find my own Zenith.”

“You never got experimental in high school? Never kissed a girl in a game of spin the bottle?”

“Well, yeah, but she wasn't my type and had bad breath.”

“I have bad breath.”

“You don't.”

“Why not kiss the girl over...oh,” Lexa sighed in defeat when she realized the pretty girl was gone. “Go to a gay bar, Clarke.”

“Come on, Lexa, I even have minty fresh breath,” she ran her tongue over her teeth and Lexa crumpled internally, a small whimper threatening to escape.

“It's not a good idea, Clarke,” Lexa shook her head. “Find a cute boy to eye up instead. Or call Bell.”

“Don't push me back in the closet,” Clarke pouted, “I feel like I'm realizing something big here.”

“And I'm here for you, Clarke, but seriously...not a good idea to experiment with me.”

“So, you don't have a crush on me? Not even an itty, bitty little one?” Clarke changed tactic completely, her voice suddenly flirtatious.

“Fuck,” Lexa sighed. It was probably blatantly obvious she had a crush on Clarke—she'd been just as obsessed with Clarke as Clarke was with her. All her friends knew she was secretly in love, and Lexa was pretty sure Clarke's friends were suspicious even if she had never put a foot over the platonic line. This would be a massive 'fuck you' to the platonic line.

“My friends say you're in love with me,” Clarke edged closer. *Fuck, fuck, fuck*—so much for the platonic line.

“Your friends are idiots.”

“Is that why you won't do it?” Clarke frowned, “I mean you're not in love with me, are you?” her voice was monotone, no way to read what she thought about that idea.

“No,” Lexa croaked.

“Then kiss me! I'm fun, I'm pretty and I've seen you staring at my boobs.”
“Clarke,” she growled.

“You make it sound sexy. God, maybe all these crushes on girls, maybe they’re more than crushes? Maybe they are sexual. How will I ever know?” Clarke stared at her and she didn't seem drunk, although not much earlier, she had been slurring her words.

“Clarke.”


“I don't have a type…”

“Well, then! I’m cute, Lex,” she repeated. “And it’s just a kiss.”

“But we're best friends and fuck, I adore you. I don't want to fuck up what we have.”

“It's just a kiss, Lexa,” Clarke said again.

“Fine,” she huffed because she knew that agreeing was a one-way trip to Hades domain, but Clarke needed her, and god, she'd get to kiss this girl, this woman she'd adored since the second she met her.

“Really?” Clarke smiled but appeared suddenly uncertain.

“If you're sure that's what you want?”

“I'm sure,” Clarke nodded and Lexa swallowed a deep breath, her heart beating so hard she was fairly certain her chest might split open soon and the organ would be exposed, pulsating wildly. She stared at her friend, at her uncertain blue eyes before sliding her hand over her jaw, fingers brushing the skin before they snuck into her hair. She was scared, terrified really, but she moved her face toward Clarke's until her lips were on the girl's soft, slightly parted ones. Fucking goddamn fireworks exploded under her skin as she kissed her softly, tongue sneaking out to bump against Clarke's, her mouth parted, allowing the kiss to deepen. She reveled in it for a moment before pulling back, just a little so Clarke could end the kiss if she wanted. But Clarke's mouth caught her bottom lip to continue the kiss, her tongue seeking Lexa's this time. She swallowed her moan and they kissed in this suspended moment stretching between them before she shifted, coming away from Clarke to give her the opportunity to say enough was enough, but Clarke didn't pull back, so she turned her head and kissed her again, her tongue finding Clarke's with more certainty this time, especially as Clarke's arm reached out and tugged her closer, wrapping around her. It was better than she'd ever imagined and though she was a good friend, she wasn't a great one, because she'd imagined it a lot. The kiss deepened, her other hand finding Clarke's waist, tugging her closer as the tiniest but most beautiful noise Lexa had ever heard came from the girl—a cross between a moan and a whimper. It was her cue to pull back—she knew that. With epic self-control, she kissed with more fervor for just a few more seconds and then slowed the kiss before pulling back and staring at Clarke's stunned face—eyes closed, lips parted, cheeks flushed. Fucking beautiful.

“Wow,” blue eyes opened and they were practically black, just a thin rim of blue around dilated pupils. Lexa swallowed and took a sip of her drink. “I mean, seriously wow.”

“Hmm,” she made a sort of humming noise, her go-to nervous noise.

“You're an amazing kisser,” Clarke told her. Lexa tried to ignore the fact that Clarke was staring at her, with those dark eyes, lips still parted invitingly.
“And? Are they just crushes?” She asked a little abruptly as she stirred her drink, staring intently at said drink.

“God, I don't know,” Clarke took a long sip of her cocktail. “I'm so fucking turned on,” she shrugged and Lexa tried not to think of Clarke being wet—warm, wet and fucking enticing and all because she kissed her. “Are you?” The question caught Lexa off guard and she swallowed her drink the wrong way coughing.

“Uh, yeah,” she answered honestly. “You're really sexy.”

“Are you thinking about sex with me?” Clarke was so fucking close again.

“Hmm,” she nodded, cheeks burning.

“What are you thinking?”

“What do you mean, what am I thinking?”

“I mean are you thinking of me naked? Are you thinking of my chest? What are you thinking?” Clarke's warm breath was on her cheek, and the words were soft and encouraging.

“I'm thinking of my face between your legs, I'm thinking about the noises you might make, fuck…” she admitted, voice barely above a whisper.

“Maybe we should go back to my place Lex,” Clarke was even closer, dark eyes locked on Lexa's.

“Clarke…don't do this.”

“I'm not doing anything,” Clarke answered innocently, lips brushing against the lobe of Lexa's ear, causing her breath to hitch.

“You are. Don't fuck with me.”

“I'm not,” Clarke stepped back, looking rather wounded. “I just thought…”

“That because I'm gay, I'd obviously want to help you sort out your sexuality? Be your guinea pig?”

“No,” Clarke defended.

“Then what?”

“I just…god—we've been flirting for months. Is it really just me that feels like this is more than friends?”

“But we've only ever been friends,” Lexa attempted. “You don’t even think you’re bi, not for sure. How can we be more than friends?” Lexa felt vulnerable, wounded by Clarke’s offer of everything she wanted so badly. But how could she give in? She could see it all, the fucking best night of her life causing Clarke to realize she was one hundred percent straight. And then she’d be broken, ruined, and she’d lose everything, because Clarke was everything.

“I don't know, but we are. I must be bi or at least something less than straight? Right?” Clarke stared at her and Lexa was desperate to believe her, to take those words and carry them inside like a warm blanket, but it shouldn't be a question. Maybe Clarke was just confusing an extremely close friendship for more? Because if Clarke didn't want sex with her, that was all it could ever be.

“I'm sorry Clarke, really, I am, but I can't do this,” Lexa shook her head, pulling her coat on. “You
can't do this. Call a cab so you get home safe, okay?"

“Lexa,” Clarke's mouth had fallen open.

“I'm sorry, okay?” she repeated.

“Okay,” Clarke's brow furrowed as Lexa opened her wallet and shoved a couple of twenties to pay for their drinks, ignoring Clarke's face that was filled with confusion and hurt.

“Bye,” she said and left.
Chapter Notes

The chapter where Clarke behaves questionably. This chapter caused some controversy - you've been warned, though I guess most have you have read it before.

Thank you for all the support. All the comments and tumblr asks are keeping me motivated to keep reading through, checking and getting it ready to post (I know I posted it before but you know, still gotta check it again.) I'm sorry I can't respond to everything but I'm reading them all!

Chapter Three

Lexa ignored all of Clarke's multiple texts that night because she wasn’t ready to face the potential damage the kiss, and her subsequent behavior, may have done to their friendship. Clarke was a girl who didn't know when it was wise to leave things alone, and so one text after another came through giving Lexa no time to think. They were all a variation of the same—why did you leave? I'm sorry. You're the only one I can talk to. Lexa. You're my best friend. Text me back. Lexa ignored them, drinking more than she should and writing lyrics for the first time in months, lyrics that might actually be somewhere between desperate and decent.

Clarke’s incessant texting had eventually ceased at around midnight and Lexa had fallen into a fitful sleep. Clarke was at the hospital all day, which gave Lexa the time and mental space to process the previous evening, which she did predominantly through writing lyrics. She had been unable to write a decent lyric in months and now they were flowing out of her faster than she could write, every thought and feeling she’d been scared to see on paper.

Clarke’s texting torrent recommenced around lunchtime and while it didn't decrease Lexa's writing, it did cause her stomach to twist with torrid anxiety. The texts started with silly stories about Clarke’s residents and doctors and progressed to emoji jokes—Clarke would send various emoji’s as jokes instead of words. It had thrilled Clarke that Lexa always got what she meant and responded in kind. Instead of replying, instead of laughing at the silly emoji jokes, Lexa ignored her phone—and she had never, ever ignored Clarke. She’d even gone for her usual run that afternoon and left her damn phone at home. She'd returned to shower and had then headed next door to Lincoln's to play him the song with her new lyrics as a form of distraction from the technology she had left on her kitchen counter. It was apparent that she wasn't holding herself together as well as she thought because Lincoln had asked her twice if she was all right. Instead of answering she'd just played, singing the new lyrics along with the music he'd heard before. The lyrics had blown him away causing a swell of pride inside of her. Lincoln’s excitement was contagious and together they’d headed to Indra's, grabbing Anya on the way. Working with the band was a good distraction from the topic of her emotions. The rest of the afternoon had passed in a blur of music at Indra's. The cracking of her writer’s block was a huge relief to her friends and they didn't hide it. They had hugged her enthusiastically and Anya had even shed a tear, which irritated her even though she got it—their success was tied to hers. She ignored her low-level embarrassment at their unbridled joy and enthusiasm, and it was several hours later that they called it a day, and she headed home to mope and write some more undoubtedly depressing but noteworthy lyrics. Which was why she was home when Clarke began banging on her door around seven that night.
“Open the door, Lexa, or I'm going to Lincoln's to get the key,” Clarke rattled the door knob. “I know you're in there. I heard your guitar when I came upstairs. Stop ignoring me,” she bashed on the door several times. Feeling cross, Lexa stalked across her apartment and opened the door.

“What?” she didn't open the door wide in invitation.

“Lexa,” Clarke seemed stupidly surprised to see her, especially given that she was the one banging on the door where Lexa lived and claiming she knew she was there. “Listen, please don’t be mad at me,” she began begging at once, hands clasped in front of her, “you're my best friend and I don't want to lose you because I was an asshole and came onto you.”

“Fuck, Clarke—I'm not mad because you came onto me,” she responded even if it wasn't entirely true. She stalked back to the chair where she played guitar and picked up her acoustic one rather than the electric one she'd been working with, before sitting with it balanced on her knee.

“Then why are you mad?”

“Because.”

“That's not an answer, Lexa,” Clarke huffed, sitting on the coffee table opposite her, so close their knees were practically bumping.

“Well, sorry,” she rolled her eyes and strummed chords on her guitar, hoping she looked as dark and foreboding as she felt.

“Lexa…I was drunk last night,” Clarke leaned forward and their knees touched.

“I know.”

“No,” Clarke put her hands on Lexa's guitar and Lexa shot her a vicious glare. Clearly taken aback, Clarke pulled her hands away. “Sorry. But please listen to me, stop playing and at least look at me?”

“Fine,” Lexa put the guitar down and tried to stare at Clarke with a steady gaze, tried to ignore the panic in her friend’s blue eyes, and tried to ignore the desperate desire she felt to comfort the other girl.

“Thank you,” Clarke sucked in a shaky breath. “Look, I was drunk last night and I made you kiss me.”

“I was there,” she widened her eyes, mouth in a tight line—way too mean an expression for when she was talking to Clarke.

“God, Lexa, why are you being like this? You didn't have to do it. If I'm so repulsive you should have just said no.”

“I did, repeatedly,” she pointed out and Clarke deflated, everything in her collapsing slightly, her mouth gaping open.

“Fuck, you did. I'm sorry,” she said, her voice cracking. “I just…I guess I misunderstood…”

“You misunderstood, ‘I don't think this is a good idea?’” she couldn't help the sarcasm.

“No,” Clarke looked devastated. “I mean this,” she waved a hand between the two of them.

“Yeah, we're friends. That doesn't mean I'm here for you to work out your sexual confusion with,” she snarked and Clarke sat back.
“Okay, fine, okay,” her teeth clamped down on her bottom lip and her eyes were glassy. It broke Lexa, because she absolutely hated seeing Clarke in distress.

“Hey, Clarke, hey, it's okay,” she rushed to say, reaching out a hand, but Clarke flinched when it touched her arm.

“No, it's not,” she managed, breathing hard, a tear sneaking down her cheek.

“Clarke, please don't cry. I'm being a bitch, I'm sorry, I'm just…you know, all messed up by it, I guess.”

“Please, don't try and comfort me, I'm okay. I just…” Clarke swallowed back her tears and looked at Lexa.

“You're not okay. See, this is why…why you shouldn't confuse a friendship, shouldn't mess with it. Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I'm the right person to help you figure out who you are.”

"But all of this is tied up in you," Clarke still looked close to tears.

"We're friends, Clarke. You say I'm your best friend."

“So, you're saying that we're just friends?” Clarke asked.

“Well, you're straight, or bicurious but not queer, so how can we be anything other than just friends?” Lexa spluttered.

“For fuck's sake, Lexa,” Clarke growled, “I told you last night I'm obsessed with you, that I have a crush on you, then I ask if I can kiss you…it's fine if we're just friends…I can deal with being a fool, but I'm not going to just ignore how I feel and you can't make me because you're scared.”

“And how do you feel?”

“Like I'm attracted to you,” Clarke admitted, “like I want to kiss you and maybe touch you and I don’t know, maybe know what you feel like, taste like…you know maybe…eventually…”

“Clarke,” Lexa closed her eyes.

“I'm also terrified. Confused. Because maybe I just adore you and you're beautiful and I'm confused because I don't know if I'm supposed to feel this way, or whether it's just how people feel about their friends? Because I don't feel this way about all my friends. Lex, there's something more between us. Fuck, I used to just ignore my crushes until they went away, but this one isn't going away and I get it…we're just friends.”

“Clarke,” Lexa felt a physical ache at Clarke's distress and something more, like a burning ember being coaxed into flame, her well buried hopes and desires for their relationship wanting to flare into fullness.

“And it's fine,” Clarke turned away, “I mean, I know I don't know who I am, that I can't be sure I'm even bi, and that you know who you are and you're probably not interested in going through all the exploration stuff with me because it might not end up as something, and you know…but I feel like our friendship could have so much more to it, could be so much more.”

“Fuck,” Lexa stood and walked to the window, staring out of the city. She had to try and be honest because Clarke was being brave, fearless really, and she couldn't be weak when faced with that. “Of course I feel it too. God, I never stop thinking about you. And yeah, I can be friends with you, but I
agree, it hasn't ever felt like just friends. But I'm gay. A lesbian. You knew I was gay! And falling for your best friend who isn't is extremely painful so I decided I wouldn't do that. And I've tried really, really hard to keep the barriers in place, because this hasn't ever felt like just friends, but I've always thought that's all it could be,” she sighed, “but I do know what you mean and I do feel it too.”

“Yeah?” Clarke was suddenly beside her, their hands brushing together. Cautiously Lexa slipped her hand into Clarke's. “So, if we both have these feelings…”

“But what if this is just…god…what if I do nothing for you? Sexually, I mean.” Lexa looked down, “Don't you get it? That might happen because you’re not sure how deep this crush is and then what? What happens to us? I mean, you said that going down on a girl seemed kind of gross, that it doesn’t appeal. What if all the sex stuff doesn't turn you on? A kiss is very different to everything else. What if this crush isn't sexual?”

“I also said that maybe I had been swayed by negative propaganda. Maybe I just need some time to see what I really think.”

“You don't know though, do you? Not for sure?” Lexa really wanted Clarke to get it—the risk involved.

“No, but I want to explore this with you. I mean, how will I ever know anything about who I really am if I don't explore how I'm feeling?”

“But what about you and me, if you realize that we are just friends, what happens to us?”

“Well, couldn't we just drop the sex stuff and go back to how it's always been?” Clarke asked and Lexa felt a rush of anxiety.

“I think I'd find that really, really hard,” her eyes fell shut at the admittance.

“Lexa, with or without you, I have to work out who I am. I feel like I've been torn up inside and I'm just beginning to put myself together. Do you really want me to go find some random girl to have sex with? Work out if I really am bi?”

“No,” Lexa shook her head, “god no. And I do want to help you Clarke, I really do.”

“But you won't have sex with me? I mean, okay, you've said this feels like more than friends, but are you even attracted to me? Sexually, I mean.”

“Yes, I find you very attractive,” she admitted, voice gruff, “I mean, do you have any idea how much I want to have sex with you, Clarke?”

“No,” her voice was small.

“A lot. But I've ignored that. I told myself it would never happen and to be a good friend I just had to accept that. I just…we're friends. I'm okay with being friends,” she hedged.

“And what about the potential for more?” Clarke asked. “I can't stop thinking about you either. Every time I have a text from you, I smile. I always want to be with you. You make me so happy.”

“I don't know. I just…sexual attraction is obvious. I'm not saying we can't hide it, but surely you know if your attraction is sexual?” she was floundering under Clarke’s persuasive blue eyes.

“I don't know how I'd feel in the moment. The thing is knowing we find someone attractive and acting on that attraction are two entirely different things,” Clarke answered and Lexa couldn't deny
the truth of that. Here was Clarke, asking her to act on her desire and she couldn't seem to do it.

“I just feel like there's so much potential for hurt here,” she admitted reluctantly, because it made her vulnerable and she really hated to be vulnerable.

“You said you're not in love with me,” Clarke pointed out and Lexa swallowed nervously, “and we are best friends. And we're flirty and clearly extremely interested in one another. Can't we just blur the line? I mean if we both want to?”

“I don't know,” her heart was pounding so hard that it hurt. “Maybe.” Who was she kidding? She wanted Clarke more than she’d ever wanted anything or anyone.

“What about…what about if we start small? Like, do something friends would do, but we haven't yet? Maybe a little more than friends?”

“If you say a pillow fight in our lingerie, I'll walk out,” she gave Clarke a look out of the corner of her eye and the girl laughed—she was so pretty when she laughed.

“No, but how about, when I stay over tonight, you let me sleep in your bed?” Clarke waited expectantly and Lexa hoped she didn't hear her sharp intake of breath.

“Uh…”

“Clothed, acceptable distance and all of that. I mean if you want—whatever you want. Look, I don't want to ruin our friendship. I don't know what I’d do without you, but there's something between us and I don't want to ruin that either, I don't want to ignore it. I am attracted to you, Lexa.”

“So what, when we do something and you realize you are actually straight and sex with me, women in general, grosses you out, we just pull back?”

“I guess, though the alternative is I realize I love girls, that I love sex with you and whatever is between us grows into something much, much more,” Clarke shrugged looking hopeful. “The main thing is that through it all we keep talking and keep being best friends.”

“Maybe, I don't know,” she fell quiet for a while, then after a deep breath continued, "maybe you could, uh, try some girl on girl porn, see if there’s a, uh, physical reaction to it.” she suggested awkwardly, speaking cautiously in case she caused offense. Theoretically, if Clarke stared at girls sexually, it would help her work out if her feelings were sexual, or just extremely affectionate. Best of all, it could be done without any physical input from her, without the risk of extremely painful rejection.

“You're really suggesting I watch porn?” Clarke's eyes widened.

“Yeah, I guess I am. Well, to be clear, lesbian porn and not the stuff that's fetishized for men. Lesbian porn for lesbians,” she clarified, “or look at pictures, it doesn't matter. Look at girl bits and imagine your hand there, your fingers, your face, imagine kissing there. See how you go.”

“Okay,” Clarke nodded with a small smile, her eyes so affectionate that Lexa suddenly thought that maybe everything would be okay, “I'll watch lesbian porn if you agree to let me sleep in your bed tonight after we eat dinner and watch Grey's Anatomy?”

“Fine,” she was reluctant but only because of how much she wanted it, which made everything seem so extremely unwise.

“Good,” Clarke squeezed her hand before letting go and heading to grab some work from her bag.
“Can we put Grey’s on now or are you still working?”

“I’m writing lyrics,” Lexa admitted, unable to prevent a small smile writing itself across her face. “Apparently kissing you broke my writer's block.”

“Imagine what getting laid would do for you!” Clarke sassed and Lexa felt her cheeks warm. “You play away then. I’ll definitely get more work done that way. But before we get started do you wanna see my Grounders comic? I brought over my Commander Lexa section for you to read,” Clarke looked insanely proud as she pulled it from her bag and handed it over. Lexa took it and read the tag about the badass gay Commander who led Earth in the post-apocalyptic future. It was brilliant—the art work, the ideas, the dialogue. As always, she stared in awe of Clarke's artistic ability, because the work was excellent and she wasn’t trained at all. Clarke wrote comics because she loved doing so. She looked at her friend who was smiling widely.

“She’s the Commander? Of Earth?”

“Well, of what was once the United States anyway. I wouldn't write you into my comic as anything less than the leader of half of earth. Her title, Commander, is a throwback to the old established order at the time when the bombs went off,” Clarke explained and Lexa loved her even more. This girl was writing a comic about a gay Commander, based on her best friend and crush, and after showing it off, would then be sitting on her couch reviewing patient notes and doing research.

“You made a young gay girl the leader?” she grinned.

“Well, yeah—I told you I have a crush,” Clarke flushed and so did Lexa, before moving to the kitchen.

“It's brilliant you know. Can I make a copy? I think it would look amazing framed.”

“This copy is for you, silly. I already made a copy for myself, but the original was always meant for you.”

“Thank you,” she felt her heart skip around and her stomach twist with butterflies. “What do you want for dinner?”

“Mmm, stir fry?”

“Sure thing.”

“And have we got ice cream? I need ice cream. I have so much work, Lex. So much work that I'm beginning to feel a bit like a mule.”

“A mule?” Lexa laughed as she began to chop vegetables.

“Overworked and underappreciated.”

“I appreciate you,” Lexa reminded her and Clarke smiled as she lay all her books on the coffee table.

“Medicine doesn’t.”

“You're in the top ten percent of your class. You make the med school look good. Of course they appreciate you!”

“You sound like Raven,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, I do,” Lexa smirked, “though she’s actually talking about herself and not you when she says...
that, don't forget.”

“She's an actual genius with coding though. I'm just good at medicine.”

“I'm pretty sure being a medical genius is a thing too,” Lexa rolled her eyes. “And you come close if you ask me.”

“So is being a lyrical genius,” Clarke sassed back. “And that’s what the ‘critics’ have labelled you,” she stuck out her tongue and Lexa’s heart beat harder.

Lexa was fucking terrified of how late it was getting and the fact that it would mean that soon Clarke would be in her bed for the night. Clarke’s beautiful body, smelling all delicious from the shower she would surely take, lying beside her. Her pretty face and kissable lips on the pillow next to her.

“Lex, I'm tired,” Clarke yawned on cue. “Invite me to sleep in your bed,” she gave her an expectant look.

“Uh sure…Clarke, you want to sleep in my bed tonight? It's big enough.”

“I'd love to. But I should warn you, I'm a bit of a snuggler,” the look she gave her was positively wanton.

“Clarke,” she warned.

“Don't worry, I'm like a teddy bear, all soft and warm.”

“Stop trying to kill me,” she groaned softly.

“Problem, Lex?” Clarke was suddenly close, bright blue eyes staring at her.

“No problem,” she huffed. “You want to go through the bathroom first?”

“Thanks. Can I take a quick shower?”

“You know you can,” she rolled her eyes.

“I have to be the ICU by four thirty to pre-round on my patients.”

“I know. That’s why you like staying here, it's a shorter commute! Go on.”

“I like staying here because I like you!” she returned and sashayed to the bathroom.

Lexa showered because if Clarke was clean and fresh, she was going to be clean and fresh. Not that anything was going to happen, of course. They were just two friends sharing a bed. Lexa knew Clarke had shared a bed with Raven, Octavia and Bellamy at one time or another, so she just had to
breathe and stay calm. And be really clean. And smell really good. And look pretty but relaxed, not like she’d tried too hard.

She brushed out her damp hair, rolled on deodorant and pulled on a fresh tank top and pajama shorts, before padding through to her room. Clarke was lying on her side, facing the center of the bed with her phone in her hand, blond hair a mass of damp waves.

Lexa swallowed, “You reading?”

“Nope.”

“What are you doing?” she asked as she slipped under the covers beside Clarke.

“Looking at lesbian porn,” Clarke stated, eyes fixed on the screen. “You know, as per your suggestion.”

“Fuck, Clarke, I didn't mean look at porn while you're in bed with me,” she felt hot, and everything between her legs throbbed at her friend’s words.

“Some of the photos aren't great. And there seems to be a lot of anal fixation, well on the first site I went to.”

“Some girls are into that,” she shrugged, attempting to sound calm and relaxed about the topic.

“Are you?” Clarke looked away from her phone and at her.

“God, I don't know. If I was with someone who wanted to try that then…maybe?”

“There are some really good photos, too,” Clarke was still staring at her phone, apparently scrolling through images, “not the butt ones, not for me right now. Is there a site you recommend? I just searched ‘lesbian porn for lesbians.’”

“Clarke, no,” Lexa protested because Clarke was in her bed, looking at porn and god, it was like a fucking fantasy playing out. In fact, it was like the plot of a really bad porno movie.

“You don't? Because this site is good…I mean fuck…why didn't I look at porn like this ten years ago?”

“Because you were fourteen,” she responded staring at Clarke, at her dark eyes and the way her tongue kept sneaking out to wet her lips. She swallowed a moan. “Don't look at porn in my bed, Clarke,” she whispered and blue eyes flicked to hers, and it was Clarke’s turn to swallow. It was like the bed was soaked in pheromonal electricity.

“It's…uh, yeah…you're right,” Clarke stammered, “I shouldn't be looking at this when I'm in a bed with you,” she switched off her phone, shoving it on the bedside table before shuffling down under the covers and moving closer to Lexa, who switched out the light before shuffling down as well.

Lexa breathed in and out, deep steady breaths, which were forgotten when Clarke moved even closer, her warm hand landing on her stomach, her fresh, minty breath fanning across her neck. Clarke had been this close before but now it was loaded, so incredibly loaded.

“You're very close,” she whispered.

“I'm a snuggler, I told you,” Clarke moved her hand up to Lexa’s ribs, just below her breasts.

“Don't get me wrong, I love snuggly Clarke, but…fuck…” Lexa whispered the words so Clarke took
them the right way.

“I can't stop thinking about our kiss, Lex.”

“Clarke,” Lexa used her name to protest the topic.

“Have you thought about it?”

“I wrote a song about it, so yeah, I've thought about it.”

“I've never been kissed like that.”

“I've seen Bellamy kiss you like that,” she pointed out, even though she didn't want Bellamy's name in a bed with her and Clarke.

“Jealous?” Clarke asked, mouth near her ear, warm breath hitting every nerve ending and nearly making her whimper.

“Always,” she managed.

“You know what, Lexa?” Clarke whispered, lips brushing her ear and causing her body to burn.

“I'm really, really turned on.”

“We're meant to be sleeping. You said as friends,” she swallowed, hands itching to touch.

“I'm not sleepy,” Clarke sassed, in true Clarke style, as she flopped back on her pillows. It took a moment but then Lexa heard it—a hitch in the girl's breath and the softest moan.

She turned fully, staring at Clarke’s perfect profile in the moonlight, acutely aware of everything. Another moan and teeth clamping on her gorgeous bottom lip. Lexa thought she must have fallen asleep and be dreaming, the blood rushing through her so fast she was worried she might faint because this was her fantasy. This was what she fantasized might happen every time she thought about sharing a bed with Clarke. This was why she'd always slept on the couch.

“Clarke,” she'd meant to protest, but the name came out breathy, needy. "You can't do that.”

"Okay, I'll stop," Clarke was pouting. Lexa didn't want her too, but didn't know if she could deal with the consequences of her not stopping.

"Fuck," she whispered.

"Tell me if you really want me to stop," Clarke's voice was raspy and lilted with flirtation. Lexa couldn't make the words come from her mouth, they were all bunched up behind her desperate desire and instead of a protest she whispered a moan into the charged air. “You could help,” she whispered and reached for Lexa's hand, placing it on her stomach before pushing it ever so slightly south. Lexa couldn't help the moan, a moan at all the potential quite literally at her fingertips. “Help me,” Clarke pleaded and Lexa moaned again, a moan that became a groan as she slid her hand into Clarke's shorts and her fingers hit soft folds, warmth and the slickest, sexiest feeling on earth. She wanted it, was desperate for it. It was a fucking disaster, a sweet, beautiful, epic disaster. She explored Clarke's wet, soft exterior for a few minutes, fingers trailing across her, brushing her clit but without any real intention, just relishing the fact that her fingers were on this girl, soaking up the sexy noises, the raspy breaths, the hand digging into her shoulders, nails biting her skin every time she brushed over her clit.

“Please,” Clarke begged eventually and it was said the way Clarke always said it in Lexa's
imagination—desperate, needy, voice full of fucking want and desire, and so Lexa brushed over her clit with more pressure, with more intent and the blond girl was spectacular in her response—a raspy moan, head thrown back, thighs squeezing her hand for a moment. “More,” she pleaded and so Lexa slid one finger torturously close to her entrance before sliding it inside of her, softly, gently, thumb moving in practiced circles over her clit. “Holy fucking wow,” Clarke mewed and Lexa's body tightened, everything burning, beating, desperate, and so she added a second finger, curling her digits and smiling when Clarke groaned and her hips canted up toward her hand. “Oh fuck, Lex, more!” she was panting as Lexa began to pump her fingers, using her thumb to rub at her clit with each movement, making sure to curl them, to brush where it would make it feel really, really good. Lexa was so focused, drowning in the moment, that she didn't even realize Clarke was close until she cried out. “Oh god, I'm going to come, Lexa, Lex,” Clarke began a soft chant of her name before she moaned loudly, the fucking sexiest noise Lexa had ever, ever heard, as her body pulsed around her fingers. Lexa slowly and carefully pulled her fingers from inside Clarke once she'd ridden out her orgasm around them, noticing how the girl made a soft noise of protest, before opening her eyes.

“Clarke,” she said her name softly, her own voice gravelly with arousal as she stared at her glistening fingers.

“Hmmm?”

“Can I…lick my fingers?” she asked, not wanting to freak Clarke out but wanting desperately to take the opportunity to taste Clarke, to know her in that way, knowing this might be her only opportunity.

“Yeah,” the girl's eyes were fixed on her as she brought her wet fingers to her lips and pushed them into her mouth, sucking them clean. “That's really, really fucking hot,” Clarke moaned softly.

“Mmm,” Lexa didn't want to speak lest she tell Clarke everything. That touching her had made her so wet she was uncomfortable, that everything throbbed with the need to be touched, that she tasted amazing, better than any other girl ever, that she loved her. That she loved her so damn much because being best friends had shown her all sides of Clarke, and she loved them all, even the sarcastic bitch she turned into when she got her period, even the neurotic whirlwind she became when she lost something—she even loved her sick and grumpy.

“How did I taste?” Clarke was close, her voice a little sleepy.

“Good,” she answered not trusting herself with a true description of how she thought Clarke tasted—she would happily drown in Clarke, live off her.

“Well, that was really good,” Clarke said and gave a small laugh when Lexa looked at her all wide eyed. “Aw, come on! I've gotta address the orgasm in the room otherwise you're going to be lying there all worried and quiet.”

“My problem is not worrying,” Lexa responded bluntly, insinuating that arousal was her problem, eyes unable to stop taking in everything about post-coital Clarke.

“Oh,” the girl flushed, even in the moonlight it was obvious. “Right. I…I…uh…"

“Calm down, I'm not expecting you to do anything about it,” Lexa rolled her eyes and dropped onto her back, tearing her eyes from Clarke.

“You aren’t?”

“You're not ready for that, right?”

“Right.”
“And I don’t want you touching me unless you’re damn sure you’re going to enjoy it.”

“I enjoyed you touching me,” Clarke wriggled closer, a hand wrapping around Lexa's waist, as she pulled her body close. “I mean, I really, really enjoyed it.”

“Couldn't tell,” she mumbled with a small smile.

“Nah, I always chant my best friends name when I come,” Clarke joked and then blushed.

“So…how gay do you feel?” Lexa changed the subject and it wasn't exactly subtle.

“I don’t know. I don't feel straight. I found you touching me really, really good and I swear I was more turned on that I've ever been, and I wanted to touch you, but god…I just, I'm not sure,” Clarke babbled.

Lexa attempted to vocalize what she thought might help, “Masturbate lots,” she ended up blurting out.

“Huh? Porn and masturbation? You set tough homework, gay guru.”

“Shit, all I mean is, I don't know how you masturbate but maybe try using your hand so you feel confident down there.”

“I know my way around a vagina,” Clarke muttered with a frown.

“Yeah, I know, I've heard you and your medical descriptions. Do you masturbate with your hand in your underwear? In you?”

“No. I kinda rub on top…usually against a pillow or something,” Clarke admitted and Lexa's mind filled with dozens of images, and she moaned softly, hopefully inaudible.

“Start,” she ordered.

“Okay,” Clarke nodded.

“Make yourself come that way with your lesbian porn—I mean if you can, if it works for you.”

“Sounds like you’re trying to turn me gay?” Clarke joked but Lexa instantly bristled at the comment and her friend apparently felt her stiffen, “Shit, I always say the wrong thing. I don't think that. I mean I know that's not how it works. It was a joke. A really bad joke. I know that you're trying to help me discover how I really feel, trust me…I just…crap, I make bad jokes when I'm nervous.”

“You're nervous?” Lexa stared at her.

“Yeah,” Clarke laughed softly, “I started getting myself off in my friend’s bed, after promising it would be platonic, and all so I could get her to touch me. I want to kiss you so, so, so badly and I'm trying not to mess everything up,” Clarke’s cheeks were flushed. She looked beautiful.

“Look let's just sleep for tonight, not make things more complicated, okay?” Lexa murmured, not sure she could cope with more, because she wanted Clarke so much, wanted everything of her, but Clarke wasn't offering everything—she was offering stolen kisses and touches in the dark of night.

“And if masturbation with lesbian porn doesn't work, you'll have your answer, right?”

“Right.”
Lexa woke up early, the siren of Clarke's cell alarm filling the room, as the light from the screen lit the dark room. As she shifted into consciousness she felt Clarke plastered against her, her warm breath heating up the sensitive skin of her breast because, of course, her head was nestled in the crook of her arm, her face resting against her chest. She looked at the clock. Three forty-five. She knew Clarke should probably get up and get some breakfast. She had a long shift and early doors. Only Lexa really didn't want this to end, the intimacy of waking up entwined with the girl she was in love with, because when Clarke left, things might change. Clarke might decide that what they'd done wasn't what she wanted. She might be embarrassed, put distance between them and it might never happen again. It made Lexa's heart hurt.

“Hey, Clarke,” she brushed the fair hair from her friend's face, fingers running briefly across her soft cheek.

“Mmm, I like sleeping with you,” Clarke murmured, not moving at all. “I slept like a log.”

“Glad to be of assistance,” she laughed a little.

“Can't I skip today? Please?” her eyelashes fluttered a little but her eyes didn’t open, “What are you doing today? We could hang out in our bikinis on your balcony, catch some sun, go out for lunch and then take a walk?” Her eyes opened fully so that Lexa was met with big blue orbs of persuasion.

“That sounds like a lot of fun.”

“But?” Clarke gave a little sigh because she clearly knew there was a but.

“The band want to rehearse the new song and I've gotta keep at the lyric writing. We're in the studio in a month.”

“I always forget you're a bona fide rock star who has studio time,” Clarke pouted cutely.

“I'm hardly a rock star, and I think, more significantly, you seem to forget you're a fourth year medical student.”

“Maybe I should throw it all in and become a full time comic book artist?” It wasn't the first time Clarke had made this suggestion.

“You'd be amazing at either. I'd buy your comics.”

“I think you have a soft spot for me,” Clarke teased before yawning and stretching, all her limbs extended. “Okay, okay, career as a doctor it is.”

“Doctors are hot,” Lexa reassured her and Clarke laughed as she danced across the room to pull on her clothes. Lexa watched, unable to look away as she flung off her nightclothes standing there in nothing but panties looking like an utter goddess, before strapping on her bra, and rummaging in her bag for clean underwear. Lexa watched her wriggle out of her old pair, finding it impossible not to focus between her legs, right where her fingers had been the night before. Fuck, but Clarke was beautiful.

“Stare much?” Clarke teased as she pulled on her clean underwear followed by her skinny jeans and top before grabbing her hair into a messy ponytail.
“Apparently,” she responded, because there was no point in trying to deny it, but Clarke just smiled.

“I'll see you tomorrow, okay?” she said, crawling across the bed and wrapping her arms around Lexa, letting her full weight fall onto her.

“Oh, okay,” she agreed, knowing Clarke would brush her teeth and leave. She pressed a kiss against her exposed neck and sniffed a little. “Wait, when tomorrow?”

“You, me, Octavia and Raven, game night. I think Bell is coming and Octavia asked if you could bring Lincoln. My place.”

“Okay, yeah, of course. I'll be there. Can I ask Indra and Anya too?”

“Duh, of course,” Clarke finally released her, moving away from her but still staring. After a second she swooped back down and pressed her lips to Lexa's in a quick sloppy kiss before practically running from the room.

**Clarke:** This rotation is killing me.

**Lexa:** What are you doing?

**Clarke:** Keeping people alive with tubes and machines. Did you know that almost dead people and all their secretions are kinda gross?

**Lexa:** You think a lot is gross.

**Clarke:** You're gross.

**Lexa:** So are you.

**Clarke:** I don't think you're gross—you're a dork, a complete oxymoron—but not gross.

**Lexa:** What? That makes no sense. How am I an oxymoron? Do you even know what that means? And why are you texting me instead of exuding the professionalism you always go on about?

**Clarke:** Coffee break. I always text you on break. And of course, I know what an oxymoron is, you moron.

**Lexa:** Then why am I one?

**Clarke:** Because you're the coolest dork of a rockstar ever. Cool + dork = oxymoron. Oh yeah, there was a *Buzzfeed* article about you guys. I'll email it to you now.

**Lexa:** What the hell does *Buzzfeed* want with us?

**Clarke:** Rise of the next musical greats—that's you, Lex. Give me a sec. The email is taking ages to send.

**Lexa:** Text me the link.
Clarke: Manners.

Lexa: Clarke, text me the link please?

Clarke: Sure;-) They mention you by name, they call you a ‘lyrical genius.’

Lexa: How'd you find this anyway? Are you stalking me?

Clarke: Absolutely bestie.

Lexa: Good, good. Okay, I'll read the article.

Clarke: I’ve already linked it on Tumblr, tweeted it, and shared it on Facebook. FYI.

Lexa: And you only just thought to send it to me? Hmphh!

Clarke: You already know you're a musical genius.

Clarke: Hey, I have a question.

Lexa waited, staring at the bubbles that kept blinking on her screen indicating that Clarke was typing despite no message appearing.

Lexa: All those bubbles—must be serious!

Clarke: Do you think that playing the guitar is what makes you so fucking good with your hands?

Lexa wasn't expecting that and actually dropped her phone in surprise.

Clarke: Lex? Too much?

Lexa: I dropped my phone is all.

Clarke: You were so flustered you dropped your phone—that's adorable!

Lexa: I didn't say I was flustered.

Clarke: So?

Lexa: I've never had any complaints.

Clarke: I'll bet! Okay, read your article. I gotta go. Mwah.

Lexa: Mwah to you, too.

***

Later that evening Lexa was in Copper Tank, her favorite bar, principally because it was on her block and had three pool tables. She and the band were in there a lot and they headed there after a day of work on their new songs. She was decidedly tipsy when her phone buzzed and she all but shoved her cue at Indra when she saw that the text was from Clarke;
Clarke: Come over Lexa. Raven and Octavia are here for dinner and I miss your face.

Lexa: Sorry doll. We're at a bar playing pool.

Clarke: Who is "we" and what bar?

Lexa: Lincoln, Anya and Indra. Copper Tank.

Clarke: Are you drunk?

Lexa: Are you?

Lexa frowned when another message popped up from Raven and she clicked to view it.

Raven: Stop flirting with Clarke. She's so boring these days—always on the phone with you.

Lexa: We’re not flirting.

Raven: Not what she said.

Lexa: Really?

Raven: Oh my god, you're so obvious.

A message swung down from Clarke:

Clarke: No, not drunk at all. I have an assignment to finish up and readings to do. Still, it would be more fun if you could play me music while I work.

Lexa: Fuck off

Clarke: Harsh. Why?

Lexa cursed, clearly drunker than she thought if she was trying to reply to Raven and accidentally replying to Clarke.

Lexa: God, not you! Raven.

Clarke: Why does Raven need to fuck off? She won't tell me.

Lexa: She thinks I'm into you.

Clarke: Well, I hope you're at least a little into me otherwise last night would have been really weird.

Lexa: I’m trying really hard to walk the friend line here.

Clarke: And I'm trying really hard to work out whether I could ever go down on you.

Clarke: Our efforts seem a little mismatched.

Lexa: Don’t talk like that.

Clarke: Was I being gross?

Lexa: Ugh, you're so paranoid. I'm a lesbian—I love pussy. Why would I think it's gross that the
hottest girl I've ever met is thinking about going down on me?

Clarke: Vagina vagina vagina

Lexa: You can't just shout that when you don't want to answer.

Clarke: I can!

Lexa: Wait, that wasn't your way of hinting that you still think vaginas are gross? Because they're not. And you're a doctor, you should know there's a whole lot more to that whole area than just the vagina. And none of it's gross.

Clarke: Actually, my vagina and I are in the midst of a love affair. I'm getting to know her and all her surrounding bits very well.

Lexa spat out her drink and dropped her phone.

Clarke: Lex?

Lexa: Sorry dropped my phone. So, you don't think vaginas are gross any more?

Clarke: Haha, you really are adorable. Hmm, no. I don't think vaginas or any of the surrounding bits are gross. And I have seen a lot of vaginas and vulvas, and let's face it, assholes, in the last twenty-four hours.

Lexa: Porn fiend.

Clarke: Can't embarrass me, I'm having too much fun.

Lexa: Not right now?

Clarke: Hardly. Raven and Octavia are here getting pissy about me texting you.

Raven: We are getting pissy.

Octavia: Extremely pissy.

Lexa: I'll stop texting Clarke.

Raven: She keeps looking at lesbian porn. I blame you.

Lexa: What, because I'm the only lesbian you all know? Harsh.

Raven: So, it's not your fault?

Lexa: I didn't say that.

Octavia: She's not even subtle about it.

Lexa: She's exploring who she is.

Raven: Whatever, you lush.

Octavia: See you tomorrow
Clarke: Stop texting my friends and text me.

Lexa: Don't want to interrupt your porn watching. And I'm playing the others at pool now. It's my turn. And Clarke, be more subtle about the porn!

Clarke: You told me to look at it!

Lexa: Do it later, babe.

Clarke: Did you just babe me?

Lexa: Vagina vagina vagina

Clarke: Lexa?

Lexa: Complain all you want, sweet cheeks.

Clarke: Goodnight, tipsy girl.
"We didn't have sex!"

Chapter Summary

Clarke shares a little too much with her friends and says all the wrong things sending Lexa into a panic.

Chapter Notes

You're all amazing! I'm going to try and reply to a couple of comments later that asked specific things, or discussed things that happen in the story.

Your comments get me through the day and who doesn't love kudos;-)

Tough couple of chapters coming up so hang in there.

And I did a whole bunch of fun social media things on tumblr ages ago that go with this story: You can find number 1 here:


It links to the others:)

Chapter Four

Lexa knocked on Clarke's door feeling pretty great about how her day had gone. Lyric writing was going better than it had in months. With the first album, the lyrics and the melodies had all just flowed out of her into something beautiful. With this second album, the chords had come easily—the melody, the rhythm, the harmony all had interwoven without difficulty, but she’d lost her ability to compose lyrics. Indra had blamed Clarke, claimed that Lexa’s unrequited love affair was stunting her creativity. Lexa had vehemently denied this, of course, but it seemed that perhaps, Indra was correct, because ever since she’d kissed Clarke, she could somehow write again. She wrote about the moment when she got to kiss the girl she’d been in love with, about the uncertainty and the anxiety and also the euphoria. She’d written lyrics about the feeling of pushing her fingers inside a girl’s body, the girl’s body, of touching her. Whatever block that had been sitting on her brain was obliterated and instead her head was filled with poetry that was all for Clarke, with words associated with her and the feelings she had for her. The songs weren't just good, they were amazing, and although she’d felt a small burn of embarrassment playing the two new songs for her friends, she hadn't dwelled on it.

Music had always been the way that Lexa processed. Their old stuff was good, Lexa knew that, but this new stuff she was writing was surprising even her. This newest song was cautiously optimistic, though she could hear the swell of fear as well. Lincoln could hear the fear. Anya and Indra could hear the fear. That was what made the song so good, she knew, that it took you through the pain of being offered all you want and the fear of taking it lest you lose everything. The fear of everything
blowing up in your face. The fear of catastrophic expectation. The relief of being able to write again, of
being over her writer's block made Lexa excessively giddy and she was once more obsessed—she
was keeping her song book in the pocket of her coat with her favorite pen, so she could scratch
down lyrics when they hit her, and they just kept on hitting her.

“Lexa!” Clarke threw the door open and quite literally flung herself into Lexa's arms, knocking her
back into the hallway a little.

“Oomph,” she mumbled, but wrapped her arms tightly around the other girl as they regained their
balance.

“I missed you,” Clarke said against her neck, her mouth pressing a small kiss against the skin.

“It's been less than forty-eight hours,” she laughed, undeniably pleased by the greeting.

“You didn't miss me?” Clarke pulled back and looked at her with doe eyes.

“Oh, of course, I did,” she conceded at once.

“You look...fuck—you look amazing. Really hot,” Clarke stared at, eyes roving all over her. Lexa
frowned, staring down at her skinny black jeans, biker boots, tank and leather jacket—a fairly typical
outfit.

“Uh, okay.” Clarke hadn't ever been particularly shy about compliments, but this was a whole new
level.

“Ugh, sorry, it’s just that I normally think those things to myself without saying them,” Clarke
wrinkled her nose, “but since you had your fingers inside of me the other night, I figured it would be
okay to say it,” she crossed her arms and arched her brows expectantly, and as she apparently
expected, Lexa grew flustered.

“Clarke,” she hissed, “holy crap, you can't say things like that.”

“Why not?” Clarke grinned.

“Fine, okay, so you can, but people might overhear! And FYI you look...” Lexa paused and took in
the skinny jeans and cleavage-enhancing sleeveless top, the hair hanging over her shoulder—Clarke
was all bright-eyed gorgeousness. “Absolutely amazing,” she whispered in the end and Clarke
seemed to sway toward her, the air charged.

“See, it's not so hard to compliment, is it?” Clarke was so close and her eyes kept dropping to Lexa's
lips. Lexa couldn't really think, couldn't do much more than stare at her best friend with her heart
fucking pulsating on her sleeve, hell, pulsating in her eyes she was sure.

“How was your day?”

“I spent nearly all day texting you,” Clarke rolled her eyes, “don't be awkward just because we've
been intimate.”

“I'm not,” Lexa defended.

“Sure,” Clarke gave her a suggestive wink.

“Fine, I saw a raccoon on the way here and it made me think of you,” she sassed, eyes dropping to
Clarke's lips for a moment, the impulse to kiss her incredibly strong.
"That's supposed to be normal?" Clarke giggled, a sound Lexa adored.

"He was stalking along down the back lane behind here and I thought all he needed was a cape and he'd be your commander!"

"She doesn't look like a raccoon, Lexa," Clarke whined, everything back to normal instantly.

"I'm teasing you Clarke," Lexa grinned because when Clarke whined it was also adorable. "She looks fierce as fuck. Any resemblance to the medium sized land dwelling mammal, with distinctive dark eye markings, that resides predominantly in North America, is purely coincidental."

"Shut the fuck up," Clarke squished Lexa's side with the threat of tickling to make her point, face serious, a pretty pink flush spreading over her cheeks.

"Really Clarke, the band could see no resemblance to a raccoon, honestly. None at all," Lexa said, inflecting the relevant words with sarcasm and Clarke tickled her, making her screech.

"I was considering changing her war paint but now - now it stands," she fumed dramatically, tickling harder.

"Tell me Clarke, does she have Snow White capabilities?" Lexa gasped through her laughter.

"What?" Clarke blinked, not catching on.

"Can she command an army of forest dwelling fur babies?" Lexa bit her lip in an effort to not literally smirk in Clarke's face. Clarke saw it all the same and her stance straightened, hands stopping squeezing and just resting against Lexa's sides.

"Keep this up Commander and I won't give you a copy of the next part," Clarke arched her eyebrows in what was supposed to be a threatening manner. Again, adorable.

"That's so...god that's just so mean," Lexa shook her head and looked down, doing her best to look devastated. "There was no need to go for the big guns," she sniffed dramatically.

"You talked about an army of fur babies Lexa!" Clarke said but this time it wasn't playful, more flirty because they were close and Clarke's hands were on her waist and they were staring at each other.

"Think how cute it would be. Commander Lexa with her war paint...that ensures she blends with the natural environment," Lexa spoke each word carefully, eyes appraising Clarke's response, "followed by her army of armed raccoons. Super cute."

"You're super cute," Clarke rolled her eyes, face full of affection.

"Definitely you're the super cute one here," Lexa stated softly, as Clarke moved ever closer. Lexa stared at those lips and it wasn't like she had a choice, not a real one when Clarke was gripping her hips, fingers brushing the skin under her tank and staring up at her with those blue eyes. Lexa couldn't decide if they were more sky or sea at that moment. They were darker than normal, eyelashes fluttering over them, as they dropped to her lips. The first touch caused everything inside her body to lurch around and somehow connect up to the pulse between her legs. It was an incredibly strong response to what was the softest, sweetest kiss, all gentle lips and noses bumping.

"We should go in," Clarke whispered into the kiss, at the sound of feet on the stairs.

"Yeah," Lexa moved back in for another kiss.
Clarke pulled back, “Later. Not in front of everyone, not yet,” she rubbed her thumbs over Lexa’s stomach, the skin tingling.

“Mmm,” Lexa nodded. “Normal now.”

“Easy when you're so good at normal,” Clarke murmured sarcastically, as she slipped a hand into hers dragging her inside.

“Lexi Lexa,” Raven greeted brightly, immediately tossing a can of beer in her general direction, which Lexa dropped her bag to catch with ease.

“Smooth, Commander, smooth,” Clarke complimented.

“Hey, Lexa,” Octavia greeted. Lexa smiled warmly at the girl. Lexa always felt like she had to try extra hard with Octavia. Raven was brash and upfront but always with warmth. Octavia seemed to be withholding judgement on her. Lexa felt like Octavia looked at her and knew exactly how she felt about Clarke, and that she disapproved somehow, felt that it damaged the integrity of their friendship. It wasn't that Octavia wasn’t friendly—she definitely couldn't be accused of a lack of cordiality—but there was a reservation there, the odd pointed look, that Lexa didn’t feel with Raven, who was blunt as a brick wall. All Lexa could conclude was that Octavia was extremely defensive of Clarke—they’d grown up together after all—but that didn't explain the weariness, because Lexa clearly had nothing but good intentions toward Clarke. Ironically, Octavia had originally been the biggest fan of Trikru—she had been a long-time follower of their music and recognized Lexa at once. “Is Linc coming?” Octavia asked immediately and Lexa rolled her eyes because that kind of question didn’t help with her insecurities regarding Octavia.

“Yeah, I tried to drag him with me but he wanted to shower first.”

“You could have waited,” Octavia shrugged easily.

Lexa flushed, “Sure, because it’s so easy to not bow down to Clarke's incessant texting and calling to make you come sooner,” she joked and Clarke prodded her side, hand sneaking inside her coat and onto the sliver of skin just above her jeans and under the bottom of her tank. Lexa’s heart rate accelerated, and she saw Octavia catch Raven's eye with a triumphant smile, eyes gleaming.

“I wouldn’t know, she doesn’t text beg for me,” Octavia stated, pointedly turning back to Lexa and Lexa felt her cheeks burn for the second time since arriving ten minutes earlier.

“So, how are you guys?” Lexa rushed, aware that Clarke was staring at her, finger twirling a strand of blond hair. The hand on Lexa’s waist spun against her skin in the same motion as the one twirling hair. The look on Clarke’s face, the flirty twirling of her hair and goddamned erotic feeling of her finger at her waist, was making it hard for Lexa to think.

“Hoping you'll tell us what the fuck you did to Clarke?” Raven smirked, knowingly staring at the way they were standing. Lexa knew her blush must have deepened, her heart was certainly beating ever harder, and Clarke's apartment suddenly felt really hot.

“What I did to Clarke?” she squeaked.

“She's more obsessed with you than usual,” Octavia said waving a finger in the air gesturing to the space where Lexa and Clarke were stood, the blonde's arm around her and her eyes still fixed on her in adoration. It was fucking adoration.

“Oh, because she found that article on the band? She just tweeted it and stuff because she's got a lot of followers who like us,” Lexa fluffed uselessly, pretending she didn't know what they really meant.
“Not the band, dumbass—you,” Raven rolled her eyes and chucked Clarke a beer, which Lexa caught before it hit her best friend in the side of her head. Lexa gave Raven a hard warning look but the dark-haired girl just snickered.

“Don't be mean,” Clarke said without looking away from Lexa.

“See that!” Octavia pointed to them again. “Come out to us, Clarke. You know it's not a big deal. Be happy.”

“What she said,” Raven grinned.

“I’m not there yet,” Clarke turned for a second and poked her tongue out at her friends, “Lexa’s helping me…explore stuff…my sexuality, as you both know,” she shrugged easily and seemed to snap out of her trance, hand trailing off Lexa as she headed to the kitchen area for snacks. Lexa bristled unintentionally at her choice of words, but Clarke wasn't present to notice.

“Like lesbian porn and excessive masturbation?” Raven quipped loudly and Lexa nearly choked on her beer.

“Don’t tell people everything,” Lexa chastised, turning to Clarke as mortification burned through her, her mind flitting between that feeling of things being not quite right and Clarke's choice of words, which she more than hated—she hadn't said that they were exploring how they felt, rather, that Lexa was helping her explore her sexuality, like it wasn't somehow relevant to their relationship. She knew she needed to be rational and consider the possibility that Clarke didn't want her friends to know every little detail.

“Don't be all mad about it,” Clarke chided her in return, “we talk about everything.” Okay, so maybe Clarke did want them to know every little detail, which just felt wrong, because if they were exploring more than just her sexuality, if they were exploring the potential of them, then some stuff really should be private.

“Everything?” Lexa asked pointedly.

“Yep,” Clarke shrugged. “But only these two.”

“That's right sexy, Lexi, we know you had your digits up her hoo ha,” Raven grinned and laughed as if she'd made a joke. Lexa frowned because that, that right there, absolutely needed to be private and it certainly wasn't a joke.

“Okay, so literally everything,” Lexa's eyes widened as she attempted to hide her emotions, while Clarke chuckled obliviously with her back turned as she poured chips in a bowl. “Good to know.”

The door buzzer went off and Clarke moved to answer it. Lexa dropped into a comfy armchair, filled with the sickening feeling of stomach-churning dread that dominated most of her childhood. Suddenly, everything felt wrong. Only moments ago, her body had been filled with a euphoric joy that was quite literally unlike anything she'd ever felt before and all because Clarke had been kissing her softly and sweetly. Now her stomach was in knots because she didn't trust the kiss meant what she wanted it to, couldn't trust that it did. She felt her mortification rise, its roots mixed up in her past, her own insecurities, and then interacting with how much Clarke meant to her. She felt the physical ache of sadness in her stomach. Maybe it wasn't fair of her, not entirely, but she really felt Clarke should know better—they weren't in middle school and not everything needed to be shared.

Lexa stared blankly at the door, watching Clarke laugh with Bellamy and Lincoln. Lincoln quickly moved into the living room, waving hello to her, but his eyes were on Octavia, and he dropped to the
Lexa was brooding, continuing to stare down at her phone with glazed eyes. No one else could see that the screen was now dark and so it offered her protection from the conversation around her that she wanted absolutely no part of. She vaguely noticed Raven toss Lincoln a beer, as Octavia began to set up Cranium, all the while talking sweetly with Lincoln and making him laugh. Lexa was glad Octavia was distracting him because he could read her face like an open book. They'd been in the group home together for a good three years and had shared an apartment for two years after that. Lincoln was a good man, a good person, and he was her best friend, her family. Neither of them were excessive talkers but she knew without a doubt that Lincoln would be in her life forever and she'd be in his. Lexa watched his dark hand entwine with Octavia's pale one and her stomach clenched with happiness for him and an aching sadness for herself. Octavia was lucky. Lincoln was the loyalist, kindest man she knew. When he had turned eighteen, he'd got himself a two-bedroom place in Boston, the second room ready for Lexa when she'd turned eighteen three weeks later. He'd turned up in New York the night before her birthday and by dawn the following day, her meagre collection of possessions was loaded in the back of his old, crappy car and they were heading to Boston. They'd lived together in that run-down apartment happily, for once in control of their own lives, trying to find a place for themselves in the world where they had quite literally started from the bottom. Lincoln got her a job at the supermarket where he worked and went with her to meet her cousin Anya for the first time. She and Lincoln had always played music together—her on the guitar she loved and Lincoln on anything that could make a beat. They would busk together on street corners and made pretty good money. When Anya joined the band about three months after they arrived in Boston, the group began the slow climb to success. Lexa was thankful that her friend was finding love, especially because Lincoln would've know in a heartbeat that Lexa was dying inside and she couldn't deal with that right now. Love made her fucking fragile.

With a jolt, Lexa realized that she desperately wanted to go home, which was a first for when she was with Clarke. There was anger as well—anger at Clarke, another first. Clarke shouldn't have told her friends everything. The porn? Fine, she could deal with that. The masturbation? Tell whoever she wanted, if she must. But telling them she'd convinced her gay best friend, who was clearly into her, to have sex with her? So not okay. Because what if Clarke decided she wasn't interested in other types of sex with girls? Or girls in general? What if Clarke wasn't bisexual? Then Lexa would look like a fool. Hell, she already looked like a fool for finger-fucking a girl who wasn't even certain she was bi, a fool who had taken advantage of her friend. When she remembered what Clarke had said that night they first kissed, about how her friends thought Lexa was in love with her, she felt a fresh wave of mortification wash over her. Her phone buzzed as the screen lit up.

**Clarke:** What's up, stormy?

Okay, so Lincoln wasn't the only one who could read her.

**Lexa:** You shouldn't have told them
Clarke: Huh?

Lexa watched Clarke frown, loitering in the kitchen area for far too long as she texted, phone clutched in her hand, eyes flicking from the device to Lexa with a "what?" expression.

Lexa: What happened in bed. You shouldn't have told them.

Clarke: But I tell them everything!

Lexa watched Clarke's face morph from frown to bewildered confusion.

Lexa: You tell Octavia all about when you go down on her brother? When he puts his cock in you?

Clarke: Okay, so not everything, but I just figured it would be okay. We were talking about my confusion around my sexuality and how you're helping me and I guess I just didn't see why I shouldn't?

Lexa: You shouldn't have told them because what we did was both sexual and private. And what about when you decide you just like me as a friend? What then? Then I look like a fucking loved up idiot who is willing to be walked all over by straight girls looking to experiment. Actually, I look even worse than that. I look like I took advantage.

Clarke: Hey Lexa, I'm sorry, okay?

Lexa: And helping you? Is that what this is? I'm just a friend helping you out?

Clarke: They know I'm attracted to you. And you know that's not how it is.

Lexa: So, you told them we had sex with you but you didn't tell them it's because you think we're more than friends? Just that you're confused about your sexuality? I thought you said you tell them everything.

Clarke: Sex? We didn't have sex!

Lexa sighed and covered her face with her hand before standing and marching toward Clarke who actually looked worried. She took the girl's hand and dragged her into her bedroom, shutting the door and drowning out the giggles of Octavia and Raven.

“We didn't have sex?” Lexa was exasperated, aware that her eyes must be bugging out of her head but seriously.

“You fingered me. I mean that's all, Lexa.”

“Lesbians don't have dicks, Clarke. How do you think we have sex?” Lexa asked, unable to keep her frustration from her voice.

“Well, not being a lesbian, Lexa, I wouldn't know,” Clarke huffed.

“I had my fingers in you,” Lexa stated bluntly, “I penetrated you with my goddamn fingers and I made you come. I think that given the lack of penis, you might have realized it's sex. Not the only way us gays have sex, but yeah…we consider it sex.”

“I didn’t…I…” Clarke was bright red, her eyes glassy as she stared in stunned silence.

“Didn't know? Clarke, you're a grown-ass woman!”
“You're the only person I have to talk to about this stuff.”

“I'm sorry?” she scoffed, “apparently you talk to Octavia and Raven about everything!”

“They don't know any more than I do. We're all naive, I guess. I just…I mean yeah, I get it and I'm sorry. I just didn't think.”

“You know what? I think I'm going to go,” she couldn't have this conversation anymore. It was childish to leave but there were too many people in the apartment. It was too much, and she was way too upset.

“Lexa, please don't go. Please.”

“Bellamy is here. Now you've got all your bases covered,” she said, hating herself the instant the words left her mouth, especially at the wounded expression on Clarke’s face. It was mean, but she was hurt.

“Wow, real mature,” Clarke slung back, rather justifiably.

“I saw you at the door—all touchy and intimate.”

“I've known Bellamy for years, Lexa.”

“And you've been sleeping with him on and off for years, too,” the words burst out of her, riddled with jealousy and hurt.

“You're jealous? Is that what this is?” Clarke sounded surprised, even a little pleased and it irritated Lexa.

“Fuck,” she could only curse as she pulled in a ragged breath. “Yes. Yes, I'm jealous that the girl I had sex with a couple of nights ago, the girl who said we're more than friends, is flirting with the guy she regularly sleeps with. But this,” she gestured between them, “this is about you telling Octavia and Raven what we did. This is about how you phrased it and what you indicated it meant. I know that they know you think you might be bisexual because you have a crush on your gay friend. That's not the same as them knowing that I'm helping you out because I'm crazy about you. Fuck, Clarke. They know I like you as more than a friend, you told me that, and they know how hard I've tried to make sure that our friendship isn't about that but that it's platonic and honest and real. And now I look like the fucking idiot creep who took advantage.”

“You didn't take advantage, Lexa. I told them what happened. They know it was me. They think I'm an idiot and we should just get drunk, do it, and then live happily ever after,” Clarke was too dismissive to have fully understood.

“Yeah, but what if we do it, and by it I assume you mean going down on me or you touching me, and maybe even vice versa—what if we do that and you don't like it? What if you can't do it because you don't want to? You said it yourself that there's something between us and the problem is you're not sure what,” Lexa was breathing hard. “Clarke, this isn't just about me helping you explore your sexuality or attraction—it's about a whole lot more,” she looked away for a moment, shutting her eyes because they were burning. At length, she looked back at Clarke who looked utterly devastated. “Look, you know I'd do anything for you…I fucking adore you but…fuck…”

“Stay then, please. Forgive me, please,” Clarke sounded desperate.

“Just give me a couple of days, okay?”
“I won't tell them things like that again. I promise,” the girl was beginning to panic.

“I'll see you soon, okay?”

“Please don't leave,” Clarke begged, her face scrunched up in distress as she gripped onto Lexa's arm. Lexa carefully removed her hand.

“I'll see you soon.” She left the bedroom, immediately met by the inquisitive faces of everyone in the living area. Bellamy's face was surly, Raven had a frown, Octavia was unreadable, and Lincoln was looking at her with concern and love, but then again he was her one true ally.

“What's up with you?” Raven asked.

“Gotta go—something came up,” she shrugged, relieved she hadn't even bothered to take her shoes off.

“You can't go—you just got here!” Octavia protested, shooting a glance toward the bedroom that Clarke had yet to emerge from.

“Family emergency,” she replied briskly, hoping the tone would indicate that she didn't want to talk about it.

“Lexa?” Lincoln had about a million questions in his eyes because he knew she had no family.

“You guys have fun. I'm heading out of town for a couple of days, so I'll see you soon,” she fabricated, but as she said the words, she spontaneously decided that she would head out of town and take a few days to try and get her head and heart together.

“Yeah, okay,” Lincoln didn't seem happy.

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Clarke: Lexa, I am really, really sorry. I understand why you're so upset. I really, really do. I know you probably think I'm just saying that but I'm honestly not. I get that we had sex now. I do. I know it was only one part of sex, but I do get it. It felt like sex to me, but I've never called fingering sex. I've never been made to come by it either. I'm still learning and maybe I should have known better but I didn't. I didn't mean to belittle it by not recognizing it for what it was.

Clarke: Sorry for the long text. I'm also sorry when I spoke to Octavia and Raven I made what we did sound like it didn't mean something. The thing is, they have known that this is more than a friendship for longer than I have. They knew I was crushing on you. They encouraged me to talk to you. Still, I made it sound like it was *just* a sexual exploration. I stupidly, thought you'd prefer that. I'm a total idiot a lot of the time.

Clarke: I might be an idiot but I do mean well. Because you're my best friend. My best friend who I love and adore.

Clarke: Are you ever going to respond to me? I've been to your place and I know you're not there. Where are you Lexa? I miss you and I'm worried about you. I hate that I hurt you.

Clarke: Please Lexa, just let me know that you're okay. It's been three hours since you left and I'm
really not trying to make you talk before you are ready, but I've been sitting against your door and you're not home and I need to know that you're okay.

Clarke: I'm on your couch. I'm really not trying to intrude on the space you need and I'll leave as soon as I know you're okay, but I do need to know that you are. Lincoln took pity on me and let me in. I would have waited outside, just so you know.

Lexa: I'm okay.

Clarke: Lexa! It's been four hours. I've been so worried. I know you're mad, but when you're mad and upset you can't just disappear and ignore everyone even if that's what you want to do. I care about you and it's horrible knowing someone you love is out there feeling sad and awful.

Lexa: I didn't mean to worry you. Sorry.

Lexa: And I do appreciate that you were worried.

Clarke: Are you really okay?

Lexa: Yes and no.

Clarke: Oh. Lexa, I'm so sorry.

Lexa: Physically I'm fine. I'm in New York. I just kept on going when I left your place. Mentally I'm a little shaky. I appreciate your texts.


Lexa: I was upset so I rode my bike to New York. I just need some time away.

Clarke: I really am sorry that I upset you. Please come home.

Lexa: Forget about it—I get it.

Clarke: You're my friend, more than my friend. I'm not going to forget it. Not when I'm the one that made you sad.

Lexa: It's okay Clarke. I do know you talk to Raven and Octavia, I just didn't expect you to talk to them about everything we did. And you're definitely not the only person out there that doesn't understand lesbian sex.

Clarke: Yeah, but I should know better. It isn't okay.

Lexa: I want to be honest and I think the real problem is that I really, really don't want to lose you and this situation makes it feel like I'm going to. We're already arguing so much.

Clarke: We'll always be friends, you know that.

Lexa: Clarke, when I found out you were straight, I was committed to being your friend. I could be just your friend despite my feelings of more, because I knew where I stood. If we go down this path but then decide that all we can ever be is friends…well, I'd find that really hard because of how important you are to me. Things would get messy because this isn't just sex—it's feelings and a friendship. I'm just really scared that I'm going to lose you. I can't imagine my life without you in it.
Clarke: Fuck Lexa. Look, I hate causing you pain. I hate you feeling like this. If you want, if that's how you feel, then I say we fuck this, okay? Go back to how things were. I'd rather have you as a friend than risk not having you at all. I can't imagine my life without you either.

Lexa stared at Clarke's text. She could imagine Clarke staring at her phone, waiting for Lexa to tell her it was okay, that they would work through everything together. Clarke would expect her to take her reassurances because typically she did. But she couldn't help but think that ending this exploration was the right thing, that protecting herself was the right thing in case this exploration ends in loss; she needed Clarke, and already she could see that she might lose her. The disappointment stung hard, because Clarke felt like there was something between them and she loved Clarke, had loved her from their first conversation, from the first moment she'd seen her. Her friend wanted to explore what was between them and she was going to turn down this chance because she knew girls who'd tried it before and been hurt and lost their friends. This offer of Clarke’s to return to the status quo probably wasn't what her friend wanted. It wasn't what she wanted either—not in an ideal world. But Clarke was offering her a way out and any exploration of Clarke's feelings put her heart on the line, and her heart was fragile. She swallowed, unable to make her thumb type a response. She had lost nearly everyone and it was definitely safer to keep Clarke as a friend as the risk of loss drops dramatically. She envisioned some cartoon chart in her head, two lines on it, one showing actual losses and the other predicted losses, and then finally, risk. Everyone she'd ever loved as more than a friend had left her. Clarke was safer as her friend. Her heart was safer. She would definitely keep Clarke in her life if she were her friend, but exploring this potential and finding out there wasn't potential—it would destroy what she had with her and she'd lose her, she knew it.

Lexa: Okay.

She hit send and downed her third tequila. She'd arrived in New York, found a nice hotel and then headed to a nearby gay bar. She clung onto her phone as she nodded at the waitress for another shot.

Clarke: Okay. I totally understand Lexa. I do:-(  

Lexa: That seems like a sad okay.

Clarke: Did my sad face give it away? Of course I'm sad.

Lexa: Clarke.

Clarke: I'm worried about you. I'm worried about me.

Lexa: I want you to be happy Clarke. I want you to stop feeling torn apart inside. I want you to know who you are. I just don't want to be the collateral damage. I don't want our friendship to be broken and lost. I've never, ever had a friend like you.

Clarke: You're my best friend Lex. I should never have asked you to help me. I should have been sure before I changed anything to do with our friendship. These emotions were just all tied up in you. But I don't want to lose you either. We're friends and we'll stay as friends. Okay?

Lexa: Okay.

Clarke: Call me as soon as you're back.

Lexa stared at the text for a few moments before switching her phone off.

“What's up, beautiful?” the girl was sitting beside her before her phone was even back in her pocket.
“I'm really, really not interested,” she sighed without looking up, signaling again for another shot.

“That's a shame,” the girl gave a small shrug. “I'd still like to buy you a drink?”

“I won't say no,” Lexa gave a small concessionary nod.

“What are you drinking?”

“Tequila,” she looked at the girl. She was pretty, Tall, too. Taller than her anyhow, with pretty, dark hair that fell to her shoulders. Her eyes were dark brown and her eyeliner was on point. Her skin was a beautiful brown and she knew it would feel soft against the pads of her fingers. In a way she reminded Lexa of Costia, the girlfriend she could never quite talk about, or even think about. She shook that thought away.

“Wow it must be bad,” the girl laughed and ordered the drinks. She gave Lexa an amused look, “drinking shots alone in a bar. And tequila at that! Tequila always makes me do very bad things.”

“I'm in love with my straight best friend,” Lexa laid her cards on the table and the girl winced.

“Wow. I feel your pain.”

“It is pretty excruciating, yeah,” she downed the shot and the girl signaled for another two.

“It hurts pretty bad when there's no chance,” the girl said and Lexa looked down as she thought about the chance she'd just given up. “What's that look?” the girl gave a small laugh, her slender fingers tilting Lexa's chin up.

“Forget it,” she shook her head, not wanting to be that girl—the one wasted in a bar and telling a stranger all about her heartbreak and how there wasn't no chance, just a risky one.

“I hear you,” the girl nodded. “You know you look a little familiar?”

“I get that a lot,” she laughed at her own joke. The girl's brow pursed and then she laughed.

“Yeah, okay I've got it. Lexa Woods from Trikru.”

“The one and only,” Lexa raised her glass in a toast and the girl clinked her cup.

“You're pretty goddamned talented, you know?”

“Yes,” she nodded.

“Modest too,” the girl grinned, signaling the bartender for more drinks.

“Well, someone's gotta sing my praises.”

“Maybe you didn't notice, but I'm pretty interested in singing your praises,” the girl let her hand fall to Lexa's thigh and it felt good. Not good in the way Clarke's hand felt when it was anywhere near her. It didn't burn. It didn't make her heart race. It didn't make her eyes lose focus on everything other than the girl. But it did feel nice.

“I'm here to drink,” she shrugged.

“Well, let's see if we can change your mind,” the girl said easily enough.
The Fight

Chapter Summary

Things crash down - as they so often do before the dust can settle and people know what they're going to do.

Chapter Notes

Ok, so chapter 3 and this one are the most commented on and argument provoking. Some people hated this chapter and some people felt like it was only appropriate. I will comment at the end about my decision on this.

Thank you for people who take the time to comment. This whole work was meant to make people think, question, debate, and see a little bit of their lives. Sometimes it's serious and other times it's quite honestly ridiculous (the Lion King song coming up in a few chapters....)

What I will say is it isn't supposed to trigger and I'm sorry it did. This is a love story. All sex is consensual. People fuck up in this story, they can be a bit of a mess, but it is a love story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Five

Upon arriving home from New York Lexa toyed with the idea of calling Clarke, but she couldn't ignore the fear she felt that things would feel different, awkward even. She wasn't good with change, especially of the unwanted variety and so she sent a text instead—they were good at texts.

Lexa: I got back into Boston about twenty minutes ago. Dinner and Grey's Anatomy tonight? I won't even complain when you pick medical plot holes:)

Clarke: Okay.

Lexa pursed her lips as she read Clarke's response, waiting for something more, only nothing further came through. It was immediately obvious to her that something was wrong. Lexa had been worried when Clarke's texting had dropped off when she was in New York, but had ultimately decided she was taking some space as well, especially as she'd only been gone twenty-four hours. Now, with her friend responding so curtly, she knew it was more. Curt texting had never happened between them; Clarke was usually a lengthy, witty and thorough texter. Lexa immediately texted her friend back.

Lexa: Okay? That's it? Where did my Clarke go?
Clarke: I'll be over in an hour.

Lexa: I can't wait to see you.

Lexa, once again, waited expectantly for something equally enthusiastic back, because Clarke was always so affectionate. But nothing like that came and her suspicions were confirmed—Clarke was mad or angry or some other negative emotion. Her gut twisted, as she considered the reasons why her best friend might be upset, the most obvious being their decision to not explore things. The stiffed, cool responses irked her something fierce so she sent another text.

Lexa: Would you mind grabbing Thai on your way? I don't think I can cope with more pizza. Please:-)

Clarke: Sure.

Swallowing back nerves, Lexa headed for the shower, taking longer than usual in order to distract herself from Clarke's obvious upset. She scrubbed herself, shaved her legs and washed her hair. Twenty-five minutes later, she was pulling on pajama shorts and a tank, before brushing the knots from her hair. She slipped on some flip-flops and tidied her apartment, wiping down the kitchen, giving the bathroom a once-over and trying to ignore the flip of her stomach every time she thought about Clarke's imminent arrival.

She finally gave in and pulled out a bottle of beer from the fridge, cracking it open. She moved to the dining area and looked at the Commander Lexa comic lying on the table. Staring at Clarke's artwork, the carefully drawn details and excellent dialogue, caused her heart to constrict as it occurred to her that she might never kiss Clarke again, touch her, have her sleep nestled against her. She knew it had been her final decision that nothing more would occur, but she still hated herself for it. Carefully, she picked up the comic and moved it into a safe drawer, so it wouldn't get damaged before she put it in the frame she had already picked out for it.

A steady thump at the door alerted her to Clarke's arrival, and she approached somewhat apprehensively to answer it, feeling a slight shake in her hand as she turned the knob. Taking a deep, steadying breath, she opened the door to find Clarke, looking absolutely beautiful in a pair of shorts, along with a loose, floaty tank, and blond hair up in a messy bun. She had a big bag of takeout in one hand, her backpack in the other and a red mark on her forehead from where she'd used it to knock on the door instead of putting the bags down and using her hand.

“Put the damn bags down to knock, you goof,” Lexa rolled her eyes with a smile. It wasn't how she'd meant to greet Clarke, but she was feeling incredibly nervous and the words bubbled out.

“It's easier to just bash at the door with my head,” the girl moved inside as Lexa watched her. Normally she would've been greeted with a hug, Clarke would have dropped everything to wrap her arms around her, but instead, Clarke went straight past her and started placing the bags on the kitchen counter.

“It's really good to see you, Clarke,” she tried again, but the blond girl simply shrugged.

“I'm sure,” she replied in a neutral voice, which only made Lexa more stressed. In silence, she watched her friend stomp around the kitchen. It was obvious she was angry from the way she noisily retrieved plates and cutlery before banging them down on the counter.

“Are you okay?” she asked after a beat, even though she obviously was not.

“Oh, I'm great,” Clarke replied, voice full of sarcasm.
“Clarke, you're obviously not okay. Let's talk about it, yeah? I really don't want things to be weird between us.”

“Why on earth would things be weird between us, Lexa?” Clarke asked with a tilt of her head as she turned her body to face Lexa, putting her hands on her hips.

This was exactly the situation Lexa had foreseen, exactly the hurt, anger and awkwardness she'd tried to prevent, “You seem mad. I thought… I thought things were going to go back to normal? You said that it was okay,” she stuttered.

“I am being normal,” Clarke replied coolly, then after a moment, “So, Lexa, why don't you tell me about New York. Did you have fun? What did you do there? Did you play your guitar in Central Park and woo pretty girls? Did you go hang out in gay bars? Did you get laid?”

Lexa couldn't hide the instantaneous shock from her face as she once again stuttered through her response, “I... yeah, I did hang out in Central Park and play my guitar as a matter of fact, which I know you know, because you sent me the photo that someone posted on Tumblr.”

“And did you take that girl back to your hotel and fuck her, or was it just the girl from the bar?” Clarke retorted sharply, her chin tilted slightly up, full of obvious defiance.

Lexa tensed, “What?”

“Yep, when you pull a rockstar in your local gay bar, apparently you post it on Tumblr and Twitter.”

“We had drinks,” she explained, “I was really, really drunk and she managed to get someone to take a picture of her sitting on my lap...”

“Oh. So, you didn't fuck her then?” Clarke's scowl deepened.

“Did you fuck Bellamy?” she shot back because she didn't want to answer, her voice rising. Clarke remained in the kitchen area and stared at Lexa who leaned against the breakfast bar. Both ignored the boxes of food going cold on the counter.

“When would I have fucked Bellamy?” Clarke retorted at once, looking incredibly offended.

“Game night. I made you sad and you were drinking, that’s the exact kind of situation when you would normally fuck him.”

“Between worrying about you and crying, there wasn't really any time for fucking,” Clarke replied pointedly, a flash of hurt crossing her features before she steeled her expression.

That made Lexa feel terrible and she looked down, “I'm sorry, I didn't mean for you to feel that way.” If she was honest with herself, she knew that it was extremely unlikely Clarke would have slept with Bellamy that night; it was a cheap attempt to deflect the accusation and she made it because she felt guilty.

“Did you sleep with that girl?”

“Clarke...”

“Did you?”

“Clarke,” she tried again, but her eyes betrayed her and gave it away.

“You did, didn't you?” the bravado left the normally vivacious girl, her shoulders deflating.
“No, I didn’t,” she lied, she couldn't help but lie when she saw the person she loved so utterly devastated.

Clarke's voice became small, “You don't trust me, do you?”

“What?”

“I heard what you said, about not wanting to get hurt.”

She sighed, “Clarke…”

“Apparently you don't mind hurting me,” Clarke pursed her lips, raising her head and watery blue eyes.

“I've hurt you?” Lexa frowned, hating causing her friend pain.

Clarke placed her hands on the counter, “You keep saying that you don't want to lose me, that trying to explore what this is between us isn't worth the risk of losing me. And I get that you're scared.”

“Justifiably,” her voice came out as a whisper.

“You know, I know exactly how you see something between us playing out, you know, in your head,” Clarke exhaled, beginning to pace around the small kitchen area.

“You do?” she stared at her friend's slightly wild expression. She could see Clarke's mind whirling, but she doubted that she really had a clue how she really saw the situation unfolding.

“I know you think I'm straight and that this…this thing between us…that it's about how close we are,” Clarke paused in her pacing, “you think I'll dismiss the sex we've already had, because I didn't recognize that it was sex at in the first place. You doubt we'll even get to the other types of sex, and if we did, you think I won't like it.” Clarke lifted her eyes to meet Lexa’s green ones, “You know you're my best friend, that that's real, regardless of everything else?”

Lexa couldn't take her eyes from Clarke's, “you're my best friend, too.”

“I can see your mind working, you know?” Clarke was stood in the kitchen, looking like the proverbial angel. It seemed they could both tell when the other was thinking hard on something.

“And what am I thinking?”

“You're thinking about how this would have gone if we'd continued. You're thinking about sex with me, about how I'd have been fine to begin with, fine with boobs, because boobs are great. You're thinking that when it comes to touching another woman's body, I could probably have done that. It all, for some reason, seems to come down to whether I could go down on you, touch you there, whether I'll think your vagina is 'gross.' I know that you're pretty certain I'd have no complaints about you going down on me—you're pretty sure of your own skill. But you think I won't like going down on you, that the intimacies of lesbian sex won't do it for me or that I won't be able to do it in the first place, and that will mean I decide I'm straight or that I will stop that side of things between us. You think that I'll inevitably realize I'm straight and that I won't want you like that—not romantically and not sexually.”

Lexa frowned and attempted to justify Clarke's accurate thought, “you probably are straight—you've thought you were straight for years.”

“I wasn't finished,” Clarke took a step out of the kitchen area toward her but then hesitated. “You
don't want to have your heart broken. You think that when I realize I'm straight, it will break your heart.”

“I know it will.”

“It's more than that though. You think things will become awkward between us, that the easy affection we have now will become loaded. That I'll question each and every touch. That I'll blame you for our friendship falling apart, because you should have said no to this in the beginning. You believe that in the end, I'll think you took advantage.”

Lexa stared at her—it was like Clarke was actually in her head. The revelation that Clarke did indeed know what she was thinking was terrifying. It was also a complete relief. The ticking of the clock on the wall matched her pulse as she reconciled herself with the fact that Clarke wasn't behaving thoughtlessly, that she had considered Lexa's feelings in detail after she’d fled to New York.

“You think pushing me away will stop your heart from getting broken, that it will protect our friendship.”

Lexa opened her mouth in attempt to say something, anything, but she failed.

“That is how you see things going between us, right? That's why you think you'll lose me?” Clarke repeated and she gave a small nod. “And so you convinced me that you couldn't risk losing me and I said okay.”

Lexa licked her lips at a loss for words, until she stuttered, “That…could all happen. You know that it could.”

“Well, I lied. It’s not okay. I mean, so what if that could all happen?” Clarke asked, expression still neutral. “It also might not. And you could credit me with the ability not to blame you for everything. I mean, what are we supposed to do now? Are you really expecting us to just continue on as best friends until we stop being attracted to each other? Until we find someone else?”

“I don't know, I mean…I guess,” Lexa tried to keep her head held high, but it was hard because she knew how much she loved Clarke and she struggled to imagine a day where she wouldn't.

“Fine. So, if I decided to fuck Bellamy tomorrow, you'd be okay with that?”

Lexa could feel her jaw clenching, “You can do what you want,” she answered, not adding that it would feel horrible, that it would probably break her heart.

“Fine. You know what else?” Clarke's eyes darkened, her expression and stance hardening.

“What?”

“You shouldn't lie to me—I know you fucked that girl in New York.”

“How?” Lexa growled.

“A stupid blog post can't hide something like that and neither can you.”

Lexa instantly defended herself: “All right fine. So, what if I did? I'm not in a committed relationship. You and I are not in a relationship. And you've been telling me for months to get laid. You can't tell me something like that, and then be mad about it when I do.”

Clarke became agitated at that, “That was before this…whatever this is. Before you said…shut,
before you said that this was more than friendship,” she gestured between them, eyes never leaving Lexa’s.

“Actually, I said this could only ever be friendship because you’re straight. You know I can’t pine for you forever, Clarke. I can’t just spend my life wanting you, be teased with potential, and continue waiting for you. Not when you’re straight.”

“I keep telling you that I think I’m bi, have always thought that maybe I am, and yet, you keep insisting I’m straight. Am I not allowed to be bi? Just because it's taking me a while to get there fully?” she looked furious, eyes wild.

Lexa groaned, “for fuck’s sake, Clarke, you can be whoever you want to be! Whoever you are,” she rubbed at her temples with stress and obvious anxiety, “but you haven't confirmed anything one hundred percent; you’re not sure. You said you were exploring. That’s why we agreed to protect our friendship. And I can't just sit around waiting for you, I have to try and move on. Don't you get it? Because I…” she pursed her lips together, struggling with the notion of telling the truth, “because…”

“Because what?” Clarke demanded.

“Because I'm in love with you,” she finally managed get the words out, “and if we were in a real relationship, if you were in this as much as me, then I wouldn't be feeling like this. I wouldn't be the only one who was vulnerable.”

“Love?” Clarke half-scoffed, half-panicked, and it made Lexa want to backtrack, but she was growing more furious and more anxious, her cheeks getting redder by the second.

“Oh, don't act so surprised! You tell me all the time that you love me and that I'm your best friend. You then encourage me that this,” she gestured between them, mimicking Clarke’s previous action, “is more than friendship. So, don't you lie to me and pretend that that you had no idea how I feel!” Lexa shouted.

“You denied loving me twice! I did ask, you know? And if you're in love with me, what is this relationship, really? Is this even a friendship or just unrequited feelings?” Clarke raised her voice as well, gesturing wildly.

“There you go again, you can't do that! That’s exactly what I was scared would happen and you promised wouldn't. Here you are accusing me of fucking tricking you. I have never, ever crossed that line. Not until you gave me permission to do so. You literally forced my hand! I have been nothing but a loyal friend this entire time and I’ve kept my feelings out of it,” she felt her face flushing red with emotion.

Clarke's brows furrowed between her eyes, and Lexa knew it was because Clarke had seen the way she looked at her: adoring, loving, lingering gazes. Sometimes looks that lasted longer than they would between normal friends. Sometimes Clarke would catch her staring at her lips, at her cleavage, her expression. Sometimes she would simply embrace Clarke tighter, because she couldn't bear to let go.

When Clarke said nothing, when she didn't retract the accusation, Lexa tried to explain, “I have tried my hardest to make it terribly clear that we are friends. But sometimes, it's not that easy.” She took a few short, quick breaths to calm herself down: “When you hug me, I can smell you and it makes me feel…light. Sometimes you wear certain clothes that make your best features stand out. I'm not blind, Clarke, and I'm really fucking gay. But I have never, ever said anything or done anything more beyond that, not without you asking. Being your friend is so much more important to me than anything else, which you know,” she hated that Clarke would even consider questioning the integrity
of their friendship.

Clarke was too distressed to pay heed to Lexa's words and changed direction: “Fine, okay, but if you love me, then I don't understand what's happening here, Lexa? Why are we not trying to work this out? Is it really because you're scared you'll lose me, and if that really is why, then why did you have to hurt me? Why sleep with someone the evening we have an argument? Are you really so sure I'm straight, when I'm so sure I'm not? So sure that you’d just throw this away? You say that you can't wait around for me, and you sleep with someone when I've literally been offering myself to you! Your argument makes no sense,” she rambled and then stared at the floor, “I'm so confused.”

Lexa's chest heaved. She sought words to make things right but instead stood before her friend silently. There was nothing obvious to say. The reason she slept with the girl in New York couldn't be explained in a nice, logical manner that would make Clarke forgive her. She was still uncertain why she was seeking forgiveness. Clarke was right about lots, but there was always the other side of the coin, the one where she was straight and didn't end up wanting her. Things between them would get messy.

“I'm sorry I hurt you,” she began because that was true. “I thought we had agreed that we were going to just remain as friends. I thought that was okay. I was drunk and she came onto me. And I do need to move on. I can't be in love with my best friend forever.”

Clarke sighed, and stepped closer: “Okay, but listen to me. I'm asking you now, why can't we try this if we both feel the same way? I'm scared, too, you know? I'm terrified about what this possibly means. But Lexa, it could also be something wonderful,” Clarke stepped even closer and tried again, “you say it's not worth the risk. You know how much I love you and you're worth the risk of heartache to me—you've always been worth it. Please give me a chance, give us a chance.”

Lexa shut her eyes tightly, feeling awash with confusion. She wanted what Clarke was offering, but everything Clarke had said earlier about how she saw it playing out was true, despite the reassurances offered. She was tired, and hungry, and in all honesty, overwhelmed by the argument she hadn't expected. She felt like she was on the defense, which for her usually meant saying the wrong thing.

But Clarke was also standing before her. Not only was she the most beautiful girl she'd ever seen, but also the sexiest and sweetest. The only girl to ever make her laugh so hard and for so long that she ended up crying. Clarke was her biggest champion, her strongest ally and her sweetest comfort. She needed to respond the right way, but she wasn't sure what the right way was. She wanted to take the chance but not the risk. Because getting it right was so important, all she could really focus on was the delicious food growing cold on the counter.

Her prolonged silence made Clarke's anger flare again, and she was once more on the brink of tears. Lexa knew that her silence must feel like rejection, but it didn't bring words to her lips. After the silence grew too long Clarke took a deep breath, “Okay, I get it and you know what? Fine! If you won't give this a chance, then fine. I can't do anything more about it. You go fuck as many fangirls as you want and I'll go to Bellamy and forget about you,” her voice was shaky, bottom lip trembling and eyes blurry with emotion.

“That's not fair, Clarke,” Lexa's heart was pounding hard. She really didn't want to cry. She fought the urge to grab her best friend and hold her until she calmed down.

Tears fell down Clarke's cheeks, “Isn't it? I told you how I felt. That was just about the scariest thing I've ever done and you what? Get another girl to eat you out because I'm not quite there yet? You tell me you can't be with me over text after running away from a fight. You tell me you can't be with me because you're afraid I'm straight. You tell me you have to move on because you love me. Why don't
you listen to me? Why don't you trust me? We both have problems, but let me tell you this—our friendship falling apart isn't because of me, it's because of you."

Lexa looked away, struggling to control her emotions and the silence stretched. Her jaw clenched tightly, so tightly that she didn't know what would break first: her jaw or her heart. Her brain strummed with confusion and anxiety at the situation. She didn't know what to do. She was scared of losing Clarke, scared of losing herself, and most of all, uncertain of the future and the inevitable heartbreak she saw in it. She didn't know what to say or do anymore.

The silence continued to grow between them. It felt heavy and crushing. The large clock in the kitchen continued to tick slowly, its steady beat mocking the erratic beat of her heart. Lexa couldn't tell if it was her heart or her mouth that couldn't formulate a response, but she wasn't sure it mattered anymore.

Lexa watched Clarke take a deep breath and swallow harshly. "Lexa, if you have nothing else left to say, then I'm done talking. I'm done here," she said, unsuccessfully trying to even out her breathing, "and I'm done with you." She grabbed her backpack and headed toward the door, not looking back at her. Lexa could only watch as the door slammed shut behind her.

Lexa stared at her empty apartment, unable to fully process what had happened. Her hands covered her face as she sucked in the first shaky breath, releasing a strangled, gasping sound. Despite all her precautions, she'd just lost her best friend.

***

Lexa was a mess. She paced around her apartment like a caged animal, drinking the cheap white wine she kept in the fridge for Clarke. She knew she should be brave. She knew that Clarke was absolutely worth the risk of hurt feelings, but it could be so much more than hurt feelings. It could result in not having her in her life at all and nothing was worth that. Everything inside of Lexa felt like it was being squeezed. Her heart didn't feel like it was pumping enough blood, her stomach had no room for food, and her head hurt as if there were no room for her brain anymore. Clarke had been gone for less than two hours and she missed her, craved her, feared for her. Lexa needed Clarke and she'd strived her entire life to not need anyone.

The pounding at the door broke through her wine-induced haze and she practically ran for the door, ripping it open and saying her best friend's name. It wasn't Clarke.

“I see you're taking this about as well as Clarke is,” Octavia stated, brushing past her into the apartment looking surly as fuck. Lexa tipsily checked the hallway for Clarke, because she wanted to be absolutely certain her best friend wasn't hiding there. Disappointed, she headed back into her apartment, slamming the door behind her. She flopped onto her couch, grabbed her wine from the coffee table and cuddled into Clarke's hoody that she'd found in her closet. She'd put it on after glass number two of wine, even though the weather was far too warm for it.

“Is Clarke okay?” she asked, slightly appalled at how sniffly her voice sounded.

“No,” Octavia tensely stated, flashing her a look of contempt, as if such a question were truly ridiculous.

“Oh.”
“And you’re obviously not okay either,” Octavia reached forward to take her wine glass away, but Lexa tightened her grip around the stem. She needed her wine; it was Clarke's wine and helped her feel close, much like the hoody. “Stop drinking so I can talk to you,” Octavia ordered, voice stroppy and determined. Lexa relinquished the wine glass, satisfied when some of it splashed over the edge onto Octavia's hand and jeans. Unperturbed, Octavia placed the glass beside her on the coffee table.

“Why are you here?”

“Raven and I drew straws—I got the short one.”

“Nice to know you care,” Lexa scowled, sarcasm heavy.

“I do care, Lexa, but funny enough the girl I've known nearly my whole life is my priority, and when she's distraught, that's where I want to be.”

“Distraught?”

“You told her that you didn't want you be with her and then you slept with someone else!” Octavia looked at her like she was stupid. "Why would you do that?"

“Clarke said nothing was going to happen with us. I told her I was scared I’d lose her and she said,” Lexa pulled out her phone and opened up her messages, “she said, ‘If you want, I mean if that's how you feel, then I say we fuck this, okay? Go back to how things were. I'd rather have you as a friend than risk not having you at all.’ That's what she said. I said okay.”

“Wow Lexa, you're so right, that definitely means it was a great move to sleep with someone else. Bravo,” Octavia's voice dripped with sarcasm and she even threw in a mocking clap for laughs. "I just don’t get it. You've been interested in no one but Clarke for months, since you met her, so why sleep with someone else the second she indicates that the feelings are reciprocal? I mean...you're in love with her...I don't get how you sleep with someone else when you feel like that.”

Lexa sighed. “There's no simple way to explain that. I mean, it's not like I meant for it to happen. It wasn't my intention. I was sad and drunk, totally fucking drunk, and the girl came onto me. She was actually sure she wanted me.”

“Wow, you know, you're pretty harsh.”

“I'm harsh?” Lexa glared at Octavia.

“Yeah, you're harsh. Clarke has been coming to terms with how she feels from the second she met you. She's had crushes before but nothing to compare to the behemoth crush she got on you from practically the second she met you. Some kid from her course had dragged her to Lincoln's party that night as Raven and I were away. We thought she was into him, but when we got back all we heard was 'Lexa, Lexa, Lexa.'”

“Yeah?” she gave a pathetic sniff.

“Lexa is so funny. Lexa is so strong. You should try the risotto Lexa makes. Lexa is in a band, her songs are amazing and whenever she plays it's so fucking hot. Lexa, Lexa, Lexa’…I knew what your favorite animal was, the exact shade of green Clarke thought your eyes were, all your best jokes, hell, I even knew what deodorant you use, and all before I even met you.”

“She likes the smell,” her voice was small.

“I know she likes the smell,” Octavia rolled her eyes, “I've heard multiple times how much she likes
the smell. I engaged in an hour-long debate over whether she wanted to be close to you because you
smell good or because you're you. You won.”

“Yeah?”

“Lexa, you're missing the point.”

“What is the point?”

“Clarke thought you were pretty the second she met you. She thought you were wonderful about a
minute later. She realized she was attracted to you somewhere in that first week or two, and she
realized it was sexual attraction over the last few months. I'm not talking staring at your boobs and
your ass. From day one she was drooling over your abs, and she never made a secret about her
obsession with your boobs and butt, but the realization that it was more than just appreciation, that it
was desire—that hit her when she was drunk and you were dancing together.”

“Okay, so she desires me…I mean this whole situation has been…” Lexa tried to find the right word.

“What? And I'd think carefully about what word you use,” Octavia eyed her wearily.

“Fuck, it's been scary,” Lexa admitted, rubbing her eyes.

“Okay, so be Clarke for a second. You have this gay friend, she's quickly a best friend because you
both want to see each other all the time. You care for each other quickly and it's a mutual obsession.
Your friends tease you—about your feelings and hers. Clarke is fucking fearless. The second she
realized that she was crushing on you big time and it was way more sexual than ever before, she
wanted to tell you because she said it was the right thing to do.”

“If you're trying to make me feel bad, don't bother. Telling Clarke I was in love with her before all
this would never have done either of us any good. As far as I knew she was straight. And she's my
friend. She's my best friend. I didn't cross the line and it wasn't like I was hanging out with her with
the expectation of more. My intentions were good.”

“Yeah, you were faultless. Obvious but faultless,” Octavia conceded, “but her situation was different
to yours, because you so clearly felt the same, because you love girls, because her revelation could
give you both a fairytale ending.”

“Trust me, people like me…we don’t get fairytale endings,” Lexa stared at her hands for a second.

“I'm sorry, but I'm pretty sure the girl you're in love with put her heart on the line and asked to start
something with you.”

“Then you and I have been hearing different things. Clarke told me she thinks she might be bi.
Might. She told me the thought of going down on a girl is kind of gross, and okay, she's considering
it, but that's not the same as needing it and wanting it. It's kind of an important part of lesbian sex—
you don’t have to love it but being grossed out by it? So yeah, maybe she said it feels like more than
friends, that she has a crush on me…but can't you see that there's multiple problems with all of that?”

“No, I can't. I see the girl you love wanting to try and see if it can work.” Octavia said and Lexa
sighed. “And so what if she hates oral? Surely she can be bi and hate giving head? I'm straight and I
hate giving head.”

“It's all so simple for you. I guess I should have known it would be,” she was frustrated and sad, and
although Octavia was right about oral sex, that was just something she was using to exemplify why it
was so risky.

“What the fuck does that mean?” Octavia rolled her eyes.

“Do you know how often this happens? Straight girls want to experiment—they get feelings, they think they might be bi, and where do they always turn? Usually to their gay friend. In my experience, in Anya's experience, in the experience of most girls I meet at gay bars, these girls—usually they’re not bi or they don’t end up with the girl.”

“Okay…that sounds a little biphobic, but I hear you on that. I do. But you know some of them actually are bi, right?”

“Yes,” Lexa conceded.

“I know that heartbreak is tough, but this is Clarke! Isn't she worth it? I mean what if she is bi? What if you can get your fairytale?”

“Clarke is worth everything,” Lexa ground a fist into her eyes, irritated, because Octavia just didn't seem to get it. After a beat of silence, she spoke again, “But she’s my best friend. Chances are, she's straight and crushing hard because we are amazing together—we get on so well, we care about each other, and we make each other laugh. God, we've been having a love affair without the sex for over six months. And you know…we have chemistry. Definitely, like fuck loads of chemistry. And when we kissed,” Lexa closed her eyes for a second and she could almost imagine Clarke's lips pressed against hers, “god it was amazing…but a drunken kiss, that’s kinda different to everything else. To committing to life with a girl. To coming out because you love girls as much as you love guys, or maybe even more.”

“But what if Clarke wants to commit and she just needs a little time?” Octavia persisted.

“And what if she decides sex with me is disgusting?”

“Any indication that might happen?”

“Not so far, but digits up her hoo-ha is a far cry from her going down on me, from grinding on me, from…fuck, from everything else,” Lexa explained succinctly.

“Apparently you really know what you're doing,” Octavia gave the compliment with a small smile.

“Practice. One of the many benefits of being a lesbian is that you tend to know what you're doing, well, if you know yourself well, which in my case, given my personality, yeah, I got to know myself pretty well.”

“Yeah?” Octavia's smile grew.

“It's a transferable skill,” Lexa quipped with a blush and Octavia actually laughed.

“Clarke loves you, Lexa,” she said at length.

“I know.”

“Did you really have to sleep with that girl?” the aggression was gone from Octavia's voice.

“I was really, really drunk,” Lexa admitted, “and sad, heartbroken really…I don't think you get it, how much she means to me. That girl...god, I don't know. I guess I used her and I know...I know what that makes me seem like, that you all think if you love someone it somehow means you can't
Just sleep with someone else. But this isn't a Hollywood movie, and Clarke...she didn't even see it as sex. She dismissed it...told you guys about it like it was nothing and that moment with her...it was everything to me," she closed her eyes for a second. "I want to help Clarke through this, I do. I want to be her best friend and I want to be her lover, but I just...fuck, I can't lose her. I was trying to protect us.”

"Lexa, I don't know what's happened to you in the past, but the thing is, you don't lose Clarke. Once Clarke decides to care for you, that's it. That's how it'll be. You couldn't lose her if you tried.”

"I'm not so sure," Lexa thought of Clarke's face when she admitted she'd slept with the girl in New York, then how she had questioned the validity of their friendship when Lexa said she was in love with her. She felt a little sick, but she'd spent a lot of time lately with the feeling of anxious nausea in her stomach.

“She'll forgive you. Say you're sorry, be honest about why you did it, and she will forgive you. Clarke has a really forgiving heart.”

“And then where do we go from there?”

“I don't know. I know Clarke wants to be with you, she just needs time to get fully there.”

“You know that or it's your opinion?”

“It's my opinion, but I've been watching the two of you for the last six and a half months. Clarke's bi, no doubt in my mind. She just hasn't had sex yet. She's an insecure virgin. We were all insecure virgins once,” Octavia shrugged.

“Really?” Lexa couldn't help the cautious optimism that crept into her.

“That's my opinion, Lexa, but it's your risk to take.”

“I've never had anyone,” Lexa admitted. “I mean in life.”

“What about your family? Lincoln and Anya? Indra?” Octavia rolled her eyes. “Everyone has someone.”

“As a kid I never had anyone. I met Lincoln when I was fifteen.”

“I thought you were cousins?”

“No,” Lexa shook her head. “I know you and Lincoln have a thing and I don't want to share anything he's not ready to, but Lincoln and I are...we're a friendship created from the ashes. Neither of us had anyone. Not ever. Anya, she's my real cousin...but I didn't meet her until I was eighteen. The band...they're all I've ever had.”

“No family?”

“None.”

“Well, you have Clarke,” Octavia offered.

“And I really don't want to lose her.”

“Be brave, Lexa. I know you are. I've seen you be there for Clarke through stuff. I bet you're as tough as they come, but you're being a coward right now, about this. Take the risk. You won't lose her and you stand to gain so much. Trust me, she's worth it,” Octavia stood.
“She is worth it,” Lexa nodded her agreement.

“Good.”

“Octavia?”

“Yeah?”

“This situation is making us argue, Clarke and me. We can normally talk about anything and now the last two times I've seen her, we've argued.”

“That's how you know it's real.”

“Huh?”

“You care. She was jealous and hurt about that girl because she cares. There's a lot on the line—a lot to lose and a lot to gain. You're arguing because the stakes are high.”

“I hate hurting her.”

“I know. I know you didn't do it on purpose. Look, I'm going back to Clarke's now. You should think about things.”

“I will. Thanks for coming by.”

“That's okay. You make her happy, Lexa. However, if you ever hurt her like this again, I will kick your ass, and know that I am just as strong as you,” Octavia widened her eyes pointedly. Lexa nodded and watched Octavia leave. After a few minutes in contemplative thought, she pulled out her phone.

Chapter End Notes

So Lexa sleeps with someone: she's so very in love with Clarke and she sleeps with someone. Some people didn't buy it, some people thought it made her love for Clarke cheap.

My thinking: Lexa isn't just in love with Clarke - she is hopelessly, irrevocably in love with her. And she's scared. Chapter 2 - you learn she's come from nothing, abandoned as a kid, someone who forged her first real friendship from the need to survive. Clarke is feeling something but there's no guarantees. A woman like Lexa can get sent into a panic with no guarantees - we all do. What if one day you wake up and you realize you don't want me? That you don't want to be with a woman? What if I lose you?

I think it's the fear of loss that sends Lexa running. The way Clarke spoke about their relationship with her friends, the fact that everyone "knows" how she really feels, and the fact that they had sex and Clarke didn't even seem to notice. Lexa is feeling like she jumped on a train in the wrong direction and she's going to lose everything, this life she's built where she's happy.

So why sleep with someone else? The woman is there. Lexa is drunk and Lexa is human. Sex can mean everything, the ultimate expression of love, or bodily need and it can literally mean nothing. Drunk, desperately sad, worried that even if you try to
protect this precious relationship you've actually lost it already.
And after

Chapter Summary

They make up.

Chapter Notes

You guys gave some really great comments on the last chapter - that's the kind of debate I love. I read them all. I want to respond but I've been out tutoring since I finished work and I'm so tired.

Thanks for all your support. I hear what you say and even if I don't get the chance to respond I change things. Sometimes my wording is clumsy when I'm rushing but my intent isn't.

Special shout out to PhantomRobar who really went above and beyond<3

Chapter Six

Lexa: I'm sorry we argued. Please come over tomorrow and talk. Properly this time. Please.

Clarke: Seems like you and I are always sorry these days.

Lexa: I don't think I did the wrong thing in New York, but I am sorry I hurt you. I was just trying to, you know...

Clarke: I don't know. You were trying to what?


Clarke: Wow, that's sweet:(

Lexa: Fuck I'm kind of drunk.

Lexa: I just really love you and I know you love me but...

Clarke: But? Stop leaving every sentence unfinished.

Lexa: I can't lose you.

Clarke: So you keep saying.

Clarke: And maybe you already have.
Lexa: Don’t say that, please don’t. Clarke, I did something you didn't like. I didn't betray you. I accidentally hurt you. I want to make this right between us. Tell me what you want? I'll do anything.

Clarke: Go back in time and stop yourself fucking a girl who isn't me?

Lexa: We're not together. We weren't together. You fuck Bellamy.

Clarke: I haven't slept with him in months. Not since your gig at Leap Year.

Lexa: You were at that gig.

Clarke: Yes, and I couldn't take my eyes off you.

Lexa: Oh.

Clarke: I realized how much I wanted to be with you, more than anyone else, and so I slept with him.

Lexa: You know that's pretty much why I slept with that girl. One of the reasons anyway.

Clarke: The others being what?

Lexa: I was drunk, I was lonely, she was nice.

Clarke: But why sleep with that girl when I want you back? That's what I don't get.

Lexa: Because I convinced myself that my friend is straight and I'd lose her if I helped her explore sex stuff. I didn't think you'd ever really want to have sex with me and I pretty much convinced myself I'd lose you during the process of finding that out.

Clarke: For fuck's sake, Lex, you need to listen to me. I told you I'm fairly certain I'm bi. I told you I think about kissing you and touching you.

Lexa: You also told me you thought going down on a girl would be kind of gross. What if you find other stuff gross? Gay girls, bi girls, we don’t really think the sex is gross. I know I'm fixating oral and that's not really the issue, more a metaphor. I guess I wanted you to be sure before it’s too late and you just didn't sound sure.

Clarke: That's not fair. I told you why. And why can’t I be bisexual and not like oral? I'm not a huge fan of giving blow jobs you know? And you’re the one that pointed out all the reasons vagina's get bad press. I was changing my attitude. Why couldn't you stick with me a little longer? Why don't you respect my sexuality?

Lexa: I absolutely respect your sexuality. Which at the moment is straight with an ‘I might be bi?’ I absolutely respect that you think you're bi, and I fully support you discovering the truth.

Clarke: But you don't trust that I am with any certainty, right?

Lexa: I love you Clarke. I want you and me so, so badly. I want it so badly I'd be with you without the sex stuff you're not sure of. And you’re right about that. When we kissed, when I touched you, god it felt like I was so close to getting it, like the thing I want more than anything might actually happen. I got so carried away. Way too carried away. My fantasies were way out of control.

Clarke: Sex fantasies?
Lexa: So much more than sex fantasies, Clarke. Life fantasies. Dates, of every kind. Vacations—hot locations, cold locations, skiing, us cuddling by a fire. Cooking dinner together, me teasing you as you sit on the counter and wrap your arms around me. Kissing you, for real and whenever I wanted. Nights spent in your arms. I saw us getting married for fuck's sake. I had to pull myself in. I had to. So, I told myself that you're straight until you're sure that you're not. It was self-preservation. And I'm scared. Scared you won't want me.

Lexa didn't know if it was too much or not enough but she owed Clarke an explanation. She bit her nails, heartbeat pounding in her ears as she waited for the few minutes it took Clarke to respond.

Clarke: Okay, so that actually makes a lot of sense. I mean, especially knowing you. It's very sweet too. It kind of clears up everything actually.

Clarke: I've thought of some of those things too.

Clarke: And as we're finally being completely honest, going down on a girl—I don't think it would be gross, not anymore. I've been thinking about doing lots of different things with girls.

Lexa: Clarke, what does that mean?

Clarke: It means you were stupid to sleep with another girl, especially if you do love me.

Lexa: I didn't cheat on you, don't make it sound like I did.

Clarke: No, but you hurt me. I said our relationship was more. You said it was more. I made a mistake and you slept with someone.

Lexa: If I thought there was any real chance, any chance at all, I wouldn't have done that.

Clarke: Yeah, but I don't get that. You must have known there was a chance?

Lexa: When I went to New York, I was really hurt. You told your friends I fingered you. You told them I was helping you explore stuff. “Explore stuff” is not the same as ‘I have feelings for my best friends and we're working out what that means. Oh, and we had sex.’ You told me you tell them everything and so I was convinced that was the truth. Combine that with my whole self-preservation ethos and I was a bit of a mess. I know you said sorry, said it wasn't true, but I was really, really hurt. I felt like a fool.

Clarke: Ugh, shit, you're right. If you'd belittled us to exploration I might have fucked someone else too.

Lexa: I hate fighting with you. I really hate it. I miss you so much.

Clarke: Sometimes I wish I'd never said anything.

Lexa: Don't say that. Okay so this is messy at the moment, and we're messing up lots but I do want to help you know who you are and I do want to explore our feelings together.

Lexa then typed in her next message and hesitated, swallowing down nerves before she hit send.

Lexa: I want to be brave and have the chance to be with you.

Clarke: Is that you saying you'll help me work out what this all means?
Lexa: Yes, but you have to promise me that our friendship comes first. I've practically drowned myself in booze I've been so fucking sad. I feel like my heart has been ripped apart. I can't lose you. Really, I can't.

Clarke: You really love me, huh?

Lexa: Yes, I do, but not just in that way. You're my best friend. I've never had a friend like you, someone who makes me feel as safe as you do.

Clarke: If it all goes wrong between us, for whatever reason I promise that you won't lose me. I'm not saying it'll be easy to get back to the way we are now, but I could never hate you Lexa.

Lexa: I do trust you Clarke. I'm sorry I hurt you.

Clarke: That's okay. I'm sorry too. For everything that happened with Raven and Octavia and for being so mad. Jealousy may have played a small role.

Lexa: Can I come over? Please <3

Clarke: You're drunk and it's too late to walk safely.

Lexa: Okay:(

Clarke: I'll come back to yours.

Lexa: Really?

Clarke: Lexa, you can't lose me that easily.

Lexa: I'll shower (again) so I'm not a drunken, snotty mess.

Lexa opened the door to her apartment, shifting nervously from foot to foot as she scanned the hallway. She wasn't sure she'd ever been quite so nervous about seeing someone. It felt like it took forever, until she was there, blond hair messy, eyes red-rimmed, cheeks flushed—*beautiful*.

Lexa had always made a point of waiting for Clarke to hug her first, *always*. It was just one of the many ways she tried to ensure that she didn't cross any lines, because they were friends and she had feelings. However, when she saw Clarke looking so distressed she knew that she owed it to her friend to put herself out there a little, and so she took several steps toward her and wrapped her arms around her best friend. Clarke didn't stand there passively—she instantly threw her arms around Lexa's neck. With the force of the hug they wobbled unsteadily and Clarke's back banged into Lincoln's door.

“I'm sorry, Clarke, I'm so sorry I hurt you,” she was whispering the words, lips pressed against Clarke's warm neck. She was drunk and Clarke smelled good. She was warm and in her arms after Lexa had thought she'd lost her, had thought she was gone for good. Pressing her nose against Clarke's soft skin became pressing her lips against it, which became soft kisses, which became sloppier kisses when Clarke released a soft moan.
Clarke's hands found the bare skin of Lexa's waist, and their bodies pressed more firmly together. The blond girl's soft hands trailed up her ribs, thumbs bumping into the soft curve of her chest. She inhaled sharply, and Clarke moved her head, moved to press a kiss against her jaw, a kiss to her cheek, a kiss to the corner of her mouth, until their noses were bumping together and Clarke's mouth was against hers. This kiss was nothing like their first, because this wasn't about experimentation. It wasn't like their second, which had been soft and cautious. This kiss was Clarke-initiated. It was because kissing each other felt good, because they'd hurt each other and were sorry, because they wanted each other. The kiss was almost instantly heated, Lexa taking control at once, tongue tangling with Clarke's, as the girls back bumped against Lincoln's door again.

Given the opportunity, the lack of secrets now between them, Lexa poured all her emotions into the kiss, and it was close, hot, desperate and full of delectable intentions. Clarke's hands had stilled, but after a few moments they moved again, left hand fluttering under her tank and up her side to cup her bare breast. She didn't just hold it though, she squeezed it, her fingers catching the nipple, pinching it, rolling it, before she squeezed it again. Lexa growled, the noise feral and demanding, as the kiss intensified, one of her hands in Clarke's hair, the other on her hip, as her thigh slid between Clarke's legs, causing the girl to gasp. Drunk and relentless, Lexa shifted said thigh, putting pressure against her and the sound that came from her was beautiful, a deep husky groan as she actually ground down against her thigh. Lexa wasn't thinking anymore because this was what she wanted, what she'd wanted for months—Clarke kissing her, wanting her, goddamn desperate for her.

Lexa moved her thigh again, lips back on the soft skin of Clarke’s throat, and moving down until she was nuzzling against the softness of her ample chest. Her body was throbbing and she needed this, needed Clarke like she'd never needed anyone. Her teeth skimmed against Clarke's nipple, the material of her tank in the way of skin, but Lexa didn't care. Clarke didn't care either apparently, her head falling back against the door, as she groaned louder.

“I'm opening the door,” Lincoln yelled through the wood and they both froze. Slowly, the door creaked open, Lexa essentially holding Clarke upright, as Lincoln’s amused face appeared, “I'm thrilled you two are finally doing this,” he spoke calmly, quietly, “but it's late and I'm tired and maybe…maybe you don't want to end up doing whatever it is you end up doing in the hallway.”

“Thanks Linc,” Lexa pressed her face into Clarke's neck before smoothing her hands around her ass and hoisting her up, the girl immediately wrapping her legs around her waist. Lexa turned to her apartment, heading inside and kicking the door shut behind her. She headed straight through to her room. “Clarke,” she'd meant to sound sober and calm but she sounded desperate. “Tell me what you want?”

“Clothes on for now and your thigh between my legs…fuck please.”

“Can I…uh…get off too?” she wasn't entirely sure she'd have a choice she was so turned on.

“Uh yeah, please, yeah,” Clarke said as she was dropped onto the covers and Lexa crawled over her, her thigh pressing between the girl’s legs, as she rested her throbbing self against a slim, bare thigh. “You feel hot…good,” Clarke moaned and it made Lexa's body tighten, so she rocked, definitely more focused on getting Clarke off than herself because she was so ridiculously turned on, it really wouldn't take much.

Her lips were back on Clarke's, the kiss a gut clenching one, one that made her wetter, made her rock harder, made her throw caution to the wind and shove her hand up Clarke's top and onto her breast which was soft, skin-like silk, the nipple a pebble against her palm. It was the most perfect thing in all of Lexa's world. She squeezed it gently and Clarke moaned. She squeezed harder and Clarke's moan came again and her hips met the movement of Lexa's thigh. Emboldened, she rocked harder,
faster, kisses trailing down to the bare skin of Clarke's breast until she was sucking the nipple into her mouth, her own body so close, so unbelievably close.

“Lexa,” Clarke groaned her name, then again, and again, hips still thrusting up to meet Lexa's. “Oh fuck,” she clutched at Lexa, hands seeking bare skin, sliding up and squeezing Lexa's boob, not gently, but hard, and then Clarke was crying out, head thrown back, clumsy hand still squeezing far too tightly, other hand pressing Lexa’s head further into her breast.

“Fuck,” Lexa came, long and hard, against Clarke's thigh with her breast in her mouth. Still tipsy, she wondered if she was asleep and dreaming because it was surreal. Absolutely perfect and surreal. Her hips bucked a little, and Clarke released her breast, fingers soothing over it gently, before her left hand joined her right in Lexa's hair.

“Well, that felt a little more equal,” she laughed then, soft giggles as she held Lexa against her.

“Mmm.”

“Oh, so you're the kind of girl who falls asleep right after, huh?” Clarke asked after a long silence and Lexa fought against her hold to raise her head and press her lips against the girl's.

“Hard to talk with a mouthful of nipple and boob,” she teased and Clarke laughed.

“Lesbian problems,” she joked and Lexa laughed as well because she could do this: have sex and then joke around with Clarke.

“Come,” she lay down and pulled Clarke against her shoulder. They lay in the moonlit room for a few moments, fast breaths slowing to a steadier rhythm.

“I have a question, Lex,” Clarke whispered, leaning up on her elbow and staring at her in the dark room.

“Shoot.”

“I actually have lots of questions for you, but just one for now because I'm so, so tired.”

“You can ask me anything,” Lexa encouraged.

“Tops and bottoms. I think I get it. Well, maybe I get it. But I'm not entirely sure I get it,” her lips were pressed together and Lexa laughed.

“That's what you want to talk about at,” she checked her watch, “one in the morning, after the night we just had and doing what we just did?”

“Yeah,” Clarke admitted and then flushed. “Because the thing is Lex, whenever I imagined us lying in bed post-coital, it wasn't like this.”

“It wasn’t?” Lexa was staring at her, eyes wide, heart pounding and for a reason other than desire. The desire was there, it always was with Clarke, but this was love.

“Nah. You see you're the big, strong, protective rockstar, and I love that. I love how you look after me and slay my demons, but at night, well, I always imagined being the one to hold you.”

“Clarke,” Lexa didn't know what to say because Clarke had imagined this. Without saying anything further she shuffled down the bed and curled onto her side and into Clarke, pressing her face into soft hair and warm skin, arm around her waist. She gave an indulgent sniff.
“Definitely more like this,” Clarke wrapped an arm tightly around her and ran her fingers through dark waves. Lexa wasn't sure she'd ever felt quite like she did at that moment. In the arms of the girl who could break her the most, she felt safe.
“Clarke,” Lexa had been staring at Clarke since she'd woken up fifteen minutes earlier. It was easy to pass the time watching the rise and fall of her chest, listening to the gurgle of her stomach, the thump of her heart, all while staring at long lashes, smooth skin, and parted lips, but she couldn't help but wonder: what would happen now? Would Clarke wake up and freak out? Would Clarke wake up and initiate more? Would their friendship be as sporadically awkward as it had been over the last couple of weeks, since that first kiss? It felt as though the suspense was quite literally killing her, her stomach clenching in nervous anticipation. In the end, she decided to wake her best friend up. “Hey, Clarke,” she gently shook her shoulder.

“Mmm, Lexa,” Clarke rolled into her, eyes tightly shut and pressed warm half kisses against her neck. Lexa couldn't help the soft mewl that escaped her.

“You okay?” she smiled a wide smile because Clarke had rolled into her and was kissing her neck.

“Sleepy,” she sighed, wrapping her arms around Lexa, “sleep more.”

“We should probably talk,” Lexa insisted.

“Oh, the agreement was yawned into her neck as she held Lexa tighter against her body, and then she continued, her voice adorably sleepy, “my name is Clarke Elizabeth Griffin. I'm twenty-four years old. I absolutely love to draw and write comics. I'm writing this series called Grounders and have made this amazing new character—Commander Lexa. Most of my free time is spent writing and drawings comic books, but I'm also training to be a doctor so I don't have a lot of it. I've got one more year left of medical school. I will be a fucking amazing doctor, because I'm very clever. Of course, I have to match into a residency first. The right residency. I’m the top of my class, so
theoretically I should be able to get it here in Boston, which is what I want. My best friends are all here. And my Lexa is here too. Have I told you about her? She's my best friend and the sexiest person I've ever met,” Clarke shuffled up the bed a little and grinned at Lexa before pressing a kiss to her cheek.

“The sexiest?”

“Mmm,” Clarke shifted properly so they were lying face to face, then she moved in close, her face right next to Lexa's ear, “I want to talk more, but I'm really worried I have horrible morning breath.”

Lexa held up a finger and leaned over to her nightstand grabbing a packet of mints, tipping a couple into her mouth, before passing the box to Clarke who did the same.

“Better?”

“Yeah,” Clarke nodded, lying on her stomach, arms bent, chin resting in her hands as she stared at Lexa.

“Clarke, I know we have to talk about a lot of stuff, but I have to say that you look insanely cute right now,” Lexa had dreamed of moments like this—Clarke lying in sleep-rumpled pajama's, hair a mussed nest of waves, all cute and coy in her bed.

“Thanks,” she smiled and then hesitated a moment, before she leaned forward. “Can I kiss you?”

“Yeah,” Lexa realized in that second how much braver Clarke was than her, because she boldly asked for what she wanted. In an effort to reciprocate the bravery, she slid her hands onto Clarke's shoulders and pulled her close, ensuring the kiss was sweet and chaste. Except she was apparently really, really bad at keeping kisses with Clarke sweet and chaste. Before she could think over the hammering of her heart, she had deepened the kiss and Clarke had moved to straddle her, her hands holding Lexa's to the mattress beside her head. The kiss was forceful, needy, and unbelievably hot. Lexa moaned and Clarke kissed her harder, tongue finding hers, and hips grinding down against her. Lexa was so turned on, her head was swimming and when she felt the dampness seeping through Clarke's pajama shorts against her stomach for a second, the power of rational thought entirely fled, and her hips bucked up. Clarke made a soft noise and Lexa hummed in appreciation of the sexy, delectable sound.

Then Clarke was slowing the kiss until their lips were parting. Lexa lifted her head from the pillow, eyes closed as she blindly tried to find the girls lips again. When she couldn't she opened her eyes to see the kiss-bruis ed lips hovering just out of reach, the pupils of Clarke's eyes blown, her messy bed hair sexy as all hell. The expression on her face was adorable, a total combination of emotions; desire, love, fear, confusion, a need to ask something, and maybe hesitancy.

Lexa wasn't quite sure, so she spoke softly, her tone gentle, “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Clarke nodded, but she definitely sounded uncertain.

“Hey, talk to me,” she urged, moving her hand from under Clarke's and reaching up to curl a strand of fair hair around her finger.

“Can we, uh, take your duvet cover and go sit on the couch like normal?” her blue eyes widened just slightly as she asked.

“Of course we can,” Lexa sat up, bringing her face-to-face with the girl still straddling her lap. “I'm sorry this got heated fast and…” she tucked the strand of blond hair she was twirling behind Clarke's ear, really just as an excuse to slide her fingers around the shell of her ear and then over her chin.
“Don't be sorry, that was me just as much as you, really it was,” Clarke admitted. “I just…I think we need to talk.”

“Let's go then,” Lexa smiled but gave Clarke a quick hug, one that was strongly returned.

“Will you make coffee?” Clarke asked.

“You set up the nest and I'll do coffee,” Lexa replied, nodding in response.

They were sitting on opposite ends of the couch, each holding a mug of coffee, feet tangled together in the middle. Lexa knew Clarke had something to say and she was being patient. She didn't want to put words in the girl's mouth.

“I know we sorted stuff through text, but I feel like we should vocalize,” Clarke explained.

“Okay,” she nodded supportively.

“I totally get that I messed up with Raven and Octavia; you were justifiably hurt. I really, really understand the whole not wanting to get carried away thing, as well. I do the self-preservation thing too and since you're all in love with me,” she paused long enough to give the sweetest smile Lexa had ever seen, “I really understand what was happening.”

“That's good,” Lexa nodded.

“Just so you know, one of the reasons I didn't tell Octavia and Raven everything was because to me, the feelings between us felt private, more private than the sex that I didn't acknowledge was sex. I was keeping the feelings for us.”

“That I understand,” Lexa squeezed Clarke's leg.

“I do understand how you felt in New York,” she hesitated, “but Lexa, I can't stop feeling jealous of that girl. When I think of her touching you, you touching her…I'm uncontrollable, Lexa. I'm so fucking jealous.”

“She found me at the end of that conversation,” Lexa admitted, heart pounding wildly at Clarke's words.

“Right, okay.” Clarke nodded, jaw clenched, eyes narrowed. “The thing is, our normal…like we both admitted, it's more than friends. Then when I saw her post, so soon after our conversation…god, it hurt. I've never felt like that. I was angry and hurt and just devastated. It felt like you were cheating on me.”

“We weren't together…” Lexa began, not wanting this to become another argument but feeling the need to clarify.

“Oh, I know, it's hugely hypocritical, I totally get that, because our friendship wasn't all that different to what it was when I last slept with Bellamy, back at the end of February,” Clarke took a deep breath, “but it still felt like a slap in the face. Like, because I can't give you all of that yet, because I'm a bit of a mess, inexperienced and all the rest of it you thought you'd get sex elsewhere…”
Lexa stared at her. She felt raw and exposed, guilt running through the jagged edges of her heart—not for what she'd done, but for it causing Clarke to feel so insecure and hurt. Leaning over she put her coffee cup on the table and then fought against the duvet to make her way to Clarke, to shuffle under the girl and hold her close, face pressed into her sweet smelling neck, as she ached at the soft drop of a tear from a blue eye hitting her cheek.

“It wasn't that,” she whispered. “It was simple really. I was alone and drunk. I was hurt and this girl found me. I've not slept with anyone since I met you, because of how much I want you. I guess…I guess I had convinced myself so thoroughly that it was never going to happen and I just…drank. A lot.”

“It was just so quick. Like I meant nothing,” Clarke whispered and Lexa understood that she wasn't being blamed but being told about feelings.

“You mean everything,” she admitted. “That's why I'm so scared. I never meant to hurt you. I'm terrified of losing you. You know, all my life I've lost everyone, don't you get that? And I really don't want to lose you.”

“You mean like your parents?” Clarke asked.

“My mom, my home, friends I made, girlfriends…Costia. Anyone I ever formed attachments to would be gone soon after. I convinced myself that I wouldn't care about anyone because then it wouldn't hurt so much when I lost them. But it still hurt because I couldn't help caring. My mom may have been a crappy parent, literally the worst, but I was four and I loved her, so when she left, I missed her and I wondered why she didn't love me. It hurt. My mom chose to leave me, like I didn't matter.”

“I'm not going to leave you,” Clarke's nose wrinkled.

“You might, though. I guess I'm just explaining how I am sometimes. Everything that’s happened to me, it's why sometimes I feel lonely and I seek affection. I thought I wouldn't ever be here with you. I really did. Because I don't get happily ever after's. No one has ever stuck with me.”

“What about Lincoln? You two have been friends for a long time.”

“That was survival at first,” Lexa admitted, lowering her eyes. “I mean yes, Lincoln has stuck with me, but at first it was just about survival.”

“Tell me,” Clarke pleaded.

Lexa nodded, sucking in a breath and finding her confidence. Vulnerability was hard. “Okay. About six months after I got to the group home, this girl arrived. Tina. She was, well, she wasn't nice…she was awful and believe me, that's not an exaggeration. I'd met hard people before, people who'd been through a lot and were mean and tough, but Tina was cruel. I swear I’ve never met anyone as willfully manipulative as her. I know you probably think that I'm talking it up, but she tried to cause as much trouble as she could and for me in particular. For whatever reason, she decided instantly to make my life hell and so I lived under constant threat.”

“Oh, believe me, I've known people like that. Well, not quite like that, but vindictive. Who was Costia?” Clarke looked at her. “You said you lost her?”

The truth though, when it came down to it, was hard to share. The words half formed in her throat and what came out was a lie that resembled the truth, “Costia was a girl in the home, the one where I met Lincoln. She was my girlfriend when I was seventeen. She was sweet. But Tina, she hurt
Costia just for the fun of it, because Costia was close to me. Tina did a lot of stuff, bad stuff, and made it look like it was me. She spread rumors, she...fuck, she tortured us all, so people would side with her for protection. Then there was a whole fucking army of them, fucking you up. If you actually bothered to do your homework for school, they'd take it off you and set it on fire—that was the small stuff. They once locked me in a cupboard so I missed an exam, took my guitar and cut the strings, then smashed it up, just because they knew it was my favorite thing. She was violent, too. They all were. Lincoln and I wouldn't join her so we were the enemy, the victims. We didn't like being victims and so it became war.”

“Lexa,” Clarke brushed a soft kiss against her cheek.

“I'm not going for sympathy, I'm just kind of explaining. It took living together after that place for Lincoln and me to become more than just survival friends. Tina, she caused some trouble,” Lexa trailed off for a second, unable to share everything, “before we moved out of the home. But she went too far.”

“What do you mean? Where's she now?”

“Prison at the moment,” Lexa felt her jaw clench together. Clarke seemed to understand that she had no desire to expand further on what Tina had done. “She's from New York where Linc and I used to live, when she's not in prison. She has a few more years.”

“She doesn't know where you live now?”

“No, well, maybe she knows it's Boston, but I'd rather she didn't figure out where. I'm not entirely sure that it's possible, what with the band and technology. I’ll file a restraining order when she’s out.”

“That's why you hate location tabs?”

“Yeah. Tina has always tried to take anything that was mine. Now she can't hurt us and I like it that way.”

“So, you're not worried she's going to reappear in your life?”

“No,” Lexa shook her head, “no...I just...I guess I'm letting you know why I didn't want to get too carried away in those fantasies. I'm used to losing the things I love. All my life...I couldn't see any situation where I was lucky enough to meet someone like you in the first place, let alone have you become my best friend, then have you turn around and say you're bi and that you actually want to be with me. That just doesn't happen to people like me. I've never had anyone like you in my life. I don't think that you're perfect, Clarke. I don't because that kind of thinking isn't healthy. But I do think that you are perfect for me.”

Clarke twisted in her arms so they were lying face to face beneath the fluffy white of Lexa's duvet, “Lexa,” she whispered her name so softly, and moved a hand to cup her face. “So, I understand you were scared. I get that you lose things, and I really get why you told yourself I was straight. But I was standing there saying I was pretty sure I'm bi, standing there saying I wanted you, so why did you agree to stop things progressing between us?”

“Mostly because I'm scared I might not be perfect for you,” Lexa broke eye contact, unable to keep staring into beautiful eyes as she admitted the truth, to Clarke and herself.

“Why? Because we're best friends?”

“Because I'm a girl,” she whispered. “I'm scared I might not be perfect for you because I'm a girl. I
know we’re about as perfect as we can get personality wise, but the girl thing. And relationships that go wrong, they have a way of messing up what was there to begin with.”

“Lexa,” Clarke wrapped her hand around the back of her neck, fingers pushing through dark hair, before she pressed a kiss to her forehead, “I’m not disappointed that you’re a girl. Not at all. I don’t sit there wishing you were you, but a man with a dick and no breasts. I mean I love your boobs, let’s be honest. Lexa, I’m attracted to you because of who you are, but also because of how you look. I love that you’re a girl.”

“Really?” Lexa’s stomach clenched at her words, warmth spreading through her like sunshine appearing through the clouds on a gloomy, wet day.

“Yes! It’s been confusing because I’ve had to face this side of myself I’ve been dismissing for years. I’ve never even acknowledged these feelings before and now I want to. I want to embrace them, because I want you. Because being with you makes me happy. It’s scary for me, too, Lexa.”

“I just…if I were a guy, there would be nothing to worry about.”

“But you aren’t a guy,” Clarke laughed, “you’re beautiful you.”

“Being with me will mean coming out to your parents, your friends, everyone. It will sometimes mean stupid stares and hurtful comments.”

“Being with you means I get to be with you,” Clarke slid her hand over Lexa’s shoulder, down her arm and took her hand. “I want to be with you.”

“And if you’re not bi and not able…”

“The reasons I adore you are more than just physical. I will always be your friend. If this doesn’t work, I will give you time and space. I’ll be respectful Lexa.”

“Yeah?”

“The question is, are you really willing to do this? I think I’m bi. I fantasize about you. I’m turned on by you. When we kiss, I want to touch you. I think I’m bi; I just have to accept it.”

“I’ll risk getting hurt by this, as long as you promise I won’t lose you.”

“You won’t lose me, I promise.”

“Then okay,” Lexa smiled, unable to stop cautious optimism filling her. “So, what now?”

“Now, I have like a ton of questions,” Clarke smiled. “And I think we should go out for breakfast, you know like a date, and you can answer them there.”

“A date?” The smile on Lexa’s face grew.

“Yeah,” Clarke was staring at her, expression soft, open, willing.

“Like a proper date?” she could feel the hope coiling in her belly.

“Well, as proper as it can be when we leave from the same place, and I plan to ask you loads and loads of questions.”

“Sounds like a date to me. Can I hold your hand?”
“If the date goes well,” she teased.

“Do I get to kiss you goodbye at the end?”

“You can try,” Clarke smiled then. “So yes or no?”

“Yes, please,” she surged forward impulsively and kissed Clarke who laughed into the kiss.

“End of date, Lex.”

“Shouldn’t look so cute then, should you?” she nuzzled her nose softly against Clarke's, “Can we lie here for a little while?”

“Sure. Want to watch Buffy?”

“Yep,” she nestled into Clarke's side, loving the way she wrapped an arm around her, even though she had to release her hand to grab the remote. The TV came to life and she hit play on the Buffy episode they were up to and then her hand was back in Lexa's. Lexa paused to consider whether she really needed Clarke to go down on her, or even touch her, if she could have all this. Of course, the idea of it was beyond arousing, but for hand-holding, kisses and waking up to blue eyes, she could probably cope without.

***

Lexa and Clarke were seated at a small table on the patio of Healey’s, their favorite brunch place, situated on a busy, interesting corner. Not that Lexa was looking at the view—she couldn’t take her eyes off Clarke who was wearing the same top as the day before, but had paired it with a floaty skirt that Lexa kept thinking of pushing her hand underneath. Two weeks earlier, she'd managed not to think inappropriately about Clarke every second they were together. Now, her brain had trouble forming any appropriate thoughts at all.

“What are you getting?” Clarke asked her and Lexa just smirked as a response. “Waffles? Really? It's nearer lunchtime than breakfast! I swear to god you eat more sugar than can possibly be healthy.”

“Waffles are my favorite,” Lexa shrugged.

“Big fat liar,” Clarke laughed, “syrup is your favorite. You should just go right ahead and skip the waffles and ask for extra syrup instead.”

“We can't all order eggs Benedict,” Lexa mocked softly.

“Actually, yeah we can! It's a restaurant. We really can't all survive on syrup though.”

“This is my sugar fix for the week, I promise,” she conceded.

Clarke grinned, “Okay, I'll remind you of that.”

Lexa promptly stuck her tongue out and slumped down in her chair allowing her feet to tangle with Clarke's, “Are you definitely coming to the gig tonight?”

“Of course! We’re on the VIP list and I always come,” Clarke smiled and then nudged Lexa's foot with hers. “Wow, I never took you as a footsie kinda girl,” she leaned forward, her breasts squishing
against the table surface causing Lexa's mouth to water and her eyes to get trapped in that little piece of heaven.

She mumbled an answer, “I'm not, but I really like touching you.”

“You seem to like staring as well,” Clarke leaned a little closer.

Lexa mimicked the action, hand snaking across the table to take Clarke's, “I…uh,” her tongue snuck out and traced her lips, unable to rip her eyes from Clarke.

“Hi,” the waitress appeared and the spell was broken, both girls sitting back, catching each other's eye as they shared a smile and gave their orders.

“You said you had questions,” Lexa looked at Clarke who nodded eagerly, in a break from the gentle conversation they’d been having.

“I do—tons. You wanna take a shot at answering them?”

“What kind of questions?” Lexa asked, suddenly suspicious at the look on Clarke’s face.

“Sex, mostly,” Clarke put her hand over her mouth to hide the fact that she was chewing. “You and me sex stuff and you know, medical stuff.”

“Medical stuff?” Lexa wrinkled her nose, “I don't know the answer to medical stuff. You’d probably be better at that.”

Clarke's eyes narrowed in thought, “Yeah, okay, maybe the medical stuff is really sex stuff.”

“Okay?”

“By medical stuff, I mean safe sex stuff.”

“I'm not gonna get you pregnant, I promise,” she saluted and Clarke laughed, swallowing food down the wrong way and coughing violently into her napkin.

Lexa quickly moved to the seat beside her and rubbed her back, pushing her glass of water into her hands.

“I'm not worried about that, obviously,” Clarke was still wheezing. “But I do have an iPad and after the whole ‘we didn't have sex’ debacle, I looked up a lot more than lady porn.”

“And what did you find out?” Lexa pulled her water toward her deciding to stay right next to Clarke.

“Gloves? Dental dams? It sounded more like I was going to be dissecting a cadaver than having sex.”

“Okay, so safe sex is important and really those things are no more intrusive than a condom. Are you on the pill?”

“I thought you weren't going to get me pregnant?” Clarke quipped, but Lexa just gave her a look,
“Fine, okay, yes.”

“So, you didn't use a condom when you last slept with Bellamy?”

“Of course I did. It's not like I'm the only one he sleeps with.”

“Okay, so all the safe sex stuff is for the same reason—not necessary in a committed relationship if you're both clean.”

“So, you always use protection?” Clarke asked.

Lexa shifted uncomfortably in her seat, “Uh…”

“You don’t?” there was a frown on her dates face.

“Well, the thing is, no one seems to use dental dams, I mean ever. Maybe for anal but for oral, I've never seen or experienced that happening. I mean girls do use them, if they have a lot of casual sex or are into anal or…I don't know. It's not like a woman with a raging cold sore would go down on another girl, so no…”

“So, you didn't use protection with that girl in New York?” Clarke looked like wholly disapproving.

“Look, okay, so I didn't use gloves, but there was no cross contamination…”

“I don't even know what you're saying right now,” Clarke interrupted, voice rising slightly as her jaw clenched.

“We fucked in the bathroom, okay? I didn't take her back to my hotel, I didn't go down on her and she didn't go down on me. I was drunk, and we did it in the bathroom of the bar. It was quick. We used our hands on each other at the same time. No cross contamination; no chance of diseases.”

“And are you always so careful?” Clarke mocked.

“I don't want to fight, Clarke.”

“And I don't want to catch some disease!”

“We can be careful,” Lexa offered, but Clarke tsked. “Look, one of the biggest reasons lesbians catch diseases is from girls who've slept with guys. I've never slept with a guy!”

“Oh, so I'm the diseased one now?” Clarke puffed up a little, clearly indignant and Lexa couldn't deny she had a right to be even if that wasn't what she meant.

“I didn't say or mean that,” Lexa rolled her eyes. “I'm just saying that if ever there was a risk, I'd use something.”

“So, I read some article saying that no one uses dental dams,” Clarke crossed her arms. “You basically said the same thing, so are we supposed to or not? I mean, I don't get it.”

“Yeah, so I don't go down on a girl as a one night stand. I mean, I didn't use anything with Zenith but we were both virgins, and other girls have been my girlfriends.”

“So, you've never done it as part of a one night stand?” Clarke stared at her knowingly.

She flushed, “When I was younger I did, yeah. Maybe I was stupid, but the risk felt low. I mean they were young too and I never caught anything or whatever. Now I save that for relationships. But
that's just me, everyone is different, and I don't pretend to know anything about the sex life of others.”

“That's kind of why I'm asking, Lexa,” Clarke's mouth was drawn in a tense line and Lexa couldn't tell if she was angry, disgusted or what.

“Look, I visit the gynecologist. I get tested because I'm young and sexually active. I may be low risk but it's the smart thing to do. I'm clean, I can tell you that. I've never had a cold sore, never had an STI. What else do you want to know?”

Clarke looked even more stern, “I want you to ask about me.”

“You said you use condoms.”

“And I've been tested, you know, F.Y.I,” Clarke stated pointedly, throwing in an eye roll for good measure.

“Look, I'm about to say just about the worst thing in the world,” she began before pausing, thinking it over.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Clarke arched an eyebrow, expression a little lighter.

“Yes. Look, I'm in love with you. Maybe it's wrong, but I don't want to use gloves or dental dams, or anything with you. You're my best friend and I, god…I want to feel all of you. Maybe that makes me sound really irresponsible but that's how I feel. I will though. If you want? If you want, I'll get tested again. Maybe if we both get tested again?”

“I was tested last month. Were you tested since the last girl? I mean before your New York restroom fuck?”

“Clarke,” Lexa frowned because Clarke sounded angry again, “I'm jealous okay? I hate that she touched you. I told you that. Don't expect me to act like I don't care.”

“I think we've established I'm yours,” Lexa tried to reassure though she was honestly a little pleased at her friend’s blatant jealousy.

“Once I dragged you kicking and screaming into this…whatever this is,” Clarke pointed out.

“You mean screaming your name?” she joked and Clarke gave a small laugh, relaxing. “It's you and me, being together and seeing what happens and making sure we stay friends.”

“Okay, so were you tested before New York hussy…”

“She wasn't a hussy.”

“Answer the damn question, Lex.”

“Yes.”

“Okay, so we can trust each other to have been honest because we're best friends, so I guess we don't need to worry about all the gloves and stuff. Or should we? I mean…”

“If we've both been tested and we're both clean, we can let this happen naturally. Okay?”
“Okay. That's good,” Clarke sucked in a lungful of air as the waitress put their food on the table. They said their thanks, then Lexa added,

“So long as you’re comfortable, of course.”

“The idea of gloves and dental dams freaked me out a little if I'm honest,” Clarke admitted, “but I am so pedantic about safe sex, Lexa. And you should be more careful.”

“I am now, and you know, frequent testing to make sure all is good. I have rules for myself. We're all different and have to work to our comfort level when it comes to any kind of sex. I'll respect yours Clarke.”

“So, uh…no sex outside of this, right?” Clarke gestured between them.

“None,” Lexa gave a nod, swallowing back her giddy pleasure at the notion of being exclusive with Clarke.

“So how many people have you slept with?” Clarke leaned closer, the tense atmosphere lifting.

“I'm amazed you want this conversation at brunch rather than home,” she grinned.

“I was concerned that at home it might become more than a conversation, what with our new handsy way of being, and we do need to talk.”

“I don't know.”

“Huh?”

“I don't know how many.”

“That's a lot,” her brow furrowed and Lexa realized Clarke's grumpy expression was a tell for when she was jealous.

“It's not so many. I mean…I don't know, what's too many?”

“More than…ugh I don't know. If I say a number and you're more than that, then I offend you. Or if my number is way high you might think I'm a whore.”

Lexa's eyes rolled because that was crazy, “Don't be ridiculous.”

“Is it more than twenty?” Clarke asked instantly.

“Uh…god, I'd need to count,” she flushed slightly.

“So, count. We've got time.”

“Uh, Zenith, Costia, Steph, girl at my gig…okay two girls at gigs…the studio girl…”

“Studio girl?” Clarke's eyes narrowed, after all Lexa was going back in the studio soon.

“She's not at the studio anymore,” Lexa reassured, unable to hide her big smile.

Clarke looked offended, “My jealousy amuses you?”

“Your jealousy thrills me,” Lexa threaded her fingers through Clarke's. Clarke flushed a beautiful pink and tilted her chin up, “okay, carry on.”
“After studio girl there was Susie, or Sue...or was it Sophie?”

“Is that three girls or one?”

“One. Sophie, definitely Sophie. Then Lu, Hannah, sexy waitress, Becca, New York and you.”

“Twelve. And who's 'sexy waitress’?”

Lexa's cheeks grew rosy this time, “that's just what Anya and I called her.”

“Twelve is not outrageous.”

“What about you?” Lexa asked, suddenly interested to know more. Hearing about Clarke's sexual escapades had used to niggle, even if the stories were funny, although now she had a different kind of interest.

“Okay, fair’s fair,” Clarke nodded. “Okay, so Tyler from high school was my first. Then there was a series of not-so great experiences during college: Seb the guy down the hall, Jay who was a major ass, and Mal who was an idiot but good in bed. Medical school was just two—Jason and Theo. Then there was Finn, Bellamy, and then you,” she batted her eyelashes and Lexa's stomach swooshed pleasantly.

“Okay, eight. Maybe I'm a whore?”

“Shut up. I don't judge people for how many partners they've had. Being sexually confident and enjoying sex do not make someone a whore.”

“I was kidding, you know I agree.”

Lexa squeezed the hand she was still holding and stared at Clarke, all sun-kissed and, for the time being, hers to love. It made her feel slightly giddy to suddenly have the potential of a life with Clarke before her. Lexa wasn't stupid; she was pessimistic and full of self-doubt—she knew this relationship probably wouldn't work out even if Clarke were bi and yet, she couldn't deny how happy it made her. Her fear was well-founded and yet her bravery was entirely justifiable because Clarke was worth it.

“So, when did you know you were gay?” Clarke took a sip of coffee.

“You want my coming out story already?” Lexa grinned.

“Yeah, I want it, and I have asked before! You're always so coy about it. I know your first time. I know your last girlfriend and I know your last lay. Now I want to know the moment you knew!”

“I'm not coy about it,” Lexa stuffed a mouthful of waffles and syrup into her mouth.

“Wow, graceful lady!” Clarke rolled her eyes, especially as Lexa made a silly chomping face at her. A small giggle escaped the girl’s lips and she leaned closer to Lexa. “You have a little syrup on your face, sweet cheeks.”

“Sweet cheeks?” Lexa stared at her in amusement.

“Well, when you have syrup on your face, I think sweet cheeks was the nicest pet name I could have chosen from a bunch of questionable options,” Clarke was so close Lexa couldn't think properly and just leaned closer to blue eyes and the prettiest face she'd ever seen.

“What options?” she let her nose brush against Clarke's cheek and she could feel the girls smile.
“Sticky, Grubby, I could have even gone for Syrup Face.”

“I'll take Sweet Cheeks,” she brushed her lips over one sloping cheekbone, then onto the tip of a dainty nose.

“Nah, I will,” Clarke smirked and her tongue snuck out and dabbed at the syrup on Lexa's cheek. Lexa's body had a spectacular reaction—her heart pounded, everything got hot, and a pleasant, desire-driven burn settled in her stomach and lower. The soft moan was barely audible, but Clarke slumped back in her chair and arched her eyebrows looking very pleased with herself.

“Wow, you play hard ball,” Lexa groaned with a shake of her head, thighs clenched tightly together as she reached for her coffee.

“What's the matter, sweet Lexi?”

“Hmmm, I think you know.”

“Would a kiss make it better?” the flirty tone was going to be the death of Lexa. She put her coffee down, eyes falling to Clarke's lips.

“Hmmm, yeah it would.” No, not at all, definitely it would make it worse, so much worse.

“You sure about that?” Clarke's smile made her eyes sparkle and she leaned forward, eyes dropping momentarily to Lexa's clenched thighs.

“Yep, now give me my kiss,” she sassed, sighing as Clarke pushed her hand into her thick dark waves. Clarke's kiss was soft, gentle, a sweet echo of the kiss that morning. This kiss was barely there but oh so perfect, and while it worsened the burn between her legs, it lightened her heart.

“You taste sweet,” Clarke murmured, still close enough that their noses could touch.

“That's what all the girls say,” she quipped and then her eyes widened in panic as she worried the tease was too much.

Clarke merely sat back laughing, “So glad we can joke about it!”

“Shit, sorry,” Lexa bit her lip with worry even though Clarke's smile was sincere.

“Don't be sorry. I'm hoping to be one of those girls,” Clarke winked at her and the words created yet another swoop in her belly. She groaned, pushing her plate away and resting her head on her arms.

“Problem?”

“Fuck, I'm so turned on,” she muttered into her arms.

“Well, we can do something about that in a bit,” Clarke's mouth was right next to her ear, lips brushing the lobe, and Lexa swore there was a pleasure line that connected her ear lobe to her groin, because it felt like an electrical current of heady lushness.

“Clarke,” the girls name was a breathy, needy sound, barely recognizable.

“Pull yourself together, Commander, you owe me a coming out story!” The tug of Clarke’s lips on her ear was more than she could cope with and she whimpered. “Lexa...” Clarke cooed softly.

“I need a minute,” she turned her head on her arms and peeked at Clarke through her hair. She was smiling in amusement until her eye caught Lexa’s, then her smile shifted to something more predatory and Lexa swallowed. “Not helping,” she whispered and Clarke nodded.
“Fuck,” her voice was raspy and close, and suddenly her warm hand was burning the skin on Lexa's upper thigh. “I want to touch you, Lexa.”

“Oh god,” Lexa moaned back into her arm and Clarke's hand slid a little higher on her thigh. She quickly realized that if Clarke went any higher she'd probably have an extremely pleasant but very loud and public orgasm. Her hand landed on top of Clarke's with epic speed. Her friend pouted and she swallowed, trying to concentrate over her pounding heart and aroused body, “You touch me and I won't be quiet. I will be loud and it will be quick and fuck… nope, not the first time you touch me,” she squeezed the hand under hers and Clarke bit back a small smile.

“When you put it like that I don't know if I want to do it more or less than I did a minute ago.”

Lexa whimpered, and began to talk at speed, “So when I was all of nine years old, I was placed with this family. They had a daughter. She was fifteen and I thought she was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. She had hair so long it touched the waistband of the skirts she always wore. They were these amazingly short skirts—usually denim. Her legs were long and tanned, just gorgeous. I was short and skinny, a kind of scraggly little kid with ugly clothes and matted hair. This girl—I didn't know if I wanted to touch her or be her. When I hit puberty, I realized that all these girls I wanted to be were actually girls I wanted to touch,” she babbled, words breathy and not thought out, all a distraction from the intent in Clarke's eyes.

Clarke gave a soft, breezy laugh, “So what happened at thirteen?”

“A friend at school, she put her hand on my leg and my hormonal self went crazy. I wanted the hand higher up my thigh and my hand on her boob.”

“And not a lot has changed since then?” Clarke quirked a brow, extremely amused.

“Nope,” she blushed.

“Who was this friend?”

“A girl called Marlee. She wasn't coming onto me; she was laughing at something someone else had said and leaning close to me, leaning on me to stare at this boy. I was a goner for girls in general after that. At first, I didn't entirely get the whole desire for girls thing. That sounds stupid, I know, but I didn't watch TV like other kids. I lived in a bunch of different houses and no one ever told me you could love the same gender, that you could have sex with the same gender. I didn't know what the words gay and lesbian actually meant. I thought they were curse words or insults. I didn't have computers and I wasn't going to search to try and understand what I was feeling online at school. No way.”

“So how did you find out about being gay? You said that you knew you were a lesbian from the minute you knew what one was? You know, back when we kissed that first time.”

“I saw these girls kissing. I was fourteen. I was out at some hangout, wasting time so I didn't have to go home. I must have stared at them with bug eyes. I was happy, so goddamn happy because it meant I wasn't alone in my feelings and there was suddenly so much possibility, so much potential.”

“You're so…” Clarke began, staring at her, expression soft, “amazing,” she chose the word carefully.

“Because I stared at two girls making out?” Lexa laughed.

“Oh, I know you didn't just stare,” Clarke smirked.

“Fine, so they saw me staring and one of them got mouthy. I can't even remember what she said, but
it was along the lines of ‘you got a problem with two girls kissing, kid?’"

“And what did you say?” Clarke was hanging on her every word and it made her feel warm.

“I think I gaped and asked a dumb-sounding question.”

“What question?” Clarke arched her eyebrows and leaned closer, clearly captivated.

“I don't remember,” she bit her lip, embarrassed.

“Liar,” Clarke’s blue eyes pretty much glowed.

“Fine, I said, ‘girls can kiss girls? Oh my god, that's awesome! I'm so happy.’”

“And I bet they loved you,” Clarke laughed.

“Yep, I got the full ‘when I was a young gay girl’ story from both of them. They gave me the terms, some of the sex info, and you know…tells, to help know if someone is into girls, too.”

“There are tells?”

“Of course there are, same as for anyone, although some are more pertinent to finding other girl loving girls.”

“Oh wow, there's so much to find out! I have too many questions. I'm dying here,” Clarke theatrically swooned a little.

“One at a time,” Lexa chuckled.

“Okay, okay. First question. When you just said, ‘when I was a young gay girl,’ was it to the melody of ‘Hakuna Matata’ from The Lion King?”

“Indeed it was and if you're very sweet, I will sing you the full gay girl version later,” she promised.

“Oh my god, yes, I'll be sweet,” Clarke gripped her hand and Lexa gave a lazy smile.

“Like it is even a challenge.”

“When I'm on my period, it's a challenge. Ooh, do girls ever do the do when they're on?”

“Do the do? Who actually says that?” Lexa giggled.

“I do!” Clarke pouted. “Now answer!”

“Some,” she squeezed Clarke’s hand.

“You?” Clarke tilted her head.

“God, with you I think I'd do just about anything,” she admitted and Clarke flushed so red even her ears changed color.

“You trying to woo me or something?” her voice was low and seductive.

“Always,” Lexa answered simply, leaning closer.

“Okay, so I have another question,” Clarke shuffled even closer and leaned in conspiratorially and then simply said, “hair?”
“You have beautiful hair,” she answered sincerely, lip twitching.

“Hair down there, Lexa!” Clarke thumped her lightly in the shoulder.

“You don't have any,” she couldn't help but grin because she knew that, because she had touched her.

“Well, yeah. I mean like you said there are a lot of expectations placed on us about how we're supposed to look down there,” she spoke quietly, shooting a look around the cafe to check no one was listening. “Do you have hair?”

“Lots of it,” Lexa grinned and Clarke pouted.

“Hair down there?” she clarified again tightly.

“Ah. You know, I get the whole hairless thing, and god, yeah, it can be a total turn on. But I don't hate pubic hair. Call me crazy, but a little bit of short, neat hair is not a bad thing.”

“So, you want me to grow hair?” Clarke's eyes narrowed.

“No! That's not what I'm saying at all. I want you to be happy with how you are. Do what you want, don't shave a thing and if you're happy, I'm happy. Let's face it, I'm gonna be throwing myself a ticker tape parade any chance I get to see you, touch you, smell you, and taste you. I doubt very much, I'll be worried about hair or no hair.”

“You're so romantic,” Clarke teased, but she actually came across sounding extremely sincere, and Lexa's cheeks once again grew rosy. Clarke gave a small cough, “So you have hair?”

“You don't want to be surprised?”

“Lexa!”

“Yes, a little, very neat, very short, but yeah. And I could be talked into getting rid of it if you hated it, or thought you might be more comfortable…”

“Don't change anything,” Clarke interjected quickly. “I want you the way you are, however you're happy being.”

“Yeah?” she blinked because it was everything she had wanted to hear.

“Yeah. What part of epic crush did you miss?”

“Do you, uh, think…” Lexa began trying to find the right words to express the fact that she didn't like the word crush because it felt too flimsy. The word didn't speak to all those life fantasies, which were once more in her every waking (and sleeping) thought.

Clarke took her hand, “Do I think what?”

“That, maybe, one day, it might be more than a crush?”

“I think you're my best friend,” Clarke pulled her hand and kissed the knuckles.

“Which means?”

“It already is!”
“When I was a young gay girl,” Lexa sang and looked sternly to Clarke who was curled up on the couch wearing a Trikru T-shirt and a pair of panties, hair mussed from the epic make out session, and deliciously satisfying thigh sex.

“When she was a young gay girl,” Clarke echoed, clearly embarrassed as she fought giggles.

“I found my gayness lacked a certain appeal
I could hear the comments after every reveal
I'm a sensitive soul though I seem hard-assed
And it hurt that no one ever gave lesbian facts
And oh, the shame
I was untamed
Thought that lovin' girls was strange
But I was changed
And I felt lighthearted
How did I feel?

Every time that I…hey! Lexa! Not in front of the Clarke. Oh sorry. Vajayjay vagina!

Ain't no passing craze! It means no penis for the rest of my days, it's my penis-free
philosophy, vajayjay vagina!” Lexa strummed her guitar and sang with gusto, only stopping when Clarke began to wheeze as she was laughing so hard.

“Are you laughing at the ballad of my gay girl youth?” she deadpanned, only worsening her friend’s predicament.

“I'm laughing at you, you dork,” Clarke wiped at her eyes, before rolling onto her tummy, ass in the air as she buried her face in the couch cushions, body shaking. “Oh my god. You really used to sing that?” her words were muffled by cushions.

“I made it up the day I realized I was gay,” Lexa stated proudly. “I'm sorry if I killed the song for you!” She put her guitar to one side and moved to the couch, sitting down and sliding her hands around Clarke’s waist, pulling her onto her lap. Clarke wound her arms around her neck and Lexa bit her lip to keep from laughing at her flushed face and watery eyes.

“I will never be able to listen to the original again without thinking of you, and that is not a bad thing. Oh my god, seriously though,” she pressed her face against Lexa's chest, “I adore you for that.”

“My fourteen-year-old self thanks you.”
“Oh god, can you imagine if you sang that at your gig tonight?”

“Never going to happen. That song—yeah, it’s pretty much for you and me only. Maybe a close friend or two.”

“Yeah?” Clarke looked at her, clearly touched.

“I mean I know it's funny, but…”

“It's also sad,” Clarke frowned, “I mean really sad.”

“Sad?” she smiled at Clarke’s red face and wet eyes, and the soft, amused hiccups still escaping her.

Clarke buried her face in her neck, “Well, I know it couldn’t have been all fun and games. I know we like to pretend that everyone is decent, and friends are all supportive, but I know that's not true. I've not come out and I've heard comments.”

“The first person I came out to was my foster mom at the time. It was pretty funny actually. I was super excited by my discovery. Remember I was only fourteen and those girls they had told me I was normal, that there was even a name for feeling the way I felt. I wasn't naive enough to think that everyone would be supportive and those girls had told me to think about who I told, but I was so happy to finally understand my feelings and I practically ran into the house shouting ‘I'm gay, I'm gay!’”

“And?”

“She slapped me,” she laughed but it sounded as fake as it was. Clarke nuzzled closer into her neck, pressing a soft kiss to the skin.

“And?”

“I didn't tell anyone else for another year. When I moved into the group home at fifteen, I just cared less about what people thought of me. I told Lincoln and I told the staff. I decided not to hide who I was and to be myself. A fact that TIndra, that awful girl I told you about, fully abused when she turned up eight months later. I actually didn't care by that point. I didn't shove my sexuality in people's faces but I certainly didn't hide it. I behaved the way that felt appropriate to me. Sometimes I made out in public and other times I was shyer, more cautious. Same as you probably, same as any other teenager. I was unapologetic and I became fucking proud of who I am. And I am proud to be me.”

“I'm proud of you too,” Clarke brushed kisses up her neck.

“You're okay with that then?” she asked and Clarke shifted around until she was straddling her lap, her face wonderfully close.

“With what, sweet cheeks?”

“Maybe we should talk about that nickname sticking around, yeah?”

“Am I okay with what, Lexa?” Clarke smirked, then gave her a stern look.

“Will you be okay with the fact that I won’t hesitate to kiss you, appropriately for the situation of course?” her hands trailed up her soft thighs, thumbs brushing across the front of black underwear, causing a hitch in Clarke's breathing, before they found home on soft, curved hips.
“Are you kidding?”

“No,” Lexa frowned slightly, “not at all.”

“I want to kiss you literally all the time,” Clarke pressed her lips to Lexa’s to emphasize her point and for several long moments, they kissed.

“Nobody knows you're bi,” she stated and then smirked, “not even you…”

“Haha, funny girl,” Clarke pressed another kiss to her lips.

“Seriously?”

“I'm going to be proud of who I am too Lexa.”

“Which means?”

“Kissing you—not hesitating to kiss you.”

“And when people ask?” she smiled into the kiss that Clarke was still pressing against her lips.

“I'll tell them I'm not sure who I am yet, but I am sure about you.”
Just a day hanging out

Chapter Summary

Rereading this chapter it's a lot of fooling around, hanging out and getting to know what makes Lexa tick.

Chapter Notes

You're all awesome. Happy day 8:)

Chapter Eight

“God, enough boring Harvard crap—I’m even boring myself,” Clarke stated, yawning widely as if to emphasize her point. They were still lying on Lexa’s couch several hours later and after she had asked Clarke about school, they’d spent a good half an hour laughing over her stories, and discussing her work before Clarke grew, rather predictably, tired of the subject. She jumped off the couch and pranced through to Lexa’s bathroom, still wearing nothing but an old black Trikru shirt, short enough that Lexa could see her ass moving under her black underwear, her eyes fixed on the sway of her hips. This day had already cemented itself in her brain as Lexa's favorite day of her whole life, from waking up in Clarke's arms, to brunch, to heated make-out sessions, thigh sex, chatting, and singing. Every single part of it was perfect.

“What are you looking for?” Lexa called out at a muffled curse from the bathroom and the sounds of blatant rummaging.

“Your nail polish,” Clarke huffed, then after a beat, “Got it!”

“Why do you want my nail polish?” Lexa asked relinquishing her guitar to Clarke's tugging hands when the girl returned. She watched as Clarke carefully placed it to one side on its stand.

“You still have green nail polish on only one foot, you slob!”

“There's not been a lot of time for painting my nails—I've been working out a lot, writing a lot, and making out a lot,” she defended, face stoic.

Clarke eyed her appreciatively, finger prodding her abs, “You are freakishly strong, you know?”

“I'm not freakishly strong,” Lexa rolled her eyes, “I do a regular amount of exercise. Just because you do none, doesn't make me freakish.”

“It's not like I never exercise, I just don't waste my time exercising for the sake of exercising. And when would I have time?” Clarke curled up on the couch next to her, pulling Lexa’s legs over her lap, and grabbing her hand.

“We could go for a run instead of watching TV?” Lexa smiled.
“We could go for a drink instead of a run?” Clarke countered with an impish grin.

“Bike ride?” Lexa parried.

“Pool competition?” Clarke wrinkled her nose looking adorably cute.

“Swimming! What an excellent suggestion, and, with the pool in this building, so easy!”

“Fuck off,” Clarke pouted and tickled Lexa’s feet softly causing her to kick. Clarke just laughed and pulled her hands away.

“So, TV, nail painting and doodling it is?” Lexa asked, eyebrows raised expectantly and Clarke nodded, pulling out a dark blue, and taking Lexa’s hand in hers.

“And making out.” Steely blue eyes locked on hers seriously.

Lexa nodded, cheeks flushing, “And making out.”

“Lex,” Clarke said after a beat.

“Clarke…”

“I love medical school and medicine in general,” she paused.

“I know you do.”

“It's just sometimes, when I'm drawing, writing my comics…” Clarke’s mouth twisted as she tried to find the right words. Lexa's eyes dropped to Clarke's lips, watching her tongue sneak out to wet them. “I'm so happy. Medical school, it gives me this deep exhaustion sometimes. And then I just want to send off my comics to a publisher and become some struggling artist. I know that probably sounds silly, and they're not good enough but I have so much fun doing them. I just, I don't know. How cool would it be to do what I love all day and get paid for it? I know you'll tell me the truth and if they're not good enough, I get it. I could never ask Octavia and Raven. Well, I could, but I don't know. I'm not sure I'd get anywhere, they'd look at me like I'm crazy and mention all my years of medical school so far.”

“Clarke, there is no doubt in my mind, at all, that your comics are good enough. Yes, absolutely, yes, you should send them off,” Lexa enthused sincerely, “the series is amazing, especially Commander Lexa,” she winked.

“She's my favorite too,” Clarke smiled. “I thought maybe I could get a few scenes together. I have a couple of business cards I got from Comic Con, so…”

“You absolutely should do it. Yes, I'd read it. Tons of people would. It's really good, you know that,” she tugged Clarke's hand to her lips and kissed it.

“You'll check it over, if I put some of it together?”

“Of course! Trust me though, it's amazing.”

“And you'd help me write a cover letter?” Clarke pulled Lexa's hand to her mouth and bit her index finger lightly causing Lexa's belly to fill with swooping butterflies.

“Of course.”

“And support me if I ever did decide to give up medical school?”
“Emotionally or financially?” Lexa teased.

“Both?” Clarke gave a cheeky grin.

“I suppose so,” Lexa gave a casual little shrug that belied her beating heart.

“You’re the best,” she dropped the polish and pushed Lexa’s legs off her lap and moved closer to kiss her.

Lexa could feel the day getting away from her, and she’d never been happier to lose control. Clarke was currently holding her hand and attempting to paint her fingernails the dark blue she’d chosen much earlier. It could have been any other afternoon they’d spent together except that on this occasion, Clarke was still only wearing black underwear and her old Trikru T-shirt. She was also apparently filled with the same compulsion as Lexa to engage in kissing activities every few minutes, thus, achieving very little. She’d paint a nail, brow pursed in concentration, before pressing a kiss to the top of Lexa’s hand. Clarke would then look at her and they’d smile, then she’d screw the lid on the nail polish, climb onto Lexa’s lap and kiss her in an utterly wanton way, arms around her neck, all tongue and body pressed close.

“Don’t smudge your nails,” she’d hiss into the kiss and grind her body down, chests bumping, kisses bruising and addictive.

“No fair,” Lexa would protest nipping at lips, and Clarke would smile into the kiss until she couldn't help but put her hands on Clarke's hips, her ass, her waist, brush her thumbs over soft curves that made her desperate for more.

Clarke would allow it and then she'd huff a little, “You’ve smudged it,” she'd say, as if she honestly could expect anything else, and she’d retreat to her seat beside Lexa and tug a hand back toward her. It was of no surprise that she was still only on the fourth nail of Lexa's right hand. Lexa watched her finish her right hand before screwing the lid on, but instead of kissing her, she moved to nestle beside her on the couch.

“Not gonna do my left hand?”

“Nope,” Clarke trailed a finger up from the waistband of Lexa’s boy shorts, over the top of the tank she was wearing until her hand was cupping her breast. Her eyes flicked between Lexa’s face and her hand on Lexa's boob. She smoothed her hand over it several times and when Lexa’s breath caught, her eyes shifted up to plump lips, she gave a soft squeeze and Lexa couldn't help the soft moan that escaped her, her eyes fixed on Clarke’s. She didn't miss the hint of pride and pleasure that filled blue eyes at the sound. She squeezed again, a little harder, fingers swirling around her nipple and Lexa moaned louder, mouth falling open as heat pooled in her belly and she became acutely aware of how close Clarke's thigh was to pressing against her clit and easing some of the ache that seemed to be there permanently these days. Then Clarke pinched her nipple, kinda hard, but fuck, she groaned and pulled her closer, ensuring that beautiful, slim thigh hit her in exactly the right place, her lips finding Clarke’s.

“Hey,” Clarke protested teasingly, “you gotta wait,” she drew back and moved her leg from where it was providing some relief.
Lexa mewled her protest, “Wait? Why?” she smoothed her hands over Clarke's extremely fine posterior, fingers slipping under the edge of her underwear to trace lines on silky skin. Her eyes felt hazy and she was turned on, again, and she needed Clarke, again.

“Because I'm in charge right now,” Clarke stated, hand nudging under Lexa's shirt and tickling her stomach, trailing lazy circles around her belly button.

“You are?” she asked, her whole body was hot and filled with heady anticipation. She was powerless to move when underneath Clarke and yet everything screamed at her to relieve the pressure.

“Yep,” Clarke shuffled down, blissful, relief-giving thigh moving further away. Lexa thought to protest, but then Clarke was pressing a warm kiss to the flat of her stomach, tongue swooping into her belly button and the protest turned into a borderline pathetic groan of appreciation, especially when two hands fluttered over her ribs, pushing her tank up her body, lips trailing higher until Clarke's warm mouth sucked her nipple into it, the flat of her tongue swirling around it, nose nuzzling close. Then Clarke goddamn moaned (apparently turned on from kissing her boob) and she became so desperate to relieve the throbbing ache that she pushed her own hand into her shorts. Clarke released her nipple at once and tugged her hand out from her underwear.

“Nope,” she shook her head.

“It hurts,” she moaned as Clarke hovered over her, trapping her hands beside her head.

“Is it a bad hurt?” Clarke asked and Lexa closed her eyes.

“No,” she admitted.

“Then wait,” the blonde goddess hovering over her ordered.

“Fuck,” she gasped because Clarke released her hands and slid down her body to suck the other nipple into her mouth, hand claiming the other breast. Her mouth was greedy but fucking skilled, and her hand may have been a little rough, but whatever she was doing worked for Lexa. Lexa had never come from anyone playing with her chest, but she had never been so turned on in her life, and Clarke —whatever she was doing with her tongue, with those doctor's hands of hers, it was amazing and Lexa could feel herself getting close.

“You're gonna make me come,” she moaned, words barely intelligible, but Clarke heard them. She definitely heard them because she squeezed a little harder, teeth then nipping, as her thumb did some swirl and pinch in sync. Then did it again and more until Lexa knew she was lost.

“Holy fucking shit,” she practically yelled, the orgasm probably the weirdest and most wonderful of her life, because she didn't think her body could do that. Clarke laughed softly, looking adorably proud of herself, as Lexa continued to shake, gently kissing both of her breasts before shuffling up her body, and staring at her. Lexa was pretty certain she looked broken—jaw slack, eyes shut, head tilted back, breathing erratic, but Clarke merely nuzzled close to her.

“That happen a lot?”

“Oh, no,” she mumbled, words cracking. “Never.”

“You're really sexy,” Clarke trailed kisses onto her jaw, “and I want to touch you.”

“You did,” Lexa managed, not thinking clearly, but then cried out when she felt Clarke's hand rub against the front of her underwear.
“Here,” she clarified, voice husky, so fucking sexy Lexa only managed to hum in response. “Can I?”

“Yeah,” she whimpered, because Clarke had begun to rub soft circles against her, fingers brushing against her sensitive clit at the top of each circle. Clarke's hand moved up to Lexa's stomach and then nudged under the edge of her underwear, over skin, brushing against her swollen clit, before running through warmth and wetness. Lexa groaned loudly, but the soft groan from Clarke caused her eyes to snap open, to stare at Clarke's expression of pleasure, pleasure from touching her. This was a big deal, this was Clarke initiating more, wanting more, finding pleasure in more.

“You’re so wet and soft and warm,” she whispered, then her eyes opened, too and met Lexa’s, fingers still exploring between her legs, sweeping through moisture, before circling her clit with more purpose.

“I'm extremely attracted to you,” she mumbled, hips canting upwards as Clarke slid a finger a little way inside of her.

“You like that?” she asked, voice sultry, eyes sultry, Clarke—the fucking embodiment of sultry.

“Mmm,” she agreed.

“More?” It should be criminal for someone to say such a simple word with such heavy sexual intent embroiled in it.

“Mmm.” Again words escaped her, in fact, breathing escaped her as Clarke pushed the one finger fully inside of her before curling it forward and then pulling it out again.

“Breathe,” the husked instruction tickled against the lobe of Lexa’s ear.

“Clarke,” she pleaded, because even though she’d already come, she needed more.

“More?” Clarke asked again, tongue swiping up her neck before she sucked Lexa's ear lobe into her mouth.

“Mmmm,” Lexa's hips thrust forward and against Clarke's hand, the finger sliding back inside of her.

“I'll take that as a yes,” Clarke nipped her neck and then sucked at the skin as she slid two fingers into Lexa, pushing them in, curling them, pulling them out and then doing it again and again and again, as she sucked bruising kisses up and down Lexa’s neck.

“Fuck, Clarke,” she hissed as she hit the spot inside of her and Clarke knew exactly what she’d done, and replicated that particular angle. It was good, so fucking good and Lexa felt her head swim, her hips shamelessly thrusting up into each of Clarke's moves, until she hit that spot again and rubbed against her clit all at the same time. She couldn't even think clearly enough to be ashamed of how quickly she came, not with what pushed her over the edge, because it was wonderful. Clarke, apparently so turned on from touching her, rubbed herself against her thigh and the combination of fingers fucking her (incredibly well), a thumb rubbing her clit, and Clarke trying to get herself off while doing it, was all too much and her body exploded epically, pleasure that had been coiled, extending to every bit of her, so much pleasure she swore it was probably plastered to every wall of her apartment. Clarke giggled and slowed the movements of her hand, though she rubbed herself harder against Lexa’s thigh. Lexa wanted to touch her, to help her, but she was in quicksand and her body was water. She couldn't move, could just watch Clarke’s face as she trailed wet fingers up Lexa's body and squeezed her breast roughly as she rocked, soft moans escaping her.

“Fuck, stop,” Lexa threw out the words and Clarke opened her eyes, stilling at once looking uncertain, self-conscious, worried, “let me, please,” she begged, finally moving her hand and sliding
it into Clarke’s underwear, her hips lifting to allow her access. She actually hissed as Lexa’s slim fingers trailed through her folds. Lexa positioned them carefully and looked up at her. “Go again,” she breathed and Clarke sank onto her fingers with a sigh and a moan, her head dropping for a second to rest on Lexa's bicep. She began moving again, but now with each move Lexa’s fingers moved in and out of her, and each time she rocked down, the fingers hit inside and Lexa’s palm crushed against her clit. It was lazy of her, to let Clarke work for it, but she was beautiful in the brazen way she sought her release, one hand on Lexa’s chest, the other gripping her bicep, eyes shut tight, as soft moans and curses filled the air. All too soon, Clarke came, body clenching around her fingers, a loud curse filling the room as she squeezed too tightly to both her arm and breast, but she didn’t care. Clarke’s face seemed to shiver with pleasure, dazzling her, making her love her harder, more fiercely. She collapsed against her, body still clenching around Lexa's fingers, and pressed an apologetic kiss against her breast.

“I'm sorry…when I come, god, I want to drown in your boobs,” she attempted to explain, voice little more than a whisper as she yawned.

“Drown away,” Lexa murmured, moving her hand from inside of Clarke, a little reluctantly, but the angle and weight of the collapsed girl was hurting her arm. She moved the hand to Clarke’s ass, keeping it inside her underwear, and spelled out ‘I love you’ on her butt cheeks. It took her a couple of minutes to realize Clarke was asleep. The realization made her grin, and she closed her eyes as well.

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Bang. Bang. Bang. The hammering at the door was simultaneously loud and incessant. Lexa opened her eyes, noting at once from the change in light that it was getting late, but more importantly than that, her sexy blond best friend was still draped on top of her. God, but she had it bad. She moved her hands from Clarke's ass, a little reluctantly, and pushed them into her thick hair.

The banging on the door began again. “Lexa,” Lincoln shouted from outside the door. “I'm sorry for coming here to get you, but seriously, we're on in three hours and we need to set up and do a sound check.”

“Fuck,” she hissed. She'd never been unhappier about having to perform, something she absolutely loved.

“Lexa. We really have to go,” Lincoln yelled. “Come out now or I'm coming in!”

“Fuck,” she tried to roll Clarke off her, but the blonde clung on tightly.

“No, I don't want to move,” she mumbled sleepily. Then the door swung open with a bang and Clarke awoke with a yelp of surprise and rolled onto the floor. Lexa couldn't help but laugh because the girl had been resolutely asleep during the hammering of Lincoln’s fists and yet somehow was awoken by the bang of the front door against the wall.

“Shit, I'm sorry,” Lincoln turned his back at once after witnessing their state of undress, and Lexa realized that it looked very compromising. She looked to Clarke with some trepidation, concerned that she’d find Lincoln’s intrusion embarrassing, or would falter at the outside world filtering into their two-person utopia. Clarke, however, had a sheepish smile on her face and was rubbing her elbow.
“Wow, I'm graceful,” she caught Lexa's eye and they both giggled,

“You're okay?” she mouthed.

Clarke nodded, “Maybe my reflexes are a little trigger-happy,” she wrinkled her nose.

“That bodes well for life as a doctor,” Lexa teased as she pulled her onto her lap and kissed her. The pointed cough Lincoln gave, broke into her Clarke-induced haze.

“Seriously, Lex,” he groused.

“I'm sorry,” she said to Lincoln, but then bumped her nose against Clarke's, “I'm not sorry,” she whispered. “Well, I am…”

“Why?” Clarke's eyes dropped to her lips and Lexa could feel it, the tug between them, the desperate desire to kiss.

“I have to go.”

“You have to shower,” Clarke responded.

“I have to shower?” her forehead creased in confusion.

“Surely, after all…that,” she leaned in close, her voice a raspy whisper, “loving, you need a shower?”

“I need a shower, Linc,” Lexa didn't move her eyes from Clarke's face.

“Fine, you go shower. Clarke and I will hang out,” Lincoln stated pointedly.

“I could kind of do with a shower, too,” Clarke breathed the words into Lexa's mouth.

“Look, I don't care how little clothing you have on, Clarke. You're staying here and talking to me, you're not going with her because we're already late.”

“Spoil sport,” Clarke booed, slipping off Lexa's lap and pressing a wet kiss to her cheek. “Go get clean, Stinky.”

“Watch who you're calling Stinky,” Lexa stuck out her tongue.

“You know I smell delicious,” Clarke shrugged and then frowned and called out after her, “chuck me some shorts please, Lex? I'm imagining Lincoln won't let me move from the couch to get some.”

“He won’t,” Lincoln concurred.

“But you look so cute right now,” Lexa had grabbed her phone, noting the many missed calls and texts and waggled it at Clarke with a pleading face. Clarke grinned and posed, looking fuckable and cute all in one go as Lexa snapped several pictures. Her phone was already full of Clarke, but she knew it was going to get so much worse.

“Happy?” Clarke teased.

“Very,” Lexa answered honestly.

“Go, then. And don't forget my shorts, otherwise Lincoln and I will be talking with his back to me.”
“True,” Lincoln looked at his watch pointedly and Lexa picked up a cushion and threw it at him.

“Enough of the pointed clock-watching. I'll be quick.”

“Do you even know what you're wearing tonight?” Lincoln tsked, throwing the cushion with perfect aim back at Lexa without looking.

“No,” said Lexa as she caught the cushion.

“Your black skinny jeans and that black sleeveless top. You know with the ruffles, a little low cut? Your boots too, the ankle ones with the heel,” Clarke told her bossily. She would have easily said it before, but this time both Lexa and even Lincoln turned to look at her, causing her to flush bright red, “I'm just saying that looks good.” Lexa laughed and tossed a blanket over Clarke's legs, not that she minded Clarke's legs or panties on display, but Clarke had definitely indicated that she did.

“You're adorable,” she pressed a kiss to her forehead before heading to the shower.

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Lexa was on stage at the *Sinclair* and the venue was packed. It was a local gig, and the *Sinclair* wasn't as big as a lot of the places they played when they went on tour, but the place was filled with their local fans. The crowd was amazing, singing along for all the right songs and shutting up in order to hear her voice at all the right moments. Lexa knew her voice was good. Growing up, it was only when she sang, that people around her ever stopped talking and listened. Her guitar had been a gift—the pivotal gift, as it turned out. She'd been hanging out in all the wrong places when she was fourteen and some older girl had heard her singing. Kellsy had befriended her and over time she'd taught Lexa to play, eventually giving her the guitar. She'd had the biggest crush, but the girl wasn't interested, and that had to be fine. Kellsy had given her the guitar and Lexa didn't think it was an exaggeration to say that the instrument had saved her. After that moment, she was always playing, writing music and singing. Her creativity had been unleashed and song writing had led her to a stage before five hundred people, eyes fixed on Clarke as she sang one of their new songs, a song all about the girl she was staring at.

The crowd was mostly silent, aside from the odd holler and scream, and it felt like the world after a huge snowfall, everything uncharacteristically still and calm. The crowd grew louder as she began to sing, their support obvious. It wasn't exactly a song that you went wild for, but her fans knew her songs meant things, and it was a sign of their respect and appreciation that they didn't go completely wild until she was done. The lyrics were for Clarke, because they were about everything between them: the uncertainty, the need, about how important it she was to Lexa. Lexa didn't focus on anyone else, just Clarke, always her. And Clarke was resplendent in tight jeans and some gorgeous low cut top, blond hair loose, hanging over her shoulder and exposing her slender neck.

Lexa played and sang, but really she was eye fucking Clarke and was powerless to stop herself, despite Indra's eye-rolling and Anya's less-than-subtle shove. The crowd went wild at the end of the song, at what they assumed was playful jostling, at appreciation for the new song, and Lexa just wanted to be with Clarke. But the show must go on and they segued into the other new song she'd written. It was wilder, more about the rush of pushing your fingers into a girl you want so fucking much, that first moment of release against her. She had to tear her eyes from Clarke, had to because she distracted her, swayed her, made her want to throw her guitar down, jump off the stage, and fuck her against it. So, she moved her eyes. It didn't change the fact that Clarke's eyes burned into her.
Clarke: Can I come back stage or should I meet you at Copper Tank?

Lexa: Come back stage. Ed, the big security guy will let you through.

Clarke: Can I bring the others?

Lexa: If you must.

Clarke: Rude much?

Lexa: I want to push you against a wall and fuck you senseless Clarke. The less people around the better.

Clarke: Fuck, I can get rid of them.

Lexa: There are no walls with privacy. Probably the more people, the safer.

Lexa: Actually, leave them. I need you.

Clarke: Maybe I should just meet you at Copper Tank? I'm not having sex in public.

Lexa: Boo.

Clarke: Not yet anyway.

Lexa: Yay.

Clarke: Dork.

Lexa: It's the endorphins from performing. Come back stage. I’m sure I can convince you.

Clarke: I have no doubt you can convince me, but I'd rather my friends find out we're doing this because they catch us kissing, not fucking.

Lexa: Who doesn't know?

Clarke: Bell for some reason and Monty, Jasper and Harper cos I’m less close to them.

Lexa: You gonna tell them?

Clarke: I don't think I'll have to. I think it's going to be rather obvious when I plaster myself to your side and kiss you at every opportune moment.

Clarke: Probably at every inopportune moment too!

Lexa: Sounds like you <3

Clarke: Do you know how hot you are when you perform?

Lexa: Do you know how hot you are?
Clarke: Fuck off with your smooth tongue.

Lexa: I think you like my tongue and you haven't even experienced half of its skill.

Clarke: I do like your tongue. I like it a lot.

Lexa: And you know Octavia may have mentioned that you find me attractive when I perform, so please come and show me.

Clarke: Octavia is an unsubtle bitch. Now you know my weakness. I will slay her.

Lexa: Don't. When I was up on stage, it was all I could think about. You're all I can think about the whole time.

Clarke: Is that why you kept staring?

Lexa: I was staring because I'm into you. Big time. You were staring back.

Clarke: I'm into you too. Big time. And you're so fucking hot when you play. Maybe come see me before we go?

Lexa: Sure. Give me two minutes.

Lexa shoved her phone in her pocket and turned to her friends.

“Whipped,” Anya merely said the words with an amused arch to her eyebrows.

“You're going to see her?” Indra gave her a knowing look.

“I'll be back to pack up in five,” she promised, but Lincoln shook his head and opened and closed his fists two times to indicate twenty minutes. “Ignore him.”

“You're in way too deep, Lexa,” Anya shook her head.

Indra immediately shot to her defense, “But listen to the music,” she urged. “And look at her face—she’s obviously happy.”

“Happy for now,” Anya tsked. “But what about when it all goes wrong?”

“If it all goes wrong,” Indra corrected pointedly.

“The girl isn't sure about who she is,” Anya corrected, “maybe she’s bi, but if she isn't sure, she’ll end up with a guy - they always do. And mucking around and whatever is different to being all in. Well, in my experience. And that leads to a broken heart for Lexa.”

Lexa sucked in a breath, because Anya had always had a habit of putting words to her fears, of shoving them out into the group for everyone to debate. She loved her cousin, but it was an unusual relationship because it was one formed as adults. Anya had found her through social services and they had met when Lexa moved to Boston. Anya hadn't had an easy, affluent life but it hadn't been the life Lexa had experienced either. Anya had grown up with her mother, who had mentioned a lost cousin. Anya’s father was the brother of Lexa’s mother and so Anya’s knowledge of her was limited to her name. Anya was blunt, a little controlling, but fiercely protective of her. She took the role of caring big cousin seriously.

“That's your experience. Trust me, the girl is in so deep there's not even a toe poking out of the
hole,” Lincoln interrupted, assessing her expression and clearly noticing the emotion in her eyes. Some of the high from performing had definitely ebbed away. “Go see her, Lex. I'll come too.”

“You're as bad with your crush on Octavia,” Anya chided him.

“Why are you so fucking grumpy and negative?” Lexa said harshly as she stepped closer to her cousin, a look of frustration on her face.

“I'm kinda defensive of you,” Anya admitted. “And this situation is dangerous for you. And I'm tired. And I was stressed about the show.”

“Why were you stressed about the show?” Lexa's brow furrowed.

“Performing new songs always make me stress.”

“You think they liked them?” Lexa's fingernails bit into her palm, because she was the one who was most exposed when they performed new material.

“I know you were only looking at the one girl, but the rest of us saw the crowd's reaction, and yeah, they liked them—loved them actually. Both songs will be huge and are probably leaked online already.”

“It's the modern way,” she sighed, unable to hold back her smile at the praise.

“Lexa, that first song is gonna make us, you know? It's amazing,” Anya squeezed her hand, and Indra and Lincoln nodded in agreement. Lexa could feel a blush burning her cheeks.

“I'm honestly just glad you guys like it.”

“Just don't forget us when you go big, which you will,” Anya teased and the others nodded.

“When we go big,” she corrected with a frown.

“Come on, we know the truth,” Indra gave a smile, “you lead us. You write the music, the lyrics and it's your voice. They want you.”

“We're a band,” Lexa stated firmly, her heart rate spiking. “There's no leader. No room for egos.”

“Come on! Let's go say hi to your girl,” Lincoln urged, recognizing her stress and offering an escape.

Lexa didn’t want to lead alone, to be in charge. She knew she was, in a way, because it was true—the music was her intellectual property. But she needed a team around her, a full coalition of support. It was fine for her to recognize the situation for what it was, but she didn't want the others to. It felt overwhelming to know that they did, that they saw a future where they weren't in the band together, a future where she would be alone.

“It's okay,” Lincoln said as they walked up corridors, to get them to the front of house.

“I don't want to do this alone.”

“That's not what Anya meant. Or Indra. We're with you until the end. You're helping make our dreams come true too.”

“Ohay,” she nodded, her internal voice screaming ‘don't leave me.’ By the time they pushed through into the main room, Lexa was more distraught than she cared to admit, so when Clarke literally dived at her, she gave a shaky laugh and wrapped her arms tight around her, sinking her face into the
warmth of Clarke's neck rather than claiming her lips in the fierce kiss she'd thought unavoidable.

“Hey, are you all right?” Clarke asked at once, pushing back and looking into Lexa's eyes, her own narrowing with concern.

“Hmm, yeah,” she lied, watching as Clarke's brow furrowed further before she gave Lexa the slightest shake of her head, as if to refute Lexa's lie.

“Will a kiss help or hinder?”

“Help, definitely,” Lexa let her soul sink into blue eyes and murmured Clarke's name as their lips connected. It did make it better, but it also made it worse, because now she was scared, scared that the band was going to leave her, scared that they'd have a bunch of excuses that would enable them to leave. There was also the bigger issue of Clarke and her own desperation, her own willingness to do anything to keep her. She was terrified, because any self-preservation she’d had in place had evaporated. She was entirely vulnerable—a beating heart, entirely exposed.

As if sensing her unease, Clarke kissed her harder, tongue tangling with hers, hands warm on her waist, nudging under her top and onto her skin.

“Holy crap, Clarke,” Jasper's gasped surprise caused Clarke to break the kiss, but she didn't back away. Her arm slid around Lexa, and her head pressed against her chest, right hand finding home under her top, against Lexa's bony ribs.

“Holy crap what?”

“You're kissing Lexa,” Monty supplied with a big grin.

“About fucking time,” Bellamy stated and Lexa couldn’t hide her surprise, which he apparently saw. “No problem here,” he held up his hands. “It’s about time, you know? The flirting was driving us all crazy.”

“Hey, this is my moment!” Clarke pouted and Lexa's mood lifted a little, because Clarke was telling her friends and that was a big deal.

“So, you're a lesbian?” Jasper was still staring at her.

“No. Lexa is a lesbian,” Clarke leaned ever closer, the palm of her left hand smoothing over Lexa's ribs soothingly, letting Lexa know that this conversation would be okay.

“But you're not? So, what's with all the kissing?” he frowned.

“There's more than just gay or straight,” Monty answered, while smacking the back of Jasper's head and receiving a scowl in return.

“Are you bi?” Bellamy asked, head tilted to one side, eyes open and kind. Octavia and Raven grinned and awaited her response. Lexa suddenly hated the pressure that labels were putting on Clarke although she struggled with why, when she was waiting for a label from her friend as well. The thing is, for Clarke, it wasn’t an issue of what she was, so much as an issue of what she was ready to be. Clarke’s sexual attraction for a woman was obvious, but she wasn't ready to define herself and shouldn't be hurried to do so. Lexa wondered if labels really helped, if it wouldn't just be easier to do rather than classify. It was wishful thinking, she knew that. It was merely that Clarke was at the start of her journey and didn't owe her friends or anybody a label or identifying tag. Though one would ease the situation for her, take some of the pressure that seemed to reside inside of her away, because it would allow for a potential future. It was also true that even if Clarke chose not to
identify with a particular label, there would still be a coming out process if they stayed together because everybody, especially her parents, would always have questions and society in general found it easier to understand when there was a label. Clarke might not be bisexual—she might be pansexual or even a lesbian—but a label would probably help her, more for her own self-identity and to clarify things to those around her she cared enough to provide clarity for. Maybe finding a label, a sexual identity she connected with, would help her better understand herself. Or maybe she wouldn't ever need a label.

“I’m just really, really into Lexa,” Clarke answered, breaking her rapid thoughts and staring up at her, blue eyes locking with green. “But yeah, probably something like that.” Lexa hadn't been expecting that affirmation and it both pleased and reassured her.

“So, are you guys together?” Monty asked, kind of quietly, respectfully even, and Lexa liked him for his approach to life in general.

Lexa began to answer in the wishy-washy negative but Clarke rolled her eyes, “What does it look like?” she sassed and grabbed Lexa's hand. “Wait for me,” she told them, and tugged Lexa through the door, passed Ed and the backstage area.

“There's no one here,” she stated.

“No,” Lexa affirmed.

“Okay, you are so unbelievably hot when you perform,” Clarke growled and slammed her against the wall, mouth devouring hers. Lexa gasped into the kiss, into the sheer force of it, embracing the ardent passion Clarke was sending her way. Her body trembled in response, because Clarke was definite—there was no uncertainty in her actions, no hesitation. Her hand was up Lexa's shirt and palming her breast, as she continued to devour Lexa with her kiss.

Lexa felt like she was disintegrating, melting into a pleasure-induced puddle, because Clarke could kiss, could make a simple kiss feel like so much more. And Lexa was dust, dust covering her, seeking to seep into her, to become one with her, to become unshakable. Lexa wasn't even thinking clearly, not anymore, her head filled with devotion and thirst, desperate thirst for Clarke. “You said no sex in public?” she queried desperately.

“There's no one here,” Clarke moaned, and then Lexa's hand was popping Clarke's pants buttons and sliding into her jeans without thought, slipping under the edge of lace and into the slick warmth that encased her fingers.

“Lexa,” the scratchy timber of Clarke's voice made her throb between her legs, but she wasn't concerned with herself. She wanted Clarke to shatter, to shatter into her, and her finger slid into her easily as she was so wet, so unbelievably, deliciously wet. “Mmmm,” she half-grunted while nipping at Lexa's jaw, hand tight on her breast for a moment. “Fuck me,” she begged, “now isn't the time for slow.”

Clarke was right and Lexa pushed at her pants to give her hand more room and slid two fingers in, before adding another when Clarke begged for more. She fucked her, fingers pumping hard and fast, doing whatever made the moans intensify into groans. Her thumb rubbed at her clit relentlessly because Clarke was so close and she could tell.

“I want to taste you, so badly,” she begged into a messy kiss, but Clarke was lost, head dropped onto her chest as she panted, hands braced against Lexa to hold herself up.

“Lexa,” Clarke thrust her hips forward and Lexa curled her fingers more, thrusting harder, thumb
making deliberate messy circles, until Clarke cried out, much too loudly, and then bit down hard on her shoulder. At the unexpected pain, Lexa squealed and her hand that was still inside Clarke squeezed and jolted instinctively.

“Fuck,” Clarke cried and pulsed a second time around Lexa's fingers. “What did you do?” she asked while panting into Lexa's neck.

“I'm sorry,” Lexa rushed.

Clarke giggled, “You're sorry because you made me come twice, practically on top of each other? Wow you should be, you bitch.”

“I thought…”

“Lexa, don't worry so much, please. Trust me, if I'm moaning and groaning and it's your name I'm shouting, you're not doing anything wrong. If I say stop or no, I'm pretty sure you know what to do.”

“I do,” she gave a sheepish shrug as Clarke stared at her adoringly.

“I wanna touch you,” her hand ran up Lexa's thigh and rubbed softly between her legs. Lexa mewled, staring at dilated pupils and nothing but affection on Clarke's beautiful face.

“Linc will be here to get me in a minute. To take me to pack up,” she moaned as Clarke continued her soft ministrations.

“I'm so turned on right now,” she whispered, “I want to feel how wet you are. So badly, Lexa.” Clarke's words caused everything in her to swoosh around and she trailed a hand to Clarke's boob, brushing her thumb over the nipple and wishing she were naked.

“Clarke,” Lexa gasped when she slid a thigh between her legs and found herself instinctively grinding down.

“Please, let me just touch you. Just for a second, please?” Clarke battered her lashes, every word seductive and needy, and Lexa merely whimpered with a nod and Clarke's hand was ripping open her buttons and pushing palm down into her underwear. They both moaned when she hit wet folds.

“Fuck Lex, you're so wet,” Clarke ran her fingers up and down, swirling around her clit before trailing down and pushing one finger up inside of her. “Just for a second, please,” she whispered, lips pressing kisses along Lexa's jaw. Lexa's only response was the bang of her head against the wall as it fell back, her moans of delectation, and her hand going to town on Clarke's breast after Clarke shoved at her jeans for more room. It was too much, way too much. The thrill of performance, Clarke telling her friends, the feel and smell of Clarke on her fingers and Clarke's skilled hand in her underwear, pumping in and out of her, adding another finger as she raked at the inside of her with absolute precision.

“Clarke,” she sighed, “fuck, Clarke…Clarke…oh fuck,” she came hard, her body shaking as the tentacles of pleasure threaded throughout her body. The sting of tears came moments after and she tried to hide them at the look of horror and hurt on Clarke’s face when she noticed.

“I'm sorry, Lexa,” she cooed, though there was panic at the edges, “hey Lexa, baby,” Clarke’s arms wrapped around her, and she crumpled at the endearment, swallowing her noisy sobs at the expense of tears falling down her cheeks. “I'm sorry. Did I hurt you? Tell me what I did? Or is this about before?”

“Before?” Lexa's voice was tight, her throat aching.
“You were upset when you came through the stage door, I know you were. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have jumped you.”

“I'm glad you jumped me,” Lexa insisted, swiping away her tears, furious with her display of emotion. Clarke had never seen her cry and she couldn't believe her own actions.

“Tell me what the matter is,” Clarke urged, hand stroking dark hair. “It's okay.”

“Not here,” Lexa mumbled.

“Here is what we've got. Is it me? You can tell me if it is. That's okay, you know? Just tell me your friend, not me your girl.” Your girl. The words spread heat through her stomach, mixed with threads of fear, with the sense of impending hopeless loss.

“I'm being silly,” she rubbed at her eyes, pushing back her tears.

“Trust me, if it's got you crying, it's not silly,” Clarke reassured.

“Anya said something.”

“About us?” Clarke asked in a strained voice, like she was trying really hard to hide her apprehension.

Lexa shook her head and the blond girl relaxed, but then she nodded, “A little bit about you but mostly about me going big. She said I shouldn't forget them when I go big. She was trying to be nice, I'm sure, and then Indra was all like, ‘you lead us, it’s you that everybody wants,’ and fuck…I don't want to do this if I do it by myself. I want them at my side. I want it to be equal. Everyone leaves me, Clarke.”

“Lexa, you write the music and the lyrics, of course people want you. It doesn't mean they don't want them, too.”

“But what if they leave me?” she voiced the fear she always tried to hide, and Clarke softened,

“Lexa, they're your best friends. Anya is your cousin. Lincoln is practically your brother. They're loyal to you whether they're in your life as band mates or just friends.”

“I just…I don't care what the media or the fans think. I just wanted them to think we were in it together, that we always would be in it together.”

“They do and you are,” Clarke wrapped her arms around her. “Trust me. They live for music and together you live that dream.”

“And it's not all me. Linc puts the drums in, Indra knows what to do with the bass, and Anya is a genius on the keyboard.”

“Exactly,” Clarke affirmed with an encouraging nod, “they were trying to give you a compliment about your amazing new songs.”

“They’re about you,” Lexa looked at her, green eyes wide open, willing to share.

“Yeah?”

“They’re for you.”

“Thank you.”
“I love you.”

“I love you.”

“I'm in love with you, Clarke.”

“I'm in love with you, too, Lexa,” Clarke wasn't mocking her, wasn't going for a laugh—no, she was dead serious, and Lexa felt her heart stutter, her stomach turn over.

“You are?”

“Yes. I know what it means for you to trust me with your heart. I do. I'm not planning to break it. Remember, best friends first.”

“Are you in love with me in the same way that I'm in love with you?” Lexa's voice was small.

“I think so,” Clarke gave a small shrug. “It seems that way.”

“Okay, that's okay. I can take that,” she nodded, squeezing her eyes shut for a moment.

“Listen, Lex. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. I'm not going to leave you. I'm yours. Enjoy this. Relax.”

“Relax?”

“Yes. I'll fuck you again it'll help?”

“It might,” she found a small smile quirking at her lips.

“Wow, I'm so surprised,” Clarke smiled back. “You’re definitely okay?” She double-checked, hand gently cupping Lexa's chin. Lexa nodded before loud banging at the door behind them prompted them to hastily pull up their pants.

“Sorry Lex, I've been sent to get you,” Lincoln hovered by the door, “Anya texted me. They want to pack up and go let off some steam.”

“I'm coming,” Lexa said and then caught Clarke's eye, as they carefully buttoned up her jeans, slightly embarrassed. The girl had a look of pure amusement on her face, teeth clamping down on her bottom lip. “Oh, shut up,” she blushed.

“Do you want me to stay and help?” Clarke offered, “I don't mind.”

“It's okay. You go with the others and we'll see you there soon, okay?”

“Sure,” Clarke's eyes dropped to her lips and Lexa closed the distance, capturing her mouth in a soft, sweet kiss. “Bye.”

“Bye,” she trailed her fingers down Clarke's arm as the girl moved to the door and disappeared through it, back to join her friends.

“Come on, lover girl,” Lincoln chuckled. They walked in silence for a few moments before he paused and said, “She's good for you, you know?”

“Too good.”

“No,” he shook his head and took her hand. “Good enough.”
Thanks to everyone who comments, leaves kudos or stops by my tumbler. My tumbler is Tabitha Craft. Here's the link to the social medias:


Each one links to the next.

Happy day 9:)

Chapter Nine

Clarke had vacated Lexa’s bed and apartment less than five minutes ago and yet, Lexa's nose was pressed into the pillow that her best friend had slept on, greedily breathing in the lingering scent of her perfume. Her cell phone buzzed and a wide smile spread across her face as she read the message.

Clarke: I miss you

Lexa: You left here five minutes ago!

Clarke: Are you saying you don't miss me:-(

Lexa: Of course I miss you <3 <3

She then sent the blowing a kiss emoji and the heart eyes one for good measure because she really, really wished the girl were still in her bed.

Clarke: You should look sadder than that. I mean I'm gone. Until tomorrow.

Lexa: You're right. This is me…

She sent the emoji which had tears streaming down its face and another sad looking face.

Clarke: Wow Lex! Talk about needy, I only just left!

Lexa: I hate you.

Clarke: No, you don't.

Lexa: I don't, not at all.

Clarke: I'm so sick of school.

Lexa: Only three days to go until you have a break.

Clarke: Three days, one year.
Lexa: You know I'd support you if you quit?

Clarke: I know you would 😍 You were right though. After all of this time and just one year left, I do want to see it through.

Lexa: And?

Clarke: Doctors are hot.

Lexa: Good girl.

Clarke: I do enjoy medicine.

Lexa: I know you do.

Clarke: I just feel alive when I'm drawing.

Clarke: Or doing you

Lexa: Be still my beating heart—you say the most romantic things!

Clarke: I try:) 

Lexa: Haven't your rounds started?

Clarke: But I miss you…and your sexy thigh.

Clarke: And your skilled fingers

Clarke: And your gorgeous pouty mouth.

Clarke: And your sexy body:)

Lexa: Tell me again why I'm not seeing you tonight?

Clarke: I have dinner with my friends.

Lexa: Aren't I your friend?

Clarke: Haha, my best friend, but this is a tradition and no significant others allowed.

Lexa: I'm your significant other? *blushing wildly*

Clarke: Duh. A significant other is any person who distracts a person from conversations and friends. You are most definitely my significant other.

Lexa: Well I can take that.

She added her two favorite emoji's and waited for Clarke's response.

Clarke: You and your heart eyes and kissy face.

Lexa: I know they turn you on.
Clarke: They do, they do. Shit, gotta go.

***

Later that same evening, Lexa was lounging around in her living room with Lincoln besides her. Remnants of the pizza they had split for dinner littered the coffee table along with a couple of beer bottles. They intended to watch a movie, but Lexa was scribbling in her lyric book and Lincoln was texting. When her phone buzzed, she pressed the lyric book to her chest to reach out and grab her phone, frowning at the message.

Raven: Go hot stuff!

Lexa: Was that text meant for me?

Raven: You've reduced Clarke Griffin to a loved up, turned on, sack of mush. Yes, the text was meant for you.

Lexa: Sack of mush?

Octavia: Remember when I came to talk to you?

Lexa: Yes. Oh, this is a group text. Good:(

Octavia: Remember ‘Lexa, Lexa, Lexa?’

Lexa: Yes.

Octavia: Now imagine it being said in a breathless, raspy voice with starry eyes.

Raven: Turned on yet?

Lexa: Raven!

Octavia: Seriously, well done!

Raven: Text her and see for yourself!

Lexa: She's having dinner with you. I don't want to be needy.

Raven: She's checking her phone so often it's pathetic.

Octavia: Rae is right.

Lexa: Okay.

Raven: WAIT

Lexa: What?

Octavia: Yeah what, you freak?
Raven: Sext her. Then we can watch her blush and get all flustered.

Octavia: Ooh, I like that idea.

Lexa: I'm not sexting her for your amusement.

Raven: Boring!

Octavia: What Raven said!

Lexa: I'm out of this conversation. Go talk to your friends.

Lexa was staring at her phone yet again. She and Lincoln had been talking about his ‘thing’ with Octavia and she wished things were as simple with Clarke, not that she was complaining because she actually had something with Clarke. The frustrating thing was that they were simple but the other stuff in the peripheries was not. Being with Clarke was effortless and yet the stress was enormous as she waited for Clarke to decide that she didn't find thigh sex satisfying enough, that while her fingers were good, they weren’t as good as a penis, that she wasn't good enough. She was waiting for Clarke to decide that the attraction was merely her confusion, that the depth of their friendship had swayed only momentarily into sexual attraction. The truth was she didn't actually think it worked like that. Clarke was sexually attracted to her judging by how turned on she got and not just when Lexa was touching her but also when she was touching Lexa. Clarke was constantly trailing fingers over her skin, grasping at her boobs, and she seemed to adore the feel of her fingers sunk deep inside of her or even just brushing over her clit or lightly between her legs. Clarke wanted to fuck her as much as she wanted to be fucked and that made her attraction very sexual. However, in Lexa’s opinion, sex was something that usually started with incessant need. She had a high sex drive and she knew her friend did, too, but there was something insatiable about sex with a new partner. What if feelings and hormones released with orgasms were driving Clarke and what if time made her friend sit back and assess? Or what if she did something, what if Clarke tried something and what if that something made her reassess and then run? Lexa wanted to do everything with Clarke, or at least try it, but some sex stuff could feel exposing and again she worried about the effect of that on her friend. Like scissoring or grinding up close and very naked. Something closer than grinding on each other's thighs but they hadn't even been together entirely naked yet.

“Text her, for god's sake, you're driving me crazy,” Lincoln urged as he shifted on the couch next to her, flicked her shoulder, and broke into her thoughts. After a quick glare at him, she sighed and picked up her phone.

Lexa: I hope you're having fun.

Clarke: I'm a little drunk. Okay A LOT drunk.

Lexa: So dinner is going well?

Clarke: Yes. Everyone keeps asking questions about our sex life. A LOT of questions.

Lexa: People can't ever seem to get over lesbian sex—the fact that we can manage without a penis. And happily.
Clarke: I'm not a lesbian, Lexa. I think I'm bisexual.

Lexa grinned at her drunken statement.

Lexa: Okay, people are very interested in the nuances of girl-on-girl sex.

Clarke: I wasn't expecting so many detailed and blunt questions. They want to know everything.

Lexa: You get used to it. Have they asked about strap-ons yet?

Clarke: OMG yes! Bellamy did! Everyone seemed very interested in the answer.

Lexa: Which was?

Clarke: Lexa hasn't told me about strap-ons yet:)

Clarke: I want to know about strap-ons.

Clarke: And fisting.

Clarke: What is fisting? It sounds intimidating.

Lexa: When you're sober we can talk all about strap-ons and fisting.

Clarke: And anal. That was Monty.

Lexa: You have very nosy, slightly inappropriate friends! What happened to the sanctity of what happens in the bedroom staying in the bedroom?!

Clarke: Well, to be fair, with you and me, it seems to happen everywhere—there is no bedroom!

Lexa: Haha

Clarke: And yeah, this is the friendship I have with these people. Far too close and slightly inappropriate.

Lexa: Maybe we should start with oral before anal anyway?

Clarke: Hmmm, yeah. I think about that a lot you know?

Lexa: You do?

Clarke: At the moment, I tend to think of you between my legs, your hair tickling my thighs.

Lexa blushed a deep crimson and looked at Lincoln who was staring steadfastly at the television and smirking knowingly.

“Did she say something nice?” he teased.

“Fuck off.”

Lexa: I want my face between your legs so badly.

Clarke: Lexa, when you say stuff like that, I feel it everywhere
A message popped down from Raven and then one from Octavia.

**Raven**: Go, Captain Hot Stuff!!!

**Octavia**: Aw, Clarke looks like a very cute cherry tomato

**Lexa**: Go away

**Raven**: Text her again

**Clarke**: What if I'm not quite ready for that?

**Lexa**: Not a problem. When I feel you coming around my fingers, my whole body pretty much comes with you anyway.

**Clarke**: When you lick your fingers, I always come again.

**Lexa**: Fuck, I want to see you so badly. I want to fuck you so badly.

**Raven**: Oh my god, you two are so obvious.

**Clarke**: Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Or so they say. I am not convinced there is any benefit to absence.

**Lexa**: I don't know how I could be any fonder of you.

**Clarke**: Okay, my friends are ruining this moment by laughing at me. And I know Raven is texting you.

**Raven**: Go, Lexa, go!

**Lexa**: She's apparently my cheerleader. I think I better stop, Linc is looking all kinds of uncomfortable.

**Clarke**: That's because Octavia is texting him! Don't be fooled!

There was a minute where the typing bubbles appeared but no message popped up. Just when Lexa was about to text, a message came through.

**Clarke**: Boobs, Lexa. How come I'm so into your boobs? Do you know how fabulous they are? I want to kiss them right now. It's like I'm addicted to touching them.

**Lexa**: Well, personally, I'm very into yours.

It took a few minutes for Clarke to text back and when she finally did, Lexa laughed out loud.

**Clarke**: Vagina vagina vagina

**Lexa**: What was that for? It has been a while since you triple vagina'ed me?

**Clarke**: That's my brain at the moment. All I'm thinking about, baby. I'm drunk and so horny for you. Triple horny for you.

**Lexa**: Not just drunk and horny?
Clarke: For you, my lover, for you. I have no interest in Bellamy's penis, I assure you.

Clarke: Nor anyone else's vagina. Just yours, my love.

Clarke: And my own.

Raven: OMG! OMG, what the fuck is Clarke singing?!

Lexa: I don't know, I'm not there.

Raven: You're the song-writer and she's dating you—why is she butchering the Lion King?

Octavia: I will never, ever forgive you for what you did to that song! That's a fact, Woods.

Raven: Oh my god, if that line is yours, you're officially my hero.

Bellamy: A penis free philosophy? That's harsh but very funny.

Monty: Can you write the Ballard of a gay guy next? Pretty please?

Raven: I'm going to have that stuck in my head all week.

Lexa: Clarke stop singing!!!

Clarke: But they want to learn the words Lexa.

Lexa: No, no, no

Clarke: Yes, yes, yes—haha that sounds like me in bed with you, my beautiful lover.

Raven: Seriously, I'm pissing myself.

Octavia: Vajayjay vagina? Really?? Omg I'm laughing so hard I can hardly see

“What the fuck is happening?” Lincoln asked, turning to her abruptly, “Octavia just lost it.”

“Clarke's drunk,” Lexa admitted sheepishly.

“It's your song, isn't it?”

“Yes,” Lexa nodded, then buried her face in a cushion.

***

Clarke: Oh my god, I'm so hungover. I can't do today.

Lexa: I'm not talking to you.

Clarke: Noooo, why? I need you

Lexa: Yes, you texted in great detail about that all night—all the many ways that you need me!
Clarke: Did I keep you awake, baby? Is that why you're not talking to me?

Lexa: No! You sang them my song.

Clarke: I did? Omg I'm so sorry. I was so drunk. We played some dumb drinking game. My head hurts.

Lexa: Your friends kept me awake all night making fun of me.

Clarke: My friends are bullies. Were they mean to you?

Lexa: A little *sniffs dramatically*

Clarke: It does explain why they were all humming the Lion King this morning.

Lexa: Yes, it does, doesn't it?

Clarke: I'll make it up to you tonight.

Lexa: Yeah?

Clarke: Thai take-out, chocolate cake, Netflix and chill?

Lexa: Maybe.

Clarke: How about if I throw in a little extra chill?

Lexa: That sounds better

Clarke: Are you really mad? I'm sorry.

Lexa: Embarrassed, not mad.

Clarke: I'll make it up to you, sexy Lex, I promise.

Lexa: I'll let you:)

Clarke: I'm sure you will lol

***

A few days later, Lexa woke up to the sound of steady breathing in her ear. Sunday had dawned bright and sunny with a slight chill to the air that spoke to the early hour and the shift in seasons. She yawned and felt Clarke stretch.

“I need a gym,” her friend mumbled into her ear from where she was wrapped tightly around her.

“Morning to you, too,” Lexa tickled her ribs lightly.

“I'm unfit, you're not, and apparently I'm going to die of a fracture when I'm old if I don't do weight-bearing exercises.”
“I’m sure you’re not exaggerating at all,” Lexa rolled her eyes.

“I’m not,” she insisted. “But how can I possibly have energy for the gym when I’m at the hospital all the time? And when I’m not there, I just want to be with you.”

“You know what? Forget the gym. You want exercise, I can give you exercise.”

“That’s cardio, not weight-training, gorgeous,” Clarke smirked.

“I am a very good trainer,” Lexa offered unperturbed.

“I need weights!”

“Nah, seriously, I can train you,” Lexa insisted brightly shuffling down to press kisses to Clarke's stomach.

“You can?” Clarke asked sighing happily, a soft moan escaping.

“Yep. All you need to do is hang out with me the entire time, twenty-four seven…you know, quit medicine and consider me your new job. Medicine is overrated anyway!”

“That’s a full-time job, not training me in weights,” Clarke giggled.

“Exactly, ma cheri—it's a full-time job,” she agreed, nuzzling against Clarke's skin.

“Wow, you’re extremely needy.”

“What can I say?” Lexa looked up at her from where she was lavishing her stomach with kisses, “I am extremely needy.”

“Have you thought about advertising for this position. Hot, twenty-four-year-old lesbian rock star seeks constant companionship.”

“Hmmm, not a bad idea. The ideal candidate will be a medical student who decides to quit it all and spend all her time with me, on the promise of lots of pleasureful exercise. She'll be beautiful, and named Clarke Griffin.”

“I don't think you're going to get many applicants,” Clarke grinned.

“Well, I really only need one,” Lexa pushed the T-shirt Clarke was wearing up her body and stared at her breasts, quickly forgetting the conversation in favor of blatant ogling.

“How much do you pay?” Clarke asked while tweaking Lexa's nose to get her attention. “I mean, if I'm quitting my life’s passion I need to know that I can survive?”

“I didn't give you the job description, did I?”

“No,” Clarke shook her head, smirking as Lexa's attention once again returned to her chest.

“Duties include kissing, lots of it, thigh sex—clothes optional, finger fucking, cuddling and being in general proximity should physical or emotional needs to interact arise. And boobs.”

“I think you might get in trouble if you pay for all that!”

“Payment is in orgasms,” Lexa explained with an officious nod of her head.
“Orgasms?” Clarke feigned surprise.

“Multiple, if work is completed to a high standard.”

“Well, I do have high standards,” Clarke nodded sagely.

“You do,” Lexa agreed, hand reaching up to smooth across the skin of her right breast, reverentially. It was so perfect, the skin soft, the nipple and areola perfectly pink, rosy, really. Everything about her was perfect and she wanted Clarke naked, because they hadn't been completely naked yet, naked so she could touch, kiss, stroke and not worry about running out of time, or her friend pushing her top down—not that she ever did, but she might.

“Hmmm, I feel that paying my rent with orgasms might lead to an interesting set of events.”

“I'm pretty sure Mrs. Trent, your landlady, would be thrilled,” Lexa smirked at her joke, “as it's probably been a while since she had her last one.”

“I don't know…Mrs. Brent strikes me as the kind of lady who knows how to handle herself,” Clarke mused and then released a little gasp when Lexa pinched her nipple gently, her actions more loving than driven by intent—at least, not yet, anyway.

“Hmm, but there's a big difference between doing it yourself and having someone do it for you,” Lexa nosed the soft skin of the underside of Clarke's breasts.

“I'm not giving Mrs. Trent orgasms, Lex,” Clarke clarified with a giggle.

“What about me?” Lexa gave her a look from between her boobs, all large eyes and seductive intent.

“Hmmm, you, yeah. I'm not quitting medicine, Lex.”

“Boo.”

“And I need to go to the gym.”

“But you're so busy as it is.”

“We could go together? I think I'd like watching you work out!”

“Yeah you could come to my gym. Oh fuck,” Lexa buried her face in Clarke's chest,

“What just happened?” Clarke asked with a laugh,

“Just pictured you as my sexy gym buddy in a tank and short shorts, all sweaty and fuck…”


“That way we can still hang out even when we're working out,” Lexa agreed. “God, we're in the studio soon.”

“And how long will that take?” Clarke hissed as Lexa wrapped her mouth around a nipple, sucking the bud into her mouth and rolling it with her tongue.

“A couple of weeks, or six, it’s hard to know until you’re in there,” she scowled, words mumbled around Clarke's nipple.

“Aw, we won't be hanging out as much,” Clarke frowned as her hands threaded their way into
Lexa's hair, a show of support for her mouth's nonverbal activities.

“Well, we will—just not every minute of every day like I want,” Lexa switched her mouth to the other breast.

“I think if we ever hung out that much, you'd get sick of me,” Clarke murmured.

“I have effective ways of silencing you, should your constant chatter get on my nerves,” Lexa rolled fully onto Clarke, so her weight was resting against her.

“You sound deadly, Commander,” Clarke bucked her hips upwards toward her.

“I am,” Lexa slid her hand up to cup the delicious weight of the breast not currently being adored by her mouth. “And I wouldn't get sick of you.”

“I'm sure,” Clarke grinned.

“You sound certain?”

“I'm infinitely lovely and charming, and you're entirely in love with me,” she sassed, with a sexy little smile.

“That might change,” Lexa swirled her tongue.

“Really?” Clarke's voice was kind of strangled.

“Nope, not gonna change,” she began to wonder whether she could make Clarke come just by playing with her chest. Currently, she wasn't trying very hard, more enjoying the weight and feel of her breasts, nuzzling happily in what had quickly become one of her favorite spaces. Then again, she didn't want to try and then fail—she is the lesbian and that would be embarrassing given Clarke’s success. On the other hand, she shouldn't always expect to be the one teaching or the expert, because that wasn't entirely healthy nor fair for Clarke. But she'd never made a girl come just by touching her breasts and she wasn't sure she could, and the truth of the matter was that she wanted Clarke to think she was good in bed, to be wowed by her, so instead of attempting to replicate Clarke's success, she continued her playful, gentle, loving approach.

“So, I have a question for you,” Clarke tugged a little at Lexa's hair as her mouth sucked. She released the nipple with a slight pop and grinned at her friend, allowing the hard pebble to brush against the underside of her chin. “Having fun?” Clarke gave her a look.

She nodded, “The most,” she shifted her face so the nipple brushed along her lips before opening her mouth and devouring it, tongue flicking against it, mouth sucking again.

“Fuck,” Clarke's hips bucked against her weight and the hands in her hair tugged.

She released the nipple once more, “You had a question?” she asked sweetly.

Clarke grumbled, “You're playing with me.”

“I'm sorry. I thought you were interviewing for the position as my full-time companion…”

“We decided I'd go to the gym with you instead, remember?” Clarke smirked.

“Well I do have an opening for a part-time plaything…”

“A plaything, huh?”
“Yep. I assure you the working conditions are good. The hours can drag. I do like most nights to be covered.”

“You're such a dork,” Clarke shook her head, but the words were laced with affection. “A dork who better stop playing with me.”

“You want me to stop?” Lexa pouted squeezing Clarke's boobs together and resting her face in the cleavage she created.

“Did I say stop? I meant stop playing with me in such a lazy manner and make me come.”

“You want to come?” Lexa smiled brightly.

“Yes,” Clarke gave her a look.

“Ah, well you know that is a prerequisite for anyone wishing to fill the part time position as plaything.”

“They need to come? As a prerequisite?”

“Yep.”

“Lexa?”

“Yeah?”

“You're full of shit.”

“No, no I'm not,” she defended and Clarke narrowed her eyes as Lexa squirmed up her body.

“You're not?”

“Nope. You see I need to see you…I mean the applicant naked, and I need to touch her, and kiss her, and absolutely make sure I can make her come.”

“Naked?”

“Hmm, yeah,” she nodded.

“Well, I do really want the position…”

“You do?” Lexa grinned, “Well, that's great news!”

“And the benefits?”

“Well, payment in orgasms. Body and mind-worshiping. I'm pretty willing to bathe you, cook for you, play music for you, write songs for you, adore you…”

“You sap,” Clarke kissed the tip of her nose. “If you want me naked, just ask.”

“Clarke, please will you take off your clothes?”

“No.”

“Oh,” She tried to quell her disappointment.

Then Clarke winked, “I want you to take my clothes off for me.”
“Lazy,” Lexa tsked as she immediately pushed Clarke's top up, pulling it off when Clarke lifted her body and raised her arms. She stared at her lying topless in her bed, blond hair around her head and shoulders, chest beautiful and luscious, and legs wrapped around her with nothing but her underwear in the way of nudity. Lexa licked her lips.

Clarke laughed, “You look like the cat who got the cream,” she teased.

“And the canary,” Lexa added, quite willing to poke fun at herself as she shuffled down the bed before pressing her face to Clarke's stomach, fingers running around the edge of her underwear. “Poor canary.”

“You can take them off,” Clarke reminded her, entirely unnecessarily. With one final look at reassuring blue eyes, she tugged the black lace and Clarke lifted her ass so she could pull them down. She swallowed thickly at the sight because Clarke's legs were parted around her and she could see everything and she was beautiful and wet. She could see the wet shining and it made her wetter, just from looking at it, from thinking of touching and tasting. “Don't stop,” Clarke flicked her legs slightly, indicating the underwear still around her upper thighs.

“You're so fucking gorgeous,” she mumbled peeling the underwear all the way off and flinging it away before reclaiming her spot between Clarke's thighs. However, Clarke clenched her thighs together a little and when Lexa looked at her again, her cheeks had pinked up and she was worrying her lower lip nervously.

“Don't stare,” she stated and Lexa pressed a kiss to her inner thigh, pleased when she shivered. “Lexa…”

“You're beautiful. It turns me on just looking at you.”

“It makes me self-conscious.”

“It does?” Lexa felt awful, because the last thing she thought Clarke should be was self-conscious.

“Yeah, a little.”

“I'm sorry,” she pressed another kiss against the soft skin of Clarke's thigh, higher than the first one and sniffed indulgently.

“Oh my god, don't smell me,” Clarke sounded horrified.

“You smell good,” Lexa attempted but could sense that this wasn't going well, an inky dread spreading in her stomach.

“I just…come higher,” Clarke urged.

“I really want to taste you,” she told her, hoping to persuade Clarke that being between her thighs was extremely arousing to her.

“No…I…”

“A 'no' is fine,” she relinquished her position immediately, moving to allow her body to hover over Clarke's beautiful naked self.

“I'm sorry,” Clarke seemed shy, ashamed even.

“You'll be ready when you're ready,” Lexa attempted, although she was disappointed, which then
made her more disappointed in herself for feeling disappointed. The mood in the room had altered, a palpable tension between them and she didn't really know how to navigate it.

“I know you want it…I just…it's not something I'm very comfortable with. Not yet.”

“Can I ask why? Without any pressure. This isn't me trying to talk you into it or anything like that. Just as your friend, why?”

“I just…I don't know. I can't believe I smell good, and I just…don't feel sure about it yet. I mean, for one, if you go down on me…” Clarke shrugged and Lexa understood,

“You think I'll expect you to go down on me?”

“Maybe.”

“I wouldn't. You don't ever have to go down on me. If you love me, and we have sex like we're doing, you never have to. This is enough, Clarke. I just love that I get to be with you. You can be bi and not like oral.”

“You said bi girls and gay girls like it,” Clarke accused softly.

“God, that was before this was this, back when I was trying to stop myself getting carried away. I mean yeah, I like vaginas a lot. But really it's I like women a lot--it's not even like all women have vagina's--I'd want to be with you if you didn't. I love women and yes I love vagina's but you know…it doesn't mean sex has to be about that one thing. Sex with different women is so different, so there are no set rules or ways it has to be done. I love you. And yeah, I want to go down on you because I would really enjoy it. ”

“I like vaginas too. I especially like mine and yours. I mean I think I like penis's too. But right now my focus is just on you,” Clarke smiled sweetly and Lexa relaxed a little, as some of the tension was melting away.

“Good. Look, I wasn't being entirely fair before. I was doing the denial thing and I latched on to how you said you felt. ‘Clarke's not bi because she wouldn't go down on a girl…’ It was unfair of me and I'm sorry. Like I said, it was hard not to get carried away. It's still dangerous.”

“What is?”

“Getting carried away when your friend might be straight.”

“Do you really think I'm straight?” Clarke tilted her head to the side, clearly interested in her response.

“No. I don't actually. I think you're bi or something but not straight. But what I think doesn't really matter. It's your identity and it's about what you choose to do with it. I know I might get my heart broken.”

“You think I'm going to break your heart?” Clarke tugged her closer, so they were lying face to face on Lexa's soft pillows. Lexa rested her hand in the dip of Clarke's waist, just above the gorgeous curve of her hip. She was utterly glorious to be near and so wonderfully naked.

“There is a chance my heart will be broken. I mean, I don't think it'll be on purpose.”

“I would never hurt you on purpose,” Clarke beseeched.
“I know,” Lexa leaned closer. “But I'm in love with you and…” she hesitated because her eyes filled with tears and Clarke's expression at the sight of them made them feel heavier in her eyes, fuller, like they might tumble down her cheeks. If her tears fell, then Clarke would know she wasn't strong and she might even back away from this relationship, which Lexa didn't want, because this was her chance, perhaps her only chance, at happiness with the girl she loved more than anything.

“Lexa,” Clarke cupped her cheek softly with her hand, thumb brushing away the first drop of moisture that fell from her eye.

“I want this, Clarke. I'll take the risk of a broken heart to find out whether I might have the chance at this with you. I want to be with you. These last ten days or so, I've been happier than I have ever been before in my life.”

“That feels like a lot of pressure,” Clarke admitted softly.

“It isn’t,” Lexa reassured her quickly. “It really isn't meant to be. The thing is, since I met you outside Lincoln's bathroom at New Year's, I've been happier than ever before. You make me live and god, I just need you in my life, that's all. I don't really care about my heart.”

“I care about your heart,” Clarke frowned slightly.

“I know you do,” Lexa pressed her body close to Clarke's, resting her face in the warmth of her neck.

“I'm sorry,” Clarke ran her fingers through her dark hair, pressed a kiss to her cheek.

“No, don't say that,” Lexa rubbed her eyes into Clarke's neck, desperate to get rid of the tears pooled in them, desperate to get back to the playful, easy friendship, with giggles and heated intimacy. She didn't want Clarke to overthink this, to second guess herself, because now that she'd been given a taste of what life with Clarke might be like, she never wanted this to end. Wanted whatever she got with the girl she was in love with.

“Lexa, if you want to stop this, no questions asked, you just have to say, okay? I won't be mad, I'll still be your best friend.”

“Do you want to stop this? Since you're the one figuring things out?” Lexa was shocked that it hadn't occurred to her to check in since they'd fallen into this relationship. After all her original stress, all her pushing Clarke away, her desperate attempts to keep an emotional distance, once she had decided to go into this with Clarke, her emotional buffer had crumbled. Lexa was equivocally, desperately, forever in love with Clarke and this…this exploration might be just that, this might be all she ever got with the girl who could make her happier than she'd ever been. What surprised her was that she hadn't once considered that Clarke might want to back off. And again, why would she? Clarke was clearly one hundred percent besotted—a fact that thrilled her, that made her feel warm and light.

“No,” Clarke shook her head. “I want to be with you all the time. I want to be touching you and kissing you. I don't want this to stop at all. I may not be ready for everything just yet, but I love being your girl.”

“My girl,” Lexa tested the words on her tongue. It wasn't the first time Clarke had given herself this title. Again, it made her belly warm and her heart beat faster.

“Yes. I want this. I want to be with you, but you know that you can stop this whenever you need to. You don't even need to give a reason, okay?”

“It doesn't work like that,” she whispered and Clarke frowned,
“It could.”

“No. Because then this would just be an exploration, and these feelings…they wouldn’t be a part of what we're doing and they feel like they are a part of it, Clarke. It feels like we're dating. We're having sex. We love each other. I know we're not exactly together, but we are in a way, if that makes sense. If I end this, it's not about saying it's too much…no, it's like breaking up with you and that's different.”

“You're right. You're really, really right. I'm sorry.”

“Don't be sorry,” she pressed a kiss to Clarke's forehead, “it just isn't a back-out situation, not anymore. It's more than that.”

“Good. I’m glad it's more,” Clarke smiled, and when she did, it was so radiant Lexa almost couldn't look at her—it actually made her ache. It hurt to love Clarke as hard as she was loving and the words leaped from her mouth, because the feeling was overwhelming, all consuming.

“I love you,” she wanted to hold her tight and never, ever let go.

“I know,” Clarke returned with a lazy smile, “and I love you too, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Now I'm lying here very naked and you...you're kind of clothed. Take them off.”

“No.”

“No?” Clarke looked taken back.

“I want you to take them off for me,” she said and Clarke laughed before rolling over so she was straddling Lexa, her naked body hovering over her, breasts swaying slightly, the wet heat of her resting against Lexa's underwear. The pounding between Lexa's legs and in her ears was so strong that she was actually felt giddy. Clarke's eager hands pushed her tank up and off and for a moment, she leaned forward and they were kissing, bare skin bumping together. It felt divine and the room filled with soft moans and groans, until Clarke was clawing at her underwear while keeping her lips fused with Lexa's. Lexa helped her, pushing them down and off until Clarke was slotted between her legs, everything aligned just so, just like she’d imagined so many times. It felt so wonderful without the barrier of clothing, with the slick between them mixing.

“Definitely a chance of cross contamination,” Clarke groaned teasingly as she rocked into her, “God, this feels good.”

“Really good,” Lexa agreed, smoothing palms over her buttocks and moving her again, widening her legs to give her a better angle and more room.

“Your chest feels so good against mine—everything feels so good,” Clarke murmured before claiming her mouth in a heated, hard kiss, her hips thrusting hard against her, the combined wetness made them slide fluidly against one another and to Lexa, it felt close, intimate—fucking amazing. Lexa found her hips lifting, seeking more contact, but Clarke was in charge, controlling the kiss, holding her hands beside her head and thrusting hard and steady against her.

“Faster,” she pleaded because her body was already coiling, but Clarke just smiled into a kiss, tangling her tongue with Lexa's, and kept the movement of her hips steady and precise, taking her to the edge but not allowing her to fall over it.
"You're so wet, Lexa," Clarke moaned at length, sliding her kisses to Lexa's neck. "Feels so good," she repeated with a groan, "I'm going to come—please come with me," she changed to long, slow, hard thrusts, dragging herself along Lexa so she was rubbing herself against her, ending with a hard grind of their clits together. It was a little messy but it didn't matter because Lexa was so incredibly ready.

"Clarke," she groaned, fighting against Clarke's hold on her hands and immediately feeling the girl smile into the kisses she was trailing along her jaw. Clarke released her hands and Lexa trailed a hand to smooth over her ass and then down between their bodies, between her legs, into the warm, tight wetness, causing Clarke to buck against her with a loud cry of appreciation.

"Check out your moves, Commander," Clarke gasped, sucking in a breath as she thrust hard against her and Lexa's fingers pushed inside and rubbed against her. "Lexa," she practically screamed and she contracted in beautiful ripples around her fingers, her hips grinding into hers in a way that released Lexa's coiled tension in a tsunami of Clarke-induced euphoria. The girl herself collapsed on top of her, a dead weight. Not one to waste opportunities, Lexa brought her wet fingers to her mouth, sucking off the delicious taste of Clarke, before trailing them down her spine, tickling her butt cheeks, then dancing her fingers back up over ribs to the swell of her breasts.

Clarke raised a sleepy head and looked at her, "There are just so many awesome ways to have sex."

"Oh, I know," Lexa smiled.

"Here, let me…" Clarke grunted softly and rolled off her.

"I like you on me…" Clarke grunted softly and rolled off her.

"I like you on me," Lexa protested and Clarke smiled and merely pulled Lexa more tightly into her arms. "And to answer your question from a while ago, I think you're most definitely a top."

"I am?" Clarke's blue eyes shone, twinkling with a pleased expression.

"You like to be in control," Lexa stated matter-of-factly.

"I do," Clarke gave a sheepish smile, "I always have in bed. I don't mind losing control sometimes though," she gave Lexa look and it spoke volumes. It said, 'I don't mind losing control to you.'

"Good," Lexa turned into her slightly sweaty body, pressing up against her side and allowed her eyes to rove over every curve, every small scar, every little part of her.

"Oh my god," Clarke's exclamation was so loud that Lexa jumped.

"What? What's the matter?"

"You have a tattoo!" she yelled it like an accusation, her hands gripping Lexa's shoulders.

"I have a few, which you know!"

"No," she nudged Lexa onto her stomach and shimmied to sit on her ass, pinning her to the bed. "You didn't tell me you have this," her fingers began to trace the black ink on Lexa's back, but all Lexa could think about was how she could feel all of Clarke against her buttocks and how good it felt. "When did you get this? How do I not know about it? I can't believe this!"

"I got it the year I left the home, when I met Anya," Lexa said. Anya had designed all her tattoos, which Clarke knew. "It was to mark my new freedom from the system. And I didn't know I had to tell you," she smirked a little, "and this is the first time we've been naked, hence, you're seeing it for the first time."
“It's big,” she was still tracking her finger over every swirl and sharp angle.

“Yes,” she said simply still unclear as to whether Clarke considered the tattoo a good thing or a bad thing.

“It goes well with your arm tats,” she said and Lexa felt how she bore down against her ass before sliding up to the small of her back so she could trace her fingers over Lexa's defined bicep.

“They're meant to work together, yeah,” she agreed, moaning at the sensation of the air hitting the moisture left behind as Clarke slid back to her ass.

“So, I'm a top?” Clarke asked after a beat, voice low and flirty.

“You have me lying powerless beneath you,” Lexa pointed out.

“I know how strong you are,” Clarke leaned forward to whisper in her ear, bumping her hard nipples against the skin of Lexa's back and making her shiver. “I know you could take control if you wanted.”

“You're in charge though,” Lexa admitted as Clarke ground down against her, sliding herself over one buttock and then the other.

“Fuck,” the girl let out the soft curse.

“What?”

“I'm so wildly attracted to you. I want to get myself off against your ass so I can stare at your tattoo. What's wrong with me?”

“All you're describing is everything that's right with you,” Lexa twisted her head and stared at Clarke with lust-darkened eyes.

“I just came,” Clarke protested, but rubbed herself against Lexa's firm buttock once more.

“Come again,” Lexa urged.

“No problem,” the soft moan that escaped her, the way her eyes fell shut and she rocked harder over the firm, muscled buttock filled Lexa’s belly with a burning heat and she wanted friction herself. When Clarke's eyes opened, they stared at her back before meeting her eyes as she rocked harder and faster, one hand cupping her own breast, the other on Lexa's back. It wasn't long before she came, several stuttered gasps and Lexa's name spilling from her lips as she lay herself flat on top of her, exhausted. Lexa rolled them, beyond aroused and straddled the floppy girl's thigh, pushing her leg between Clarke's legs and up against her sensitive clit, causing her to jolt and moan again. But for once, Lexa wasn't entirely concerned with Clarke, because she needed to get off, and she knew it was going to be ridiculously quick. She pressed herself against Clarke's slim naked thigh and lifted her body press her thigh harder against Clarke. Her body swooped and twisted as she remembered the feel of Clarke rubbing against her butt cheek and after less than a minute, she was coming, face pressing into voluptuous breasts.

“Once more,” Clarke ordered breathlessly and she heeded the girl. It took three more times, Clarke's hips rising to meet her leg and the girl was losing it, groaning her name and falling to the bed spent, a starfish on her mattress. “You see that...that is a perfect example of when I have no problem whatsoever relinquishing control,” she smiled lazily. “Come here,” she opened her arms and Lexa lay her head against Clarke's shoulder and for a few minutes the room was filled with the sound of their steady breathing. “So, fisting...”
“Really, Clarke?” Lexa laughed loudly, “that's what you want to talk about?”

“Well, I was in the middle of asking my questions when you distracted me with your sexy back tattoo.”

“You were in the middle of asking about fisting?”

“I read my drunken texts from the other night and you said you'd tell me. About all of it, you know,” Clarke tucked a strand of hair behind Lexa's ear, “tops, bottoms, fisting, anal, strap-ons.”

“So, what's the question? You want to know my opinion or what they are or if I've done them?”

“Yeah, basically all that. Some stuff I just end up more confused. You know, when I go on the Internet. The Internet is like this black hole of almost information.”

“You typed fisting into Google?”

“Yes,” Clarke laughed, “and I got the predictable results. Have you ever?”

“No,” Lexa admitted.

“What is it?”

“Exactly what you think it is.”

“Do lesbians do it a lot?”

“Clarke, I can't speak for all lesbians or any other individuals,” Lexa rolled her eyes.

Clarke just kissed her cheeks, “I love your scowly face.”

“Thanks,” she responded a little primly.

“Let's go sit on couch, duvet it, and you can tell me everything.”

“No.”

“You won't tell me everything?” Clarke stuck out her bottom lip.

“I will, but if we couch it then you'll put on clothes and I like you naked.”

“Okay,” Clarke nodded and pushed her off, climbed off the bed, and stood up. “How about if I stay naked?” she shook her body making her boobs jiggle, clearly thinking she was being funny but when she saw Lexa was staring at her wide-eyed, she winked and sashayed out of the bedroom, all swaying hips and pert ass.

“All the way in?” Clarke's brow furrowed.

“It can hurt or is at least uncomfortable, but once it's in, it's meant to stop hurting if it did to begin with and feel really good.”
“And what do they do once their hand is in there?” her expression was adorable.

“I believe it's all about the sensation of being filled up. I don't know whether it's for an orgasm. I believe it's more about the overall sensation and feelings since there's not a lot of room for movement. Not everyone can do it...some people are too small or their partner's hands are too big.”

“Hmmm,” Clarke nodded and Lexa reminded herself that she was naked under the duvet. It was kind of funny to see her face so serious and know that she was beautifully nude.

“And strap-ons?”

“I don't own one.”

“But you've tried one?”

“Yes,” she blushed, and then laughed, “it's weird because they're simultaneously ridiculous and sexy, funny and fun.”

“Yeah?” Clarke's eyes were shining.

“I wore it,” Lexa admitted and Clarke leaned forward to run her fingers over Lexa's burning cheeks.

“And you liked fucking the girl?” she asked, and Lexa knew she was even redder. “You did! Now I want you to fuck me.”

“I just did,” she covered her face.

“You know what I mean,” Clarke giggled. “And god, I really want to fuck you.”

“Clarke,” she pulled a throw cushion from behind her and covered her face with it.

“You're so cute when you're all shy and turned on.”

“Look, we have time—I mean, you know, to try things. We do have time, right?”

“Yes,” Clarke laughed softly, “we have time.”

“You'd really want me to buy a strap on?”

“Yes,” Clarke nodded with a small shrug, “even just so I can laugh at your embarrassed face when you buy it.”

“The funnier thing would be me wearing it.”

“But I'd wear it too.”

“Fine,” her libido thought this plan was excellent, her stomach leaping with joy, and the familiar pulse of arousal throbbing between her legs.

“Lex, I'm hungry…” Clarke shifted the subject, looking at her with beseeching eyes.

“Hmmm, me too.”

“Will you cook for me?”

“I'm naked,” Lexa protested.
“And extremely attractive,” Clarke disappeared under the duvet and scrambled her way on top of Lexa. “Please?”

“Fine,” she huffed, happiness radiating from her.

“Then we should go for a picnic later.”

“A picnic?”

“We’re dating, aren’t we? Lexa, I want dates.”

“I took you on a date last night,” Lexa grinned.

“I want more.”

“A picnic sounds amazing.”

“We can invite the others to join us, after we’ve had time for talking and making out.”

“That actually sounds fun.”

“It does, huh?” Clarke sighed happily.
Hey everyone,

You are all leaving the most awesome comments - it's like a book group :) 

Sorry there was no update yesterday, my beautiful girlfriend decided to drive up to see me and we did fun stuff together, such as making the world's worst gingerbread house.

Here you go :) 

Chapter Ten

“We don’t have to do this, you know?” Clarke’s blue eyes surveyed the gym equipment wearily as she bobbed from foot to foot, wearing her little short shorts and tank top. Lexa gave a soft hum, trying to keep her mind on training.

“We do. I want to train you,” Lexa insisted, looking at her with longing, as she stifled a yawn threatening to surface—it would just give Clarke an excuse to forget training.

“You were here this morning, Lexa, and I know you got up with me. I know you're tired,” Clarke stepped closer and put her hand on her shoulder.

“I know you're tired, and I want to see you all hot and sweaty,” she flirted.

“Well, the general idea was that we would work out together and not that you’d do it twice!”

“I do want us to work out together,” she smirked and Clarke rolled her eyes. “I want to do making out, too, okay?” Lexa moved so she was sharing body space with Clarke.

“Hmm, yeah, that too,” Clarke leaned forward and kissed her deeply.

“Okay, okay, so shall we start with squats or dead lifts or bench press?” she grumbled softly as she pulled away from Clarke, putting physical space between them.

Clarke's face morphed into something akin to disgust, “Ugh, they all sound awful.”

“You don't have to do this, Clarke,” Lexa couldn't help but laugh because Clarke looked appalled at everything in her rather fancy gym.

“I do, I do! Don't you get it? I have to be strong or I'll be seventy and fall and die while trying to feed the dog! It's a thing, Lexa. And then you'll live on for another twenty years alone and missing me. Do you want that?”

“No,” she shook her head, pretty sure that she was now looking appalled herself. “We have a dog?”

“Of course we have a dog, but the dog isn't the point. My death is the point. Show me how to do a dead lift.”
She laughed, “Okay, okay. I want you alive for as long as possible.” She got in position and demonstrated the movements while explaining what she was doing the whole time. After a few reps, she set the barbell down and stood back so Clarke could have a go. It was a struggle to keep her mind in a sanitized zone as Clarke tried to replicate the exercise, and she absolutely did not look at the girl's ass, and when she put her hands on her waist to adjust her position, she kept it very nearly, strictly professional. The fact that Clarke looked at her with a smirk was mere coincidence.

“See? It's not so bad. Why don't you start with a set of ten?”

“Ten?” Clarke scoffed. “Have you got a clue how much that one killed me?”

“Apparently feeding the dog is killing you?”

“No, the fall that occurs when I'm feeding the dog is killing me. I trip over his water bowl.”

“Why don't you get glasses and just watch where you're going?”

“If it's not the water bowl, it'll be black ice. It's you I'm thinking about here! Living on without me—that would be hard!”

“Maybe I'd find my own patch of black ice,” she suggested and Clarke smiled, abandoning after her fifth rep to wrap her arms around her.

“I bet you would, too,” she cooed and kissed her softly.

“I'd rather have the extra twenty years, Clarke, let's move on to squats,” she urged while tugging the reluctant girl over to the squats rack.

“Ugh, it makes me feel like I'm preparing to be strip-searched,” she scowled as she let herself be dragged forth, but then her face brightened, “hmmm, you gonna give me a cavity search?”

“Not here but later, if you show me ten.”

“It's sexy when you're hardcore,” Clarke marveled, watching Lexa's movements closely. Lexa set the bar back on the rack and stepped aside to let Clarke in. “Like this?” she asked as she bent her knees to rest her trapezius muscles right beneath the bar, and Lexa helped her get into the correct starting position, smoothing her hand over her ass in the process.

“You're doing them perfectly. Ten if you can.”

“I'm going to hurt so badly tomorrow.”

“Well, stop then.”

“No,” Clarke shook her head.

“Okay, okay. I'm going to go to the restroom. Try to get in another set of dead lifts when you're done with these and I'll be right back.”

“Don't leave me,” Clarke pouted. “I feel ridiculous.”

“You're at a gym working out. You don't look ridiculous at all.”

“Yeah, but when I collapse in an exhausted heap on the floor, then I'll look ridiculous.”

“So, stop before that happens and have a drink. I'll be back in a second, okay?”
“Bah humbug,” Clarke pouted and then waved a hand, “Go pee.”

Lexa blew her a kiss and headed to the restroom. After washing her hands, she headed back into the weights room to find Neil, Mr. Tall Dark and Handsome, flirting and touchy with hands on Clarke's waist, under the pretense of helping her find the right form for squats. It was bullshit because Clarke had excellent form for squats. Lexa knew she was scowling as she watched before stalking over and glaring at Neil.

“Oh, hey, Lexa,” Neil greeted Lexa with a furrowed brow, clearly wondering why she was interrupting him and the hot girl he was hitting on. Lexa scowled—it was really not the done thing to hit on people who were just there to work out.

“Neil here was helping me with my squat,” Clarke explained, sidling close to her and slotting her body against Lexa's side. Lexa knew her chest was pretty puffed out from pride.

“You two?” Neil's brow furrowed further and Lexa rolled her eyes in response because he was clearly reaching an inappropriate conclusion. “That's pretty hot.”

“Hot?” Clarke asked, lip curled in confusion.

“Yeah, you two…you know,” he gave a waggle of his eyebrows, insinuatingly. “If you ever want company…”

“We don’t,” Lexa pretty much growled and he grinned.

“Hey, can't blame me for thinking it. You're both hot.”

“Doesn't mean we want company or are asking for it,” Clarke squeezed her tighter.

“Fair enough,” he raised his hands in surrender, “but if you change your mind…”

“Fuck off, Neil. We're here to workout, not have someone try and insert themselves into our sex life,” Lexa waved him off.

“What was that?” Clarke looked at her.

“Neil's an ass.”

“But that was so inappropriate! Offering to join us in bed. Does he really think we'd need or want him?”

“Yeah, he does. Or he thought maybe you would. I'm surprised he even asked, given you're with me.”

“What do you mean by that?” Clarke sat on the bench press and Lexa sat beside her.

“Generally speaking, I think guys will have a hard time accepting you're with a girl and that I satisfy you.”

“Why?” Clarke pouted indignantly. “They don't have a choice but to accept it—it's fact!”

“I think it's because you're so you! You know, gorgeous and naturally, effortlessly flirty,” she attempted to explain. “They’re going to want to try their luck.”
“Well, they’re not going to get lucky. And Lexa, you’re gorgeous and flirty too. Do guys have a hard time accepting you’re gay?”

“No,” Lexa shook her head definitively.

“Why not? What’s the difference?”

“You want to know why guys don’t hit on me?” she clarified and Clarke nodded. She laughed, “Well, I most definitely give off a vibe. And you? You don’t.”

“So what, they never hit on you? You’ve never been hit on by a guy? Not once?”

She thought back and then shook her head before answering, “Can’t say that I have.”

“I don’t believe that!” Clarke exclaimed in disbelief, crossing her arms and Lexa grinned, because this was exactly the kind of conversation they would have as just friends; it was a conversation that wasn't linked to the fact that they were dating.

“Why not?”

“Your gorgeous body, for one. You're telling me no guy has ever lusted over your firm ass and abs?”

“Well, yes, of course,” she acknowledged slightly haughtily, “but lusting over abs isn't the same as coming onto me. Like I said—I give off a vibe!”

“But why not? What kind of vibe are you talking about? A gay vibe?” Clarke implored, staring at her intently.

“I consider it my ‘don't fucking think of it’ vibe.”

“You don't give off a vibe like that,” Clarke protested.

“Not to you! I absolutely want you to fucking think about it!”

“Lexa,” Clarke grumbled with a reluctant smile.

“You're sweet and sexy, flirty and fun most of the time. But I'm only ever that way with you.” Lexa explained.

“Aww, you're not so bad,” Anya interjected, apparently just arrived for her daily work-out. She had an amused expression on her face as she approached the pair, ruffling Lexa's hair playfully. Lexa swatted her hand away and glared at her for the encroachment of personal space.

“Ah, I see what you mean,” Clarke nodded sagely meeting Lexa’s glare with a smile.

“Lexa saves all her sunshine for you. Although, much as she tries to convince you otherwise, she's actually a softy at heart,” Anya noted wisely, punching Lexa's shoulder lightly and sticking her tongue out at Clarke.

“Ugh, leave us alone and go work out. Apparently, you'll die if you don’t.”

***
Lexa was slumped on the couch in her living room, drinking a beer and laughing with Lincoln. A loud bashing on the front door announced that Clarke had arrived.

Lincoln, who was also drinking a beer while stuffing his face with chips, snickered, “You know, it echoes in my apartment when she does that?”

“You know that every time Octavia secretly arrives at your place, the sound of your bed springs squeaking echoes in my apartment?”

“Does not,” he mumbled in protest. “And it's not a secret.”

“Sure, it's not. Not from me anyhow. But I don't see you guys being together comfortably around Bellamy,” Lexa challenged as she walked over to her apartment door and opened it, catching Clarke in her arms, laughing spontaneously as the girl crashed against her.

“Well, you know what Bellamy's like,” Lincoln answered, craning his neck to look at Lexa, smiling.

“What about Bellamy?” Clarke asked from the doorway, while hugging Lexa tightly. She spoke into Lexa's neck, sighing as hands trailed under her tank, brushing against her skin.

“Me and Octavia,” Lincoln explained to Clarke with a shrug, leaning back in his armchair.

“He likes you,” Clarke released Lexa, taking her hand and tugging her down onto the couch, immediately curling up into her, being a total little spoon, which Lexa secretly loved.

“Well?” Lincoln tried not to look to keen but his invested interest was obvious.

“Trust me. I've known Octavia and Bell since middle school. He likes you.”

“Yeah, but he doesn't know that I'm seeing his sister.”

“Seeing?” Lexa arched a brow at Lincoln in amusement at his careful choice of words.

“You want to get into the semantics of what we're labeling our relationships?” he gave her a look and Clarke giggled.

“Uh, no,” she stuttered.

“Bellamy will hate you on principal for sleeping with her. He sees it as his job to try and intimidate anyone even thinking about having sex with her,” Clarke explained, hand entwining itself with Lexa's, head resting on her shoulder.

“And I bet he has no problem sleeping with endless girls himself?” Lexa rolled her eyes.

“Oh yeah, he totally has double standards, but in his head, he's responsible for his happiness and hers, so he gets to make the decisions. It's not about the sex—it's about preventing her heart from getting broken. And yeah, he needs to chill out and accept that she is perfectly capable.”

“Well, yeah, it should be her choice if she wants to risk her heart, or just have casual sex. She’s an adult and she can behave however she wants. He can't stop her!” Lexa rolled her eyes.

“Which is what we all tell him,” Clarke shrugged. “It's what she thinks too.”

“I really like her,” Lincoln admitted quietly and Lexa smiled because Lincoln didn't generally date, as he had his own self-preservation to worry about.
“Of course you do,” Clarke nestled in closer to Lexa. “She's amazing.”

“Yeah, she is. And she'll be at mine in five, so I'm going to go tidy up,” he smiled, giving Lexa a quick wink as he stood. “And I love the new lyrics.”

“Thanks, Linc.”

“Nah, thank you! Last month I thought we were going to have to change our studio booking.”

“It's all good,” she felt her cheeks heat up and he laughed as he headed out.

“You know what?” Clarke mumbled against her neck.

“What?” Lexa smiled as her friend squeezed her tight.

“I've decided that I like working out.”

“Not what you were saying yesterday.”

“Yesterday your work, the hospital, and working out meant I didn't see you properly all day,” she winked, “and that's too long, Lexa.”

“But now you like it?” she smiled.

“Yeah?” Lexa laughed, shuffling down the couch, so they were lying down and Clarke's body was plastered against hers.

“I don't know how you do this freestyle life thing…”

“Hold up, ‘freestyle life?’” Lexa immediately shuffled back up the couch so she was sitting, staring at the blonde who she'd left lying in an undignified heap on the couch.

“Yeah!” Clarke rolled on her tummy and grinned up at her.

“And what, pray tell, is a ‘freestyle life?’”

“Aww, don't look so grumpy,” she sidled her way up Lexa until she was straddling her lap, arms wrapped around her neck. “It's a compliment.”

“I'm still not entirely sure what you're saying,” Lexa tried to ignore how hard her heart was pounding at Clarke's proximity. She tried to ignore the beauty before her, blue eyes trapping hers in their gaze. Her eyes fell to soft lips and she subconsciously leaned forward.

Clarke laughed and chided her gently, “Don't try and kiss me if you're annoyed with me.”

“I'm not annoyed, I just don't know what you mean?” her lips hit Clarke's and what was supposed to be a gentle peck ended five minutes later with her tongue in Clarke's mouth and hands on her boobs.

“You've gotta focus, Lexa,” Clarke murmured into the kiss. “You're irritated I called your life freestyle.”

“It sounded like an insult,” she pouted, nudging her hand under Clarke's bra.

“And my boob makes it better?” she arched her eyebrows, obviously amused.

“Much.”
“You are freestyle, Lexa. You make your own timetable. If I did that, I'd watch Netflix all day, go to bed late, sleep late, and never get anything done.”

“I'm sure that's not…”

“It's true. I'm awful without something to keep me scheduled. I wake up but don't bother getting up. If I'm reading a good book, I'll read it all day. I would binge watch shows and when I finish one, I'd start another. I'd only bother showering if I were seeing someone that day, and I'd probably never exercise.”

“You barely exercise now,” she couldn't resist and Clarke surged forward and nipped her ear lobe making her squeal.

“Hey, that isn't true anymore! I'm a member of your gym, but that is beside the point. Lexa, you are amazing. You timetable your day, you create amazing music, you exercise, you're always so clean and delicious, you get everything done that you need to get done, and then make delicious, healthy food to end the day. Have you ever just lounged in your pajamas all day reading?”

“Not all day,” she hedged, because Clarke was staring at her with searching eyes.

“What about not showering?”

“Well, maybe if I were sick,” she gave a little shrug.

“Face it, Lex—you manage the ass out of your freestyle life and I am in fucking awe.”

“Well, you know,” she smirked. “You'd have a freestyle life as a comic book artist.”

“Yeah, makes me think medicine is the way to go,” Clarke gave a dainty little shrug of her own. “Medicine orders my life. It's relentless but it manages me.”

“You said that you'll have no life as a resident. Worse than now,” Lexa pouted because she knew what that would mean.

Clarke laughed and her smile was blinding, “Well, that's the good thing about a girl that manages her freestyle life so well—she can manage it around me.”

“Hmmm, anytime,” Lexa didn't even want to let her brain dwell on the fact that Clarke was indicating a general togetherness a whole year in the future. She probably didn't even realize she'd done it, but Lexa's heart pounded wildly at the implication that Clarke could see them staying together.

“Besides, if I ever did do the comic book thing, I'd make sure you made me a schedule to stick to.”

“Work nine to five, it’s simple,” she deadpanned.

“But, creativity!” Clarke complained. “I mean surely you don’t just say, okay, so nine to one I write lyrics, then I go for a run, and after lunch I play on my guitar and put some chords together.”

“No, okay,” Lexa laughed, “I just have certain things routined. Like what time I get up when it's not a weekend, when I run, when I eat and when I let myself stop for the day. Otherwise I would never stop.”

“Well, I'd need a timetable for everything!”

“Like you said, you can't timetable everything,” Lexa grinned pushing the cup of Clarke's bra down
and her shirt further up before allowing her eyes to flutter down to perfection.

“You can. I'll have to when I'm in residency.”

“You can't timetable kinky time,” Lexa told her, because sex was all she could think about now that she was staring at Clarke's beautiful boob. She flicked her eyes to Clarke's, which were dark and staring back at her. Then they flicked back to her boob and then back to her eyes, which Clarke rolled as if to say, 'go ahead.' Lexa did, mouth swooping down to suck the nipple greedily into her mouth, Clarke's moan a total aphrodisiac.

“I was about to say you can timetable kinky time, but nah, you can’t,” she pushed her hands into Lexa's wavy hair and gripped hard.

“I absolutely adore your boobs,” Lexa mumbled into soft skin.

“Well, keep everything else over the clothes—I'm on.”

“Me too!” she looked up at her, pleased.

“We’ve been in sync for months now,” Clarke teased, “don't act so surprised.”

“I know, I'm not. I went out earlier and got chocolate, wine and stuff for dinner just in case. If you weren’t; PMSing I figured you’d still like that?”

“I'm not grumpy even though I am PMSing,” Clarke rolled her eyes. “And you're so fricking cute.”

“I know you're not grumpy—I wasn't saying that, just erring on the side of caution based on past experience,” Lexa smiled wryly as she moved away from Clarke's chest and stared into blue eyes, aware that her utter adoration was clearly visible. Lexa pressed a kiss to slightly parted lips and bumped their noses together softly. “We don't ever have to do anything, you know? And not just today—if you ever want to just hang out, watch TV and cuddle, that's okay anytime.”

“Yeah?” Clarke looked like she was battling, emotions flying over her eyes so quick that Lexa didn't have a chance to read them.

“Of course. I mean I'm always horny for you, fuck, it can be a bit of a problem, but I do get nights where I want to snuggle up close, eat chocolate, drink wine and be silly. We don't have to always have sex.”

“We do have a lot of sex, don't we?” Clarke nodded, head tilted to one side.

“Hmmm, yeah,” Lexa's mind faltered as she pressed a warm kiss to Clarke's neck. “I'll go get the wine and chocolate. We can even order in food if you'd prefer, or I'll make you spaghetti and sauce. Unless you have a new favorite?” she asked because Clarke seemed to have a new favorite meal every week. When Clarke didn't answer, Lexa pressed a kiss to the end of her nose and made to stand, but Clarke caught her and rolled them over so she was lying on top.

“We have a lot of sex, Lexa, but not too much,” Clarke chided and slid her thigh between her legs. Lexa moaned, “Fuck.”

“Yes, fuck first, then you can make me spaghetti and sauce. It is indeed still my favorite,” she grinned down at her, a glint of cheeky manipulation in her eyes, but Lexa just nodded and tugged her closer.
“Lexa, you don't have to meet me here every time I'm working out,” Clarke chastised, her warm smile and decidedly touched tone undermining her protest. She stood from the bench press and sidled up close to Lexa in order to kiss her fully. Lexa kept thinking she was going to pull away but she didn't, just pushed her body closer, continuing the languid kiss.

“Please tell me your period is over?” she pleaded. It was unreal how fucking turned on she would get from a simple romantic kiss.

“Over and done with,” Clarke murmured into her mouth.

“I want to touch you so badly,” she squeezed Clarke's ass, brushing skin because her shorts were tiny.

“Later, as many times as you want,” Clarke hummed. “So long as you're ready for your studio time next week, of course,” she added the latter as an afterthought.

“Why wouldn't I be ready?” Lexa leaned away from Clarke and saw her flush, “Uh, no reason. I just, don't want to distract you, you know?”

“You never distract me,” Lexa lied. Of course, Clarke distracted her—she was absolutely gorgeous, her best friend, and entirely willing to have sex with her. Lexa was all about making the most of lazy summer days fucking on white sheets or sunbathing with her girl, hands linked. She was all about picnics in the park, Clarke's head in her lap, fingers carding through her hair. She was absolutely distracted by meeting Clarke whenever she was free, playing songs to her, and then collapsing in a heap of tangled limbs. Yeah, Lexa was distracted, but in all the right ways—she'd never produced so many amazing lyrics in her life.

“I know that you still have a song to do…” Clarke’s brow was pursed and she was biting down on her bottom lip nervously.

“Yeah?” she shrugged. “So?”

“Anya said…”

“Anya said something to you?” she was immediately outraged, and Clarke peppered her neck with kisses, oblivious to the other gym patrons.

“It was her own stress coming out—please don't be mad, baby,” she kissed her again.

“What did she say?” Her lips were pressed into a thin line as she mentally cursed Anya and her constant interference.

“She was just worried about having time to rehearse the final song, what with our camping trip. That's all.”

“Why would she tell you? I mean if she's worried, she should talk to me.”

“I think perhaps she considers me a distraction,” Clarke gave a small shrug.
“Fine, okay, I admit it. Of course you're a distraction—the best fucking distraction in the entire world,” she slid her hands to Clarke's perfect hips.

“I don't want to distract you from your work. It might not be conventional but I know how important it is,” Clarke bit her lip again.

“God, there wouldn't be any songs without you, you know that, right? And I'm going to remind Anya of that.” Lexa pulled out her phone intending to text Anya a curt message as Clarke headed over to the shoulder press, after landing a soft kiss on the corner of her mouth.

Lexa: Don't tell Clarke she's a distraction. She's literally the only reason we have any lyrics at all.

Anya: Chill your beanios Commander. I never said that.

Lexa: Well what did you say?

Anya: I just said we still needed the lyrics for one more song. You're going camping next weekend! I had to say something.

Lexa: And you honestly think I'm not going to get them done?

Lexa: Given that my inspiration will be sitting beside me, around a campfire, under the stars?

Lexa: Given that I'm sharing a tent with said inspiration?

Lexa: Given that I get to see her in a bikini?

Lexa: I mean seriously?

Anya: You make a few very good points.

Anya: I really wasn't trying to mess with your love life.

Lexa: You don't trust Clarke. That's the problem.

Anya: I don't trust she won't break your heart.

Lexa: I trust her and you ought to trust me.

Anya: Never trust a fool in love.

Lexa: Never trust a cousin who spouts cheesy shit instead of being happy that their cousin is happy.

Anya: I am happy you're happy. It's just that you've been through a lot. I just wish you'd fallen for a nice, out and proud girl. A lesbian. When this all falls apart you're the one who suffers.

Lexa: Biphobic much? And has it ever occurred to you that maybe it won't fall apart? Have you thought of that? She talks like we have a future.

Anya: Have you met her parents? Has she come out as bi? You've been fucking for well over a month and you're disgustingly adorable, but she doesn't even call you her girlfriend.

Lexa: I can wait for all that.
Anya: How long?

Lexa: As long as it takes.

Anya: And what about if it never happens?

Lexa: Every relationship has the potential to break apart. They all do until they don't.

Anya: Well, some have more potential to break apart than others.

Lexa: Your attitude is pissing me off. I don't need permission to follow this through. Though it would be nice to have your support.

Lexa: Without the negativity.

Anya: I'm trying to keep you grounded. You're in the fucking sky with her.

Lexa: So what? Isn't that what love is supposed to be like?

Anya: I just want to keep you grounded so the fall back to earth doesn't hurt like a bitch.

Lexa: If she were gay you wouldn't be saying this.

Anya: But she's not.

Lexa: I'm pretty certain she's not entirely straight either!

Anya: It's about how she sees herself though, isn't it?

Lexa: I don't want to argue with you, but when you're like this it makes me want to tell you to fuck off.

Anya: I care about you. That's all. I'm sorry. I'll back off.

Lexa: I know what you're trying to do but just stop. I have enough insecurity and self-esteem issues without you adding to them. I know all that might go wrong, but I'm still going to enjoy it all wholeheartedly while it's going right.

Anya: Okay. I'm sorry. And sorry for saying something to her.

Lexa: Your only job with Clarke is to be nice to her and encourage her to love me. That's it. Stay out of everything else.

Anya: My job is to give her the talk and tell her if she hurts you, she'll answer to me.

Lexa: I've accepted that hurt is inevitable. Just stay out of it Anya.


Lexa: Love you too.

“Finished yelling at Anya?” Clarke gave her a knowing look, as she flopped onto the bench press seat looking exhausted and slightly sweaty.
“Ignore her.”

“She's just looking out for you because she cares.”

“I know,” Lexa grumbled, “I just don't like it when people interfere.”

“I never have a choice with my friends,” Clarke grimaced.

Lexa felt a little lighter at that, “No, you don't.”

“So, have you finished all your lyrics?” Clarke leant forward and Lexa's eyes dropped to the incredible cleavage the action gave her. “Eyes are up here darlin',” Clarke's index finger tilted her head and she met amused blue eyes, which she stared at, transfixed for a moment.

“Just the one song to go. Easy,” she flushed. Clarke's eyes zeroed in on the pink.

“Why does it sound like there's more to it than ‘easy?’” A small crease appeared between Clarke's eyebrows.

“There may or may not be several songs about you,” Lexa admitted carefully.

“Ha, yeah?” Clarke broke into a huge sunny smile.

“Well, maybe all of them are about you,” Lexa confessed, looking sheepish.

“So why won't you ever play them for me? If they're about me?”

“Oh, I will,” she felt her cheeks heat up. “I just…” she scratched her temple nervously, “some are a little, uh, full on.”

“Are they about sex?” Clarke was leaning forward to be closer to Lexa.

“Well, there are a few sexual metaphors, I'm not gonna lie.”

“Sexual metaphors are fine,” she gave a little shrug.

“There's one about your eyes,” she winced a little as she awaited Clarke's reaction.

“My eyes?”

“Yeah…and uh, one…highly metaphored of course, about your uh…boobs,” she grabbed her water bottle and drank, even though she hadn't yet exercised.

“My boobs?” the telltale rasp of amused disdain made Lexa concerned and she lowered her bottle.

“They're incredibly…incredible.”

“Wow, I hope you were more verbose in the song.” Clarke stood up and crossed her arms, fixing her with a stern look. Lexa couldn't tell if she was cross or what.

“Oh, I think it's safe to say I may have gotten a little carried away,” she felt her cheeks flush redder, if that were possible, which apparently it was.

“Any others you need to warn me about?”

“Uh…you remember the second new song we played at our gig a few of weeks back?”
“Yeah?” her brow furrowed.

“It was about, uh…you know…” Lexa nodded her head and widened her eyes with insinuation.

“I don't know,” Clarke mimicked her, slightly mockingly.

“Sex. Pushing my fingers inside you, you coming around them…”

“Oh!” Clarke’s mouth made a perfect O. “I so did not get that.”

Lexa winced and rushed her next words, “there may be a couple about being in love with you…”

“And is my sexual orientation exploration mentioned?”

“It may be hinted at,” she reached over and took her hand. “Not explicitly. And no one will know it's you, I'm sure. If you're worried. I mean, most of the time, it would take a real lyrical analysis to even get to the hidden meaning. I mean straight people are a large portion of our fan base…”

“Lexa,” Clarke said her name sternly and she shut her mouth, “my Tumblr and Twitter, both have hundreds of thousands of followers because they know I post about you, because they know we're friends. I think it's rather obvious we're close…I think it's rather obvious something is happening between us. I'm kind of affectionate about you in my posts.”

“But they're music related?”

“Well, yeah, mostly. But you said I could post that video of you messing around on your guitar in just a T-shirt,” she reminded her defensively. “I mean your hair was all mussed and it was obvious I took the video.”

“Nothing was shown though,” she frowned in confusion, “And I'm not mad at you, you know that? I don't care who thinks something is happening between us. I don't care what you post. Are you mad at me?” Lexa was feeling a nervous knot in her stomach. “So long as you're not mad,” she mumbled.

“Nah not at all, I was kinda teasing with the stem looks,” Clarke gave a small smile, cheeks red, as she sat down and began to use the bench press. “So,” she said brightly, “are you excited to go camping?”

“No,” she gave a mock pout and Clarke giggled, and just like that, it was as if the girlfriend word had never been mentioned.

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“Fuck, Clarke,” Lexa groaned into the kiss, for once being the top and bashing Clarke against her closed front door and shoving needily at her workout shorts.

“I should shower,” Clarke moaned into the kiss sighing and grinding down onto the eager hand Lexa had pushed into her panties, fingers fumbling in slick wetness.

“I want you now,” she panted into the kiss, “five minutes ago, fuck, five days ago.”

“Talk dirty to me, why doncha,” Clarke teased, head dropping against the wood of the door as Lexa managed to make enough room to thrust two fingers inside of her. “Holy fuck,” she hissed.

“You feel so good.” Lexa felt slightly wild, and she longed to drop to her knees in front of Clarke. Longed to push her face right between her legs, to lick, suck and most of all, smell and taste her, all of her.

“Lexa,” Clarke ground down against her hand as she thrust her fingers up, palm pressing against her clit, hard.

“I want to hear you come,” Lexa crooned, mouth hovering over Clarke's, “I want you so wet you're dripping down your thighs and I want you to come so hard you can't stand. I want my face between your legs so badly, Clarke, fuck,” she rubbed herself against Clarke's thigh.

“I think you need to come.” Clarke giggled as she pushed her hips down against Lexa's hand.

“Please, Clarke,” Lexa stared at her, “please let me…just for a second, I promise.”

“Fuck…” her breathing was ragged, “okay,” she whispered and Lexa was on her knees less than a second later, pushing her shorts further down, eyes locked on her goal.

“You're so beautiful.”

“I'm in love with vaginas, too, but I wouldn't call them beautiful,” Clarke sassed, tripping over her words with nerves.

“Don't be nervous,” Lexa urged, peppering pale thighs with kisses.

“I'm not,” Clarke blustered, “but I thought you wanted this?” Lexa looked up at her and their eyes met.

“I do,” Lexa closed her eyes for a second. “If you're sure?” she stared up into blue eyes and when Clarke nodded, she dove in. Fuck, she knew she should have be careful, she knew that. Taken it slow, teased a little, but she was drunk with lust and Clarke smelt heavenly, and she was so fucking wet and she was there, legs parted and willing. Lexa couldn't hold herself back, her tongue was everywhere all at once, pushing into her, along her, nose rubbing over her clit. She was uncoordinated, clumsy and far too keen, but she wasn't in control, which was probably a first. And Clarke, her beautiful, wonderful girl did exactly as she wanted and groaned, body rolling forward, hands landing in Lexa's hair and tugging hard, while simultaneously holding her face in place.

“Shit…oh my god, oh my god,” she yelled, heedless of neighbors, heedless of her hands scrunching up tightly around handfuls of Lexa's hair. Lexa was giddy, positively in love with being between Clarke's legs already and she couldn't stop licking and tasting and sucking, except that she'd promised, 'just for a minute.'

“Should I stop?” she managed to stutter, chin resting against Clarke’s clit, eyes faced skyward.
“No! Fuck, no,” Clarke pushed her head down and Lexa grinned. “I can fucking feel you smiling,” Clarke gasped and Lexa pushed two fingers into her curling them as she sucked her clit into her mouth. “Fuck, Lexa,” Clarke wasn't quiet and Lexa loved it. Each flick of her tongue, each push and curl of her fingers, each lick and suck, brought with it a cacophony of sound—sexy moans, and groans, whimpers, and best of all, Clarke saying her name breathily before screaming it when she came, body slumping against the door and then down toward the floor and Lexa's face. Lexa held her up, licking softly, sucking the taste of Clarke into her mouth, before gently removing her fingers, allowing Clarke to drop to her knees and bury her face against her neck.

“Thanks,” Lexa had to say it, because going down on Clarke had become such a big deal.

“Haha, you're thanking me…that's funny,” Clarke mumbled and pulled back to look at her. “You have a little something…” she gestured to Lexa's lips and face in general, her eyebrows arching in amusement and insinuation.

“So, you enjoyed yourself?” Clarke asked with just a touch of insecurity.

“Hmmm, safe to say I had the best time,” she stood and helped Clarke to her feet. Instead of pulling her shorts back up, Clarke just pushed them off entirely, pulling only her underwear up. She sashayed to the couch and fell on it in an exaggerated manner.

“Come cuddle me,” she requested and Lexa was there in a second, snuggling down beside her. “I feel boneless, like a rag doll.”

“It was a nice orgasm then?” Lexa asked.

“It was oh my god…amazing,” Clarke's eyes were shut tight, before the opened wide, blue locking with green, “Guys have done that before…” she bit her lip and paused. “Okay, so Ben, my first, he did that, one other guy, and Bellamy.”

“Yeah?” Lexa didn't mean the word to come out with as much bite as it did, but she apparently had some jealousy issues.

“It was a precursor.”

“You smell so good I can't quite get over it,” Lexa brought Clarke's hand to her lips and kissed it.

“The thing is, Lex, I didn't enjoy it with those guys. I mean I made the right noises, too, because they
were trying so hard, and Bellamy even managed to make me come, so it really wasn't all bad. But it never felt like that."

“I guess that's a good thing?” she asked uncertainly.

“It's a fucking fabulous thing. I mean, I know it might not always feel like that, but you really knew what you were doing!”

“Well, you know,” she blushed.

“And even though you were pretty gung-ho you weren't sloppy.”

“Sloppy?”

“Ben was sloppy.”

“Oh.”

“You also made me feel how much you wanted it. Does that make sense?”

“Kind of?” Not really.

“Lexa, you can say if you don't get what I mean.”

“I don’t.”

“You,” Clarke tapped her nose, “were kind of desperate.”

“Desperate?” she flushed.

“Yeah, you were pretty much begging and it wasn't so you could stick your cock in me, it was so you could…you know…”

“Taste you and smell you and feel you come around my fingers and into my mouth?”

“Fuck, yeah,” Clarke nodded.

“You know that I don't expect anything from you.”

“I know that,” Clarke nodded.

“So, can I do that again?”

“I might need a little break,” Clarke giggled.

“I meant in general?” Lexa smiled.

“Yeah. You can. I…uh…didn't smell bad, right? I mean, I just finished my workout and…”

“You did smell Clarke,” Lexa interrupted and Clarke turned red. Lexa pressed a kiss to her cheek, "but it was good. You smelled of sex, of you, and in no way bad. You smelt so good, so sexy. I mean I'm really fucking wet.”

“You are?” Clarke's hands trailed the waistband of Lexa's leggings, fingers toying with the edge of her underwear.

“Yes,” she moaned softly in anticipation as Clarke swept a finger into her underwear and her other
hand tugged the top of her leggings a little lower onto her hips.

“Can I feel how wet?” she looked at Lexa with blown pupils and sultry eyes.

“Hmm…yeah,” she lifted her body and allowed Clarke to push off her bottoms. Clarke's finger ran along the elastic of her underwear.

“How wet?” she asked again in a sultry voice as she licked her lips.

Lexa practically died. “Getting wetter,” she sighed, the pulse between her legs so strong she was surprised her underwear wasn't jumping up and down to the beat. Clarke pushed her hand down under the cotton and pulled her fingers through her folds. They both moaned softly.

“That’s really wet,” she pulled her hand out and stared at it. Lexa watched as she moved her hand closer to her face and sniffed. Lexa groaned as her pink tongue came out and trailed up one finger.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” her body was so close, everything swooshing around, and she was so turned on that she ached almost painfully between her legs. When Clarke put her whole finger in her mouth and sucked, she couldn't help but push her hand into her own underwear, desperately trying to ease the ache. She was so fucking wet that she slid two fingers straight inside of herself and rubbed her thumb against her clit.

“You taste good,” Clarke murmured, eyes moving to Lexa touching herself. She sucked another finger, “You smell amazing, too.” Lexa thrust her fingers in and out of herself, and then stared at Clarke, who smirked a little, “Keep going,” she nodded and sucked the third finger into her mouth, tongue trailing around the tip before it disappeared inside. Lexa pumped hard and fast, thumb rough against her clit as she watched Clarke lick her fingers clean of her arousal, and then she was coming, Clarke's name on her lips.

Within a second, Clarke was straddling her, lips fused together and clawing at Lexa's top, “I wanna hug naked,” she mumbled into the kiss.

“Okay,” Lexa agreed, pulling Clarke's tank top and sports bra off her. She stared, awed, as Clarke spilled free from her bra, but then Clarke was tugging her sports bra off her and they were lying together, soft skin sliding against soft skin. It felt divine and for a couple of minutes they both reveled in the sensations.

“Can I…” Clarke’s voice was uncertain as she broke the silence between them.

“What?” Lexa grasped one of Clarke's gorgeous boobs and squeezed softly.

“I just want to look at you. Down there. Would that be…uh…okay?”

“Yeah, okay, of course,” Lexa swallowed, incredibly nervous as Clarke scooted down her body, fingers curling around the elastic of her underwear before tugging softly. Lexa watched her eyes close as she pulled the ruined underwear off her before her body was once more covering Lexa's. Despite the nudity they’d shared, the thigh sex, the finger sex, the general intimacy, Clarke had avoided looking at her closely. “Kind of hard to see with your eyes closed,” she teased.

“I'm going to look now,” she rolled her eyes and pressed a kiss to the corner of Lexa's mouth before shimmying back down Lexa's body. Lexa's heart began to pound and her stomach filled with nerves.

“Lexa, what the actual fuck?” Clarke began to laugh, still straddling the tops of Lexa's thighs.

“What?” She leaned up on her elbows to look at Clarke properly.
Clarke was staring between her legs and grinning, “You made a heart out of your pubic hair,” her blue eyes sparkled as she continued to laugh.

“My aim was to make it less scary and friendlier,” Lexa hadn't expected laughter exactly, but she had intended to take the stress out of the situation.

“Oh, it's definitely friendlier, baby,” Clarke lowered her head and pressed a kiss to the carefully manicured heart. Lexa's body pulsed as she released an unsexy squeak. “I love you, you total dork,” Clarke stared at her, still giggling.

“I love you, too,” Lexa smiled, as Clarke appraised her carefully, scooting further down and pushing her knees between Lexa's legs, forcing them to open. She breathed in and out, trying not to feel self-conscious.

“You're really very pretty,” Clarke summarized, dragging a finger between her legs and then staring at the moisture on it, before licking it again. “You taste good too. Not like I thought, better than a man's come.”

“Of course,” she sassed to mask her nerves and Clarke smiled again.

“I'm, uh…too nervous to, uh…you know, try and make you come right now. I mean after what you did what you did to me and did it so fucking well too, but…” she lowered her face and pressed a kiss against her clit and Lexa made a massive effort to stop her hips bucking up into Clarke's face.

“Fuck,” she moaned.

“And this,” Clarke put her face there and licked slowly through her.

“Clarke,” Lexa's hands gripped her hair, as she ended up pressing another kiss to the heart.

“That heart is simultaneously the cheesiest and sweetest thing I've ever seen,” Clarke giggled, moving back up her body.

“My beautician made fun of me and it’s not like I don't know it’s silly and cheesy, but I just wanted you to see that they're cute and nice, and not gross.”

“Oh, I plan to make fun of you,” Clarke kissed it again, before pushing her tongue out and running it between her legs again, trailing it over her and ending at her clit. “And not gross.”

“Shit, fuck,” her hips did buck that time.

“I think…” Clarke stared up at her, still between her legs. "I think I could like doing that to you...a lot...but..."

“But?”

“I think before I try, I might need to experience a few more of your mind-numbing, body-destroying orgasms given in that manner. I really don't think I could replicate that fucking amazing experience on you just yet,” she gave a small smile.

“Yeah?”

“Mmm, yeah,” she slid her body over Lexa's and kissed her. “But I could definitely do it and it's not gross or anything. It's really fucking sexy.”

“Can I write a song about what just happened?” Lexa widened her eyes beseeching and Clarke
laughed.

“If you must.”

“I must.”
Some dirty gas station by the side of the road

Chapter Notes

It's late and my parents arrive tomorrow! I forgot about that when I said a chapter a day. I'll do my best, I mean they'll have jet lag for a bit...

I'll try and find the old bar scene and maybe post it over on tumblr, lol.

The comments have been fantastic - you're all the best:

Chapter Eleven

“What time is your girlfriend picking you up for the big camping trip tomorrow?” Anya asked with an arched brow as they sat enjoying the sun on Lexa’s large balcony.

Lexa glared at her, “Stop being pointed. You got your final song.”

“Yeah and you finally got yours,” Anya laughed, her laughter deepening at the red burning Lexa's cheeks. “Though I think maybe you ought to see someone about your need to write a song about every single sexual experience you share with that girl.”

“It was a big deal,” Lexa defended, mouth tight.

“Believe me I know. We all know,” Anya was clearly having fun with her teasing.

“That song was a work of metaphorical genius,” Lexa responded with her nose in the air, doing her best to look aloof.

“Yeah, but your metaphors are just vapors for Lincoln, Indra and me. It's seriously like they aren't even there.”

“Well, luckily the rest of the world aren't you lot,” she sassed back.

“Ha, yeah that is lucky 'cause I'm pretty sure Clarke would kill you.”

“She wouldn't. It's nothing but complimentary.”

“Hmm, yeah, okay, you definitely sing her praises, and don't get me wrong—it's hot, but I'm not entirely sure she'd want her mom and dad knowing exactly what you think she tastes like, and how much you enjoy having your face up her coochie.”

“You're so crass,” Lexa complained, brow furrowing.

“You used to be too, until you fell in love,” Anya mocked gently.

“I'm still crass, just not as fucking crass as you,” she felt her irritation increase.

“Yeah, and definitely not about your beloved.”

“Look, the song isn't vulgar, and yeah I don't like you being crass about Clarke, all right?” Lexa
could feel her anger flaring. It didn't sit right with her to have Anya make fun of something that was important to her, nor joke about Clarke's body, or about Clarke in general. She was protective of Clarke for sure, but Anya was unnecessarily mean.

“You wrote ten songs that are essentially about fucking her—one is an ode to her tits, and another is about your face in her cun…”

“Shut the fuck up, all right?” Lexa was up and in Anya's face before she could finish the word.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Anya demanded tensely, and Lexa knew she was being irrational and yet she couldn't stop herself. When Anya spoke about Clarke like that, everything inside of her curled up defensively, like a cat arching its back and hissing.

“The songs aren't derogatory, or making fun. She's my—”

“No, she's not,” Anya shook her head, “don't give me that bullshit because she's not your girlfriend and so why have I got to walk on eggshells? If she were your girlfriend, I wouldn't be talking like this and you know it. But she's just some girl you're screwing, who happens to be a great muse for your song-writing.”

“That is not all she is and you know it. Just because we aren't defined doesn't mean that our relationship doesn't mean anything,” Lexa glowered at Anya who sighed deeply.

“She's not coming out, Lex. I know you're all ecstatic because she let you eat her out and accidentally called you her girlfriend, but she didn't mean to call you that and you know it!”

“It just took her by surprise,” Lexa insisted, staring at the floor and ignoring Anya shaking her head.

“No, Lexa. If it were just surprise, you'd have spoken about it, but you didn't. She covered her mouth and avoided the topic, ignored it as if it didn't happen. Like I said, she's not coming out. She's enjoying all the perks of being your girlfriend, but you're not her girlfriend. When she next heads to see her parents, you think that you'll be invited? You think she's going to sit there at dinner and tell them about you? Tell them how she can't stop kissing you and spends every night with you? Like hell she is.”

“Why do you have to be like this?” Lexa asked furiously, partly because of the biting truth to Anya’s words.

“Someone has to be,” Anya sighed, “you're in so deep. I've never seen you like this. And I get it—she's your best friend and she's into you. But those songs aren't crass, Lex, like you said. They're sexy and sweet, painfully romantic, and just full of emotion. I'm worried about what's going to happen to you…” Anya trailed off, eyes shifting nervously.

“When she ends things?” Lexa asked, voice cracking, because truthfully, the thought had crossed her mind. It might not seem like Clarke was thinking of ending things—she was even more addicted to Lexa than ever before, but Lexa knew there were battles ahead: busy schedules, comments Clarke was bound to get at some point from someone, and, of course, her parents.

Lexa had heard Clarke on the phone to her mom and dad plenty of times, and she would say she was hanging out with Lexa, but that was it. Sometimes she'd say they were heading out to meet the others or whatever, but Lexa knew she was covering up slightly, blurring the amount of time they were together, and she could only conclude that Clarke didn't want her parents suspicious, which didn't exactly bode well.

“Lexa, when I met you, you'd never let someone close. You were living with Lincoln and barely
acknowledged how close the two of you were. I know stuff happened, that everything had been hard. You’d just lost that girl, Costia. Lincoln told me about her, Lexa. About how she had softened your hard edges just a bit, but losing her brought them back up.”

“I didn't just lose her,” Lexa clarified, hating it when anyone brought up Costia.

“I know. I do know that. Lincoln said she was sweet and affectionate, that you needed that. You opened up to Lincoln when you met her and after her, you closed back up. I know you’ve dated since, or had dalliances or whatever, and those girls made you happy enough but when things ended you were…” Anya looked at her, waiting for her to fill in.

“When things ended, it was okay. I was okay,” Lexa nodded.

“And that’s why I’m like this—I don't think you'll be okay if Clarke leaves. It’ll be like Costia, only worse.”

“People get their hearts broken all the time,” Lexa defended, “it would hurt but I'd be okay. I would…”

“Preach it till you believe it. Doesn't make it true.”

“Okay, so I'm in love with her. Truly, madly, deeply, and yeah…I don't know…it would be harder than anything but…”

“Lexa, if you could marry Clarke tomorrow, you would,” Anya was blunt.

“Well…” she stuttered, shocked by the truth of Anya's words, her mind immediately flooded with images of Clarke with a ring on her finger, snuggled against her every night, cooking together, all those life fantasies she’d tried to push out.

“This is a girl who isn't out, Lexa. I'm scared to death for you. I just…I'm really, really worried about you.”

“I'm worried about me, too,” Lexa admitted, covering her face with her hands for a moment, before pushing her hair behind her ears, “I am in love with her. Truly, madly, deeply, and yes…there is no future.”

“I'm worried about me, too,” Lexa admitted, covering her face with her hands for a moment, before pushing her hair behind her ears, “but what would you have me do? I am in love with her. I would marry her. I haven't ever felt like this before, Anya. She wants me for now—that's what I've got. This is my chance—what else am I supposed to do?”

“Ask her to decide. Stop falling down this black hole and take control,” Anya answered at once.

“I can’t…”

“Of course you can. Ask her where she's at? Ask her if she'll ever tell her parents. Ask her if she can see a future with you.”

“I can’t.”

“You have the right to ask,” Anya stated forcefully.

“But if I ask the questions then I have to be prepared for her to answer them,” Lexa yelled back, “and she can answer that she isn't bisexual, that she won’t ever tell her parents, and she can say no, there is no future.”

“Aw fuck, Lex,” Anya sighed softly as she pulled Lexa close for a rough hug.

“Don’t,” Lexa warned as she pushed Anya off, “I don't need your pity. You know you could tell me
it's going to be okay. You don't have to be this negative.”

“God, I don't want it to all go wrong, Lexa. I want you happy and she makes you happy. I want you with Clarke. I just don't think she's being fair.”

“Luckily what matters is what I think, not what you think,” Lexa pointed out.

“Okay. I'm sorry,” Anya sighed and Lexa felt even more annoyed.

“You just never stop going on about it. Retract the fangs, Anya. I've written awesome songs, we're ready for the studio next week and I'm going camping with my girl. Back off, okay?”


***

**Clarke:** I'm still at the stupid hospital. I hate being a med student. I'm quitting!

**Lexa:** I hate your stupid work as well and yes quit. I have money. Though I hate my work today as well because I couldn't come see you.

**Clarke:** I'm one of those sappy relationship idiots I've always hated, but a day really is too long to go without seeing you.

**Lexa:** Be relationship trash, I love it. I miss you Clarke :(  

**Clarke:** I miss you too:(

**Clarke:** But we'll be off and away after lunch tomorrow for lots of together time. Please tell me you're packed.

**Lexa:** I'm packed. I even went and bought a new sleeping bag.

**Clarke:** And it will zip together with mine? That's very important you know!

**Lexa:** Yes! I took yours with me and made sure. We'll be lovely and cozy.

**Clarke:** Good;) Did the band like the new song?

**Lexa:** They loved it. We rehearsed it a whole bunch of times. I'm sorry I couldn't come in to see you.

**Clarke:** I'm just glad Anya is off your back. And mine.

**Lexa:** Yeah.  

It didn't feel like Anya was off her back, not after their conversation earlier.

**Clarke:** Did they know what the song was about? Please tell me they didn't.

**Lexa:** They had no idea.
Clarke: I'm not entirely sure I believe you.

Lexa: Maybe that's wise:) They had some idea because all the new songs are about you.

Clarke: You're so sexy when you write music about me.

Lexa: For you.

Clarke: Fuck, that's seductive as hell.

Clarke: I would like you to play it for me though, I'd really like that.

Lexa: I will. I promise. Sunday after next we're in the studio, maybe you could come watch?

Clarke: I want to hear all these new songs before then! I'm your biggest fan!

Lexa: And next Sunday, I'm hoping we can hang out all day. I'll play you the songs then.

Clarke: Too many Sundays, Lexa. I'm confused. And remember my hours on this rotation are crazy.

Lexa: That's fair and I know. Okay, so Sundays! This weekend we're camping. Next Sunday, you and me naked in bed, song playing and loving. The Sunday after you come to the studio and see me record songs and get so turned on that you fuck me in the bathroom. Or the car. Both. Your choice really:-x

Clarke: Okay, yes to the fucking. Yes to the studio, but a regretful no to next Sunday in bed.

Lexa: No? It's the last day before we're in the studio. Recording is so tiring and time-consuming. I need you:(

Clarke: Aww look at your pouty sad face. I can still sleep over when you're recording, right? I want to! Especially with this crazy busy rotation coming up.

Lexa: You better! I just wanted a relaxing day messing around with you before then. So badly. Especially since we're in the studio for Pride weekend.

Clarke: I want that too. I really, really want that, but my mom asked me to go home for the day for my dad's birthday. And it's next weekend, which sucks. She texted me like an hour ago.

Lexa: Oh.

Clarke: I'll make sure I have the Saturday night off and we can have take-out, hang out, make out…

Lexa: Okay.

Her head hurt, her heart hurt, because Anya's conversation of just an hour earlier was rolling around inside of her, especially when there was nothing to indicate that Clarke had even considered asking her along, as a friend or otherwise.

Lexa: Is it a special birthday?

Clarke: No but I haven't seen them in months. They're so busy and I'm so busy. My mom is desperate to have me visit.
Lexa: That’s important.

What was she supposed to say? If Clarke wanted a quiet weekend catching up with her parents, celebrating her dad’s birthday, she couldn’t exactly protest. Clarke didn’t owe her an invite to some family celebration as either her friend or her something more. Lexa just wanted one.

Clarke: Bellamy and Octavia are coming up too. I think Raven too since she and my mom are so close. They always celebrate my dad’s birthday with him, and as they’re off work, you know.

Lexa felt like screaming, ‘I'm off. I'm here.’ Instead she said nothing. She threw her phone onto the couch and clenched her fists in frustration because Bellamy, Octavia and Raven were going to go hang out with Clarke's parents, and yet just as Anya had predicted, she wasn’t invited. It didn’t even seem to be a consideration. Her phone buzzed again.

Clarke: It's really lame. We eat pizza and cake, go for a walk and then play board games.

Lexa wanted to be part of it, so desperately and the jealousy coiled angrily with the hurt in her belly.

Lexa: I'm sure it'll be fun.

Clarke: There's usually a fight over who gets to be the car in Monopoly and a physical fight during Pictionary, but it's fun:)

Lexa: Are you coming over tonight?

Clarke: I don't want to wake you up and I'd be extra late as I really need to pack. I really, really need to pack.

Lexa: I thought you were done?

Clarke: I just said that to make sure you were;)

Clarke: You want to head over to my place and be a delicious surprise waiting in my bed for me?

Lexa: I’m already in bed. Sleepy.

It was a lie but she knew she couldn’t go and curl up in Clarke's bed waiting for her and pretend that she was okay and everything was fine, not that she wasn’t okay—or so she tried to convince herself. She felt sick inside, a terrible clawing nausea, her stomach twisting repeatedly the way it did when she remembered something important she had forgotten to do. Everything felt just a little bit wrong and there was this swirling, stormy sadness in her stomach, crashing like waves on the shore and making her feel sick. It felt as though the truth she'd been living with was actually a lie, and she didn't know what to do about it.

Clarke: Ah, boo, I want you.

Not enough to take her to see her parents though. Lexa shook the thought away.

Lexa: I love you.

Clarke: I love you too. See you tomorrow. Sleep well gorgeous.

Lexa: You too xxxxx
Lexa turned the phone down again and glared at it. Maybe Anya was right. Maybe she was being a fool, ignoring all the signs. Maybe Clarke would never tell her parents, would never come out, would never want Lexa the way she wanted her. What she hated most about the whole situation was that even though she felt incredibly hurt, she desperately wanted to shove her feet into her Vans and head to Clarke's, to see her when she came home tired and sleepy from the hospital, crawling into bed and wrapping herself around her. Lexa knew how it would go—she would wake up like she always did, turn and find warm skin, and sniff at Clarke's hair. They might fall asleep or start kissing, keep kissing, and fall off the edge of the world together. Or maybe Lexa was mistaken and Clarke hadn't spent weeks falling with her. Maybe Lexa was falling off the world alone, and Clarke didn't have any intention of following her, in life, in the act of love and being together. Clarke didn't ask her to go to her parents' home for the day even though Lexa was free, even though Clarke's other friends were going, even though she'd never met her parents, even though Clarke apparently loved her, was sleeping with her, was begging her to sneak into her room so she was there when she came home, using the spare key she had on her keyring. Lexa screamed loudly into a cushion.

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Lexa leaned her head against the car window, listening to Raven and Bellamy argue over music in the front seat. The car was hot, even with the air conditioner cranked down to arctic temperatures, because the sun streaming through the windows seemed to be magnified by the glass. It was hard to know what was wrong with her exactly but the world felt bleak and hopeless. No matter how many attempts she had made to redirect her thoughts, she couldn't shake off her conversation with Anya, couldn't shake off the fact that Clarke was going to see her parents without her, couldn't shake off any of it and it felt like it was scraping at her insides.

"You okay?" Clarke squeezed her hand. They'd been on the road for nearly an hour and Clarke had demonstrated uncharacteristic patience. Lexa knew she was being quiet, but for once she wasn't sure what to say to Clarke. She could feel a challenge building inside of her, a need to confront the questions between them. She wanted to ask her some of Anya's questions and push for answers. She felt like she might explode if she didn't. Clarke had immediately sensed her mood and had been a full collaborator in the silence between them, leaning against her own window even though she ensured that their hands were entwined over the middle seat. When they'd gotten into Raven's Jeep, Lexa had witnessed Clarke mentally debate whether to sit in the middle seat or not. Normally there would have been no question and Clarke would have sat as close as humanly possible to her. This time, she'd stared Lexa in the eye and taken the far seat. Lexa was actually rather amazed at her intuition and even more amazed that she'd waited the full hour to broach her silence.

"Tired," she shrugged.

"Are you mad at me?" Clarke leaned a little closer, lean arm locked on the middle seat, fair hair hanging over her shoulder, breathtaking as always.

"No," Lexa shook her head but felt weighted as the inexplicably heavy sadness crushed at her.

"What's happened, Lexa? You seem so sad."

"Just tired," she managed, with a smile that she was pretty sure came out as fake given that Clarke didn't smile back but just stared at her with concern.

"Camping is going to be fun," Clarke insisted softly, "a cozy tent for just you and me, campfires,
your guitar and voice, and Lincoln has Bellamy's canoe on the roof of his car.”

“I know,” she said, but her voice sounded hollow and choked up and she swallowed thickly as she realized she was close to tears.

“Rae, can we stop for a restroom break?” she vaguely heard Clarke ask.

Raven's response was rather predictable, “For fuck's sake, Clarke, what's wrong with your bladder? We're half an hour away, have you really gotta go so badly?”

“Yeah,” Clarke said and a long silence followed during which Lexa continued to stare out the window.

“Okay, okay. I could do with picking up some chips anyway,” Raven muttered. Lexa felt Clarke squeeze her hand again, but it wasn't as comforting as it should have been and so she stared steadfastly out at the stream of pine trees and then the gas station as Raven brought the Jeep to a halt. Without a word, she extracted her hand from Clarke's and jumped out of the car and ran into the store. She quickly grabbed the key from the counter, made her way into the dirty bathroom at the back, and slammed the door shut before bursting into tears.

The tears gathered fast and fell wetly down her face. She bit back noisy sobs in favor of quiet heaving, trying to suck enough air into her lungs, even though there never seemed to be enough. It was pathetic, she told herself—crying in the restroom because Clarke hadn't come out, because she hadn't invited her to her parents' house, because she hadn't defined what they were. And yet it wasn't pathetic at all. The situation made her ache, and not in the good way.

“Lexa,” Clarke's soft voice called through the door accompanied by gentle knocking. She didn't answer, just brushed at the tears still gathering in her eyes, still rolling down her cheeks and tried to calm herself. It wasn't exactly working, because she and Clarke were so much more than whatever it was they were going to be left with when this ended. Clarke was her lover, her best friend, the person who was there for her. And yet, somehow it seemed that maybe her love wouldn't be enough. Maybe the fact that they were amazing in bed together wouldn't be enough. The fact that she was a girl would be mean she wasn't enough.

“Lexa…are you sick?” Clarke's asked with a voice so soft, so full of care and concern.

“No,” she croaked back.

“Please open up,” Clarke urged. “Please.”

“In a minute,” she stared at her glassy eyes in the mirror and saw that they were slightly red-rimmed. The fact that she'd been crying was obvious and would be obvious for quite a bit longer than she could probably spend in the bathroom. Sighing with reluctance, she opened the door to meet Clarke's worried blue eyes. Lexa could see her bobbing on her feet, as if torn between running into her arms
and giving her space. After a beat, Clarke took her hand and led her out through the store, going outside and around the back of the building to the scrubland surrounding the rest stop where there was at least a modicum of privacy.

“What's the matter, Lexa?” Clarke stared at her, and she felt guilty, chastised.

“Nothing, it's all good,” she shook her head, chin tilted defiantly, looking so far over Clarke's shoulder that she missed the way she deflated.

“Lexa,” Clarke's voice was softer, “I'm not mad, you don't have to be okay. Tell me what's wrong, please? I hate seeing you like this.”

“You mean you hate that I'm ruining this trip?” Lexa met her eyes, but all she saw in the blue was love and concern.

“Stop being so overdramatic! You're not ruining anything. You're clearly upset.”

“Anya and I had a fight,” she relented, shoulders drooping.

“A fight?”

“Yes,” she nodded. Hopefully Clarke would think this was about Lexa and Anya's relationship and had nothing to do with her. Hopefully she wouldn't probe further.

“What about?” No such luck apparently.

“Just, you know, band stuff.”

“Don't lie to me Lexa,” Clarke stepped up close, her face right in front of Lexa's.

“Fine! The fight was about you,” she admitted, eyes dropping away from piercing blue to stare at the dirt and garbage on the ground.

“Me?” Clarke spoke and Lexa could detect the insecurity in her words. “Does she not like me? Is that it?”

“She likes you,” Lexa reassured, “she just doesn't trust you.”

“Oh,” Clarke deflated and stared at the ground, as well.

“As my girl. She doesn't trust you with what's happening between us.”

It was silent for a few moments before Clarke looked up and met her eyes, “What about you?”

“You know how I feel,” Lexa shrugged.

“I know how you felt over six weeks ago when we started this. I don't know how you feel now,” Clarke shrugged.

“I don't really want to talk about my feelings in the scrubland behind a gas station,” she hedged.

Clarke's eyes narrowed, “And I don't want to spend the rest of the journey feeling like I've done something wrong when I haven't.”

“Haven't you?” Lexa didn't mean to let it slip but once it was out and Clarke's eyes narrowed further, she decided to go for it, “Look, I'm patient. I am. You know I would wait forever, but it's hard. Why
aren't you my girlfriend? I want that so badly. I feel like every day my heart is under the guillotine and the rope holding the blade up is fraying, getting thinner over time, because time—it isn't clarifying anything, it's just making it all the more obvious that you can’t or won't admit what we are.”

“That's not fair,” Clarke whispered, visibly paling.

“But this isn't fair either,” she sighed, sniffing. “I couldn't love you anymore if I tried. At least that's what I think until you do something unexpected or smile or crack some stupid joke and then I do find myself loving you even more. I just don't know what you want. I don't know what I need to do to have you want to be with me properly, in the open, no holding back.”

Clarke kicked at the dirt and Lexa could see her eyes fill with tears that she brushed away, “I just… sometimes I'm so ready and then at other times, I feel like need more time. I don't even know why.”

“Time for what though? Are you still trying to decide if you're bi? Are you still trying to decide if you can be with me? Because you've been with me in so many ways and it's amazing! I don't understand—is it not amazing for you?” Lexa asked incredulously, with her heart was hammering so hard she was having trouble sucking in air.

“Of course it's amazing,” Clarke stuttered.

“I just don't know what more you want—what you're waiting for?”

“I'm scared,” Clarke admitted, voice cracking, a tear running down her cheek.

“Scared of being my girlfriend? Why?”

“Because I can't imagine ever not being your girlfriend, Lexa. And I never expected that I'd be with a girl, that I'd live my life gay,” Clarke burst out, the words slicing through Lexa painfully.

“What?” she frowned, unable to take everything in, her voice nothing more than a painful gasp.

“I'll have to tell my parents and…” Clarke heaved in a breath.

“And live gay?” Lexa stared at her, stunned and aching. Everything physically hurt, her body burning, even though they were just words.

“Don't be offended by that, please. I'm not trying to be offensive, I just…”

“Being with me is a decision because being with me is being gay?” Lexa tried to calm down, to fight the nausea.

“You're missing the point! I do want to be with you, Lexa.”

“But you can't quite commit because it means your life will be a gay life?” she kept her voice low, desperately fighting back her emotions.

“It would be easier…”

“If you dare say it would be easier to be with a guy, fuck the fact that we're in the middle of nowhere—I'm leaving.”

“Lexa…it would be easier…”

Tears of frustration and humiliation spilled from her eyes, and she was certain that she was going to
collapse from the impact of the words. “If you were with a guy, you'd still be queer, Clarke…” her voice was strained and tight. “We are who we are whether we accept it or not,” she yelled because she wanted Clarke to believe it. Despite her threat, she just couldn't walk away.

“Then why are you always waiting for me to come out?” Clarke yelled back, tears streaming down her own face.

“I'm waiting for you to accept who you are. It's not going to change it fundamentally, but how you feel is important. How you see yourself is important. How you're willing to have others see you is really fucking important.”

“Lexa…”

“I get that it can be scary, I get that we're all different and the reactions of the people around us affect how easy we find it to be honest, but if you actually want the easy life with a guy, then go now. Get in the car with Raven and Bellamy and go because to me…this,” she gestured between them, “is worth a few difficulties. This is worth everything to me. Clearly you don't feel the same.” As Lexa said these words, realization of the situation hit her hard. Clarke was bisexual. Clarke knew she was bisexual and Clarke clearly loved her. Not enough.

“Lex…” Clarke's voice cracked and the tears pooling in her blue eyes spilled over.

“I'm not enough?” she spoke the words aloud, surprisingly numb in the moment, suddenly vacant and empty, devoid as she realized the truth. “I'm not enough to come out for?” It felt like the world beneath her feet was unstable, like the earth was shifting and she was being left behind. She took in a ragged breath when she realized she hadn't been breathing for the long moments of silence that were stretching between them. Her hands grasped at her thighs and she realized Anya was right—she wasn't going to survive this if this was heartbreak. She sunk to the ground, still trying to calm her breathing.

“Lexa,” Clarke's voice broke through the buzzing in her ears.

“Just go,” she tried to say the words, imagined them, but she wasn't sure what came out.

“Lexa,” Clarke’s soft hand ran down her arms, soothing. “Lexa, look at me,” Clarke was kneeling on the ground and pushing her knees between hers. Lexa felt like she was dying, like there just wasn't enough air and Clarke needed to leave her. No, that wasn't it. Clarke didn't want her enough to stay and it was breaking her into pieces and throwing those pieces to the wind, scattering her so she’d never be whole again.

“No,” again the word was what she meant to say, but it was hard to speak.

“Lexa, breathe for me, Lexa,” Clarke's small hands were running over her face, softly, gently. But Lexa couldn't breathe, the air trapped around her thick and hard to swallow. “Lexa,” Clarke gripped her face, “look at me,” she ordered and Lexa found her eyes locking on Clarke, and it was too much. Way too much.

“I…”

“Lexa, I'm bisexual. I'm in love with you and I want to be your girlfriend. Okay?”

“What?” the world was fluttering around the peripheries and Lexa thought she might faint.

“I'm bisexual, in love with you and I want to be your girlfriend,” Clarke repeated and shook her slightly, “breathe Lexa.” She was shaken again, and Lexa took in a lungful of air, then another,
slowly, oxygen clearing her head, as she stared at Clarke uncertainly.

“Clarke?” she whispered.

“Maybe it would be easier to be with a guy. I’ve had to come to terms with the fact that I don't want easy, that I don't want a guy. That's what I was trying to say. I want you. I want to be your girlfriend. I want you to be mine. I'm coming out, self-identifying, whatever it is you need to know I'm serious.”

“Huh?” she stared, stunned. Lexa had never gotten what she wanted in life. She had people, profilers reviewing Trikru, who would talk about how her musical success was something she and Lincoln should be celebrated for, a true story of fighting their way to success, rags to riches or whatever bullshit the author went with. A successful musical career wasn't what she wanted—music had always been about escape and it was true that she loved it, but Lexa had spent her entire life alone and had only ever wanted to be loved. And Clarke was standing there, feet amongst the garbage on the scrubland out the back of a gas station, the smell of piss all around them, and she was declaring her intentions. It was hard to take in and she gaped.

“Lexa, I want to be with you properly. I want to be your girlfriend. To plan for things, for the future. I want to have ‘in a relationship with Lexa Woods’ on my Facebook page, boast all over my Tumblr and Twitter that I'm yours and you are mine. I'm nervous to tell my parents, fucking terrified in all honesty—that's why I've hesitated, but I do want them to know who I am. I want them to know who you are. I don't want to hide who I am. I want this,” Clarke reached out and peeled Lexa's stiff hand away from where it was gripping her thigh, and carefully threaded their fingers together.

“Clarke?” the name broke in half as it fell from lips, fat tears spilling from her eyes.

“I'm sorry, okay? I should have said it before now. I knew, I was just…I don't know, finding my courage? Just because the alternative is easier doesn't mean that it's what I want. And even finding my courage is stupid, because whether I'm with you or not, I'm in love with you and I'll still be bisexual, just like you said. And I want to be happy Lexa, and you make me happy.”

“I do?”

“Yes,” Clarke sighed, and released Lexa's hand, shuffling even closer on her knees and brushing her thumbs under Lexa's watery green eyes, and pressing a small chaste kiss to her lips. “When I imagined telling you, you were always much happier than this,” Clarke offered with a little smile.

“I'm happy…it's just, is this because I got upset? I don't want to force you into a confession. If you're not ready or not sure…”

“Would you listen to yourself?” Clarke shook her head, “do you really not get how amazing you are?”

“I get how amazing you are,” Lexa stared at her as she shuffled even closer, so close that their fronts smooshed together.

“I am ready, I am sure. You're sweet, funny, ridiculous and dorky. You're kind, protective, and talented. You're so fucking sexy and have this ridiculously tough exterior which is adorable because inside you're mush. Mush for me and I love it. I've never been happier. This has nothing to do with you getting upset or anything…I mean, don't laugh or anything but…” she paused, her cheeks pink.

“Laugh?” Lexa still felt like she was only half functioning.

“I have been thinking about how to do this for a while now…tell you, I mean…because I did know. I just…I needed time, because it's a lot, for me anyway. I had to find my courage, my moment. I
needed to feel ready and now I do."

“What's different?”

“I didn't realize how much I was hurting you. That's dumb and naive, I know, but you've been happy. And you didn't push. I thought I could take the time. The minute I saw your pain, I was ready, because I love you. I hate seeing you hurt.”

“Anya said you wouldn't come out. She said you wouldn't take me to meet your parents and then you told me you were going to see them and you didn’t ask…” a fresh wave of tears hit.

“Oh, Lexa, no… I wanted to come out and then ask you to come with me. That was my goal. I wanted to be brave by then and have you with me, by my side, when I told the other two most important people to me. I wanted to have a little coming out party—I had it all planned in my head.”

“You did?” Lexa was staring, adoration bubbling deep in her stomach.

“Yeah, either back home or I thought about this weekend camping, around the campfire. I even started writing lyrics for you to sing, but it ended up as a haiku.”

“Vous wrote a haiku? Really?” Cautious optimism that this wasn't all a mistake began to take root and Lexa's hands found Clarke's hips.

“Yeah. Lexa, I love you. The way you love me.”

“Fuck,” she didn't mean to swear, as her forehead touched Clarke's but she had to take several deep breaths.

“I even knew exactly how we would celebrate after,” Clarke spoke in a soft voice and when she looked up her eyes were dark and sultry.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I think you would have really liked it.”

“We can pretend this never happened,” Lexa offered with a small smile. “You can do your haiku later and we can celebrate…”

“You really want to do that?”

“No, hell no,” Lexa tugged Clarke closer. “I can't undo this. But I want the fire, I want the poem, and I want the celebration.”

“Hmmm,” Clarke brushed a kiss against her mouth, “Okay. I'll do it,” she kissed her again and then Lexa was pulling her into a fierce hug.

“You guys good to get on the road?” Raven's voice broke them apart and Lexa sighed happily, then sniffed, emotions fried. Clarke took her hand and then got to her feet, pulling her up as well.

“Just having a moment with my girlfriend,” Clarke said casually as if it weren't a big deal. Bellamy and Raven's ridiculously huge grins indicated that they knew it was.

“All good now?” Bellamy bumped his fist into Lexa's bicep supportively as she walked past and it didn't even annoy her.

“All good,” she agreed.
Chapter Notes

The comments are just fabulous and making this last two weeks of term pass with more joy, Staff party tonight - I expected teachers to let loose a little more, but still fun and with a drink too many, so any errors please forgive!

Thank you everyone:)

Chapter Twelve

When the four of them clambered back into Raven's Jeep, Clarke chose the middle seat and sidled as close to Lexa as the seat belts would allow, her head resting against her shoulder, both of her hands playing with the fingers on Lexa's left hand as she cuddled her. At length, Lexa pulled out her phone.

“You mind if I text Anya?”

“Not at all,” Clarke nestled closer.

Lexa: I guess I should say thanks, although you're still an interfering ass.

Anya: Thanks for what you weirdo?

Lexa: Have you met my girlfriend, Clarke?

Lexa snapped a cute selfie of Clarke burrowed into her side, the blonde smiling shyly.

Anya: Holy fuck balls! What happened?

Lexa: Your shock at this turn of events is borderline offensive.

Anya: Tell me what happened? And why are you thanking me so insultingly?

Lexa: Your little pre-camping trip pep talk totally wrecked me. Clarke noticed and she came out. I don't think I behaved too well.

Anya: Don't put yourself down. And are you sure it wasn't just because she was scared you were going to end things?

Lexa: Fuck off! And I'm not putting myself down. I'm worried I applied pressure. I should have been patient.

Anya: I'm sorry? You've been patient. And I'm assuming all you did was ask?

Lexa: The thing is, if I had just waited it would have all happened. She's been planning on coming out for a while but was scared and was waiting for the right moment. Because I was sad, she told me then and there. She had a surprise planned apparently. I should have waited.
Anya: She was so insensitive though. When you messaged me last night, you were gutted, Lex. She didn't even mention why she wasn't inviting you to her parents. I'm not surprised you asked for some clarity.

Lexa: She wanted me to come. She just wasn't sure she was ready. Once she'd come out she was going to ask me.

Anya: You didn't know that and your feelings do matter.

Lexa: I know. I just feel bad.

Anya: Enjoy this moment! I know you—always waiting for disasters to happen. She's your girlfriend and apparently she was going to surprise you, so what's the problem?

Lexa: I don't know. There isn't one. I am happy.

Anya: Of course you are! What was the surprise?

Lexa: She wrote me a poem:

Anya: And sex. Well, I think sex, though I'll have to wait until tonight to know that for sure.

Lexa: Like hell you will hahaha

Anya: Yeah, we probably won't. She said it was a special surprise and I'd like it.

Lexa: She’s going down on you for sure!

Anya: She’s going down on you for sure!

Lexa: I don't want to talk about that stuff with you, remember? And this isn't about that. I don't care about that.

Anya: Ah boo, you're so boring. And you do care.

Lexa: Whatever, I don't care because Clarke is my girlfriend. Mine. I can be patient for that. I should have been patient for this.

Anya: Blame me if you want. I may be willing to admit that I goaded you

Lexa: My actions are my responsibility.

Anya: Seriously, take a chill pill. She came out. She's your girlfriend. You didn't force her, you just got justifiably upset because you love her.

Lexa: Yeah okay.

Anya: And enjoy the special sex.

Lexa: Why do I bother hanging out with you?

Anya: Because I love your scrawny ass, cuz.

Lexa: My ass isn't scrawny. I have great gluts.

Anya: Ah, shut up and go back to cuddling your girlfriend.
Anya: Really, really happy for you.

Anya: But I am going to text Clarke.

Lexa: Wait, why?

“Lex, Anya says if I hurt your scrawny ass she's going to kill me,” Clarke murmured sleepily, looking at her phone.

“Right, I'm sorry. Please ignore her.”

“I did.”

Anya: Hahaha, she is in love with you.

Lexa: What did she say?

Anya: That your ass isn't scrawny. You have an amazing muscled ass and she'd know.

Lexa: She would ;)

Anya: You're gross, go away.

“Can I text Indra?” Lexa asked brushing a kiss onto Clarke's forehead.

“Hmm,” Clarke smiled, “of course you can text anyone. Instagram is fine, Tumblr is okay, but nothing on Facebook until I talk to my parents.”

“Of course.”

“Do you want to come with me? Meet them and everything? You know, week after next? I didn't actually ask.”

“Really? You don't want to tell them first, then introduce your girlfriend?” she flushed happily when she used the word ‘girlfriend.’

“I don't know. I'm twenty-four, I think they should be able to accept that I have sex and who I have sex with is my business. More importantly, they should trust my judgement about who I want to be with. Right?”

“It's okay, Clarke, I know it's not simply a case of that,” Lexa reassured. “And I would love to come with you, but take your time and think about it, there’s no pressure if you need more time.”

“I want you to come.”

“And she needs someone there to make sure she doesn't chicken out,” Raven called out, letting it be known she was listening in.

“Clarke won't chicken out,” Bellamy admonished, “she's fearless.”

“I think it would be far more comforting for Clarke if you didn't have to mention chickening out and being fearless in connection with telling her parents she has a girlfriend,” Lexa stated pointedly and watched Bellamy's cheeks flush.

Raven just laughed, “Yeah, you're so right.”
“Are your parents likely to be unfavorable?” Lexa asked carefully and Clarke shrugged,

“I don't know, I mean, no…” she hesitated. “I don't think so, anyway. They just have this stupid idea about me and someone else.”

“Someone else?” Lexa frowned.

“They have an unhealthy obsession with the idea of Clarke and me,” Bellamy looked over his shoulder and grinned.

“They do?” Lexa didn't like the sound of that—in fact she hated it.

“It's our fault, really,” Clarke huffed, “when we were sleeping together last Christmas, we told them we were dating so Bell could stay over. Then it was a bit of a joke, because they totally shipped us together—it was ridiculous and embarrassing, especially because everything between us was really very superficial. I don't know, we just never really told them it wasn't real.”

“Not even when we started?” Lexa asked, squeezing Clarke closer in a subconscious motion attributable to the conversation.

“Well, back when we were just friends, I told them Bellamy and I weren't together anymore, mainly because the ruse had been going on too long. They kept asking if Bellamy was jealous of all the time I spend with you and I said no because he and I hadn't worked out. It was funny at first, how invested they were in the idea of Bell and I, because we felt the opposite… so for a while we still dropped hints about feelings and stuff, just because it amused us.”

“And now? What do they think now?” Lexa asked, tone so clipped that Clarke leaned up and kissed her chin.

“Well, they know we're not together, but uh, they always joke about it being this epic, ‘will they won't they’ love story.”

“Which it isn’t,” Bellamy clarified.

“Obviously,” Clarke pressed a kiss to Lexa's neck. “I told them I was seeing someone else, but they've known Bell for years—they seem to think he and I are inevitable.”

“Right,” Lexa made a face of distaste and both Bellamy and Clarke laughed.

“It doesn't matter what my parents want for me, Lexa. What matters is what I want and I want you.”

“Never mind the fact that I'm dating Raven,” Bellamy shrugged.

“You are?” Lexa stared at the two individuals in the front seat. Raven laughed and Bellamy grinned.

“The Griffin’s may want me, but I'm just Clarke's friend. I mean I'm forever her friend, but you know, that's it,” he clarified.

“However, they're probably going to take it hard,” Clarke admitted. “They have a real soft spot for Bell.”

“Well, that sucks. Especially because…well the truth is, parents don't like me much, Clarke. People in general aren't all that fond of me—I'm too tough looking, too serious. Plus, I'm sleeping with their daughter. That's not going to exactly endear me to them.”

“Oh, it worked pretty well for me,” Bellamy quipped.
“Yeah, you’d have given them cute grandkids,” Lexa pointed out.

“They’ll love you, Lexa. And we could still give them cute grandkids,” Clarke dismissed with a shrug, and slipped her hand onto the skin of Lexa's thigh, a little high—high enough for the muscles on her leg to tense.

“No making them in my car,” Raven snarked, eyes in the rear-view mirror zeroing in on Clarke's hand, causing Lexa to flush.

“I'm pretty sure we'll need a donor and a turkey baster to make babies,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Ewww,” Raven wrinkled her nose.

“What grosses you out about that?” Clarke asked, hand edging a little higher.

“The idea of a turkey baster full of semen. I'm all good with the idea of you two having sex, trust me,” Raven winked into the rear-view mirror.

“How are you okay with it?” Clarke's eyes narrowed.

“I'm good with it too,” Bellamy shrugged, looking amused.

“Everyone seems to think it's just fine and kinda hot to imagine two women having sex. Just ignore them,” Lexa whispered in her ear.

“I don't like anyone thinking of me having sex,” Clarke pouted.

“Two people in this car have actually had sex with you,” Raven rolled her eyes.

“And one is now sleeping with you, Raven. Lexa can think of me having sex all she likes…”

“And I do,” Lexa teased softly.

“The rest of you, get your minds off it. Permanently! Oh god,” Clarke looked up with wide eyes, “my parents are going to picture the sex, aren't they? They're gonna hear me introduce Lexa as my girlfriend and then picture me between her legs.”

“Maybe you'll get lucky and they'll picture her between yours,” Raven was quick, Lexa would give her that, even if Clarke looked horrified.

“They won't, will they? Oh my god Lexa, please tell me my parents won't picture us having sex?” she squeezed the thigh she was still taunting, fingers actually under Lexa's shorts.

“Uh, well, face it, Clarke, if they picture us at it, they pictured you and Bellamy at it, and I bet neither image is one they want. Maybe they should just stop picturing you having sex? Or maybe they're your parents and they're not going to be worrying about the sex so much as whether I can take care of you? Whether I love you? Whether I make you happy?”

“They're so gonna be thinking about the sex,” Raven said and Lexa caught her eyes in the rearview mirror and gave her a fierce glare, “sorry I mean, uh, Lexa is right.”

“I am right,” Lexa shot one final glare at Raven before turning to Clarke. “And our sex isn't gross, you know that, so if it ever did cross their minds, it's no worse than them thinking of Bellamy stuffing his penis inside of you…”

“Hey, I didn't stuff it…” Bellamy defended, but Clarke giggled and pulled Lexa's lips to hers.
“I love you,” she murmured and rather defiantly, pushed her hand far enough up Lexa's shorts that she had to swallow a moan.

“I said no making babies in my car,” Raven hollered and Clarke sheepishly pulled her hand down Lexa's thigh.

“I'll make babies with you later,” she breathed into her ear and despite the silly phrasing Lexa's body responded happily to the innuendo.

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“Oh my god, why do you people find this fun?” Lexa growled at the large expanse of canvas that refused to be pulled over the pole in her hand. She dropped both and kicked at them in frustration.

“Us people? Define ‘us people,’” Clarke crossed her arms and stared at her with a cool expression, their fallen tent between them.

“Outdoorsy people,” Lexa crossed her arms and stared back, chin tilted up. “Campers.”

“Your band is called fucking Trikru! The campsite is in the middle of the woods, you know?”

“The name was ironic,” Lexa responded tightly, chin still up and Clarke laughed, running around the edge of the tent and jumping on her, legs wrapping around her waist, arms around her neck and lips hard and heavy on hers, tongue in her mouth and all in less than a second.

“Tents up before that!” Lincoln yelled.

“Our tent is broken,” Lexa broke the kiss to yell back, her hands smoothing over Clarke's ass.

“Yeah, well, good luck with all the naked activities you have in mind once the bugs come out,” Octavia smirked.

“Fuck, they're right. I don't want a mosquito bite down there,” Clarke frowned.

“Can I bite you down there?” Lexa moaned as her hand subtly pushed under shorts and underwear and finally found the wet warmth between Clarke's legs with the tip of her finger.

“Fuck yeah.”

“Where's your hand, Lexa?” Raven called unhelpfully, and she begrudgingly pulled it away from where she wanted it, causing Clarke to pout.

“Okay, incentive to construct this tent is naked time.”

“Yeah, okay, good,” Lexa didn't let Clarke's feet drop to the ground. “You realize that you've been my girlfriend for three hours now and we still haven't celebrated?”

“Well, like I said, construct the tent…”

“There's a whole forest, Clarke,” Lexa's voice was deep, sultry, “and I'll make you come really quickly, I just…god, I need to hear you, feel you, taste you. Please?”
“Fine, okay, yeah,” Clarke's eyes were dark. “We're going for a walk,” she yelled, ignoring the comments and catcalls her friends yelled in response, as she dropped her feet to the ground, slipped her hand into Lexa's, allowing herself to be dragged into the cool shade of the forest. They didn't go far, just far enough to be out of earshot, before Clarke pushed Lexa up against a tree and devoured her mouth. “Put your fingers back in me,” Clarke begged and Lexa fumbled with the buttons on her shorts, struggling in her eagerness, until her fingers were sliding through soft folds and being swallowed by warmth.

“You feel so good,” she hissed, but Clarke was focused on her shorts and ripping the button open and pushing her own hand down. She didn't hesitate to thrust two fingers into Lexa, who was wet just from all the flirting, the revelations, the subtle and less subtle touches, just from being near her girlfriend. Clarke curled her fingers and grinned at Lexa's gasp. “I like fucking you,” she cooed, lips trailing down Lexa's neck, as she moved her leg between Lexa's and used it against her hand to thrust into her harder. Lexa felt the rough bark of the tree scrape at her back but she didn't care. It was intoxicating to be in the open, to have Clarke thrusting her fingers in and out of her so ardently, so skillfully, that her own hand was practically useless despite her fingers still remaining inside of Clarke, just managing to stay nestled in warmth. She was turned on, epically, everything hot and pounding, desperate for each thrust of Clarke's fingers. Clarke was doing all the work, somehow managing to do what she was doing to Lexa and grind her own body down against Lexa's hand.

“Clarke,” she whimpered the girl's name when Clarke began rubbing her palm against her clit with each thrust of her fingers. Lexa's head was beginning to spin, her body drifting out of her control as her hips found a rhythm against Clarke's hand. At Lexa's involuntary movements, Clarke's lips curled into a smug smile before they dropped to Lexa's breast, sucking the nipple into her mouth along with the top and the bra covering it. The warmth of her mouth seeped through the material and when Clarke bit down, Lexa groaned loudly, hips thrusting more erratically until she was crying her release into the forest. “Your face when you come is the prettiest thing,” Clarke murmured, softly removing her hand, with a few lingering touches, pressing a kiss to her chest and looking up at her. Lexa just stared at her before pulling her hand out of Clarke's underwear. She stared at her glistening fingers and then dropped to her knees before this girl who was somehow taking over her life, tugged her shorts and underwear down, and pressed her head to her stomach, her face an inch away from where she wanted to drown herself in. For a second, she stopped and just breathed. She could smell Clarke in the air, could feel her tense and relax in time with her hot breath. “Lexa, please…”

Lexa wanted to push her face right between her legs, thrust her tongue inside of her, she wanted to be close, closer than she could realistically get, but she didn't act on instinct. She pressed her tongue against Clarke's clit, paid close attention to it, sucking, nipping, torturing that small nub until her girlfriend was so wet and so needy, her hands were trying to force her face further down, and quiet pants begged her to give her more, to fuck her harder. She rubbed her hands against Clarke's ass, squeezed and held her tighter but didn't give her what she wanted, not yet. Clarke began to gasp, her hips giving away how close she was.

“Oh my god Lexa…I'm going to come…Lexa,” she fisted Lexa's hair and at that moment Lexa dropped her face, slid it down and pushed her tongue roughly inside of her, her hand moving to rub against her clit. “Lexa,” Clarke yelled it loudly, a deep guttural groan escaping as Lexa felt her flutter around her tongue. She didn't stop though, because this was her girlfriend and that warranted more, always more, so she gave Clarke a moment before thrusting her tongue again, hard, fast, probably a little sloppily but Clarke was so wet, it made no difference—it only made her fingers circling her clit that much softer. Clarke's breathing was still harsh from her orgasm, but Lexa could already hear the
hitch in each breath, could feel the way her hips canted forward, the slight grind against her face.

“Oh fucking crap,” Clarke whined and her body thrusted down forcefully against Lexa's face as she shattered again, thighs clamping around Lexa's head, and nearly her whole weight pressing against her. Lexa was strong, and her hands circled soft hips, holding some of Clarke's weight as she licked the arousal from between her legs, brushing her tongue lightly against her swollen clit until Clarke shook her head and tugged her. “Stop,” she ordered and Lexa did, leaning back against the tree still behind her and pulling Clarke onto her lap, burrowing her face into her neck. “Now,” she panted against Lexa's neck, “you've earned your band name.”

“You mean because I fucked you against a tree?”

“Technically, I fucked you against a tree.”

“Good to know,” she sighed contentedly. “I'm so ridiculously happy right now.”

“We still have to put up our tent,” Clarke mumbled, eyes slipping shut.

“That makes me less happy,” Lexa tightened her arms.

“You're unbelievably good at doing that, you know?”

“I just really like doing it,” Lexa shrugged.

“With all girls?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Lexa admitted and watched Clarke frown without opening her eyes.

“That makes me feel horribly Jealous, which I know is ridiculous, but it's how I feel.”

“Well, I love doing it to you more than anyone else,” she told her sincerely.

“Aww, thanks baby,” Clarke turned her face and her cheek brushed against Lexa's—it felt lovely.

“You're so pretty,” Lexa cooed, running her hand up and down her soft inner thigh, loving the fact that she was still half naked and she could stare at everything intimate, everything that was only for her eyes.

“You're the prettiest girl I've ever, ever seen,” Clarke mused, cranking open her eyes for a moment to gaze at her.

“I feel this debate could go on forever.”

“Let's just face it, our kids would be cute as hell.”

“They would,” Lexa grinned.

“Do you want kids?” Clarke asked and then flushed, “not now, but you know, one day? And I'm sorry if that sounds super loaded now that I'm your girlfriend.”

“You can ask,” Lexa wasn't worried about questions like that.

“Do you?”

“Uh, I didn't. Not for a long time, mainly because I figured I'd be a terrible mom given that my mom was so bad and I've never really had a mother figure or even a parental figure. But then I realized
that I wasn't so bad at looking after people and I thought that maybe with the right person, I don't
know, maybe it would be okay? It would be nice to have a family. What about you?"

“I hated being an only child. I know there were benefits, I saw too many of Bellamy and Octavia's
fights not to know that I had it easy sometimes. But I was always a little lonely. My family doesn't
feel big enough,” she sighed. “I think it would be nice to have kids. To have lots of people. But I
also like doing my own thing quite a lot,” she grinned.

“Yeah, kids definitely get in the way of that,” Lexa pressed her palm against Clarke's stomach.

“And I have residency to get through. Sometimes I don't get how I'm ever supposed to have a life.”

“With the help of your ever-loving girlfriend.”

“You like saying girlfriend, don't you?” Clarke teased.


“Possessive much?” Clarke grinned.

“Yeah, about you, maybe a little.”

“We should go back and sort out our stupid tent before it gets dark.”

“I could pay one of the others to do it,” Lexa suggested and Clarke grinned,

“Aw, that's so romantic.”

“I try,” she puffed out her chest with faux pride.

“Come on lover girl, let's go,” Clarke scrambled to her feet and stretched. Lexa stared at the
tightening of her muscles, the delicious view it gave her of everything Clarke, before the blonde was
snagging her underwear from the floor and pulling them on, followed by her shorts. She then stared
at Lexa, “Oh my god your face is covered with me! Lake first,” she giggled and tugged Lexa toward
the lake as the sky began to burn pink and orange.

“About time you two showed up,” Raven tsked as Lexa and Clarke ambled back into camp,
wrapped around each other. “Good luck with your tent.”

“Anyone want to earn a hundred bucks?” Lexa asked and Bellamy's lip curled.

“A hundred and fifty.”

“One twenty-five, final offer,” she stuck out her hand and Bellamy shook it, before ambling over to
their tent and putting it up in mere minutes.

“You know, Commander Lexa in my comics doesn't have to put up her tent and I suppose it doesn't
entirely surprise me that you have someone do it for you too,” Clarke stated from where she was sat
leaning against Lexa's legs as she sat in a camping chair watching Bellamy work.
“I don't know whether you're indicating I'm based on Commander Lexa or she's based on me with that sentence,” she teased.

“Haha,” Clarke muttered. “Wait till you see the next scene I've been working on—it's nearly done.”

“What happens?” Raven inquired, being an avid reader of Clarke's comics.

Clarke grinned widely before answering, “There’s this other group. Made up of people who fell from the sky. They were criminals, sent down to see if the nuclear world had become livable. They're young but they're feisty and this group have armed themselves, laid traps, caught platoons and seized their weapons. They have a leader. This girl. She catches the Commander's eye.”

“Oh my god, Clarke, is there going to be comic sex?”

“Not yet,” Clarke rolled her eyes. “And it's a love story. And besides the love story, there's the other epic story that's mostly all planned out. They're not just going to jump into bed straight away, although the Commander is utterly in love almost from the first moment.”

“And the woman…she's named Clarke, I assume?” Bellamy gave her a look.

“Yes! How did you guess?” Clarke fluttered her eyelashes.

“I'm intuitive like that,” he snorted.

“So, Clarke is certainly captivated but her captor, you know, but it takes her a while. In the end it is love…it can't not be. I mean Commander Lexa is…mmm…yeah…” Clarke looked at Lexa, who knew her cheeks were bright red, her heart pounding as her belly filled with warmth and all sorts of fuzzy feelings. It was romantic as hell to have Clarke draw her amazing comic with their love affair as part of the inspiration.

“Is she gay? This Clarke?” Raven asked with a soft laughter.

“No, she's bi, but she doesn't really care for labels. She likes who she likes, and she hasn't liked anyone before, not really.”

“Cool, I actually can't wait to read it,” Raven nodded.

“When are the others going to get here?” Clarke asked, feeling her stomach rumble.

“We'll start dinner in a minute. They're gonna have to set up their tents in the dark.”

“Oh, crap, yeah, okay Lex, we better put the air bed up and stuff the sleeping bags and pillows in there.”

“This vacation is hard work,” Lexa grumbled, allowing Clarke to pull her to her feet.

“Some of us set our crap up before having sex in the forest,” Octavia teased.

“Oh, so you had sex in the forest after you set up?” Lexa returned with a pointed smirk between Octavia and Lincoln.

“You had sex, Octavia? With Lincoln? I knew something was going on between you two,” Bellamy glowered at them. Lexa just shot Octavia a triumphant smile and followed Clarke.
Clarke couldn't stop laughing as she sat on Lexa's lap, the fire roaring in front of them with all her closest friends sat around chatting easily and drinking the cocktails Octavia had made.

“I'm feeling really rather drunk,” Clarke giggled.

“Want to do your haiku now?” Lexa asked, desperate to hear it.

“Mmm, sure yeah. You seem awfully keen? Any reason?” Clarke flirted.

“Of the people here, only Bell and Raven know you're my girlfriend. I want everyone to know. I mean, if you're ready, of course,” she added, her stomach turning over with disquiet at the thought that she might have pushed Clarke to this point.

“Ha, I'm sure you do want everyone to know. And yeah, I'm ready,” she smiled warmly.

“You are?” she pouted, feeling drunk. “Because you don't have to. If you want to wait, I totally understand.”

“You big baby, I want everyone to know,” Clarke kissed her. It tasted like mojitos and campfire smoke, with a hint of ketchup. It was perfect. “I'm ready,” she reiterated. “And I'm gonna do it now.”

“Yeah?” Lexa asked, obviously hopeful. Clarke grinned and slipped off of her lap, standing beside her.

“Ah, hum,” she coughed loudly. Bellamy, Raven and Octavia looked at her, but the others were still talking. “Listen up,” she yelled and they fell silent.

“Clarke's got something to say,” Jasper cat called.

“And I shall be saying it the form of a haiku,” Clarke stated authoritatively back. “This is a work of a true lyrical genius I'm about to share, so listen carefully. It is absolutely, definitely in the realms of Lexa's lyrical skill—they'll be writing about the linguistic skill of my poem for years to come…”

“Wow, way to talk up a haiku,” Octavia teased.

“Let her speak,” Ben waved a hand tipsily.

“Yeah,” Raven glared at them all.

“Wait, what is a haiku?” Jasper frowned.

“Five syllables, seven, then five,” Monty explained succinctly and then motioned for Clarke to proceed.

Clarke stood to full height and began speaking in a grandiose voice,

“I'm bisexual,
I have a girlfriend Lexa,
I love her a lot,” Clarke bowed and giggled when Lexa pulled her onto her lap. She landed with a bump and the chair fell backward. “Oomph,” Clarke exhaled with a giggle, bumping her nose softly
against Lexa's. "How was it? Did you like it?"

"It was perfect. I loved it."

"Hmm, I think so too. And so very, very true."

"They're cheering for you," Lexa indicated the applause and whistles behind them.

"I deserve it," Clarke found Lexa's mouth with hers and kissed her so softly it felt like a butterfly wings but so much sexier. "Wanna go to bed?" Clarke waggled her eyebrows with heavy insinuation and Lexa laughed because it was so at odds with the kiss she'd just given her.

"Hmm yeah."

"There's something I want to try," Clarke whispered, nipping her earlobe and Lexa's insides swiveled around and started doing the Macarena.

"Fuck," she hissed.

"No fucking yet! You're supposed to sing us songs around the campfire," Octavia protested.

"You're not supposed to be listening in," Clarke grumbled, looking over her shoulder.

"You just came out! After we were done clapping and cheering, we expected a little conversation,"

"And when we realized that wasn't gonna happen, we discussed how we need a sing along and for that we really need Lexa," Raven explained.

"Fine, whatever, she'll sing, but I'm drinking if I don't get to go celebrate coming out by com…"

"Shhhh baby," Lexa swallowed the word in a kiss, broken only by her wide smile.

"I want to bow down to you," Clarke whispered dramatically, clearly drunk.

"You're a weird little drunk girl right now," Raven stood to help them both up. "And you can 'bow down' to her later," she teased softly.

"I wanna do it now," Clarke huffed and then stage whispered, "and Lexa didn't know I was planning that. Way to ruin my surprise."

"I'm pretty sure we all caught on to what 'bow down' was about, Clarke," Raven patted Clarke's shoulder and held out her fist for Lexa to bump, "congratulations Commander, you're getting laid tonight."

"Thanks," Lexa blushed, but then Lincoln was handing her guitar to her and pulling out his bongos, and Clarke was sitting down at her feet and leaning back against her legs and life was too wonderful to be embarrassed about her cute girlfriend discussing their sex life with friends. Life was wonderful in general and maybe Anya was right—she should just let herself be happy.
The magic is gone

Chapter Notes

Hey - so late, and so much for no jet lag - my parents seem to have more vavavoom than me:( It's not 100% checked, but here it is.

I'll say it overtime - I love the comments, the asks - all of it. I read them and I long to have time to reply to them. Shout out to Tabitharules for her comments and wonderful name;)

Chapter Thirteen

“Who made me drink all the alcohol?” Clarke was squirming in Lexa’s lap, completely oblivious to the fact that she was inadvertently brushing against Lexa’s breasts, her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she tried to get comfy. When she finally found what she deemed to be a comfortable position, she relaxed into Lexa, sinking into her and becoming so floppy that she was twice as heavy as normal, and Lexa’s muscles had to strain to keep her in place.

“You called Octavia’s mojitos the nectar of the gods,” Lexa reminded her, but Clarke merely purred in response, face nuzzling her girlfriend’s neck as she apparently settled down to sleep. The campfire was still warm, with its hot embers glowing in the darkness, the smell of smoke saturating everything as their friends warmed up hot dogs on sticks. Lexa quite fancied one but Clarke’s curled up position on top of her meant that wouldn't be happening. The thoughts of hot dogs were quickly replaced by the realization that getting to bed might be a good idea.

“I think Clarke and I are going to head to bed,” she announced and Bellamy chuckled, smirking in amusement at what was clearly going to be a difficult task, due to the gentle rise and fall of Clarke’s chest.

“I actually don’t think Clarke is gonna be ‘bowing down’ tonight Commander,” Raven quipped. “Though she obviously totally planned too.”

“Shhh, big mouth,” Clarke mumbled, proving she was awake. “It was supposed to be a surprise.”

“Right, yeah. Best kept secret ever,?” Raven mimicked her drunken mumble.

“Okay, bathroom and then bed,” Lexa ordered, standing with difficulty, a floppy Clarke in her arms, before turning and lowering her girlfriend back into the chair. Pressing a kiss to her forehead, she headed to the tent to grab their towels and wash bag.

“Peeing is overrated, Lexa,” Clarke announced upon her return.

“Peeing is necessary,” Lexa insisted, scooping her girlfriend into her arms with one hand gripping the wash bag tightly and their towels flung over her shoulder. Clarke curled into her and pressed her face into her neck. It was nice, of course, but not exactly helpful. “Ugh, damn this dark forest,” she muttered, staring into the inky abyss.

“Here,” Raven switched on a flashlight. Clearly very amused with herself, she offered it to Lexa.
“Use your mouth. You're apparently good at that,” she sassed and Lexa glowered before gripping the light with her teeth. “Just through the trees that way…” Raven gestured toward the darkness.

“Fuck off,” Lexa attempted but it sounded like gibberish. Raven got the message but still grinned triumphantly as she sat back down next to Bellamy, hand reaching for his. Lexa stalked off, ignoring the laughs and focusing on the feel of Clarke in her arms. Normally she loved carrying Clarke, but drunk Clarke was a ten-ton weight of floppy doll who kept slipping. Combined with the flashlight in her mouth, it was awkward as hell to make it to the restroom facility. Kicking open the stall door, she dropped the girl to her feet and then coaxed her gently backward into the stall, laughing when Clarke indelicately shoved her shorts and underwear down before sitting on the toilet in front of her and making some ungodly sexual sounding noise of relief as she peed.

“Ugh, I'm the worst girlfriend,” she mumbled into her arms, which were resting on her lap.

“Uh no, you're the best girlfriend,” Lexa grinned at her.

“I've been your girlfriend for seven hours and I'm peeing in front of you. The magic is gone, Lexa, gone. I'm human, it's true…”

“Drama llama! I'm hardly fussed about you peeing in front of me. Poop and then maybe the magic is gone.”

“Don't talk about poop, Lexa,” Clarke huffed, grabbing tissues.

“Says the girl peeing in front of me…”

“Ugh, I'm gross and disgusting,” Clarke stood and wobbled until Lexa caught her, allowing her to pull up her underwear and shorts.

“You're not. Poop and pee are a natural part of life.”

“They're not sexy though. I like being sexy.”

“You're always sexy,” Lexa rolled her eyes, guiding her to the sink and turning on the faucet to wash hands and faces. Clarke lathered her hands and face with soap before turning to Lexa.

“Really?” Clarke looked up at her with white soap suds all over her face. “I'm always sexy? You say the sweetest things,” she then grabbed Lexa’s face and pressed hers to it, somehow managing to find her lips and slip her tongue and a significant amount of soap into her mouth.

“I take it back—you're evil,” Lexa pushed her gently away and spat out the soap into the sink as Clarke giggled, finding herself terribly amusing. They both rinsed their faces and Lexa handed her girlfriend a towel to dry off. “Here.” When Clarke was done, Lexa took the towel and handed over her toothbrush with paste on it and they stood side by side brushing their teeth.

“You're ridiculously sexy, you know?” Clarke asked drunkenly around the toothbrush, a small dribble of white spit escaping her mouth as she stared at Lexa in the mirror, “you're so pretty and clean. I love how clean you are. And sexy. Did I say that yet? Really sexy?”

Lexus spat out the excess toothpaste in her mouth, “You may have mentioned it.”

“I wanted to go down on you tonight. I wanted to lick you, Lexa, taste you, make you come. But I'm so sleepy. I think the mojitos attached heavy weights to my eyelids,” her eyes slipped shut and Lexa tried to quell her body's enthusiastic response to Clarke's words, because in Clarke's sultry rasp, the words alone were enough to have ridiculous amounts of arousal pooling between her thighs and
everything clenching.

“Clarke, let’s go sleep baby,” she pressed a kiss to her girlfriend’s dainty nose. “That can all wait.”

“But you tasted good Lexa…delicious.”

“Clarke,” she moaned, knowing the girl was far too drunk.

“Yay, I’m sexy again,” Clarke smiled brightly, eyes still shut.

“You were never not sexy.”

“I peed in front of you.”

“Sexily.”

“Yeah?” a lone fair eyebrow arched above closed eyes, clearly pleased.

“Yeah.”

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“Clarke,” Lexa moaned softly and snuggled closer to the warm body next to her. “It's so cold. Why is it so cold?”

“Mornings in the mountain are always cold,” Clarke slipped an arm around her waist and made all space between them disappear.

“Why didn't you tell me? I'd have worn more clothes,” she burrowed further into Clarke.

“I like you in less clothes, not more,” Clarke murmured drowsily. “It's too early, sexy Lex, stop talking and sleep…”

“I’m only up early because I'm so cold,” Lexa whined.

“Lexa,” Clarke grumbled.

“I'm sorry.”

“Ugh, give me a mint.”

“A mint?”

“Yeah, from your morning breath stash. Don't even pretend they're not beside you.”

“But then my arm has to leave the warm sleeping bag,” Lexa pouted, unwilling to brave the arctic temperatures.

“Oh my god, I knew you weren't a camper, but come on,” Clarke leaned over her and snagged the mints from the front pocket of Lexa’s backpack, pulling them back into the joined up sleeping bags quickly. “Fuck, it really is cold,” she flipped open the box and grabbed a mint, before holding out one and pushing it through Lexa’s lips.
“Why do we need mints?” she frowned in confusion and Clarke gave her a pointed look.

“So we can warm up,” she stated with a sexy little smile and then rolled on top of Lexa, sliding a thigh between hers and moving her knee to press up into her in just the right way. Lexa's body sprang to life at once. She'd always thought that was a shitty expression writers used when they didn't want to put in the details, but her skin felt more sensitive, her stomach tightened, everything between her legs lurched and actually throbbed at the potential, as arousal wet her underwear.

“Sex is your solution?” she smiled into Clarke's decidedly dirty kiss, all tongue and naughty intentions.

“Hmmm, yeah. Always makes you hot all over, right?” Clarke was trailing kisses over her jaw.

“You're the best girlfriend in the world,” her hands pushed onto the bare skin at Clarke's waist.

“You're the best girlfriend in the world,” Clarke grinned, hand dragging up Lexa's side, pushing her tank up and off her before grasping at her breast, squeezing hard as she resumed her kiss. Her skin reacted to the cold, but there was a warmth inside of her and she no longer cared about the external temperature. Lexa had a gasp on her lips as Clarke kissed her mouth again, heatedly before she trailed kisses downward and sucked a nipple into her mouth, tugging with her teeth, rolling the bud with her tongue, all as she rocked her thigh against Lexa, so fucking perfectly, and Lexa's hips rose to meet each thrust. Then Clarke adjusted her position, the warmth and wetness seeping through her pajama’s and hitting Lexa's bare thigh, causing her hips to rise from the air bed, especially at the sensation of Clarke grinding down and releasing one of her breathy, raspy groans that practically made Lexa come on the spot.

“Fuck, Clarke,” she moaned and Clarke responded by shifting her body even further down, down under the sleeping bag, her mouth trailing hot, wet kisses across her abs, tongue dipping into her belly button before her cool fingers were tugging at the waistband of Lexa's shorts and underwear. She lifted her hips instinctively and Clarke dragged her clothing off, before cool fingers trailed across her.

“You still have a heart down here, Lexa?” blue eyes looked up at her from between her legs and down inside the sleeping bag, eyes that were all dark and full of affection. For a second, Lexa couldn't speak, slightly overwhelmed and embarrassed, flushing red because she had indeed kept the heart.

“I thought you liked it,” her voice was deep and needy, and it made Clarke smirk.

“I do,” she traced the shape with her fingertips again before she dipped them between her legs teasingly, moving them over her, dragging her arousal around. Lexa gripped at the material beneath her, gasping. “Help me if I need it,” Clarke whispered and Lexa nodded, though the look on Clarke's face, the darkness of her eyes—Lexa couldn't imagine it taking very long at all before she was coming loudly enough to wake up all their friends.

Lexa whimpered as Clarke's hot breath fell against her skin, her clit fucking aching with anticipation. Her hips bucked as Clarke's warm mouth finally pressed against it, a loud groan escaping her. She could feel Clarke smiling against her, before she pressed her tongue against her, licking up and then down and then goddamn sucking her clit into her mouth, tongue rolling against it. Lexa's body lurched, an internal chord tightening and then releasing through her.

“Holy fucking shit, Clarke,” she yelped, the heat coursing through her felt fucking amazing. Clarke's mouth on her felt fucking amazing.
“Holy fucking shit, good?” Clarke asked and Lexa looked down at her smirking face, all shiny blue eyes.

“Please don't stop,” she whimpered. Clarke merely grinned before trailing her tongue lower and pushing it into her. It all felt incredible: Clarke's mouth, her warm breath, her tongue everywhere—licking, kissing, tasting, all soft grunts and moans, hands splayed on Lexa's hips, holding them still.

“That feels so good,” Lexa hummed, hips canting upwards, a soft moan escaping as Clarke's tongue twirled around her clit, before she sucked it softly into her mouth. She clutched at fair hair but Clarke released the throbbing bud and licked at her, tongue pushing in and out in a magical rhythm that Lexa couldn't get enough of. It wasn't quite far enough to hit that spot inside of her but God, the feel of her warm tongue combined with the noises Clarke probably didn't know she was making, made everything in Lexa flush with pleasure. Clarke moved back to her clit, which was now desperate for more. Lexa wasn't sure how much more she could take—she was absolutely desperate to come.

Clarke's mouth closed around her clit and she whimpered, but it still wasn't quite enough to push her over the edge. She couldn't tell if Clarke was teasing her or was not aware that she needed to be a little rougher with her tongue. It was torture, delicious, sexy torture that was agonizing. Her hands gripped tighter onto Clarke's blond waves and tried to hold her a little closer, instinct getting the better of her, but Clarke didn't suck harder. Lexa moaned in protest as her girlfriend released her clit and turned her attention lower again.

“Fuck,” the mumbled curse broke Lexa from her haze of sexualized torture—the place that existed between delectable pleasure and the aching need to come.

“What?” she mumbled, incoherently staring down. She could just make out Clarke's slightly frustrated expression, her mouth glistening with her arousal, the sight of which made her body throb.

“I can't make you come…” Clarke pouted and a flash of insecurity crossed her eyes.

“It feels amazing,” she couldn't help the soft whimper that accompanied her words.

“I know,” Clarke's frown joined her pout, “I mean, I can tell you're having fun. I am too, but I want to make you come. I really want to. I thought…”

“What?” Lexa tried to clear her lust clouded brain.

“That it would be easy. You put your mouth on me and I'm teetering at the edge…”

“Believe me I'm fucking teetering,” Lexa clenched because she ached for Clarke's mouth, which was so close, so fucking close that her warm breath was fanning across her.

“How do I push you over though? I mean I love it down here,” she gave a wry smile, “it's a very nice place believe me but…I'm losing my nerve here, Lex.”

“Your nerve?”

“Yes,” Clarke was exasperated now. “I want you to come. It makes me feel good, like I'm good at this. It feels really sexy doing this to you and when you don't come, I feel bad at this, like I'm doing something wrong…what am I doing wrong?”

“You're not doing anything wrong…”

“Lexa,” Clarke stared at her, eyes raw with emotion, vulnerable.
“What you're doing is amazing,” Lexa emphasized. “Maybe, uh, use your hand as well so your mouth doesn't get tired?”

“Yeah, okay…I knew that,” she flushed, face a little sheepish.

“Maybe, uh, a little deeper when you push your tongue in…I mean for the bit where you want me to come. All the lighter stuff is such a turn on, fuck…”

“Focus, Lexa.”

“God, I'm shaking. I want your mouth back on me so much,” she mumbled.

“And I want to feel you come with my mouth,” Clarke whispered and Lexa's hips bucked at the words.

“Fine, be rougher with my clit, suck harder, press it harder with your tongue, flick it. And remember soft is amazing, it feels so good and it turns me on so fucking much, but when you want me to come…a little rougher…”

“Okay,” Clarke smiled, but then bit her lip. “I'm worried that I won't manage it…”

“Clarke, you make me come with your fingers, so you absolutely can. Just use them where you feel they're needed, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Clarke agreed.

“And Clarke?”

“Yes?”

“Your enthusiasm and those noises you make…oh my god…they're like the sexiest things in the world.”

“Noted,” Clarke grinned.

“I love you,” she reassured and Clarke crawled up her body allowing Lexa to pull her close, as they kissed heatedly, all wondering hands and tangled tongues.

“Hmm, love you too,” Clarke murmured, shoving at Lexa's shirt. “I love you naked, too…”

“I love you naked, too,” Lexa grinned as they struggled in the sleeping bag to get rid of clothes until Clarke was blissfully naked against her, soft skin brushing hers, all soft and delectable. Clarke's hand slid over her stomach as she rubbed against Lexa's thigh. The feel of Clarke's warm, wet heat on her thigh sent an erotically charged bolt straight between her legs and she raised her leg to give her a better angle, desperate for Clarke to touch her because she was ready to come. Clarke was playing with her though, grinding down on her thigh and denying her any friction whatsoever. She moaned loudly, warm breath in her ear as Clarke bit her earlobe softly, causing her body to coil and pulse desperately. Lexa's hands found the smooth curve of Clarke's ass, and she added pressure to each of her thrusts, leaning forward to catch a nipple with her mouth, sucking and nipping, her own hips canting up in search of pressure.

“Oh fuck, Lexa,” Clarke hissed, movements less controlled, “I'm gonna come, fuck…shit…” she continued to gasp expletives as she trembled and pulsed against Lexa's thigh. Lexa squeezed at her ass and Clarke groaned again. “Fuck, you're making it last,” she hissed, and so she trailed her hands to Clarke's chest and squeezed, delighted with the cursing and the erratic buck of her girlfriend’s
hips. “Hmmm,” she breathed softly and wrapped a leg around Lexa's hip, still denying her friction, nestling her face in her neck. Lexa's body pulsed with an urgent need, the throb intensifying as if daring her to deny it.

“How are you doing there?” Clarke asked softly and Lexa could hear the smirk. Clarke might play innocent but she was a little minx and she fucking knew exactly how worked up she was.

“Clarke,” she begged with her girlfriend's name.

“Lexa?” her girlfriend teased back.

“Fuck, please.”

“Please?”

“Get me off. Please. Touch me.”

“Tell me what you want?” Clarke straddled her waist and hovered over her. She was so beautiful that Lexa stared transfixed. “Lex?”

“I want you between my legs. Your mouth between my legs. God…I want that, please…” she was shamelessly begging, but Clarke merely gave her a sultry, sexy little smile and slithered down, and it was as if it had never been interrupted. Clarke's mouth was hot, ardent, enthusiastic and her tongue was everywhere, licking, tasting, kissing. She pushed her mouth right up against Lexa, thrusting her tongue harder and deeper inside of her, thumb rubbing her clit as she did so and Lexa lost it, shamelessly using her legs to hold her close, her hips lifting to keep contact, as she moaned and cursed and gripped fair hair with white knuckles.

She was so close, so fucking close, and Clarke had to know because she was so wet, so needy, her curse words now pleas, as she desperately sought the feeling of euphoria. Clarke shifted then, mouth sucking her aching, pulsing clit into her mouth as she pushed two fingers into her hard, curling them and thrusting them in time with the rough movements of her tongue against her clit. Lexa must have screamed, something barely coherent as her orgasm ripped through her, thighs clamping onto Clarke's head and holding her there, every cell in her body euphorically exploding, as Clarke moved her tongue slower and began to kiss her clit, causing her to come undone again—loudly.

“Shut up!” the groggy bellow came from Raven somewhere outside, probably in her own tent, “and good job, Clarke.” Clarke smiled. Lexa knew that because she could feel the smile between her legs and it made her hips buck again. Clarke pressed one more lingering kiss against her sensitive clit and shimmied up her body before claiming her mouth. Lexa could taste her arousal all over Clarke and it was hot and sexy and so she trapped Clarke between her thighs.

“Was I really loud?” she asked into the kiss, her nose bumping softly against Clarke's.


“Fuck, sorry,” Lexa really wasn't sorry.

“You were the sexiest kind of loud ever.”

“Yeah?”

“I think that was the sexiest thing I've ever done. You taste great. Feeling how turned on you were made me turned on and having you lose control like that? I'm so fucking ready for more, Lex.”
“Really?” Lexa grinned and used her feet against Clarke’s ass, to rock her rather obviously. Clarke made a laughing gasp and then leaned forward to kiss her.

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“Well, this is pretty,” Lexa stared at the mountains all around the lake, the setting sun reflecting off the still lake. Clarke had taken her out onto the lake in Bellamy’s canoe and they were surrounded by silence. Well, silence except for the birds and the sound of the paddle on the water and the soft breathing of Clarke in front of her. Lexa’s eyes ran over the beautiful girl before her, back bare except for the black string of her bikini top, hair in a loose messy bun—utterly gorgeous. It was hard to think that in five years or even a year she might be complacent about the wonder that was Clarke. Actually, she couldn’t see how she’d ever be complacent.

“It is amazing, right? I mean, this,” Clarke gestured around them, “this is why I camp.”

“And you hiked! Ten whole miles! I’m very impressed,” her tease was soft and flirtatious.

“I told you there’d be exercising,” Clarke turned to shoot her a smile.

“It was fun, although Jasper’s complaining was less fun.”

“He had a blister, Lexa,” Clarke stated with mock severity.

“And don’t we all know about it,” Lexa grinned, putting her paddle in the boat and cautiously tugging Clarke back onto the floor of the canoe and between her legs.

“Lexa,” Clarke protested, “ugh! My butt’s all wet now. That’s so gross.”

“But now we get to enjoy the peace and tranquility of the middle of the lake in each other’s arms—it’s romantic.”

“My wet butt disagrees,” Clarke grumbled, but arched her neck to allow Lexa’s lips room to press kisses there. “Okay, I guess it’s a little romantic,” she begrudgingly admitted. “Are we supposed to declare our love or what?”

“You could recite poetry?” Lexa teased softly, voice soft and coaxing. “I have a favorite poem and I think you know the words.”

“Haha, fine. I’m bisexual; I have a girlfriend Lexa; I love her a lot,” Clarke tilted her head back.

“Music to my musically gifted ears,” Lexa leaned over and pressed an upside-down kiss to Clarke’s mouth, but the swell of guilt in her tummy stopped her taking it further. “Uh, Clarke.”

“Uh, Lexa?” Clarke mimicked and Lexa gave a self-deprecating laugh.

“Could we maybe talk about Friday?”

“What about Friday?”

“I kinda want to talk about what happened…”

“Clarify here, Lexa. You want to talk about me coming out? The sex? What about Friday? You are
“happy, right?” Clarke had obviously picked up on Lexa's suddenly tense mood.

“F**k yes, yes, I'm happy—you know that. I'm so happy that we're together,” Lexa slid her hand onto Clarke's waist. “I just…I'm feeling a little guilty and I just need to say I'm sorry.”

“Why are you sorry? And what on earth are you guilty about?” Clarke carefully turned in the boat, her face weary and Lexa was swept with a wave of nervous anticipation. She didn't think Clarke was at all unhappy about the way things had happened, but when Lexa pointed out why she felt guilt, that might change. She didn't think Clarke would rescind their official status, but she could be hurt or cross.

“Any—she messed me up on Thursday with all her digging around in our relationship. She told me you would never come out. That it would never happen. And I get why she did it. I know she was looking out for me—trying to keep me realistic, but it hit me really hard. Because I've never felt like this before. Not about anyone.”

“Continue,” Clarke nodded, still a little apprehensive.

“She told me I'd never be invited to meet your parents, that you'd never come out to them…just…God, it's this thing she does. The theory is that if I'm grounded then I can't fall so far—she tries to protect me. But then you texted and you were going to visit your parents. You were going to see them and you were taking Bellamy, Octavia and Raven, but not me. I was jealous and hurt and it seemed to back up everything Anya was always saying. Because we're supposed to be friends first. I kept thinking, okay so don't invite me as more than a friend, but invite me as your friend. Which is stupid because I wanted to be invited as more.”

“I can see how that might have hurt you. I get why you were upset,” Clarke squeezed her hand.

“But I was out of line…”

“You were out of line? How? I don't understand, Lexa.”

Lexa put her hand on Clarke's neck after smoothing her hair behind her ear. “I… I asked if I wasn't good enough to come out for…”

“That was a fair question,” Clarke's brows furrowed.

“It wasn't, not entirely. It was pressure. I'm not saying my feelings weren't valid, but I definitely put pressure on you. Anya was wrong to push me to push you, and I was wrong because, God, I said best friends first, I promised you that and I knew you needed time and then I went and pushed you…”

“But I was ready,” Clarke interrupted.

“You say that but you hadn't done it, you know—come out. If you were ready, you would have done it,” Lexa admitted. “It wouldn't have got to where it did.”

“You didn't force me, you know?” Clarke was edging closer now.

“You only did it after I got upset. After I said some things I regret.”

“You regret it?” Clarke looked stunned.

“No, not all of it. Maybe the way I said some things. We cleared a lot of things up and we're together—I love that we're together, it's all I want. But it wasn't fair of me to lose it like that.”
“I'm your best friend—who else are you going to share how you're feeling with?”

“Anya, Indra or Lincoln. I should have sorted myself out before because…”

“You were human, Lexa. Of course you should have lost it with me because this is about you and me. Both of our feelings matter. And you were in no condition for rational thought. It wasn't pressure; it was how you were feeling. Fairness isn't an issue.”

“But you said you were ready because you realized how much you were hurting me…”

“I was hurting you, though,” Clarke stated firmly. “I didn't know how badly because you haven't pressured me. Why was it so wrong for you to share that?”

“It was wrong if it pressured you into coming out there and then, before you were entirely ready. A person should never be pressured into it. And it should be a happy event and…”

“Fuck, Lexa stop, it’s okay. I was happy. Owning who I really am for the first time in my life feels fantastic. Getting to call you my girlfriend feels fantastic. Allowing myself to see a future with you and I together in it—that feels fantastic. I'm happy,” she gave a small shrug. “I was upset as well and I said a bunch of stuff I'm not proud of, too.”

“I'm glad you're happy,” she pressed her face against Clarke's neck. “I'm really glad. I just feel like maybe I manipulated you or the situation—not on purpose, of course. Maybe I don't deserve this…”

“Lexa,” Clarke wrapped her arms around her tightly. “I could absolutely tell that you were distraught—that was painfully obvious. Feeling that way and sharing those emotions with the person who is your best friend and the person contributing to them isn't manipulation. It was real, and okay, maybe you shouldn't have said what you did, maybe, but you weren't thinking. The thing is, you were feeling. I know you and I know what you've been through, and I know you fear loss and I think being in the situation we were in? You were vulnerable to loss. And not just loss—it must have been damaging to your self-esteem too. And I didn't exactly help.”

“Clarke, you did!”“I made you feel that I wasn't ready and then I said one of the reasons for that was because it would be living a gay life, because being with a guy would be easier and I didn't mean it the way it sounded. It hurt you, but you stayed and we talked and you got it. Because we're best friends. The manifestations of our fears, our anxiety, even our feelings—they're fucking messy. But they are what they are. I see you and I together in a year, in ten, in fifty and yeah, it fucking terrifies me and I tried to explain that—really badly.”

“Clarke,” Lexa leaned into her. “This conversation isn't about me doubting you're bi, just to be clear about that. It wasn't that yesterday either. I think you know who you are and I'm so proud of you. But knowing who we are and being ready to tell everyone…I just…”

“I was ready. I'll say it once more and then you need to accept it. I was ready. I appreciate this conversation. I appreciate your concern, it makes me love you more. I'm absolutely thrilled you've spoken to me about it, but now, accept it. I was ready. Yes, I was scared. Yes, I had fears and some of them were hurtful and probably offensive, but they were real and we dealt with them. We dealt with all of it together. I had entirely inappropriate thoughts that I don't even really think, but in the moment, with all the emotion, I said everything I was feeling. And it was liberating because when I came out all of those fears went. Sometimes we need to voice what scares us, as awful as it is, because then it doesn't seem so scary.”

“Okay,” Lexa nodded.
“And I admit that just before that moment I fluctuated between not ready and ready, but absolutely not because I hadn't accepted who I was. I knew way before that moment that I am bi, that I am in love with you, that I want to be with you, and that I want the world to know. The thing was all about the right moment. I didn't know when it would be until it was there. I was ready at that moment and I'm ready for this,” she ran her hand over Lexa's jaw. “The only thing I'm not sure I'm ready for is my parents and you've already indicated several times that you get that.”

“Thank you, Clarke.”

“As for Anya, well, I do think Anya is great for looking out for you. I'm glad she's protective of your emotions and your heart, because you need people like that. I did hate how much she made you hurt and heightened your insecurity, which I'm sure wasn't intentional. I just feel like Anya needs to know the difference between having your back and playing on your fears…okay not playing, but…”

“It's okay, Clarke. I know what you mean. I do. Anya doesn't mean to do that, she just hates to see me upset.”

“And you see that's where I need to apologize,” Clarke pressed a kiss to her forehead. “You see I'm not stupid or oblivious and I know it can't have been easy. I know that it was hard for you to allow us to explore for all this time without a commitment from me. I didn't know exactly what thoughts you had, but I definitely allowed insecurity into your life. That's not really fair, is it?”

“I knew that this was best friends with sex. I knew that.”

“Yeah, but it wasn't ever just that, right? Because our feelings weren't just platonic?” Clarke gave her a soft smile.

“But you see that's why I should have been patient. Because it wasn't ever just sex and friendship. I know I was really obvious about my love.”

“You're very romantic,” Clarke smiled.

“And I should have had more faith and patience because so are you!”

“I'm romantic?” Clarke blushed and it was adorable. Lexa kissed her lips, a soft, simple kiss.

“You wrote me into your comic. You made yourself my love interest. That's fucking romantic. I swear my heart grew.”

“Okay Mr. Grinch,” Clarke mumbled, blushing. It was sweet as all hell.

“You refused to hide what we were with your friends. You come to every gig I play. You come over to my apartment just to be there with me because you say you miss me.”

“Well, I love you.”

“See, I find someone loving me romantic. And saying it, even though you weren't sure what everything between us meant, remembering that we're best friends…”

“I know what it all means now. I love you in so many ways. I'm in love with you Lexa.”

Lexa's heart pounded loudly, “I'm still sorry.”

“Listen, Lex,” Clarke edged closer, voice low. “You're the most important person to me. Coming out to you in that moment was the easiest thing in the world and it felt really right, because you weren't
manipulating. You were scared and sad and I know it's because you love me. I don't doubt how you feel at all. I don't doubt how I feel at all either. Okay, so you said things you feel you shouldn't have…but your intent was good. And I said things too. You were talking to me. Best friends first. You didn't threaten to end things. You didn't do anything except get sad at the things I said and didn't say. I feel guilty about saying it would be easier to be with a guy, but you know what?"

“What?”

“It's how we got here. This situation was always going to be a little messy, but the fact that we're best friends meant we talked about it. That we talk about it. Let's imagine I called you manipulative…that I took your actions as manipulation? Let's say you walked off when I said that about being with a guy? Let's imagine that fight had gone the other way?”

“Okay…” Lexa didn't like imagining that.

“Well, one, it didn't. We talked it through. Two, do you really think that would have been it? Really? That we'd have been over? Because I don't. Not for a second. I could never have left, or watched you leave. Even if we'd been angry with each other, we’d have talked it through. That's what I meant when I said I can't imagine not being with you. I can't. And that scares me.”

“It does?”

“I know we find someone we want to be with forever at some point. Or we hope we do. I think it scares a lot of people when it actually happens.” Clarke smiled and Lexa found herself smiling, a huge, warm, happy smile. She could do forever with Clarke.

“Maybe,” she agreed.

“Listen, fine, you're sorry. I'm sorry too. But Lexa—I came out. That was my moment and it makes me happy because I found the courage from you, someone I love and admire. I get what you're saying, but it is over and done with. I'm happy. Very happy. Let go of the guilt. Don't forget that I know you, which means I know there was no intent to manipulate or sway. Love is the most powerful emotion if you ask me, because it can make us behave as we never normally would. I forgive you. If you forgive me?”

“Clarke I don't need to…”

“And I don't think I need to forgive you, but…”

“Fine. I forgive you.”

“Good, all sorted,” Clarke kissed her before turning and sitting back between Lexa's legs, back against her chest, boat rocking a little.

“Thanks.”

“No problem,” Clarke breathed deeply and for a moment they sat in silence. “Do you ever get the urge to run away from the city and live in the middle of nowhere? Like find a little cabin by a lake where you have to chop wood for a real log fire, and you grow vegetables and keep chickens,” Clarke asked, eyes on the beauty around them.

“Hmm…I've never really thought about it,” Lexa shrugged tightening her arms and finally moved her eyes from Clarke to the surrounding nature.

“Come on you must have, surely everyone does? And given how crappy your homes were, you
must have imagined what you wanted instead. What did you imagine? You know when you thought about a future?”

“Honestly? Just my own place. Somewhere warm, dry, pleasant and safe. I never really allowed myself to think beyond that because that didn't seem possible.”

“Thinking of you in that situation makes my heart hurt,” Clarke mumbled, pulling one of Lexa's hands to her lips.

“I can see the appeal of a small cabin,” Lexa admitted at length. “Being here with you…I mean I'd love to paddle back to shore and take you into a little wooden cabin, all lush inside of course, with fresh white sheets on the big bed, that we could get all tangled up in. A little art studio for you, a music one for me. Fresh air, trees and a view of mountains.”

“We could make a hammock bed on the deck,” Clarke smiled.

“Ooh and a fire pit in the garden for when our friends come to stay. Or where we can hang out making s'mores and singing around the fire.”

“I love that. Definitely a fire pit with nice comfy chairs around it, not crappy easy to tip over camping ones.”

“Yeah and none of that uncomfortable log stuff even if it is more rustic.”

“And in the mornings we could sit with our coffee on the deck in a swing seat cuddled together, watching the sunrise.”

“Okay, now I want it. You slay me with your swing seats and sunrise.”

“Okay, life goal to have a cabin in the woods.”

“And a dog?” Lexa asked with a kiss to Clarke's neck.

“You want a dog now?” Clarke turned to look at her with a giggle.

“Some kids too maybe. And board games. Tons of board games. And a pool table. You're so sexy when you're playing pool.”

“So, our lakeside mansion now has kids, a dog, an art studio, a music studio, a dock, a deck, a fire pit, a pool table and a porch swing?” Clarke teased.

“Don't forget a big bed with fresh white sheets we can tangle up together!”

“I would never,” Clarke swiveled until she was kneeling in front of her, “we should buy a place like that one day. Near Boston, but far enough away so it feels like an escape. In the forest. We could spend Christmas's there, all cozy. Make love by the fire.”

“Make love?” Lexa arched her eyebrow in amusement and Clarke grinned,

“It we're in a log cabin by a lake with snow outside and in front of a roaring fire—it's making love, okay?”

“Okay, got it,” she smiled.

“I could do that with you, you know?” Clarke stared at her, all open eyed and Lexa felt a little foggy and love struck as she stared at her.
“Make love?”

“No, you know—buy a place like that. And yeah…make love.”

“You say the sweetest things,” Lexa smiled.

“Don’t make fun of me,” Clarke whacked her lightly.

“I’m not, really. I’m overjoyed to hear you say things like that, I mean if I ever were to imagine, you know that kind of thing, well I’d want you there. Even when we were just friends. You make me feel happier. Safer. A whole bunch of corny words.”

“Ah, Lex, are you corny for me?” Clarke asked it oh so seriously, but with just a hint of amusement.

“Extremely corny for you,” she played along loving Clarke's delighted smile.

“I'm pretty corny for you too,” she pressed a little closer.

“I think you're getting confused,” Lexa moaned as Clarke trailed her fingers up her thigh and under her shorts.

“I am?”

“Yeah! Horny, corny…easy mistake,” she leaned closer and pressed a kiss to Clarke's sun warmed neck.

“So, you're just corny?” Clarke trailed a magical finger under Lexa's underwear. “Shame. My mistake,” she pouted and gave a dainty little shrug making to move her hand. Lexa stopped her.

“I never said that, I was merely ensuring you were clear.”

“Oh, I'm clear on the differences and Lexa, I'm very horny for you. Corny too,” she winked.

“Well, same here,” Lexa tugged her and their mouths clashed together, Clarke's hand pushing back under Lexa's shorts and rubbing her softly through her underwear.

“You're so fucking gorgeous,” Lexa moaned, her own hand spilling Clarke’s breasts free of the triangles of her bikini and into her palm, fingers rolling her nipples, squeezing, adoring.

“Fuck, Lexa,” Clarke moaned into the kiss that was growing increasingly heated. “Take off the shorts, now.” She may have issued the instruction but when Lexa broke the kiss it was to fiddle with the buttons on Clarke's shorts, pushing them and the bikini bottoms Clarke was wearing off, her hand trailing between her thighs. Clarke was so wet, so damn wet and it clouded Lexa's head and she made to lean back, pulling Clarke with her, desperate for an angle which would let her push fingers in and out and taste her all at once. She wanted to taste Clarke so badly.

The boat tipped and they were in the water within a split second. She and Clarke both burst through the surface spluttering, shocked, until they were laughing so hard Lexa's stomach ached.

“Oh, my god, you tipped the boat,” Lexa teased lightly, as Clarke's silky limbs tangled with hers.

“Me?” Clarke sprayed her with water. “You pulled me on top of you.”

“You were half naked, of course I did!”

“You made me half naked,” Clarke splashed her again.
“Do you blame me?” she quirked an eyebrow.

“Yes you dork! We were in a canoe!”

“You started it,” Lexa shrugged spraying her back. “And you like being wet…”

“Oh my god, you idiot,” Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa as they kicked to stay afloat. “I love you, but I’m half naked and my shorts and my bikini bottoms sank…your fault.”

“I’m just a very smart girl—ensuring your enduring nudity. I’m a forward thinker. A visionary…”

“You’re a dumb klutz who forgot we were in a canoe.”

“That too!” Lexa smiled and kissed her, until it was kiss or drown. “Okay, so how do we get back in the canoe?”

***

“Wow, nice outfit Commander!” Raven snickered as Clarke and Lexa ambled back into camp, Lexa in her black underwear and wet tank and Clarke in Lexa’s shorts and too small bikini top. “And you idiots,” she gestured to the rest of the assembled individuals sunbathing, “owe me ten bucks each.”

“How so?” Bellamy opened a lazy eye, looking over the two wet girls and sighed before digging in his wallet.

“Why do they owe you money?” Clarke asked suspiciously.

“I said you were gonna try and fuck in the canoe and capsize!”

“You have no proof,” Lexa stated haughtily.

“Brave move,” Clarke hissed.

“Ha, for one, I saw your dramatic tug of Clarke and the boat flipping…”

“So your fault, you see?” Clarke smirked.

“And clearly you had your girlfriend naked and lost her clothes, which is why she's wearing your shorts. And you know it is your fault otherwise you’d have insisted Clarke wear the underwear and you the shorts. That sound about right?”

“Incredibly accurate, good job,” Lexa nodded, and head held high despite her dripping hair, took Clarke’s hand and pulled her too their tent.

“You’re idiots,” Monty called after them. “A canoe?”

“Probably the most unstable boat ever,” Bellamy chided.

“Like you’ve never capsized it doing what they did,” Octavia challenged. “Trust me Raven, he's gonna try it.”

“Not now it's tainted,” Raven glared at Lexa playfully as she unzipped the tent.
“Oh we cleaned it after fucking,” Clarke retorted sassily.

“Liar. You didn't get to fucking before you fell in,” Raven called back. Clarke stuck out her tongue and Lexa flushed bright red, before she was being bundled into the tent and onto the air mattress by her girlfriend.

“We'll fuck now, okay?”

“Hmm yeah,” Lexa agreed, as Clarke smiled and zipped up the tent before stripping.
I was editing this to post last night and I fell asleep...apparently I'm tired. One more week of work and it's the last week - do we really need to teach????

Love the comments - and I thank you for them - they're the best thing about posting:

Chapter Fourteen

“I am never, ever moving from this bed,” Lexa let herself sink into Clarke's amazingly comfortable mattress, soft duvet cool against her skin. It felt absolutely heavenly to rest her aching muscles.

“That's my bed,” Clarke pointed out with a lazy smile.

“And I'm never, ever moving from it again,” Lexa deadpanned, eyes narrowed in Clarke's direction. It seemed that Clarke, the girl that protested all forms of exercise, could physically handle camping better than Lexa, who exercised daily and had abs. Clarke had canoed them around the lake (with mixed success), hiked, built and lit campfires, and taken down the tent with such speed that she had to have been playing at being bad at it when they were trying to put it up. Lexa had spent the whole weekend just waiting for her to return with fresh kill, skin it by the fire and roast it on a spit before serving it to her on a platter. Of course, Clarke hadn't killed anything except mosquitoes and her. Lexa hurt. Everything hurt and she felt so horribly dirty despite having a shower in the campsite shower block that morning.

“You're a weakling,” Clarke draped her body on top of Lexa, causing lots of muffled grunts to escape the sleepy brunette's lips.

“I'm stronger than you,” Lexa pouted, keeping her eyes shut. Looking at Clarke lying above her only went in one direction and she was quite sure she'd be the most disappointing lover at that particular moment.

“I'm sorry Lexa, but where is your survival instinct? You're the fricking Commander and you can't put up a tent, you can't set a fire, you can't light a fire, you can't even hike very far. We are going to have to work on it.”

“When have I ever needed to do any of that?” Lexa opened one eye and stared at her girlfriend with a look of contempt. “Tell me? Me, the city girl musician?”

“When we go on vacation?” Clarke pouted.

“I'll take you to Palm Springs for our next vacation,” Lexa tuck a strand of blond hair behind Clarke's ear and closed her eye. “Or Hawaii!”

“I don't want to go to Palm Springs. I want adventures!”

“Fine, we'll go to some Greek Island and explore it,” Lexa opened both eyes and stared at Clarke's face which expressed both her appreciation for the suggestion and her desire to battle on.
“Okay, fine. But what if there's a zombie apocalypse? A nuclear war? The outbreak of some deadly virus? You know as well as I do that in those situations you head to the hills…or the mountains. What will you do then, Lexa?”

“Stay very close to you,” Lexa replied promptly and smirked at the soft expression that flooded Clarke's face.

“Well, that's sweet,” she admitted, “but sweet won't help you survive the zombie apocalypse, Lexa. In fact, sweet will get you killed.”

“I could romance the zombies,” she suggested brightly.

“Bad idea. That's a really, really bad idea. You don't want to have sex with a zombie. If they go along with it it's only to get close to your flesh…” Clarke looked utterly serious.

“Is this you or the zombies?”

“The zombies,” Clarke smirked at that.

“Fine, I'm good with sticks. I'd make myself a sword.”

“Very sexy Commander!” Clarke pressed a kiss to her nose.

“Well, you know…I try,” Lexa mumbled, tilting her head to capture Clarke's lips with hers.

“Hmmmm, don't distract me. We’re going hiking every weekend until you have stamina.”

“I have stamina,” she waggled her eyebrows, “and hiking makes my legs hurt,” Lexa whined, “and my arms. Why do my arms hurt?”

“That's probably because you rolled off the air bed last night and slept on the ground.”

“You kept rolling into me.”

“You say that like it's a bad thing,” Clarke pouted.

“No, it's a wonderful thing, I just hurt. I have to play guitar when we rehearse tomorrow,” she moved her achy arms to hold Clarke close. They weren't nearly as sore as her legs but she was going for sympathy and some tender loving care.

“Poor you,” Clarke hummed against her neck. “I'll go run a nice warm bath for us.”

“Us?” Lexa stated with such wild enthusiasm, that it was a little embarrassing. “I mean us?” she tempered her tone so it sounded normal.

“Yes, us. I like the feel of your body in the water,” her voice was delectably raspy and Lexa felt the mood shift.

“And after our bath?”

“Pizza delivered to the door, cuddling on the couch and then fucking, you know if you want…I mean if your poor aching muscles can cope…”

“They'll cope.”

“Thought so.”
Clarke: Surely you've rehearsed enough by now? Come see me.

Lexa: Nearly done. You can come to Indra's? Watch us.

Clarke: Indra glares at me—I think she sees me as a distraction.

Lexa: You're a beautiful, gorgeous, tasty distraction.

Clarke: Lexa!

Lexa: And Indra glares at everyone. It's her thing. She's a very sweet person.

Clarke: I know. She didn't appreciate your thirty-minute break earlier, though.

Lexa: But I did. I appreciated it a lot:

Clarke: Yeah it was fun. But what would be really fun is a morning watching Buffy on your couch under your ridiculously fluffy duvet, chatting and painting each other's toenails.

Clarke: Even an evening would do…

Lexa: Ah the good old days. And that sounds very close to the cliché pajama party fantasy.

Clarke: Well, like you said that is a fantasy and if you really want that Lexa, I'm more than willing to help. You know, you're my girlfriend now which means you can share these fantasies with me.

Lexa: Clarke I think *you* want the pajama party.

Clarke: All I want is a morning or evening hanging out with you, watching TV, making out, licking chocolate sauce from your abs, and painting our nails. If you insist we do it wearing only our underwear and while whacking each other with pillows then that's fine. I don't mind. I'll play my part with enthusiasm and grace.

Lexa: Clarke, you're ridiculous.

Clarke: For fulfilling all your fantasies? Yes, I am. I mean, the shower we'll inevitably have to take, lathering each other up, helping each other reach all this hard to reach places—it's quite honestly a lot of work catering to your whims.

Clarke: I'm want you now, Lexa. Right now. Come home.

Lexa: What kind of underwear does this fantasy fulfillment require?

Clarke: Hmmm, your black lacy bra this time please—it does wonderful things to your wonderful boobs.

Lexa: This time?
Clarke: Stop focusing on the unimportant things and hurry up with your packing-up and your what not and come to my place.

Lexa: I have to go home first, I'm sorry.

Clarke: Not a problem. I mean, I am definitely not lying in your bed in underwear armed with a pillow.

Lexa: Holy fuck, Clarke!

Clarke: Just helping you live the dream, babe.

Clarke: The pillow is a feather pillow…

Lexa: That'll make so much mess

Clarke: You really care about mess? This is about fantasies, Lexa!

Lexa: Mess isn't important. I may need to shower and find my nice underwear.

Clarke: Yay I knew I could convince you!

Lexa: Apparently this is *my* fantasy…

Clarke: And aren't I a fabulous girlfriend—making your dreams come true?

Lexa: You are a fabulous girlfriend xxxxxxxxxx

Clarke: Hurry home Lexa!

Lexa: See you in twenty minutes

***

“Feathers are not as comfortably to lie on as I thought they'd be,” Clarke admitted curled up into Lexa's naked body in a selfish attempt to escape the spiky ends of the featherastrophe.

“But the pillow fight in our underwear was better than anticipated,” Lexa mused, twisting.

“Yeah, I know why you liked that,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Why suggest a pillow fight in our underwear if you don't want me to stare at your boobs and the way they bounce so beautifully?” Lexa shrugged dismissively regretting it when the feathers irritated her skin.

“Fair point,” Clarke conceded.

“The sex was tricky,” Lexa admitted. “I mean you looked gorgeous in your bed of feathers, but feathers in your bed leads to feathers in your bits, which leads to chocking on a mouthful of feathers.”
“I quite enjoyed you getting rid of the feathers,” Clarke murmured and Lexa's body pulsed happily at the thought of Clarke's thighs on her shoulders, fingers freeing her of feathers, dipping into wetness, and warmth before her mouth could taste every delicious bit of her.

“I quite enjoyed it too,” she murmured, voice low.

“Thanks for…you know…”

“What?” Lexa turned to look at her.

“Doing this, being silly and childish and utterly sexy all at the same time. Prancing around in your underwear and pillow fighting so we could have sex in a bed of feathers, however ill advised that turned out to be.”

“You're just lucky I'm not allergic to feathers—it may have gone very differently…”

“If we'd used the chocolate sauce it would have gone very differently.”

“More tarred and feathered than kinky sex.”

“Lexa,” Clarke giggled.

“Seriously though, Clarke, I am pretty sure I'm happy to fulfill every fantasy you might have. Say in advance, in the moment, anything…”

“Yeah?” Clarke rolled entirely on top of her.

“Yes, but right now you need to admit that the damn feathers have to go and stop using my body to protect yourself from the spiky devices of torture.”

“Don't you want to protect me?” Clarke gave Lexa the ultimate puppy dog eyes.

“I love you and I would die for you, but if I have to lie for another minute on the damn feathers I will cry.”

“Fine,” Clarke grinned pushing herself up so she was straddling Lexa's waist, all warm, wet nakedness sliding against Lexa's stomach. “And just so you know,” Clarke squirmed and Lexa huffed in air and tried to focus on her words, “I'm pretty happy to fulfill your fantasies too.”

“Yeah?” Lexa suddenly had one particular fantasy dominating her brain. “Right now?”

“I thought the feathers were hurting?” Clarke giggled.

“Fuck the feathers. And please, please just slide up me and sit on my face, please Clarke…please,” she sounded as desperate as she felt but she didn't care because the thought of Clarke's thighs bracing her body over her as her girlfriend fucked her face was such a turn on she felt arousal flood out of her.

“I can't just sit on your face, Lexa,” Clarke flushed an adorable red.

“You don't want to or you don't think I'll enjoy it?”

“I, uh, you're sure?” Clarke stared at her uncertainly and she pushed herself up and kissed her.

“Yes, like a million times. Please?” she stared into the crystal blue eyes of her lover and when she nodded proceeded to kiss her, tongues sliding together, a low moan rumbling from her throat, as she
palmed at Clarke's breasts eagerly, falling back on the bed and taking Clarke with her. She wasn't worried about feathers anymore, more about allowing Clarke to slip between her legs so they could move gently against each other.

“This feels fucking good,” Clarke rasped and Lexa gave a low groan of agreement, wrapping her legs around Clarke's ass for a moment, enjoying the friction pushing her toward release. Except she didn't really care about coming, her insides flipping deliciously as she thought of Clarke riding her face. She dropped her legs.

“Up,” she moaned and urged Clarke up her body, gasping as Clarke rubbed herself against her breasts for several long moments where Lexa was incapable of anything more than incoherent gasps and looks of wide eyed wonder. “Fuck,” she growled and her hands found Clarke's hips and she tugged her up, pulling Clarke right against her mouth, so she was blissfully ensconced in dark heat, and the sexy smell of her girlfriend, her tongue thrusting into her without preamble.

“Holy fuck Lexa,” Clarke ground down against her face and Lexa loved it, every hard-to-breath fucking second of it. She felt, rather than saw Clarke's hands grip her headboard as she tried to resist pushing her body down, as Lexa slid her tongue around her, through her and then into her. She tugged with her hands, urging her on, well aware that her nose was hitting her clit. Then she moved Clarke down and sucked her clit into her mouth, rubbing it with her tongue, circling that small nub with gradually increasing intensity until Clarke was a fucking mess of noises. Moisture was dripping down her cheeks and she could feel Clarke begin to shake, so she released her clit and pushed her up so her tongue was as far inside of her as she could get it before licking up to her clit and then pushing it back inside, as deep as she could, her hands clawing at Clarke's ass. Clarke did the rest, her hips driving her forward as she chased the orgasm Lexa had denied her, grinding onto her face and her thrusting tongue. “Lexa…” Clarke was grinding down harder and harder, but Lexa didn't care because she was close. “Holy fucking shit, fuck, Lexa…fuck,” she ground down wildly against Lexa's tongue as she came, thighs tight on Lexa's ears. Lexa slid her tongue out of her, supporting her weight with her hands, licking up to her clit which she nudged gently before sucking it softly into her mouth.

“Lexa,” Clarke was shaking, “fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck…shit,” she came again easily and Lexa smirked against her. “Fuck, no more, shit…” Clarke gasped, shaking slightly, and so Lexa helped her slide down her body until she was collapsed on top of her. “Oh my god…”

“That was one of my fantasies,” Lexa chuckled.

“Good job,” Clarke's voice was breathy and delightfully sleepy.

“Hmm, yeah I like to think so.”

“You've destroyed me though. I'm a rag doll. I couldn't get you off if you begged.”

“I'm pretty sure I could roll you over, rock three times against you and come hard after doing what I just did,” Lexa urged softly, fingers drawing patterns on Clarke's back.

“Hmmm, yes, do, please;” she nodded and so Lexa rolled them, allowing Clarke's thigh to slip between her legs. “I forgot about the fucking feathers,” she grumbled, opening her eyes. Lexa grinned and rocked. It felt so good,

“Shit Clarke, I'm so turned on,” she hissed, sliding easily and already beginning to feel her body tighten.

“You look like it's been snowing feathers,” Clarke spoke in her lazy, raspy voice, hand brushing
through her hair, and Lexa groaned and rocked harder and faster. “Come for me, baby,” Clarke urged and she felt pleasure spill through her body from between her legs as she bucked against her girlfriend’s leg and came hard. She collapsed against the girl and pressed a kiss to her neck. “Hmm, now we can sleep.”

“Not in here.”

“I know, fuck this bed of feathers,” Clarke mumbled.

“Stand up,” Lexa urged rolling off her but Clarke lay slumped in the feathers, wonderfully angelic. She grabbed her phone and stared hard. “Can I, uh, take a photo?”

“Hmm?” Clarke opened one lazy eye and gave a small nod, so Lexa took at least ten, before leaning awkwardly onto the bed and pulling Clarke off it.

“You look like you had a fight with a duck.”

“You look like you had a fight with a duck and lost,” Clarke quipped back allowing Lexa to hold her upright.

“Don’t be so ducking rude,” Lexa chided and grinned.

“Bad punny Lexa,” Clarke kissed her chastely.

“Okay stand there, Jemimah…”

“Hey,” Clarke protested but stood. Lexa carefully peeled back the duvet and shook the feathers onto the floor, then shook out their pillows, scraped any wayward feathers from the mattress and pulled the duvet back on. There were still tons of feathers but hardly any actually in the bed. She folded back the covers so they could get in, then turned to Clarke and did her best to de-feather her, hands touching her gently.

“Okay, Donald, in you get.”

“Let me do you Daffy,” Clarke smirked and trailed soft fingers over Lexa. “Okay, cuddle time.”

They got into bed, and Clarke wrapped herself around Lexa.

“This was fun,” Lexa told her softly.

“The most.”

“Love you.”

“Love you too.”

***

“Are you still sure it’s okay to go to my parents tonight?” Clarke tangled her feet with Lexa’s under the blanket—the duvet cover was in the washing machine with the hope that the washing process would remove the last of the feathers.
“I’m sure. It’d be a little weird if Octavia, Bellamy and Raven were there without you!”

“Haha,” Clarke scraped her toenail on the bottom of her foot and Lexa squealed slightly and pulled her foot away.

“Are you still sure you want me to come?” she asked carefully. “Because I would completely understand if you want to do this one step at a time.”

“I’m not even sure how to do this,” Clarke admitted. “But I do know I want you there. Lexa, I don’t think I would be able to tell them without you there to support me, and I don’t think I can do two nights away from you. I’m pathetic I know, but I’m so utterly in love with you, two days is too long.”

“Yeah?” Lexa felt warmth fill her up.

“Yeah. Maybe I'll tell them when it's just me and them. I’ll find a moment, and maybe just for this trip we could…”

“You can say it Clarke?” Lexa urged. “I don't mind. Whatever makes this work for you.”

“Maybe we can be best friends on this trip? I don’t mean hide it—but you know, be discreet. I'll tell them I'm dating you, but maybe we can just be you know best friends in public until I tell them who I am?”

“Of course, Clarke. I'd already assumed that's what would be happening.” Lexa gave her a soft smile, feeling a surge of emotion, unable to fully grasp that she and Clarke were discussing her coming out to her parents. It was quite amazing in many ways. Lexa was honestly overwhelmed at the mere fact that Clarke was her girlfriend, that the person who made her happiest actually loved her.

“I mean we'll see how they take one bit and then tell them the other.”

“We'll go at your pace Clarke,” Lexa reassured, squeezing the ankle near her. “Whatever feels right.”

“The thing is I want them to know you and not as my friend, but as the girl I love and am with. I just don't know how it'll all happen, you know how it'll unfold.” Clarke's nose wrinkled, before she crawled up the couch and lay half on Lexa. “Part of me wants to be really upfront, walk up holding your hand and just say, 'mom, dad, this is my girlfriend Lexa.'”

“That may go better than you think,” Lexa pressed a soft kiss to Clarke’s forehead.

“Then I imagine their faces and I think, what if it's a bad reaction and they're awful to me, or worse, awful to you? So, I imagine us heading in and me asking for a quiet word. Sending you all off to the store on some mission…” she trailed off.

“I think the truth is it never goes quite how you imagine it. I will follow your lead though, I promise. This weekend is about you and not silly insecurities from your girlfriend—I am there for you. If you're not ready, you're not ready, okay?”

“Thank you, Lexa,” Clarke pressed a warm kiss to her neck and snuggled closer.

“Okay, I'm gonna go put clean sheets on the bed and pack, and then how about I take you out for a walk?”

“A walk?”
“Yes. Apparently, my likelihood of surviving the zombie apocalypse is slim to none.”

“Hmm, we could walk round to mine and pack,” Clarke grinned.

“Okay, new plan. I'll pack, we'll bike to yours and then you pack and then we’ll go for a walk?”

“Can we get ice creams?”

“Tell me how they aid escape from the zombies?”

“Zombies don't like the cold,” Clarke answered promptly.

“Sure, we can get ice creams,” she laughed before kissing her and hugging her tight before wriggling from their nest and smiling at Clarke who curled up in her vacated space and closed her eyes.


“Oh my god they're staring at us out of the window,” Clarke mumbled as she pulled off her helmet and stared apprehensively at Lexa, who wanted to smooth down her girlfriend’s wild hair and pull her into a reassuring hug. She didn't because Clarke's parents were indeed staring at them through the window.

“It's going to be okay, Clarke.”

“What if they hate me?” Clarke's blue eyes were wide. “I mean what if I'm wrong and they're not the people I thought they were?”

“They love you and that won't change Clarke. I'm not going to lie to you, I'd never do that—the truth is, it may be hard. They may say things and you may hurt. I hate that, and I really hope it doesn't happen. We can never predict how it's going to go and it would be awful of me to dismiss your fears because they are valid. But I'm here for you, Clarke. Always,” she reassured softly.

“You promise, Lexa?” Clarke stared at her and she nodded firmly.

“I promise.”

“Okay, okay. Smell the flowers, blow out the candle, smell the flowers, blow out the candles…” she recited breathing in long deep inhales and exhales.

“You're so cute,” Lexa squeezed her hand.

“My dad taught me to do that whenever I got overwhelmed,” she admitted.

“You ready? Okay?”

“Yes.”

“Holding hands or no?”

“Yes…no…god I don't know?” Clarke didn't have time to make a decision, because the front door of the large house was opening and Jake and Abby Griffin were spilling onto the drive.
“I had no idea you'd be arriving on a motorbike,” Clarke’s mom’s brows were pursed in disapproval as she grabbed Clarke into a tight hug, before releasing her and staring at her daughter, hands wrapped around her upper arms, ignoring Lexa altogether.

“Good to see you kid,” her dad wrapped Clarke in a hug, taking her from her mom. “You must be Lexa. Ignore Abby, who is petrified of all motorbikes.”

“Lexa is a very safe driver,” Clarke stated from under Jake's arm,

“You know how I feel, Clarke,” Abby clearly didn't approve and Clarke's expression tightened.

“Mom this is Lexa, Lexa this is my mom, Abby and my dad, Jake,” she gestured between them.

“Well, we've heard a lot about you!” Jake grinned. “It’s nice to put a face to all those stories.”

“Likewise. It's really nice to finally meet you both,” she gave a shy smile. She really was awkward with parents, she blamed a lack of practice. The truth was, her experience with other people’s parents was from within foster homes where she felt like an interloper and those situations had always had added layers of stress. There had always been her fears as well as insecurities and their presumptions about her based on what they’d been told. Whatever her social worker had told her foster families about her, it hadn't made a good impression. It wasn't that she hadn't tried when she arrived in a new home. She had always tried at first, but she'd been seen as the “wrong sort” growing up, no matter the efforts she made to the contrary. It was hard to move on from feeling the weight of disapproval, especially now when Abby was eyeing her massive bike, before her eyes were skimming the tattoos on her arms when she removed her leather jacket. It wasn't like she could keep it on all weekend with the temperatures like they were.

“So, you drive a bike?” Abby gave a tight smile and put a hand on her shoulder as she gestured toward the house.

“I'm sorry,” she gave a little shrug as they started to amble toward the house, an uncoordinated, awkward group, like a pack of unsynchronized dogs.

“If Clarke says you're a safe driver, then I trust her judgment,” Jake stated casting a firm look at Abby.

“It's not always the driver of the bike that's the problem Jake, it's other people on the road,” Abby said pointedly.

“I don't often drive Clarke and I'm very careful when I do. She wanted to come up early and so I offered,” Lexa flushed, feeling the familiar disapproval from Abby.

“And Clarke is a grown ass girl who can decide if she trusts someone enough to ride on their bike,” Clarke pointed out, dropping back from her parents and next to Lexa, giving her a subtle shoulder bump. Lexa could feel the tension radiating off her, and understood that—the anticipation of telling them was probably worse than actually doing it would be. Well, that's what she hoped.

“I have to say we were thrilled you did decide to come early, Clarke,” her dad said.

“Yes. It feels like we've hardly seen you since Christmas,” Abby stated and Lexa wondered if it was possible for the woman to make an unloaded comment.

“You haven't seen me at all since Christmas,” Clarke pointed out and Abby pursed her lips a little,

“You know, I do remember how busy medical school is, but it would be nice if you made the effort
to see us a little more often. I know you have a lot on your plate, but make the time.”

“Life is busy in general, mom,” Clarke kicked off her shoes so Lexa did the same. “I do try.”

“Just pop your bags down there, Lexa,” Jake gestured and Lexa put down the bag with both her stuff and Clarke's in it. “I'll show you to the spare room later.”

“Actually, Lexa is going to share with me, Raven and Bellamy are having the spare, and Octavia offered to take the couch.”

“Raven and Bellamy!” Abby trilled, “They’re together?” Clarke nodded, “Oh my poor heart. How are you, darling girl?”

“Absolutely fine,” Clarke answered rather flatly, her eye-catching Lexa's.

“Is it serious?” Jake asked sympathetically. “Because if he's hurting you by flaunting something with your friend…”

“Guys, I know you ‘ship’ Bell and I pretty hard, but it really isn't going to happen,” Clarke interrupted and it came out a little sharp.

“You don't know that. Don't get me wrong—I love Raven, but if you're meant to be, you're meant to be,” Abby patted her arm as they moved through to a warm farmhouse style kitchen and Jake gestured for them to sit at the table. Lexa sat next to Clarke and watched the back and forth, between mother and daughter with trepidation. She was unbelievably nervous for Clarke and she could sense her girlfriend's growing irritation with the conversation and see a fidgeting that spoke of her desperation to tell them, which she had to assume was a good thing.

“And maybe they're meant to be,” Clarke muttered her gaze flicking around the room. Lexa squeezed her girlfriend's knee, seeking to reassure her, and Clarke shot her a small smile.

“Hey kid, it's okay. I'm pretty sure that the way Bellamy feels for you isn't going anywhere,” Jake reassured. “Maybe he's playing the field because he knows how serious he is about you.”

“Wow dad—you mean he's sowing his seeds before taking a wife?” Clarke teased, with arched brows and Jake flushed.

“I'm not saying that.”

“Dad just means that maybe Raven and Bellamy are a summer romance, a bit of fun,” Abby explained.

“I think it's more serious than that, and as I keep telling you again and again – I really, truthfully am not into Bellamy. I don't want to be with him, I don't want to date him and I really don't think I'm going to marry him. Well, unless there's a zombie apocalypse and everyone else is dead, in which case there'd be no one left to marry us, so I still wouldn't marry him.”

“You cared last Christmas,” Abby gave Clarke a look that was simply dripping with motherly concern as she stood and put the kettle on.

“No, you thought I did. Bell and I are buddies, friends. And as I keep telling you I'm actually with someone. And I'm in love.”

“You're in love with the mystery guy?” Abby slid back into her chair and leaned across the table toward Clarke. Lexa watching the interaction between mother and daughter with fascination. “Have
you met him, Lexa? I know you and Clarke spend a lot of time together. Does he make her happy?”

“She seems very happy,” Lexa stared at Clarke for a long moment, before looking back at her mother, hiding a smile when she felt her girlfriend's hand on her thigh.

“Why didn't you bring this guy here so we can meet him? You know that would have been okay? In fact, this weekend would have been perfect. Whatever we joke about in relation to Bellamy, you know we just want you happy, Clarke,” Jake said and Lexa flicked her eyes to Clarke, feeling warm when they met determined blue eyes. “Your happiness is the most important thing and if you love this guy we can only assume you love him for good reasons.”

“I'm glad you say that,” she turned back to her parents. “Because I'm kind of worried that you really aren't expecting the person, that maybe you'll have a problem…”

“Is he black?” Abby interrupted, “Because you know us well enough to know that we're not those parents. You dated Wells in high school for goodness sake and we never had a problem with it. As long as this man treats you well and you're happy, as long as he can look after you and you have fun together then we don't have any problem with any background. Unless he's a Scientologist?” Abby quirked an eyebrow at the end of her heartfelt support, probably attempting to lighten the mood because there was a tension in the atmosphere as the three Griffin’s seemed to brace themselves for Clarke's revelation.

“Abby,” Jake warned.

“It was a joke. He can be a scientologist.”

“I'm very, very happy, mom and really well looked after and I have constant fun. My academics are supported and God…I'm so in love. And there's no Scientology…”

“Well, then why haven't you told us more about him? Why didn't you bring him here to meet us? We don't even know his name. What's the big secret?” Jake gave his daughter a warm look.

“Well, because…” Clarke took a deep breath and Lexa placed her hand on top of Clarke's where it was gripping her thigh tightly. “He's a she.”

“Huh?” Abby gaped at her and Jake sat back in his chair, both faces wonderfully void of any expression at all beyond shock.
"You're gay?"

Chapter Summary

The parent's react

Chapter Notes

We're getting near the end:) I say with seven more chapters to go. I might actually manage the advent countdown!

So things are busy and I don't have time to respond to the comments, but I do want to thank the people who take the time - it actually means so much to me. I really enjoy reading how people are engaging with my work, so thanks!

Nice and early today:)

Chapter Fifteen

Lexa's eyes were moving back and forth between Clarke, who was awaiting her parent’s verdict with visible fear, and Abby and Jake Griffin, who sat gaping at their daughter, at an apparent loss for words. Lexa's eyes were switching between the two parties with such rapidity that it was beginning to give her a headache. Clarke was gripping her thigh so tightly her nails were biting into the skin, but she clearly planned to let them make the next move and thus silence reigned. Lexa flicked her eyes back to Abby and Jake. Jake was staring at his daughter in befuddled confusion and Abby was clearly trying to formulate words and to that end her mouth was opening and shutting.

"If, uh, okay…” Abby swallowed loudly, shook her head and began again, “if the young man you love is going through gender confusion then I understand that…I mean if you love him…I mean her…why you would want to support him…her…I won't lie and say that it doesn't make me concerned for you but…”

“No mom,” Clarke interrupted her face aghast, not at the suggestion but in panic as her mother delved off on the wrong tangent. “There is no he. No guy. Only a girl. An amazing girl.” Lexa stared at Clarke, full of awe for her bravery. Then her eyes moved back to her girlfriend's gaping parents.

“I…uh…” Abby blinked a few times. “You're gay?” her voice was soft and Lexa felt optimism bubble up before it was torn apart by the jarring noise of chair legs scraping on tiles as Jake Griffin stood up abruptly. He stared at his daughter for a moment, eyes questioning before loudly exhaling and leaving the house through the back door.

“Fuck,” Clarke muttered and stood, standing there uncertainly for a second before she followed the path her father had taken. Lexa rose at once, filled with some imperative need to be with Clarke, to be there for Clarke.

“Sit down, Lexa,” Abby ordered softly. “Let Clarke speak to her dad. I'll make us some tea.”
“But…” Lexa couldn't bear the thought of Clarke upset and not being there to comfort her, and she fought against her instinct to run after her girlfriend.

“I know you want to make sure she's okay, but trust me…Clarke and her dad are close. Let her have a minute with him.”

“I just…” Lexa trailed off, heart rate high, adrenalin surging through her, as she thought about what Jake might say, about the hurt he might inflict. He might upset Clarke, and what if she then needed her and she wasn't there?

“She'll come and find you if she needs you,” Abby told her firmly, staring at her with new knowledge in her brown eyes, new understanding. Lexa nodded, unable to hide her anxiety about it, even though she did sit down. “So how long have you and Clarke been together?” Abby asked pointedly.

Lexa felt her face heat up. She knew Clarke's mom was astute from the stories she'd been told and so there was absolutely no point in lying, however she did wonder if she should—if Clarke would want that. In the end she sighed and went with the truth. “Officially for a couple of weeks or so, unofficially for a couple of months.”

“And you're in love with her?”

“Since we met eight months ago,” Lexa decided to be honest. “I never…I didn’t…she came to me with…feelings. I didn't push her…”

“Oh, I know my daughter, Lexa. No one pushes her around,” Abby gave her a look and Lexa nodded.

“Right,” she could feel her cheeks burn and her feet twitched with the urge to run and find Clarke.

“Clarke says you're in a band?” Abby tilted her head to one side, appraising, judging and Lexa felt all her insecurities from when she was growing up wash through her, though she hid them with a straight back and a chin raised in slight defiance.

“Yes.”

“And what do you do in the band?” Abby crossed her arms reading Lexa's tone.

“I sing and play guitar,” Lexa had heard Clarke tell her mother this before at least twice, so knew that the query was more about whether she was good enough for Clarke than what she actually did in the band. She swallowed the rush of defensive emotions down. It wasn't the best idea to be surly and defensive, but surly and defensive were her go-to emotions when challenged and it was hard to fight instinct.

“Right,” Abby had clearly drawn some assumptions about what singing and playing guitar in a band meant and none of them were good, apparently.

“Look, I'm going to be honest with you. I'm not from a good background Dr. Griffin. I was poor growing up and I didn't do particularly well at school—it was kind of hard when I was being shuffled between foster homes. Yes, I'm in a band, and I have tattoos, and I'm really, really gay. But I am good for Clarke and I love her more than anything, and I will do everything I can to make her happy.”

“I'm sure you make her happy now, but relationships need to be equal,” Abby said calmly, stating her opposition.

“My daughter is going to be a doctor…and…” Abby trailed off and Lexa knew her expression had turned sour at the implication that she wasn't good enough.

“Do you have a problem with the fact that I'm a girl or do you have a problem because you don't think I'm good enough for Clarke?”

“I never said that I have a problem,” Abby was just as defiant as Lexa, though she was lying and that was obvious to them both.

“Look, my band is good. I'm good at what I do. Just because no one invested in me when I was young doesn't mean I didn't invest in myself. I have money if that's what you're worried about. If that's what you mean by equal. I could pay for Clarke's schooling, a house, a car and several fancy vacations. But that's not why I'm good for her.”

“I just…Clarke has always been a little boy crazy,” Abby stared at her hands, losing some of her irritating superiority. “I love her. I don't care who she's with I just…I wasn't expecting this…”

“It's who she is…” Lexa attempted and Abby looked up at her, her expression vulnerable.

“She's gay? I mean…it must be nice not to hide who she is, but did we really make her feel like she had to hide?”

“Don't try and guess her sexuality—let her tell you,” Lexa said softly and stared at Abby, watching the woman's eyes turn glassy.

“What about grand-kids? What about a big wedding with a white dress and Jake walking her down the aisle?”

“If Clarke ends up with a girl that can still all happen,” Lexa attempted to reassure her.

“But not how I imagined,” Abby admitted, voice breaking as a couple of tears escaped her eyes and tracked down her cheeks.

“We don't get to imagine other people's futures for them,” Lexa said firmly but kindly, with compassion because she knew it must be hard, even if it shouldn't be. And Abby was trying.

“You're right,” Abby looked at her. “Very right.”

“I don't plan to lose Clarke. Not ever, not if I can help it,” she swallowed around the sudden lump in her throat. “I've never had someone like her, someone who makes me so happy. And I've never made someone happy like I make her happy either. I've never been so much more concerned with someone else over myself. As long as I make her happy and she wants me—I'll be here.”

“She has been happy. Jake and I were just saying that she seemed a lot more full of life and happier lately. I just worry about her. It can't be easy…” Abby trailed off with a blush.

“Being gay?” Lexa finished for her and Abby nodded. “It's remarkably easy to be gay. Takes no effort at all.”

Abby's blush deepened, “I just meant the comments and stuff…”

“Comments happen, but you know mostly people don't say anything, or just give a little double
glance at your joined hands, or don't quite know what to say. Or we get the usual assuming we're friends, even though it's obvious we're not."

“That doesn't sound so bad I suppose…”

“It's not bad, but it's not great either. If you walk into a store with Mr. Griffin and referred to him as your boyfriend, I don't think you'd expect or want the friend line. It's patronizing, frustrating and belittling.”

“Yeah, okay,” Abby nodded. “And Clarke…has she had any of that stuff happen? Has she had any of the more negative…comments?”

“She finds the double take on the hand holding and kisses amusing, but other than that no, she hasn't had any negativity,” Lexa shook her head.

“And when you're together in public…you’re…what?”

“Like any other couple,” Lexa resisted the urge to roll her eyes because Abby was trying and she was Clarke's mom. “We hold hands, we hug, we kiss, go on dates…”

“And you…uh…” Abby coughed, face tight. “Have sex?”

“Not in public, but yes,” Lexa wondered what Abby expected—that they were grown women, in love, in a relationship that was serious but weren't having sex?

“Of course…sorry. I shouldn't have asked.”

“It's okay.” It wasn't, not really.

“And she, uh, likes…” Abby flushed bright red.

“Yes—that's kind of an important part of any relationship,” Lexa took a steadying breath. “Look I need to go see her, okay?” she stood and shuffled out of her chair before heading to the door.

“Lexa?” Abby halted her and she braced herself for another attempt to keep her inside and away from Clarke.

“Yes?” she looked back.

“I'm sorry, I…I'm new to this. I wasn't expecting it and I guess I just…I'll try not to be uninformed and frustrating, but it comes from a place of wanting my daughter to be okay. I don't care that you have a different background, not really and I just, I really just…wasn't expecting this…”

“Okay,” Lexa gave her a small smile and pushed open the back door and headed onto the deck, scanning the large yard for Clarke. Lexa cursed under her breath because she couldn't see either Jake or Clarke.

“I'm here Lexa,” Clarke's voice sounded croaky and raw. She whirled around to see her girlfriend perched on a swing seat, arms wrapped around her knees, looking small and vulnerable.

“Can I sit?” she asked cautiously.

“Yes. Please,” Clarke's bottom lip stuck out and her eyes were red and watery. Lexa sat by her side and had her arms tight around her in an instant. Clarke buried her face in her neck, as she shifted herself onto her lap.
“Are you okay?” she asked realizing it was the crappiest question and that Clarke clearly wasn't okay. “Shit sorry, dumb question,” she squeezed her tighter.

“I tried to talk to him and he said he just couldn't,” Clarke sniffed a little, but when Lexa pulled back to look at her she wasn't crying. “He just kept shaking his head and staring at me like I was someone he didn't recognize. I swear he never looked at me like that before in my life.”

“Clarke, he may need a little time,” Lexa said softly and Clarke looked at her with wide eyes.

“And I may need for my dad to act like a father, and be there for me no matter who I love, because this is something about myself that I can't help or change, I mean not that I would. This is who I am, Lexa.”

“I know…believe me I know. I get it, I'm just saying let it sink in. Give him a little space and just trust your relationship with him.”

“What if he…rejects me?” Clarke's eyes filled with tears at that. “What if I've been mistaken thinking we're so close, and that we 'get each other' and all of that isn't actually true? All the way up here I've been fretting about my mom's reaction. It never occurred to me that dad would be anything other than supportive. I mean, I knew there might be shock and maybe even disappointment and all those other emotions, but God…I didn't think he'd walk out, that he'd barely be able to look at me. I didn't expect disgust and that's what I saw on his face.”

“Your mom hasn't walked out, Clarke. She's in there wanting to know more, keen to learn. Remember your reaction when I came out? Remember that sometimes people say silly, thoughtless things, but they don't necessarily come from a bad place.”

“Sometimes they do though,” Clarke stared into her eyes, “some people are mean and awful and have awful opinions about being gay or bi, or anything else.”

“Do you honestly think your dad is one of them?”

“No,” Clarke admitted.

“Does this make you…less sure…about us?”

“No,” Clarke admitted, a small, wry smile quirking the corners of her lips. “I don't know what could make me give you up,” she admitted. “I don't actually think anything could. You're just everything I've ever wanted,” she stared at her and Lexa leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to her lips.

The clearing of a throat, followed by, “Girls,” in Abby's voice made Clarke squeal in surprise. They pulled apart. Lexa wondered how Abby had managed to open the door so stealthily and couldn't help but hope she'd heard Clarke say what she had. “The tea's ready and Raven texted to say they'll be here in the next hour. Come in and talk.”

“Okay,” Clarke nodded and stood, holding out her hand to Lexa. She slipped her hand into Clarke's, musing for a moment over how that one simple gesture could make her heart feel so full, before hand in hand they headed back into the house.
“How's the tea?” Abby asked as they sat round the table in awkward silence.

“It's delicious,” Lexa smiled politely.

“She's lying, Mom. Lexa doesn't drink tea,” Clarke stated and gave her a look. She widened her eyes in frustration because she really wanted Abby to like her and if drinking her tea helped, she'd do it.

“Clarke,” she huffed under her breath, “trying to make a good impression here.”

“Tell me what you do like?” Abby smiled awkwardly, “I don't mind making something else, Lexa.”

“Seriously, tea is fine,” she mumbled a little, blushing.

“I'll get you a glass of water,” Clarke's warm hand cupped her chin and she smiled at her affectionately. Lexa nodded—surprised at Clarke's open touching, but also pleased by it. Abby, who was watching the entire exchange with eagle eyes, was obviously less comfortable, her eyes widening slightly when Clarke touched Lexa before she looked down at the table. The silence stretched as Clarke moved about the kitchen, getting a glass, filling it with water from the fridge and slipping back into the chair beside her, resting her head on her shoulder for a moment.

“So, Lexa is your mystery person?” Abby burst out, the tension apparently too much for her.

“Don’t be coy mom—you obviously know the answer to that,” Clarke said calmly, but then answered anyway. “Yes, Lexa is my mystery person, my girlfriend. The person I've been alluding to.”

“Are you gay, Clarke?” Abby asked, voice thin and reedy.

“I'm bisexual,” Clarke said and Abby didn't say anything, “it means I like both.”

“Oh,” Abby seemed to let out a huge rush of air, and it looked and sounded suspiciously like relief. Clarke's eyes narrowed and Lexa kept chanting Clarke's mantra from earlier in her head, ‘smell the flowers, blow out the candle, smell the flowers, blow out the candle.’ Lexa was fully aware that she had a million things she wanted to say, but that this was Clarke's conversation.

“You seem relieved?” Clarke stated, expression becoming slightly hard and defiant, body tensing.

“Well, just that maybe this is…I mean…” Abby stumbled on her words as she looked at them both. “I mean, I know you're with Lexa now, but…”

“After I'm done I can meet some nice guy and settle down?” Clarke filled in.

“No…I just…” Abby fidgeted, mouth gaping a little as she tried to pull her foot from where it was wedged in her throat.

“Look let me make this clear for you. I'm bisexual. I always have been, I just didn't realize it or I don't know. I didn't recognize it until I fell so wildly in love with Lexa that I couldn't deny it any longer. We've taken this slow. But I'm sure about who I am. If you're going to be supportive while sitting there waiting for me and Lexa to break up so you can have a daughter in a nice heterosexual relationship, well think again. Even if we ever did break up I'd still be bi and there'd be a chance the next person I dated would also be a girl.”

“I didn't mean it like that…but honestly, what are you expecting here Clarke? This was supposed to be a nice weekend for your father's birthday and you drop this…this…huge bombshell on us…”
“Right,” Clarke nodded tightly and her hand found Lexa's. Lexa squeezed it, her eyes fixed on her girlfriend. “I'm sorry. I didn't realize I had to hide who I am and who I love so that we could have a nice family celebration. Maybe I should have told you at Christmas...no, no probably not. That would ruin the holidays,” she glared at her mother.

“Clarke, try and put yourself in our shoes...”

“Your shoes?” Clarke's voice was low and dangerous. “I'm sorry it's so hard for you to hear that your daughter is wonderfully happy. That she's in love. That she's in a relationship with someone who's her best friend. Someone who looks after her, who supports her, who makes her smile, and keeps her wildly satisfied. It must be devastating for you to have a daughter who's successful in life and happy—where did you go wrong? I'm sorry being me and being happy ruined dad's birthday.”

“Clarke, I'm trying,” Abby burst out.

“Yeah, but I'm not sure what you're trying to do exactly? Trying to accept me for who I am and who I want to be with, or trying to talk me out of it?”

Abby sighed and looked to Lexa, “Tell me more about you, Lexa? What do you do when you're not...playing in your band?”

“Well...uh,” she looked at Clarke whose head was bowed, then back at Abby. Their fingers were entwined and Clarke tugged them to her lips, before kissing Lexa's knuckles and then looking at her with a soft smile and a small nod, “well, I actually...” Lexa didn't feel like it would be great to say she didn't work, not by conventional standards, though she obviously worked very hard.

“Mom, Lexa is a songwriter. She spends her time writing songs,” Clarke looked back at her mother, eyes somewhat mutinous, aware of her mother's disapproval. While Lexa loved Clarke's defense of her, and could entirely understand her feelings of defiance and frustration, she desperately wanted this to go well for Clarke and tried to soothe her by rubbing her thumb over the girls knuckles.

“And what does Lexa do to pay the bills?” Abby asked, reacting to Clarke's tone, with a strongly pissed off parental tone of her own.

“She writes songs and music,” Clarke was obviously just as pissed.

“Clarke,” her mother warned.

“Dr. Griffin, my band is really quite successful, as I indicated earlier. I earn enough money from our first album, from gigs and the tour we did last year to not work. It's a lot of work getting the songs together for an album and we're going to be recording one soon.”

“They're actually in the studio recording for the next few weeks,” Clarke put in, a little petulantly. Lexa couldn't help but think it was sweet how defensive she was.

“So, you're away a lot?” Abby said, and Clarke glowered at the nit picking.

“We tend to do local shows. I haven't been away for a long time. Only east coast shows which we fly in and out,” Lexa remained calm.

“Is that hard for you?” Abby looked at Clarke.

“No,” Clarke answered succinctly. “What's hard for me is this,” she gestured to her mother. “Bellamy was unemployed that Christmas and you didn't give him the third degree. Lexa is massively successful and you do.”
“I know Bellamy,” Abby said tightly.

“So, get to know Lexa the way you would if she were my boyfriend and not a girl you're suspicious of. Stop making every question about whether she's good enough for me. She is. The only real problem you have is that she's a girl,” Clarke was breathing hard.

“Clarke, it's okay,” Lexa reached her hand to cup her girlfriend's face. “Look at me,” she urged and finally Clarke did, her blue eyes glassy. “Give her some time, okay. I understand why she wants to vet me. I told her I planned on sticking around.”

“You did?” her smile was cute, little and cautious, but as always Lexa felt her own in response.

“Yeah,” she pressed her forehead to Clarke's and sighed softly when their lips pressed together. After a moment, Lexa drew back, not wanting to be inappropriate in front of Abby. Her girlfriend's breathy sigh didn't help. Lexa turned to Abby, “I know my work is unconventional, but I'm good at it. Clarke hasn't asked me to support her financially, but I could if that's what you're worried about. I'm around for her emotionally too. And I get it. I'm not conventional—the band, the tats, the bike and to top it all off I'm a girl. But most of the time it's just Clarke and I hanging out, doing our work together, talking and laughing like idiots.”

“It is?” Abby's eyes had locked with Clarke's.

“Yes, mom. I'm sorry this has come as a shock, and that I ruined dad’s birthday or whatever, but I love you guys and I wanted to share the person I love with you. Mom, I'm not sorry for being who I am. I've never been happier. It's so good to finally understand myself. It's so good to be with Lexa. She makes me so happy. Can't you just be happy for me?”

Lexa looked between Abby and Clarke, watched the older woman's eyes fill with tears.

“I am, Clarke. I just...it'll take a bit to adjust and you know what?”

“What?” Clarke asked and Abby's shoulders slumped, and she rubbed her face with her hand.

“The truth is I'm ashamed at myself. I always told myself, hell your father and I told each other, that as long as you were happy and not harming yourself or anyone around you, then that was good enough for us—we'd support your choices whatever they were. That's all we've ever wanted and now here with you today, I fail...” her voice cracked, “you bring your girlfriend home to meet us, being just so brave. And I fail at being the parent I thought I was,” Abby swiped at her eyes. “I love you Clarke. And your happiness is the most important thing. If this beautiful girl is the person who makes you happy then I support you one hundred percent,” she raised her head and Clarke stood, moving around the table and she draped herself over her mother. Abby turned in her chair, stood and they hugged tightly.

“I love you mom,” Clarke mumbled.

“I love you too.”

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“And he hasn't come back?” Octavia's eyes were so wide it was nearly comical. Except that the situation wasn't funny. There was nothing comical about Jake's continued absence or Clarke's woeful
expression. Abby on the other hand had pulled it all together. They'd ordered pizza when Bellamy, Raven and Octavia arrived, and she had ceased her pointed inquisition, and was actually treating Lexa like the sun shone out of her ass. It was nice, or it would have been if Jake had been there too, and Clarke wasn't so forlorn and stressed. Oh, she was doing a stellar job at pretending, but Lexa knew her too well to miss her frequent glances to the front of the house and the clock on the mantelpiece.

“No,” Lexa answered Octavia. She had given them a brief outline of what had happened while Abby was in the kitchen and Clarke the bathroom.

“What the hell is his problem? I thought Abby would be the tricky one, but I'd swear she fancies the pants off you too,” Raven gave a small shake of her head.

“Well, not at first,” Lexa explained, “but yeah, she's pulled it all together.”

“Poor Clarke,” Octavia sounded truly gutted for her friend.

“Oh come on—give the guy a break,” Bellamy was shaking his head at them, “he just found out his daughter likes pussy as much as him…that takes some adjustment.”

“Fuck off Bellamy,” Octavia growled.

“Say that in front of Clarke and I'll thump you,” Lexa warned, “the guy has made his daughter feel like she's not good enough because she is sexually attracted to girls. What parent likes the idea of their child having sex with anyone? Abby said some fucking hurtful things but she didn't go anywhere, she struggled and then said the most important things—that she accepts Clarke, that she loves her and that her happiness is the most important thing. And she's trying with me. Clarke has been forced to draw her own conclusions about what her dad thinks.”

“Yeah but…” Bellamy and Lexa were staring at each other, the tension palpable.

“But what?” Lexa arched her eyebrows in silent challenge.

“You know how I feel about it. I couldn't care less who anyone wants to be with…well except maybe O…you guys know that. I'm just saying that sometimes it takes us all a while to readjust when the status quo isn't what we thought it was.”

“He's my dad. He's supposed to love me without question,” Clarke stated, slipping into the space next to Lexa, having returned from the bathroom and caught Bellamy’s thoughts.

“And I'm just saying he probably does,” Bellamy shrugged, “look, it took you a while to accept who you are, to really get it. It took Lexa a while to believe it. Fuck…the guy is having a moment. It doesn't necessarily mean his reaction is going to be bad,” Bellamy attempted and Lexa nodded with reluctant respect.

“He's right, Clarke. Your dad is probably out taking a walk and coming to the realization that he doesn't really care who you're with, so long as you're happy.”

“It's about whether he cares about who I am though, Lexa, because like we said to my mom, whether I'm with you or not will not change the fact that this is who I am.”

“I love you for who you are,” Lexa couldn't really offer Clarke reassurances about her father. The truth was there was no knowing what he would say when he returned. Empty promises of his love and understanding wouldn't help the situation, and so she gave the one declaration she could—that of her own love, which seemed to expand and fill every crevice of her being. Lexa used to hate the
phrase ‘fell in love all over again.’ It sounded trite, but fuck, she'd been proven wrong. Not only was it possible but where Clarke Griffin was concerned it was true for her. She loved Clarke and then fell in love with her again and again and again. Because Clarke wasn't a static person. She was constantly evolving into someone Lexa considered ever more wonderful. Not perfect, but perfect for her.

“I know you do,” Clarke was giving her a small smile. “Look at your eyes,” she curled into Lexa who frowned at her response.

“My eyes?” she wasn't sure what her eyes had to do with it.

“Heart eyes,” Raven stated helpfully, and Lexa turned to stare at her. “You stare at her like she's the most precious thing on earth.”

“Always have,” Octavia smirked.

“Well, now I…” she stuttered, looking at her lap.

“Have no defense?” Bellamy interrupted and Lexa felt her cheeks burn, but when Clarke giggled softly she couldn't care less about feeling embarrassed, because she desperately wanted to cleave the pain from Clarke and expel it. A giggle didn't do that, but it was something. Instead of responding she buried her face in warm blond hair and relished the feel of her hands stroking through her hair, as Clarke rested her cheek against her head.

“The pizza should be here soon,” Abby flopped down into an armchair.

“But dad isn’t…” Clarke began.

“Dad made a choice. Let's hope he returns in time for pizza. Now who's going to set up Pictionary?”

“I'll do it, Abby,” Raven headed for a cabinet and Lexa watched envious of how at ease everyone else was with Clarke's mom, and in the house.

“Tell me, Lexa—are you a decent artist?” Abby arched an eyebrow at her from across the room.

“Uh…no, not at all,” Lexa admitted.

“Play with me then,” Abby smiled warmly. “Come on.”

“No, me,” Clarke urged, grabbing Lexa's hand and looking a little lighter at her mom's warm behavior toward Lexa. “I'm a much better artist than my mom.”

“You got your talent from me!” Abby scolded. “So that's a ridiculous thing to say. And I want to get to know your girlfriend better. She's my teammate and that's that. You get Octavia,” Abby told her and Clarke smiled, and released Lexa's hand.

“Fine, take her, but I'm having her back when we're done.”

“The artists are splitting up the artistically inept,” Octavia explained what was happening as she pushed her body between Lexa and Clarke. Lexa stood, stared for a second at her pretty girl, before dropping to the floor beside Abby's chair, thrilled when Abby put a hand on her shoulder and leaned forward conspiratorially.

“Clarke thinks she's the best and technically she is,” Abby murmured under her breath, “but she's slow. Perfectionist on paper means slow, and slow loses Pictionary.”
“You're right,” Lexa breathed back. “Though watch out when it comes to people…she's brilliant.”

“True. Okay, listen—you just mouth at me what you're drawing and they'll never notice,” Abby winked and Lexa felt her mouth drop open.

“You mean cheat?” she breathed, wide eyed with surprise.

“We all do, it’s part of the game. Be vigilant and catch them. If you're caught you'll have to do a forfeit, so be careful.”

“Okay,” Lexa grinned. “I think I could be good at this.”

“Clarke will try and manipulate you. Be on the offensive,” Abby warned and Lexa looked to Clarke who was giving her a decidedly naughty flutter of her eyelashes.

“Good to know,” she said, her eyes falling to her girlfriend’s lips.

“Don't fall for it,” Abby reminded her, nudging her out of her trance and Lexa felt a surge of optimism for the future run through her at Abby's attempted bonding.

“Any other tips?”

“Use the category and guess, don't stop guessing until you either know what I'm drawing or the time's up.”

“You got it,” Lexa settled at the base of Abby's chair, tucking the cushion Abby handed her under her ass, and smiled.

***

Lexa lay in Clarke's bed, warm and contented with Clarke lying against her, the sound of her soft breathing lulling her into sleepiness. They'd played Pictionary for a competitive three hours and Lexa wasn't sure she'd ever laughed so much in her whole life. True to Abby's statement everyone had cheated outrageously. Octavia had blatantly shown Clarke the answers, Bellamy had written the words for Raven, and Lexa had mouthed as secretly as possible to Abby. The forfeits had been as ridiculous as the methods of cheating. For a full round, Bellamy had been tied to Abby because their birthdays were closest. Lexa had argued this unfairly affected her team member, but Clarke, who had caught Bellamy cheating, didn't care. Octavia was caught by Abby who'd clearly prepared beforehand and brought out a cake made of flour. Octavia had to plant her face in it to find a hidden piece of chocolate.

Lexa had been proud of herself when she'd finally been caught by Bellamy and forced to forfeit. Bellamy had clearly been proud of his forfeit, telling her she had to kiss her own shadow. Lexa had immediately known she'd have to kiss a wall or something equally as mortifying, until she had an idea. She flicked on the flashlight on her phone and told Abby to hold it, then stood and when she cast a shadow over Clarke she'd leant down and given her a soft chaste kiss. Clarke had tugged her closer and kissed her harder, only ending the kiss when everyone whistled. Face burning, she'd sat back beside Abby who'd actually congratulated her on foiling Bellamy's nefariousness attempt to make her look the fool. Abby's interactions with her were the best bit about the evening—they had bonded, and Clarke's expression at that was so cautiously optimistic and so openly happy, that Lexa forgave all of Abby's fumbling forays into the world of a daughter that wasn't heterosexual.
“Lexa” Clarke's soft voice broke the sleepy silence.

“I love you,” she responded to Clarke and felt her girlfriend smile against her neck. They'd headed to bed, washed faces, brushed teeth and slipped into Clarke's small single bed from childhood. Well, Clarke had. She had lain in the bed looking utterly angelic as Lexa had explored her old girlhood bedroom. There were two big bookshelves full of books, everything from the Hunger Games to the Alchemist, Harry Potter to every single Kurt Vonnegut novel every written, and comics Lexa had never heard of, though there were many of her favorites as well. She'd tugged The Watchman from its spot and looked at Clarke who'd nodded, and Lexa had put it beside the bed to reread. Next, she'd stared for several minutes at the artwork, though several minutes wasn't nearly enough. It was almost exclusively scenes of nature, except for a few silly comic strips of Clarke and her friends, which Lexa adored. There weren't many photos. Only a few photo booth ones of a younger looking Clarke and her friends, and a photo booth strip of her and her parents. It was a nice room. Tasteful with its fresh white sheets and bright blanket in various shades of blue. Lexa loved it, and tried to envision a teenage Clarke in the room flopping onto the bed after a day at school, curled up chatting to Octavia, or at her desk working or drawing. She'd only managed to tear herself away from her exploration when Clarke had opened her arms to her from the bed.

“My mom likes you,” Clarke whispered and pressed a kiss to her neck. It felt really nice.

“I like your mom,” Lexa admitted and when she yet again felt Clarke smile she clarified, “now. I was feeling kind of protective at first I admit it, and she was saying a lot of annoying things, but she definitely redeemed herself.”

“She did, and I know how much restraint you used, I know how protective you were feeling and I love you for all that and everything else today,” Clarke's kisses became a little more open mouthed and a small moan escaped Lexa, a moan that deepened when Clarke rolled herself on top of her and slotted her body between her legs.

“I can't have sex with you in your parent's house,” she whimpered.

“No?” Clarke asked, teeth digging into her bottom lip.

“Not this visit, not after today,” Lexa desperately wanted to when Clarke was staring down at her amid a waterfall of blond hair glowing in the moonlight, eyes shining.

“Hmm,” Clarke rocked against her and her breath caught momentarily. “You're such a good person Lexa. Do you have any idea how in love with you I am?”

“You could tell me,” Lexa momentarily forgot her no sex plea of mere moments before, and her hips arched into Clarke.

“Your head would get fat.”

“Meh, more room for my brain,” Lexa smiled and Clarke grinned and ground into her, her teeth clamping harder on her bottom lip as her eyes fluttered shut. “Fuck,” she hissed softly.

“I respect no sex,” Clarke pressed her lips to Lexa's neck, warm, wet kisses making her heart pound and her hips rise, greedy for more friction. “But we can make out, right?”

“Hmm,” she agreed. “You're okay though? About your…”

“I don't want to talk about that,” Clarke interrupted as she trailed soft kisses along her jaw, “I want to kiss my girlfriend.” Lexa wanted to ask more. She wanted to know how Clarke felt about the fact that her father hadn't come home. She knew that the girl wasn't okay, couldn't be okay, but Clarke
had ignored the issue all evening and seemed intent on doing so now.

“I…” she began but Clarke claimed her mouth in a heated kiss, hand sliding under her tank, brushing over her ribs and then smoothing around her boob and squeezing softly. Despite Clarke’s assertion that they wouldn't have sex, she was kissing Lexa with every dirty intention explicit in the swipe of her tongue and the pinch of her fingers, and the movement of her palm. Maybe they wouldn't be having sex but Clarke was making it abundantly clear that she wanted to, and as always Lexa was fucking putty in her hands. As Clarke ground down against her, her hips thrust up, legs wrapping around her and helping her move, by gripping onto her ass. Lexa shoved at Clarke's top, forgetting her qualms, desperate to keep those soft low moans coming from her girlfriend, desperate for her soft flesh in the palm of her hand, just desperate in general.

“I need to come, Lexa,” Clarke shoved at her tank up her so their chests brushed together and Lexa shivered at the sensation, a low moan in her throat as she flipped them. She paused for a moment.

“Clarke?” she wasn't sure what she was asking, but she got her answer when Clarke began to cry, fat tears welling up in the corners of her eyes and tracking down her cheeks. As she crumpled, Lexa lay down beside her and pulled her close, pushing her hair from her face and kissing the tear tracks, the moisture salty on her tongue.

“I'm sorry,” Clarke sniffed.

“Don't be silly,” Lexa pulled her even closer to her body.

“I don't normally cry during sex,” she sniffed.

“Clarke I'm not fucking worried about the sex, I'm worried about you,” Lexa pulled her closer, even though it wasn't like they could get greater proximity.

“I just…I can't believe he didn't come back, you know” she hiccupped softly, her face distraught. “He's my dad. And I know. I get it. I like girls and he wasn't expecting that, but fuck. Lexa…I'm the same person. But he just left…” Her voice cracked, splintered apart and she curled in close to Lexa who held her tight.

“I love you. And I know it feels awful. I really do.”

“I just…maybe I didn't think on it long enough, maybe I should have expected this. I mean I had fears because I knew there would be a reaction, and I thought maybe disappointment, but I don't know? I never expected him to just leave.”

“He hasn't left for good,” Lexa said and Clarke pushed herself away from her body and stared at her with wet eyes. “Okay, yeah, I don't know that. But I know you and I think that if he's the man you think he is, if he's the father you say he's always been, then he'll be back and he'll work this through with you.”

“You know that I'm happiest when I'm with you? Since practically the day we met that's been true,” Clarke whispered.

“You know that's true for me as well,” she pressed their foreheads together.

“I can imagine so many different versions of a life together with you,” Clarke admitted.

“You can?”

“Yeah,” Clarke smiled. “I imagine dropping the kids off at school and meeting the other parents and
them asking what my husband does. I imagine telling them that my *wife* is in a band. I imagine their reactions from nonchalance to disapproval and I don't care, because in that fantasy I go home to you. I imagine us hiring a sail boat and traveling around the Greek Islands. I imagine living in our imaginary cabin by a beautiful lake. I imagine you getting your Grammy and looking to me in the audience, mentioning me in your speech and me just bursting with pride. I imagine the comments we might get, the stares, and they hurt and I hate them, but I have you and I'm happy. I can't imagine a future when I'm not happy with you.”

“Clarke,” Lexa could only croak her name. No one had ever wanted a life with her, not like Clarke was describing.

“I want my dad's support Lexa. I want him to apologize and love you for the wonderful person you are. I want him to take us to lunch and introduce his daughter and her girlfriend with pride. But if he doesn't? I still want you. I want his support, but even if he disowns me, I just…can't be happy without you.”

“Fuck, I love you,” Lexa whispered, blinking back tears. “I fucking love you so much it aches everywhere inside.”

“I think considering I need you more than anything, that's a good thing,” Clarke clung onto her, “it's funny…” she said and Lexa waited for her to continue but she didn't.

“What is?”

“The fact that I feel safest, happiest, most whole when I'm with you.”

“It's funny?” Lexa teased.

“Yeah, funny,” Clarke persisted with a smile that contrasted with her red rimmed eyes and tear stained face. “Because I've only known you for eight months and I kind of get the whole, can't live without you romantic, crappy, smultzy bullshit.”

“You say the sweetest things,” Lexa teased softly, her emotions betraying the tease, as she held Clarke tighter and pressed a warm kiss to her cheek, then her lips.

“Can I crawl inside of you and live there forever?” Clarke asked sleepily.

“Yes,” Lexa responded at once.

“Thank you, for being you. For being here for me, for everything.”

“I love you Clarke. Thank you for loving me back.”

“Fuck we're pathetic and gross,” Clarke whispered into her shoulder.

“Yeah,” Lexa agreed, “we are.”
Hey everyone,

Sorry this is late:) I hope this is worth the wait :-x

Chapter Sixteen

Something was tickling Lexa's nose and causing it to twitch. The tickling sensation intensified and she was fairly certain she was going to sneeze. She brushed her hand across her face, and finally opened her eyes at the throaty giggle that followed.

“Hey,” she smiled widely at bright blue eyes fixed on her.

“You're so beautiful when you sleep,” Clarke leaned over her. “So pretty and peaceful.”

“You're always beautiful.”

“Geez, Lex! Do you always have to be so goddamned smooth,” Clarke tsked, shaking her head. “I try and say something nice and you volley it back to the power of ten.”

“It's this thing I do,” she smirked, hand finding soft, smooth skin between the blonde’s pajama shorts and tank.

“Yeah, well enough,” Clarke grumbled and straddled her waist, staring down at her. Lexa's smile grew when the girl reached for her mint stash and popped one in her mouth, with a waggle of her eyebrows, before she descended to claim her mouth in a kiss, hands finding Lexa's wrists and trapping them to the mattress beside her head. The kiss was hard and heady and Lexa's hips lifted to find Clarke's warmth hovering above her just out of reach, as her tongue swirled and tangled with hers. It was hot as hell and Lexa mewled, fighting against Clarke's hold on her wrists. Considering her girlfriend had only just started going to the gym and she had been going for years, the girl had a ridiculously strong grip on her. “Nope,” Clarke stared down at her and dropped her hips for a moment rubbing against Lexa blissfully.

“Fuck,” Lexa cursed, hips rising again, but meeting air. “You're torturing me,” she whimpered.

“Am I?” Clarke bumped her nose against hers. “You see I find it torturing when my fucking unbelievably gorgeous girlfriend has to up the ante on each and every compliment I give her. Because I happen to think that you're amazing, the best and most beautiful girl I've ever, ever met.”

“I could never, ever be as gorgeous as you. Sometimes I forget to function I'm so busy staring at you.”

“For fucks sake, Lexa, stop,” Clarke huffed. “I get to give you one compliment and you don't return it to the power of ten and then I'll fuck you.”

“Clarke,” her body arched at the words. “Fuck, please…”
“Glad to see you no longer care about doing it in my parents’ house!”

“You don’t care, I don’t care,” she tried to free her hands.

“You’re the most beautiful girl in the world,” Clarke told her, brushing her lips softly against Lexa's. “I’m not as beautiful as you,” Lexa stared at Clarke's blond waves, and pretty eyes and felt her heart ache with love.

“Nope,” Clarke shook her head with an incredulous smile.

“Please, Clarke, I can't help it if I think you're amazing and gorgeous. I can't help it. You are.”

“I happen to think the same about you,” Clarke grumbled. “I think you're talented, and kind, and wonderful. I think you're patient and sweet. I think you're funny and interesting and really fucking clever.”

“I think you're the love of my life,” Lexa stated softly and Clarke collapsed on top of her.

“Fuck you,” she mumbled, before capturing Lexa's mouth in a soft kiss, giving Lexa all the friction she wanted, before kissing down her body, pushing her tank out the way and sucking a nipple into her mouth. Lexa's hips bucked and Clarke shifted so her thigh was pressing into her, as her tongue swirled around her nipple and she nipped, before lowering her kisses, over Lexa's abs, tongue dipping into her belly button. Lexa gasped and her hands clutched at blond waves which she pulled a little too hard when Clarke began tugging her sleep shorts down.

“Fuck,” she hissed, as Clarke's warm breath hit her right where she ached.

“You're so perfect,” Clarke murmured tongue running through her. Lexa gasped, thighs tightening for a moment around blond hair, “So beautiful,” her tongue swirled around her clit, as her lips enclosed it and she sucked it gently into her mouth.

“Fuck, fuck…” Lexa's head fell back as Clarke's mouth did unspeakably wonderful things to her clit as she intermittently trailed her fingers through her, but not into her. It was sweet, delicious, wonderful torture. “Clarke…”

“Problem?” Clarke's sultry voice from between her legs was just about the hottest thing ever and Lexa whimpered. “You're beautiful, Lexa, and all mine,” her tongue thrust inside of her, and Lexa's hips bucked up as she moaned. Clarke sucked and licked, tongue pushing into her repeatedly before she licked through her and nipped her clit, sucking it into her mouth hard as she pushed two fingers into her. Lexa groaned and her hips thrust up.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she gasped and Clarke released her clit with a soft kiss to it.

“Quiet, beautiful,” she brushed her lips against her as she spoke and Lexa moaned.

“Fuck,” she hissed in a softer voice, and Clarke sucked her clit back into the warmth of her mouth, tongue rubbing against it, as she began to thrust her fingers in and out, slow and hard. “Holy fuck…” Lexa could feel her body climbing up, everything responding to Clarke, her closeness, her tongue, her fingers, the soft noises she was making from between her legs. Clarke curled her fingers, a fucking expert at reaching that spot inside of Lexa, of reaching it and timing that with movements of her tongue that made her fucking wild.

“Clarke,” she thrust her hips up as fingers thrust and curled again and again, before, sensing the cues from her body, Clarke nipped her clit, squeezing it softly and sending Lexa crashing, “holy fucking
hell, Clarke…” she practically wailed as she came. Clarke brought her down gently, fingers slipping from inside of her and mouth taking their place, kissing, licking, tasting, before she moved back to Lexa's clit, nudging it with her nose. Then she brushed it with her tongue and Lexa felt the build again just from that. Clarke sensed it too and circled it with her tongue, before dropping her mouth back down and rubbing it with her fingers, smooth circles, a pinch, a squeeze, a brush over it, around it. All in time with her mouth, her tongue pushing into her and Lexa was a mess. “Oh my god,” she screamed in an uncontrolled way as a second orgasm ripped through her and then Clarke was moving up her body and straddling her thigh as her mouth latched onto hers.

“Too loud, baby,” she breathed into a kiss that Lexa knew tasted of her. Clarke moved against the thigh she raised, her whole body clearly ready judging by the sexy groans escaping into their increasingly messy kiss. “Fuck,” Clarke moved harder and Lexa's hands trailed under her tank to grasp at her beautiful breast, squeezing softly, thumb brushing over her nipple as Clarke's kiss failed all together as she thrust against her, before crying out, with a string of expletives and collapsing on top of her.

“Fuck, Clarke, I love you,” Lexa held her tight to her chest.

“I love you too,” Clarke smiled into her neck. Lexa loved it when she did that, the change in her facial expression writing itself against her skin.

“I'm sorry I was loud.”

“Their room is far enough away. Who cares anyway?” Clarke asked.

“You do,” she pointed out as blue eyes looked at her.

“All I cared about just then was getting in a compliment without some smooth as shit compliment coming back at me from your perfect mouth. And I had success.”

“It's hard to function when your mouth is on me,” Lexa admitted.

“Hmm,” Clarke murmured, nuzzling back in. “I love having my mouth on you.”

“How you feeling this morning? About everything?”

“Okay I guess. Ready for a conversation with my dad, whatever it may hold. I mean nervous but ready.”

“I'm here if you want me.”

“I always want you. And need you,” Clarke murmured sleepily and for a few minutes they dozed.

“Clarke?”

“Yeah?”

“I'm really, really hungry.”

“I know I've been listening to your belly's cacophony of sounds.”

“Wow, big words so early.”

“Big growls so early,” Clarke sassed back. “Come on let's go get breakfast.”

“Okay.”
The breakfast table was loud and unruly when they made it downstairs, hair wet from the shower and hands clasped together. Octavia, Bellamy and Raven were sat with steaming mugs of coffee and plates sticky with syrup and remnants of pancakes as they fought over bacon. Abby was stood at counter preparing a fresh pot of coffee.

“Morning,” she smiled, and Lexa saw her eyes drop to their joined hands and her smile turn just a touch less sincere. “Coffee? I know I need mine.”

“Yes please,” Lexa nodded, “can I, uh, help with breakfast?”

“Can you flip pancakes?” Abby asked.

“Lexa is the best at pancakes,” Clarke gushed, wrapping her arms around Lexa, and smiling into her neck. Lexa saw Abby shift, obviously uncomfortable with her daughter’s open affection, but the woman just took a deep breath and handed them coffee. Clarke took it but didn't release Lexa. “Did dad come home?”

“Yes, late though. He's still asleep.”

“Did he, uh, say anything?”

“He’ll talk to you Clarke. But maybe…don’t be so…” Abby flushed and gestured to the two of them.

“Don't hug my girlfriend?” Clarke asked with a scoff and Abby busied herself with the pancakes.

“I don't mean that I just, uh, I think you should talk to him, and maybe I don't know…He doesn’t know Lexa is your girlfriend.”

“Why wouldn't you tell him?” Clarke asked and Lexa tightened her arm around her, because her voice cracked.

“I didn't know whether I should,” Abby admitted, turning to look at them, eyes absorbing the way Clarke was leaning into Lexa, and how she was holding her daughter up. “Look, I'm new to all this. I don't know where the lines are. I don't know anything,” she tried to explain, voice strained, and the three sat around the table fell silent.

“She's my significant other mom. She just happens to be a girl. Treat her like the person your daughter is in love with. That's who she is. Don't act like it's somehow different to my ex-boyfriends because she's a girl. It's not.”

“Okay,” Abby nodded. “I'm sorry.”

“Well, in your defense she's so much more loved up than she was with any ex-boyfriends,” Octavia chirruped. “It can be a little off putting.”

“Says you,” Clarke peered over Lexa's shoulder at Octavia.

“Octavia is dating my friend. Lincoln, the drummer from my band,” Lexa explained.

“Ah,” Abby seemed to be loosening up which was good because Clarke still had to face her father.
"Is he handsome?"

"Yes," from the assembled masses.

"Right," Abby chuckled. "Okay, Lexa, you're on pancake duty and Clarke I need you to go grab the balloons from the study."

"Okay, mom," Clarke nodded as Lexa moved to take over the pancakes. "Oh," Clarke stated into the quiet room, "happy birthday dad."

Lexa turned to see Jake Griffin staring at his daughter and everyone else in the room staring at them.

"Clarke," he nodded curtly and moved past her, fetching a mug from the cupboard and pouring coffee, as everyone continued to stare in the oppressive quiet, the tension palpable. While everyone else stared at Jake, Lexa's eyes were fixed on Clarke whose expression spoke of her dismay as she watched her father's stiff back.

"Dad," her voice cracked.

"I'm going to drink my coffee on the deck," he mumbled and Lexa faltered because she saw a tear escape Clarke's eye. She dropped the spatula onto the counter and stepped close, taking her girl's hand. Another tear fell and then another and Lexa couldn't think because her heart was pounding so hard.

"This is my girlfriend Lexa. If you're interested, Dad?" she looked up, "Or maybe you'd rather we both leave and then you don't need to go to the deck to drink your coffee?" her voice was husky and broken by tears, and loud, sucked in breaths. Jake's shoulders hunched for a moment.

"I don't want you to go," he muttered into the wall. "I'm sorry, okay?"

"Can you at least look at me?" Clarke begged softly, and Lexa slid her arms around her, because Clarke had told him, and seeing her cry and hurt in that way was unbearable.

"I'm sorry," his hunched shoulders shook, but he didn't turn.

"Why can't you look at me? Because I'm in love with a girl? That's so, god, it's so fucking disappointing."

"I'm disappointing?" Jake turned at last, but his eyes were narrowed. "I'm disappointing?"

"By that I'm guessing you're saying you're disappointed in me, huh?" Clarke steeled her expression and gave a small nod of acceptance.

"I'm disappointed that I have to explain to my friends, my mother that my daughter is a…I'm disappointed I won't get grandkids, and a wedding, and I'm disappointed you lied to us…"

"I'm sure that must be very hard for you," Clarke stuttered.

"Jake," Abby put a warning hand on his arm but he shook it off.

"I want to be supportive, but why lie? Why not tell us? Why let us think we got a normal kid and then spring this on us?"

"Normal?" Clarke's tone was dark and Lexa was shaking with barely concealed anger.

"Clarke," Jake pinched his nose. "I didn't mean that."
“No, I'm sure you did,” Clarke answered carefully. “I think Lexa and I will head off. I hope you have a good birthday,” Clarke shook her head and Lexa knew she was done, that even though this was not what she wanted, she was done.

“Clarke, please wait. I don't know why I feel like this. I don't even know what I'm feeling. I just…” Jake's voice cracked and he and Clarke stared at one another.

“You just?”

“I always thought I'd be fine with whoever you are and I'm just, I don't know…grieving.”

“I'm in love with a girl, not dead,” Clarke didn't sound as sympathetic as Lexa expected her to be.

“I'm grieving for my little girl, Clarke.”

“You mean your heterosexual little girl?” Clarke stared at him and Lexa knew she was squeezing her hand way too hard, but it was hard to control her temper, hard not to lose it on her father. “Because I'm still the same person.”

“Clarke,” he sighed, “I just…I had dreams and they have been obliterated and I just need some time to reconcile this new person you are with the old Clarke.”

“Okay Dad, I'm gonna lay this out straight. I am exactly the same person I've always been, I'm just being honest about who this person is. You have a problem because I want to have sex with someone who has a vagina instead of a penis? Seriously? You're worried about what your friends will think, your mother? You're worried about you. The old Clarke and the new Clarke are the same. I'm in love with Lexa and I can't see that changing. I fantasize about a wedding to her, kids with her, vacations in the sun with her. I never lied, I just didn't recognize this part of me. And I'm afraid I can't stay for your birthday if this is how you feel. I don't want Lexa here if that's how you feel. I'm sorry Mom. But Dad, if you can't accept me for exactly who I am, at this moment, I can't really accept you.”

“Look, Clarke, I'm not trying to hurt you,” he gave a defeated sigh.

“You're not? You’ve been acting like I did this to hurt you!” Clarke was clearly angry, her nails digging into Lexa's hand.

“You did,” her father looked at her, and to Lexa it seemed to be packed full of disapproval. She squeezed her girlfriends hand, only vaguely aware of the tension radiating from every other person in the room.

“Right, right. I hurt you because I realized who I am and you don’t like that person.”

“You’re in a relationship with a girl!” he accused and Lexa winced at the bitter, sardonic laugh that escaped Clarke.

“Jake,” Abby's tone held a warning.

“Do you hear yourself, dad? I’m in a relationship with a girl. Her gender is literally the only thing that’s a problem. You are literally holding her gender against her. If she were a guy you’d be getting to know her, listening to her band’s music, and slapping her on the back when you realized how insanely awesome she is and how much she loves me.”

“But she’s not a guy,” Jake pointed out tightly, “and being in a relationship with her is not the same as being in a relationship with a man.”
“No, it’s better,” Clarke snapped, her face red and her voice tight.

“That’s not helpful Clarke,” Jake sounded incredibly patronizing and Lexa imagined it was the voice he’d used frequently when Clarke was a child.

“It’s not helpful that you disagree with the person I love because she has a vagina and not a penis.”

“Clarke!” Jake shouted her name in reprimand, his cheeks red as his mouth set in a thin line.

“What?” Clarke glared at him, “you are being so patently homophobic. It’s my life. You don’t get to dictate the goals you have for my life, you get to support me in meeting my goals. You don’t get to be disappointed when they’re different from how you anticipated. Lexa makes me happy. I love her and she loves me. I’m going to be with her whether I have your approval or not. The real question is whether you want me in your life or not because I won’t give her up -- not for you.”

“Of course I want you in my life,” Jake sounded withered as he rubbed his face before looking at her with shining eyes, oblivious to the others in the room.

“Then…” Clarke sucked in a breath clearly close to tears and Lexa wanted to hold her, hug her close and protect her, but she had to let this conversation happen. “Then you have to accept my sexuality.”

“Are you gay? I just…I don’t know…” Jake looked at his feet, his negative thoughts clearly visible on his face.

“I’m bisexual. I’m attracted to both genders.”

“So, there’s a chance you might end up with a man?” he looked up, suddenly optimistic, but not like Abby had, it was somehow more insulting.

“I guess,” she shrugged, “but honestly I can’t see it happening.”

“Why not? You said you like both, so that means…” Jake challenged.

“Because I’m in love with Lexa.”

“And that might change…”

“Dad…I’ve never felt like this before. Not ever. She’s my best friend,” Clarke said, her gaze flicking to Lexa, their eyes connected for a moment.

“Are you sure that…I don’t know…maybe you’re just confused? A few kisses can be confusing and…”

“Dad, we have sex. It’s not a few confused kisses with my best friend. It’s a romantic, sexual relationship that is the most serious relationship I’ve ever had,” Clarke didn’t even seem embarrassed, just desperate for her father to comprehend, and then hopefully accept.

“Oh,” his cheeks flushed.

“I know it’s not what you want to hear. It was one of the things I worried about when I told you -- that you’d picture the sex. Don’t. But seriously, why was me having sex with Bellamy any different?”

“I didn’t like that either, but it just was different.”

“Lexa sleeping in my room with me is no different than Bellamy, except for the fact that I’m far more
serious about her than I ever was about him.”

“Your mother let her sleep in your room with you? After she found out?” Jake turned to her mother sounding ridiculously outraged.

“Yes, my mother let her twenty-four-year-old daughter sleep in a room with her serious girlfriend. Why wouldn’t she?” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Abby, that’s really not something I’m happy with,” Jake glared at this wife.

“Why? Lexa isn’t going to get her pregnant!” Abby looked almost disgusted with her husband.

“Don’t blame Mom and don’t be so condescending. You have such double standards. Bellamy stayed in my room with your consent.”

“Jesus Christ, Clarke! You think I want my daughter and her lesbian lover having sex in the bed where I used to kiss her goodnight?”

“So, you’re fine with the idea of Bellamy and his penis but not Lexa and her vagina?” Clarke asked and Lexa wanted to scream how proud she was, that Clarke was really emphasizing that her father’s issue was with her gender and not her.

“Don’t be vulgar,” Jake chastised.

“Sex with Lexa isn’t vulgar. Being in love and having sex is the most beautiful thing in the world.”

“Can you even make love? How does that even work?” Jake was clearly exasperated and his anger and frustration were flowing out. Clarke sucked in a breath.

“That’s enough, Jake,” Abby all but yelled, taking his arm and glaring when he flicked her hand away.

“I’m not going to apologize, Dad,” Clarke said when the silence stretched. “Maybe you want me to, but the truth is that if I apologize I’m legitimizing your disappointment and I can’t do that. I am who I am. I was born this way and your disappointment, your hurt, it’s not going to be legitimized by me. I am proud of who I am. I’m proud of my relationship. I love my girlfriend. I’m in love with her.”

“Clarke,” Jake took a step toward her and Lexa flinched defensively, she couldn’t help it. Abby pulled Jake back.

“You need to get over whatever problem you have Jake, because I’m not losing my daughter because you can’t cope with the fact that she’s in love with a girl.”

“Thanks Mom,” Clarke raised her chin.

“A very nice, intelligent, beautiful girl,” Abby added.

“Thanks Dr. Griffin,” Lexa blushed, despite her tense, on edge nerves.

“Look, we’re going to head off, okay?” Clarke said quietly and Abby nodded.

“Are you sure, Clarke?” she spoke softly as well. “I get it, I do, but don’t leave for me. I’m okay. If you’re leaving for you then I’m with you. You know that, but be sure.”

“I’m sure,” Clarke turned to her and took both her hands. “I’m so, so glad I met you.”
“Likewise,” she nodded, a small smile breaking free.

“I understand, girls,” Abby nodded. “You are always welcome here, Lexa.”

“I, uh, think we’ll go with them,” Octavia stated from the table and Lexa was proud of Clarke's friends who’d already stood, prepared to leave to demonstrate their support, however awkward it might be.

“Thanks,” Clarke sniffed and Lexa pulled her close, pressing a kiss to her head. “Let’s go.”

“Okay,” she nodded, held her tight and then released her, feeling Clarke's warm hand slip into hers.

“Right behind you,” Bellamy stated softly.

“Yep,” Raven cast a last furtive glance at Jake. At the door, Lexa cast one last look back at Clarke's father, his eyes glassy and his shoulders hunched. She almost felt sorry for him but she knew that the words he’d spoken would always be part of the fabric of who Clarke was from now on, no matter what followed. That fact saddened her.

Lexa was loading their stuff onto the bike as their friends stuffed bags into Raven’s jeep. Clarke was standing in her mother's arms, and Lexa honestly wished she could leave her there for a bit because she was fairly certain that Abby's comfort and support meant a lot, especially in the absence of acceptance from her father. Lexa could hear them talking in soft voices, before Raven, Octavia and Bellamy interrupted to say goodbye.

“Gotta support Clarke,” Lexa heard Bellamy say.

“Absolutely you do,” Abby agreed.

“It's just the way it is, but we're sorry you got everything ready for the party and it won't happen now,” Raven shrugged and hugged Abby.

“You lot aren't the problem,” Abby hugged her back.

“Talk to him,” Octavia encouraged, as she hugged Clarke's mom. “Lexa makes Clarke happy. The happiest we’ve ever seen her. And I mean happier than Bell, happier than anyone. They're not going to break up.” Lexa felt her cheeks warm at Octavia's words, and her heart expand.

“We're not,” Clarke concurred, shooting a small smile over her shoulder at Lexa who knew she was busted for listening in, but nodded her agreement.

“Hopefully we can all do this at Christmas when Jake has stopped being an idiot,” Abby offered and with that Clarke's friends were climbing into Raven's jeep and heading out. Then Abby was walking Clarke to Lexa's bike.

“It was really, really nice to meet you Lexa,” Abby stated pulling her a little awkwardly into a hug, Lexa took it though because Abby was trying and working through her discomfort with admirable effort.

“It was great to meet you too, Dr. Griffin.”
“Abby. Call me Abby,” Clarke's mom insisted.

“It was great to meet you, Abby,” Lexa flushed a little as she said it.

“You'll ride safely?” Abby asked and Lexa understood her concern.

“I promise. I'm very, very careful. I love Clarke. I don't want anything to happen to her.”

“Yeah, I can see that you do,” Abby admitted with a wry smile, and Lexa felt her face burn to the tips of her ears. “That's a good thing,” Abby smiled wider at her blush.

“Stop embarrassing her,” Clarke protested a little playfully.

“I'm sorry I wasn't great with the news to start with Clarke,” Abby stared her daughter in the eye, “I wish I'd said all the right things and…”

“Mom, you were good. Great,” Clarke reassured and hugged her mom again, then climbed onto the bike behind Lexa, pulling on her helmet and then wrapping her arms tightly around Lexa. Lexa kick started the bike and was about to rev away when she saw Jake running from the house, shouting over the noise of the engine. She turned the engine off and his voice became audible.

“Wait, wait…”

Lexa pulled off her helmet and sensed Clarke do the same. When Clarke didn't climb off, Lexa didn't either. Clarke's hand was under the back of her jacket and gripping onto the edge of her pants, fingers actually on her ass.

“Clarke! Please. I need to talk to you. I'm sorry. Can we, I don't know, go somewhere and talk?” Jake was stood there, staring at his daughter and avoiding looking at Lexa, which she kind of got. She was the one fucking said daughter. Jake was shaking a little, and he looked uncertain, slightly out of control—panicked. Lexa felt Clarke's arms wind around her waist.

“Do you mind?” Clarke asked softly, warm breath tickling her ear.

“Never,” she responded at once, her hand finding Clarke's and squeezing, before the girl slipped from the bike, unzipping her leather jacket and hanging it on the bike, placing her helmet down carefully and heading toward the house with her father.

“Looks like you're stuck with me,” Abby smiled and they both shifted slightly uncomfortable at the prospect of unexpected alone time. “I don't suppose you want to go out for ice cream?” Abby asked and it was a lovely suggestion, but Lexa's eyes fixed on the house behind Abby. “Huh, I get it, you want to stay here in case Clarke needs you?”

“Yes,” Lexa gave a little shrug.

“How about we get us some lemonade and we sit on the front porch and you tell me about how you and Clarke got together?” Abby grinned andLexa's mind flung back to that first, hedonistic, kiss in that bar when they were both tipsy and Clarke asked if she would kiss her.

“That’s quite the story,” she admitted.

“Knowing my daughter, I imagine it was!”

“Yeah,” Lexa smiled.

“I can't deny that I knew you were special to her. She was full of stories about you from the moment
you met at that party at New Years,” Abby walked alongside her to the house.

“We instantly hit it off. I've never had such an instantaneous friendship. I mean Clarke, she just insisted we were friends. I'm not as socially confident as her, but with her it didn't matter. We both love comics, and music, and we laughed a lot.”

“So, you're gay? You said, but I know there's a whole range of different sexualities and…”

“I'm a lesbian, yes,” Lexa answered with a nod, as they sat beside each other on the front porch swing.

“And Clarke knew that when you met?”

“Not for the first couple of weeks no,” Lexa grinned. “I mean not explicitly. It’s not like I hid it. I mean she mucked around on my guitar and there are a bunch of, uh, stickers on it that should have tipped her off. I wasn't sure whether she knew or didn't. I mean our friendship was always flirty and affectionate, so I wasn't sure if she was into girls too, you know?”

“I know,” Abby nodded, “so, tell me about when she found out?” Abby smiled and the smile reminded Lexa of Clarke. Clarke who was talking with her father. Hopefully a good talk. “In fact, let me get lemonade, and yes, I'll check on her for you, then tell me,” Abby suggested and she smiled thankfully.

“Thank you,” she gave a small nod.

“Lexa, I know I wasn't brilliant with the news at first, but all I've ever wanted is my daughter safe and happy. She's happy with you. For as long as you're in her life, you're in mine and I think we should be friends. There is no benefit to anyone, least of all Clarke, if we’re not.”

“Thank you,” Lexa stated again and smiled, feeling a surge of affection for the woman. “I’d like that. And I promise to always do my best to look after her and keep making her happy.”

Abby stared at her for a moment and then sat back down beside her, “Lexa, how did you end up in the system?”

“My mother left home one day when I was four years old and never came back. A neighbor found me after a couple of days,” Lexa raised her chin in defiance, an old habit she still held. Abby closed her eyes for a moment and nodded, before she looked back at her,

“And how were your foster homes?”

“Not great,” she answered honestly and succinctly, aware of the usual pounding heart that went alongside talking about her childhood.

“You were with a family until you turned eighteen?”

“Uh, no. From fifteen I was in a group home. I met Lincoln, the drummer in the band, there. Octavia's boyfriend. We're very close.”

“So, he's your family?”

“He and Anya. She's my actual cousin. She found me when I was eighteen through social services. She's in the band too. Indra as well. She's just a really good, stable friend.”

“And have you had other relationships?” Abby asked softly.
“A few. None that were very serious. There's one ex-girlfriend who was probably the most serious…”

“As serious as Clarke?” Abby clarified and Lexa shook her head.

“I want to marry Clarke,” her voice cracked on the words, “so no.”

Abby gave her a soft smile, “Clarke is special.”

“She is. I understand that. I respect that.”

“I can see that you do. You know I can see that you're special too?” Abby said.

Lexa shook her head, “No. Not really. I mean, I love hard but no.”

“I didn't just go to bed last night Lexa,” Abby smirked, “I went to bed and did some research. I can see how much you two love each other so I did what any mother should—I googled you. You're an extremely talented girl. And funny too. In interviews and on stage. You're sweet, and you have an absolutely massive following. So, I made a profile and followed my daughter on Tumblr, twitter and Instagram. She is apparently your biggest fan.”

“Wow,” Lexa hadn't expected that. She lowered her head, cheeks burning from the praise.

“You should be proud of yourself. Not everyone can manage a good relationship when they haven't had one modeled for them, but you…you're doing a great job. Keep talking, keep being honest and it'll be okay.”

“Yeah?” she looked up at Abby's kind face.

“Yeah. I don't always take my own advice, but I should.”

“I sometimes worry. I know Clarke wants kids, all of that. One day I mean. And I do too, I just, I don't know how to be a parent.”

Abby gave an amused chuckle, “Okay, well first off, you know that image, the one you probably have more than anyone else, of what family life was like for Clarke, or other people with 'loving homes’?”

“Yeah, I know the image,” Lexa nodded.

“Throw it away. It's a myth. Fantasy and make believe. Families, kids, juggling everyone else's needs and your own—it's hard work. There are the silliest fights in the world. There's worry and heartbreak, and your kids pain—it's like your own pain only multiplied by a hundred. The best thing you can do to parent well is relax, be honest, be kind, and love. Because love gets you through the sleepless nights, the bad moods and feelings of being overwhelmed. And when that perfect outing you had planned all goes to shit because Jonny fell over and is bawling, and Lucy won't stop winding up Peter, well you know what? At the end of it all, when they're in bed, you cuddle and remind yourself if doesn't matter. That the Hollywood portrayal of kids and families is myth and the reality is so much better. Harder, but better and with greater rewards. And Lexa, you will be great at it, because you love her. Because you want it. Because you, more than anyone, aren’t afraid of a little hard work.”

“Thank you, Abby,” Lexa sniffed, surprised by the lump in her throat.

“Don't break her heart because you think you aren't good enough. I've never seen Clarke like this
with someone, I've never known her so happy. You're good enough.”

Lexa looked down at her lap and breathed in and out. Abby's hand on her shoulder nearly broke her, especially when she pulled her close and hugged her.

“Clarke,” Lexa spoke over the top of Abby's reminiscence about one of daughter's science fair projects. It wasn't that she wasn't interested or listening, she had just felt a growing sense of unease not knowing how things were going for her girlfriend, so when Clarke appeared, all else faded except for her.

“Hey,” Clarke's eyes were red rimmed and Lexa was on her feet in a second and standing hesitantly in front her, hesitance born of the knowledge that people had walked away from relationships due to lack of family acceptance. Clarke however, threw herself quite literally into Lexa's arms, burying her face in her neck and pressing kisses there. “Can we go for a walk?” she asked.

“Of course,” Lexa agreed at once, ignoring the fear tightening her belly. Her heart raced because people asked their significant other to take a walk when they were about to end things. She didn't think Clarke was about to end it, but then again, she had no idea what her father had said.

“That okay, Mom?”

“Of course,” Abby nodded, eyes flicking between the two of them. “I'll go talk to your father.”

“Yeah, okay,” Clarke nodded and slid her hand into Lexa's tugging her up the street. “There's a small little wood up here. Tiny really. But we can walk through it, sit under the trees.”

“Sure,” she was relieved she'd stripped off her leathers because the sun was hot.

They walked in silence, enjoying the warmth on their skin. Clarke's fingers threaded through hers and it felt nice, but Lexa couldn't stop her internal panic from crescendoing.

“Please tell me you're okay? Please tell me we're okay?” she burst out. Clarke's response was to swing her body around and into Lexa's. She released her hand and wound both arms around her neck, drawing their faces together for a soft and tender kiss.

“I'm okay and we're okay. We're more than okay.”

“Good,” she closed her eyes for a moment, forehead against Clarke's as she breathed in and out. The feather light touch of Clarke's lips against hers, brought her back from her moment. “If you want to share, I'd love to know how it went?”

“Yes,” Clarke squeezed her hand. “Well, sort of. It wasn't easy. It was the opposite of easy, but he said that he's sorry. He said a lot of things. Things that won’t ever leave me. Wherever we go from now, those things—they're a part of who I am. Does that make sense?”

“Yes.” Unfortunately, it did.
“I had to explain that this isn't just a few confused kisses with my best friend again. I think he knows he's said all the wrong things, but he did say he loves me. He said that if I love you, then he's gonna have to deal with it.”

“So okay, but not perfect?”

“Better than nothing,” Clarke agreed sadly, and sighed. “I said we'd stay the night as planned. I hope that's okay? He said he wanted to talk to you, get to know you. It didn't seem to come from quite the same place as when mom said it, but it's effort in the right direction.”

“Of course we'll stay. I can deal with your dad. I'd rather he throws his anger at me than you anyway,” she shrugged.

“I know you would. That's one of the many reasons I love you so insanely,” Clarke kissed her.

“Do you think there'll be anger?”

“I think there'll be a few inappropriate comments. I think he'll freak out when we touch, so let's make sure we do so lots. And he's still obsessing over the fact that Mom let us share a room after she found out we were together, which is frustratingly hypocritical.”

“I can't deny that hearing that makes me feel oddly smug about the fact that you had your face buried between my thighs this morning.”

“Hmm, yeah, that was fun. Fucking good fun.”

“Fucking good fucking,” Lexa smirked and Clarke giggled.

“When do I get to hear all your songs about fucking me, Lex?”

“Anytime? I'll play them after dinner if you want?” she bit her lip to stop from laughing,

“Oh my god, please do,” Clarke giggled. “He can't prove that's what their about right?”

“You really want to risk it?” Lexa asked and Clarke pouted,

“No. But he deserves it. Can I say, for the record, that I'm extremely disappointed in my father?”

“You can.”

“I think my mom will be heading to pride next weekend with a T-shirt saying, ‘I love my bisexual daughter on the front, and I love her girlfriend too,’ on the back.”

“We'll get them a matching pair!”

“We have too,” Clarke laughed kissing Lexa again.

“Fuck but I adore you,” Lexa mumbled into the kiss.

“Yeah, mutual.”

***
Lexa was in the middle of rehearsing with the band, but when her phone dinged, she ceased tuning her guitar and pulled it from her bra.

Clarke: I picked them up!

Lexa: Oh my god, why aren't I there? Send me a photo.

Lexa tapped her foot, impatient for the photo, ignoring the roll of Indra's eyes as she made everyone take the break they didn't want, particularly Indra. Indra was all about action—record now, rest later. After a few seconds a photo arrived. Two T-shirts laid out. One showing the front which had Clarke's smiling face and the words, 'I love my bisexual daughter,' in pink, purple and blue lettering, and the other showing the back with Lexa's face and the words, ‘and I love her girlfriend too,’ in rainbow lettering. Clarke had designed them.

Clarke: What do you think?

Lexa: The shirts are awesome. Really. But they don't love me, you know?

Clarke: Mom does. And dad begrudgingly nearly likes you after you wooed him last weekend. He probably won't wear the T-shirt though. I admit it.

Lexa: Your mom will make him. God I'd love a picture of him in that shirt.

Clarke: I am still pretty gutted that I’m missing my first pride as an out bisexual and they’re going:(

Lexa: Your mom was so excited when she realized it was this weekend. You can go Clarke, you know I don't mind.

Clarke: Not without you! I’m coming to watch my sexy girlfriend record her new album. Otherwise I won’t get to watch. Indra won’t allow it.

Lexa: I'm sorry we miss it. I really am:( At least we'll be together right, baby?

Clarke: Can we have lots of sex to celebrate?

Lexa: We'll have the gayest sex imaginable.

Clarke: Isn't it the gayest sex imaginable by virtue of the fact that we're both girls?

Lexa: I think we can gay it up, Clarke.

Clarke: How?

Lexa: Candles. Tons of candles.

Clarke: I wasn't aware candles had a sexuality?

Lexa: They do. They're gay. Really fucking gay.

Clarke: How else will we gay it up? (And I'm totally up for candles.)

Lexa: Silky nightdresses.

Clarke: No! I don't buy that. That's a male lesbian fantasy not actually gay!
Lexa: Smart girl. I was testing you.

Clarke: So how do we make it gayer? I want it to be exceedingly gay.

Lexa: Well in addition to the candles we can put my rainbow sheets on the bed.

Clarke: You have rainbow bed sheets? Really?

Lexa: They were a gift:) 

Clarke: From who? And why have I never seen them?

Lexa: From Linc. And they're for special occasions.

Clarke: Was our first time not a special occasion? *Sniff sniff*

Lexa: Of course it was. It was just unexpected and after that I didn't really want to scare you off!

Clarke: Okay you're forgiven:-x Rainbow sheets, candles. What else?

Lexa: I have a few new positions in mind.

Clarke: Ooh, do tell?

Clarke: Please xxxx 

Lexa: I'd rather surprise you.

Clarke: I want to know! Please Lexa! Just the thought turns me on.

Lexa: Fuck Clarke, I can't talk about it with everyone around.

Clarke: You're not talking, you're typing.

Lexa: Fuck. Fine, I want you to sit between my legs, with your back against me. I want you really close. I'm going to kiss your neck.

Clarke: Mmmm sounds good, keep going.

Lexa: I'll slide one hand up to your chest.

Clarke: Mmm and the other?

Lexa: It'll trail it down, over your stomach, over your thighs, squeezing those gorgeous legs of yours.

Lexa: Fuck, this is turning me on.

Clarke: Come home.

Lexa: I wish. I can imagine how your boob feels in my hand, God, I love pinching your nipples, I love how it makes you moan, and how you groan if I squeeze hard. I won't be able to resist pushing the other between your legs to feel how wet you are.

Clarke: Lexa, how am I so fucking wet from your words?
“Lexa, we've got to get back to it,” Indra stated bluntly. “We'll run out of time and you know it.”

“She's sexting her girlfriend,” Anya smirked. “Look at her face. It's so obvious.”

“Fuck off,” Lexa growled at her cousin, more irritated by the fact that she was right than the interruption.

Lexa: Are you alone?

Clarke: Yes

Lexa: Touch yourself. Please. Touch yourself and use your imagination. The others are on to me and won't shut up. Just know that I'd make you come hard.

Lexa: Come for me please.

Clarke: Lex, please don't go.

Lexa: Use your hand and pretend it's mine. Please. Then text me to tell me how it felt.

Clarke: Fuck, okay, but it better be your hand tonight,

Lexa: It will. And my mouth.

Clarke: Lexa, I'm so wet.

Lexa: And I'm clenching my thighs together because so am I. Fuck.

“Geez Lex, put down the fucking phone,” Indra rolled her eyes dramatically

“She needs to make Clarke come first,” Anya snorted.

“No problem,” Lexa glared at them.

“Big problem,” Lincoln interjected. “We gotta finish this in the next hour or we're off schedule by a day, not just hours.”

“Fuck the schedule,” Lexa huffed feeling ridiculously aroused and utterly powerless.

“Sorry, Lex, get your rocks off tonight,” Lincoln shrugged.

“You mean, get hers off tonight,” Anya cackled.

“I hate you all,” Lexa muttered and picked up her phone to see three messages from Clarke.

Clarke: I really wish you were here.

Clarke: Fuck, but your fingers feel so much better than mine.

Clarke: I'm going to come way too easy. Fuck.

Lexa: Clarke? Baby? I wish I was there. I wish it was my fingers pushing into you, feeling how wet you are.

Lexa clenched her thighs together, ignoring the pounding between them and waited.
Lexa: Clarke?

Nothing came through for several minutes. Lexa waited despite her friends huffing from where they were staring into their own phones.

Clarke: Holy crap, Lexa. Thanks for the amazing orgasm.

Lexa: You came?

Clarke: Indeed.

Lexa: Thinking of me?

Clarke: Thinking of you.

Lexa: I may just pounce on you tonight.

Clarke: You're very welcome to.

Clarke: Maybe check me for hot liquids first.

Clarke: And food.

Clarke: Just say hi, let me put down whatever I'm holding and then pounce.

Lexa: Your pillow talk is the best.

Clarke: Fuck off.

Lexa: I love you.

Clarke: I love you too.

Clarke: And thanks;)

Lexa: And F.Y.I, Clarke, pride night is going to be so gay you'll be seeing rainbows in your sleep.

Clarke: Big words, Lexa, big words!

Lexa: I can live up to them.

Clarke: Oh, I know you can gorgeous.

Clarke: Anya's told me to tell you that since I've come so you can get back to work. I came spectacularly, thanks. Back to work.

“Fuck off Anya,” Lexa growled.

“Your girlfriend is asking me how you're planning to make sex gayer? What the hell are you texting her Lexa?” Anya shook her head in confusion.

Clarke: I thought you said Indra is sweet?

“Indra, what did you text Clarke?” Lexa stared at her friend.
“I told her she needed to tell you to get back to work, and to hurry up.”

“I just want to text my girlfriend,” Lexa huffed, “I want to tease her about gay sex. For fucks sake, can’t you all stay out of it?”

**Clarke**: Linc suggested a blindfold, but I’m not convinced that’s going to make it gayer.

**Clarke**: Oh, okay, he says he has a rainbow scarf we can use.

“Linc, you traitor!” she glared at him but he just grinned impishly.

**Lexa**: I have to go. Apparently, I’m wrecking the schedule and I do want to be done with studio time.

**Clarke**: Yeah, I want you done too. I miss you.

**Clarke**: A lot.

**Lexa**: And believe me when I say that Saturday night will be the gayest sex you’ve ever had.

**Clarke**: Can’t wait xxxxxxx

**Lexa**: Love you, gotta go.

“All right you assholes, let's do this.”
Chapter Seventeen

Lexa was exhausted, she felt so tired that her body felt heavy and her eyes stung. Yet she couldn't behave like a normal person and go home and sleep. No, she had to behave like a love drunk idiot, and drag her sorry ass to the gym where Clarke was working out, because twenty-four hours without her girlfriend was more than she could possibly deal with, and Clarke somehow had the energy for a workout after spending all day at the hospital.

“Lexa!” Clarke's voice was ridiculously happy and baby like, as she immediately sashayed over from treadmill and pulled Lexa into a fierce kiss, hands slipping onto the skin between the top of her tank and her shorts.

“Mmm,” Lexa no longer berated herself for her decision, because Clarke was in her arms, and the way she'd said her name had done things to her heart. Lexa turned on the stool she'd slumped onto and let Clarke wedge herself between her thighs. A soft moan escaped at the feel of her girlfriend's fingertips tracking paths across her skin. “I love you.”

“Mmmm,” Clarke agreed, her moan lower and throatier, and directly connected to the area between Lexa's legs, because fuck.

“I missed you.”

“I missed you.”
“I hate working so hard.”

“Just another couple of weeks,” Clarke said but she pouted adorably at that fact and so Lexa kissed her again.

“I know,” Lexa mumbled pushing her hands into Clarke's blond waves and then pressing her head to her chest. “I'm just really glad you're staying at mine tonight.”

“Mmm, me too,” Clarke agreed, “I need to see you literally all the time.”

“Yes, all the time.”

“You seem to be attached to her all the time,” the voice of Victor, the gym manager, barely affected her girlfriend. Clarke merely wound her arms around her neck before turning to look at the bearded man who was smirking.

“Yeah, I'm pretty sure everyone gets why,” she sassed and wedged closer. “If not that's their problem.”

“Huh?” Lexa mumbled from where her face was pressed into Clarke's hair.

“They like to ogle you baby -- just like me. Also, because you're a hot, talented musician. This gym may as well be named Trikru.”

“That's not true,” Lexa protested, but Victor just gave a short laugh.

“I dunno kid,” he shrugged, "girls got a point."

“Well…” Lexa frowned but Clarke just kissed her before she huffed.

"I better finish," she grumbled and headed back to the treadmill.

“I may sit here for a while and rest my eyes,” Lexa yawned.

"Poor baby," Clarke blew her a kiss as she began to jog and Lexa watched her for a while, enjoying the view of her behind and her legs. Lexa rested her head against the wall. Her eyes felt heavy, but she had no desire to leave when Clarke was nearby and being cute as hell.

“Lexa, you're half asleep,” Clarke was smiling at her when she opened her bleary eyes.

“I don't want to leave, but I'm not sure I can work out.”

“No kidding!” Clarke laughed, "I'm nearly finished. Maybe twenty minutes, okay?” she reassured and Lexa liked to think she nodded, but wasn't entirely sure.

“I'll doze here until then.”

“Mmm, you do that baby,” Clarke pressed a kiss against her forehead and then was gone.

Lexa rested her eyes for a moment, unsure how much time had actually passed when she opened them again. Instinctively she sought out her girlfriend. Clarke who was doing a plank and the girl had her hand on her waist under the pretense of guiding her into the correct position, which was unnecessary because Lexa had taught her to do them perfectly and the girl was looking at Clarke like that. Lexa felt her heart begin to pound because Clarke flopped out of her plank, laughing at whatever this girl was saying and Lexa could see the girl's face, the pleasure and the attraction. Whatever she was saying it was most definitely flirty because she had that telltale tilt to her head and
that appreciative look in her eye—it was so damn obvious. Fatigue left her in an instant and she felt irritation and jealousy begin to pound in her belly, because Clarke was stood there talking to this girl, unaware of her interest and laughing good-naturedly but slightly awkwardly at whatever the fuck she was saying.

Lexa stood, and then swayed uncertainly on the spot. Then the stupid flirty girls hand landed on Clarke's forearm, somewhere it definitely didn't need to be, and her fingers brushed across the skin. Lexa saw red. Livid, she strode across to the machine, only just aware of Clarke pulling her arm away from the girl, and her obvious disinterest. She slid her arms around Clarke from behind and pulled her back against her chest.

“Can we go?” she breathed in her ear.

“This is my girlfriend, Lexa, who I was telling you about,” Clarke stated pointedly to the girl who just grinned cockily.

“I was just telling Clarke here how good she smells,” the girl had the audacity to say. Seriously, what the fuck?

“And I suppose you smelt her when you were unnecessarily assisting her?” Lexa huffed.

“She was trying to help,” Clarke breathed into her ear.

"She was gonna throw her back out," the girl supplied helpfully, winking at Clarke and increasing Lexa's ire.

“It's called soap,” Lexa glared at the girl, tone hard. ”And she wasn't.”

The girl actually laughed, “She was. Listen dude, she's a pretty girl, you can't blame me for trying my luck and asking.”

“Ask what?” Lexa wondered darkly.

“Forget it Lex,” Clarke urged but Lexa was too tired and jealous to forget it.

“If she's interested,” the girl put in helpfully.

“I'd tell you to go fuck yourself but I'm pretty sure you'd be disappointed,” Lexa hissed in a low voice, the thrum of jealousy overwhelming her. The girl backed away, apparently recognizing that her ‘all in good fun’ attitude wasn't being taken that way.

“Woah, okay, I was just having a laugh.”

“I'm not amused,” Lexa snarled.

“Okay,” Clarke wriggled free from Lexa and turned to face her. “Let's all take a breath. Strange flirty girl,” she looked back at the girl, “so not interested. You're cute and all, but no.”

“Shame,” the girl winked and Lexa flinched in her direction, blocked by Clarke who pushed her back toward the changing room, and then through into a shower cubical.

“Fuck,” Lexa hissed, still het up but fully aware that Clarke might not approve of her insane jealousy. “Fuck,” she growled again before looking up at Clarke who was staring at her with dark eyes.

“Yeah, fuck,” Clarke practically whimpered before whirling Lexa around and slamming her back
against the closed door, lips crashing into hers as her hands crushed into her boobs. Lexa released a soft grunt, slightly bewildered, before gripping at Clarke's ass and pulling her onto her thigh, moaning when Clarke slid hers between her legs and up against her. Clarke was relentless. Impatient and needy, tearing the buttons on her shirt apart so she could flick the cups of Lexa's bra down and wrap her lips around her nipple. The feel of her lips, her tongue, her teeth, had Lexa grinding down against her thigh, desperate for release, loving each thrust of Clarke's hips, each gasp, sigh and moan.

“Fuck,” Clarke nuzzled her breast before reclaiming her lips, tongue sliding into her mouth, the embodiment of dirty intentions, as Clarke snuck her hand between them, popping the button of her jeans and pushing her hand inside. When she hit soft, wet skin she groaned and Lexa's world tilted. Apparently frustrated Clarke pulled her hand away and shoved at her jeans, making room for her to move her hand freely, to fuck her hard and fast, as she ground against her thigh, her palm hitting Lexa's clit with each thrust of her fingers.

“Holy hell, Clarke,” Lexa's teeth found her girlfriend's neck, and she could feel her body already building because it was hot, and they were at the gym, and Clarke was panting, and grinding harder, and fucking her harder and it felt amazing.

“Fuck, Lexa,” Clarke's teeth nipped at her ear lobe and Lexa cried out, her whole body tightening as she pulsed around Clarke's fingers and came spectacularly.

“Shit, fuck, crap. Clarke,” she found breasts with her hands, teeth sinking into the skin between Clarke's neck and her shoulder, all as her girlfriend pulled her fingers from inside of her and brought them to her mouth, head tilting back as she licked them clean and ground down harder against Lexa's thigh. “I want to touch you,” Lexa begged.

“Fuck, I'm going to come Lexa,” Clarke ignored her begging, hands finding Lexa's breast, the other squeezing her ass, as Clarke thrust and then ground down hard, before groaning her released into Lexa's ear. “Oh my god baby,” she hissed and their mouths clashed together in a warm, messy kiss.

“Please let me touch you,” Lexa begged, hands circling Clarke's waist, only to be met by Clarke's giggle.

“People are out there Lex. I mean we're lucky no one tried to come in or heard…” she broke off with a stifled giggle as the door was rattled.

“Hello?” Victor - the gym manager, indicating that perhaps someone had heard and made a complaint.

“Crap,” Lexa mouthed and tugged up her underwear and jeans, eyes wide as Clarke dissolved into giggles. “He's the manager,” she tried to mouth but her girlfriend was heaving with the force of her laughter, especially as Lexa tried to hold her shirt together over her chest, the buttons littering the floor of the cubical.

“There's no fraternizing in the gym showers. It's part of your membership agreement. One member at a time.”

“Oh hey,” Clarke smiled blithely opening the door. “I was just showing Lexa the showers here because you know…she keeps insisting on showering at home,” she gave a nonchalant shrug and Lexa noticed the red mark on her neck, her messy hair, kiss bruised lips and mussed clothing, not to mention the breathless, husky quality of her voice.
“Clarke,” Victor sighed, “your girlfriend showers here every day. I can't ignore the rules just because Lexa is famous.”

“No one's asking you too, Victor,” Clarke gave him a look, “but no one's asking you to make assumptions about what was happening in this here cubical. I promise we respect the gym. No one respects the gym more than this girl,” Clarke squeezed her shoulder.

“I was just, uh, admiring the improvements to this cubical. Clarke says the door actually locks now,” Lexa tried to assist, frustrated that holding her top together failed her attempt at the outset.

“I'm sure,” Victor mused dryly, arms crossed. “Lexa…”

“You're not gonna kick me out? Awesome, I didn't think you'd want to do that, what with the healthy donations I make to the staff tip funds during the holidays and you know…how long I've been a member.”

“Of course I'm not going to kick you out,” Victor rolled his eyes, “I'm not stupid. I'm merely going to ask you to not fornicate on the premises.”

“Deal.”

“And you have no proof, you know?” Clarke decided to extend the awkward encounter.

“Sure, none at all,” Victor looked pointedly at the buttons on the floor.

“Let's go, baby,” Lexa grabbed Clarke's hand and after a quick shifty smile at Victor, edged passed him.

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“You work so hard,” Clarke stared at Lexa, clear adoration in her eyes, Clarke's hands trailing her forearms, her back, as her body leant in toward her so that they were very close. They'd spent the day at the studio, instead of the Pride Parade, thanks to Indra’s tightly programmed recording schedule. Lexa knew they'd scheduled the recording time months ago, but had still been really disappointed that it coincided with Pride. However, having Clarke come watch her had been amazing. The rest of the band had agreed to only one day with Clarke in the studio because they, quite rightly, considered Clarke to be something of a distraction. It wasn't like much more would have been possible with the craziness of her fourth year medical school timetable. Clarke had spent the day staring at her with dark eyes full of total adoration. Apparently she was fascinated by the whole recording process, even standing and watching the band pack away their instruments.

“I think your girlfriend is very attracted to you when you're playing music,” Anya stated helpfully, clearly amused and Lexa watched Clarke give her a virtual snarl of disapproval before she was back to nuzzling up under her chin, hands all eager and in the way, as Lexa clipped her guitar case shut.

“I think she's right,” Lexa placed one hand on Clarke's hip, and the girl sighed softly.

“I am so, so, so ready for our Pride celebration,” she admitted and Lexa's stomach lurched delightfully at the intent.

“You don't want to go meet up with your mom and dad at the concert downtown?”
“Nope,” Clarke shook her head.

“I mean, I know it's not the parade but you'd get to see your dad in the T-shirt?” Lexa waggled her eyebrows.

“With that silly frown all over his face, no thanks,” Clarke rolled her eyes. “And I have photos. Lots. I don't want a concert, or even post parade euphoria.”

“What do you want?” Lexa leaned in a little closer.

“You promised me the gayest sex ever. I want the gayest sex ever,” a small, probably involuntary, pout appeared on Clarke's face.

“Uh, fuck, Clarke. I've been in the studio every day,” she rushed and watched her girlfriend’s face fall.

“So, no rainbow sheets?” she asked and Lexa winced and shook her head.

“Did you at least get Lincoln's rainbow scarf?” Clarke's bottom lip was actually sticking out and Lexa leaned in to kiss it.

“I'm sorry,” she bumped her nose against Clarke's, who was clearly disappointed and doing her best to hide it.

“It's fine. I mean, there's next year. Or a different city. It's okay, you know.”

“Shit, Clarke, I'm really sorry,” Lexa took her hand. “I mean, didn't you say any sex between us is gay because we're both girls?”

“I don't know,” Clarke was physically deflated, her shoulders slumping and her chin tilted toward her chest. “I really just thought…I guess I was really looking forward to tonight. And you know, the idea that you'd make it special. Maybe that was really unfair because you know…I know you've been working so hard and I don't know when you would have sorted out anything, but fuck…”

“It can still be special,” Lexa rushed to reassure. “We'll get take out and make cocktails and I'll go down on you twice.” She watched Clarke consider her offer.

“Yeah, okay,” she accepted somewhat begrudgingly, a little mollified though her bottom lip was still protruding. “Sure.”

“You can be disappointed, Clarke.”

“It's just it was my first Pride…you know? When I'm proud and out and owning who I am.”

“I promise it'll still be special,” Lexa peppered her face with kisses.

“Will you still do the, uh, different positions?” Clarke looked up at her from under fluttering lashes. Lexa grinned, “Like you could stop me,” she kissed her nose and then her lips and when she realized she was getting carried away she pulled back. “Let's go home.”

“Yeah,” Clarke nodded, sliding her hand into Lexa's.
Clarke was subdued and still pouting when they got back at Lexa’s place. As Lexa fiddled with her keys to find the right one she glanced at Clarke. It was obvious she was trying not to be disappointed, and she didn’t seem angry because she was still handsy as hell, but she’d clearly really wanted the pride parade in their bedroom that night. Lexa smirked.

“What’s that smile for? All cocky and shit?” Clarke asked, sounding a little grumpy.

“You’re just cute. And I’m just hoping that tonight is everything you wanted.”

“What do you mean?” Clarke’s brow furrowed and Lexa found a ridiculously girly giggle escape her as she opened the door to a full-on rainbow fiesta, lit candles on every surface. She owed Raven and Octavia the gift of their choice for lighting them all.

“Holy fucking crap, Lexa,” Clarke hit her arm, “you lied!”

“Of course I lied. Part of Pride is the hiding of truth and then the utter joy of sharing it.” She stared at Clarke as she stood mesmerized by the rainbow streamers and the candles on every surface.

“This is the most epic fire hazard I’ve ever seen. How did you even do all this?” Clarke walked to the table where a rainbow cake sat with the words ‘Happy Pride Clarke’ on the top, and at the rainbow assortment of flowers. “Damn, is that Liza Minnelli playing?”

“You asked for the gayest sex I could manage.”

“Oh my god,” Clarke laughed at the rainbow-colored vagina and boob confetti Lexa had found and then thrown about the place with wild abandon. Lexa knew she’d gone crazy and the clean-up would be huge, worse than feathergate, but the look on Clarke’s face made it worth the confetti clogging up her vacuum.

“Okay, so first things first, you're dressed all wrong,” she tsked, shucking off her own black top, and pushing Clarke's thin jacket off her shoulders. “Put this on,” she held out a flannel shirt and smiled at Clarke’s look of joy, as she pushed her arms into the sleeves. Then she pulled on one of her own, before reaching into her box of tricks and pulling out a rainbow assortment of pride beads for each of them, and looping several over Clarke's head and several over her own.

“Oh, I love these!” Clarke picked them up and let them crash onto her chest with a plastic sounding rattle.

“And this,” Lexa plonked a rainbow cowboy hat into Clarke's head and ignored the heat that spread through her body at the sight, as she put one onto her head as well.

“Rainbow Stetsons?” Clarke's eyes had also darkened.

“They prevent burning. In winter it would be beanies, but we’re gonna do beanies later.”

“Aa,” Clarke's eyes were almost fully dilated as she stared at Lexa. “Anything else in your box of tricks?”

“Well, I toyed with the idea of bullet proof vests,” Lexa shrugged, “but I kinda like easy access to your chest.”

“Why would I need a bullet proof vest?” Clarke giggled clearly unaware of television’s habit of burying their gays, in particular their lesbians.
“Oh babe, that's a whole other story! But not for tonight, okay?”

“Did you just babe me?”

“Well, you've been my girlfriend for three months, I think a babe every now and then is allowed.”

“Do you now?” Clarke stepped up close, her beads hitting against Lexa’s.

“Do you not like it?” Lexa felt her cheeks flush and marveled at the power Clarke had over her.

“Hmmm, it's not very Lexa.”

“Not very Lexa?” she repeated dumbly as Clarke twirled her beads around her finger, looking delightfully coquettish in her hat and flannel.

“I don't know. I imagined something a little more…creative,” Clarke's voice was so fucking sexy Lexa wanted to crawl inside of her.

“I'm not calling you Griffin,” she teased and Clarke arched a brow.

“Well, I'm not taking babe either.”

“Well, fuck,” Lexa cupped her face, “let me think.”

“Yeah, you think,” Clarke stepped away and wondered over to the selection of drinks Lexa had put out on the counter.

“Okay, fine…yeah…sure…or you could let me babe you for now and I'll tell you how tonight is gonna go…”

“Hmm,” Clarke hesitated in front of the gin and turned to stare at her. “How is it going to go?”

“Can I call you babe?”

“Nope,” she popped the p and poured two shots of gin before heading to the fridge and pulling out tonic.

“Well, fuck. I guess no special night for you lil girl,” she shrugged and saw Clarke visibly hesitate.

“You can do better than babe.”

"Wanheda?” Lexa smirked and Clarke's smile in response was a great reward.

"I'm not actually going for Commander of Death right now, Lex.”

"Hey, I came up with Wanheda!” Lexa pouted.

"You really looking to kill the mood?” Clarke sassed and Lexa shook her head.

"Muffin?” Lexa suggested and Clarke looked at her incredulously. "Cupcake?” the look deepened. "Dumpling?”

"I'm not fucking food Lexa." 

"Not all the time no," Lexa gave a nonchalant shrug, thrilled by Clarke's flush despite her efforts to seem collected.
"These are a poor effort. For you. The lyrical genius of our generation."

"Whatever you say pumpkin," Lexa arched her eyebrows, but Clarke gave a shake of her head. "Sugarplum, don't be cross."

"You sugarplum me ever again and you'll never touch my sugarplums again."

"Noted," Lexa grinned as she took her drink, "hmmm...Jellybean."

"Seriously?"

"My gorgeous cinnamon roll?" Lexa looked at her optimistically and Clarke broke and laughed.

"Fucking if anyone is a cinnamon roll, it's you, you dork."

"So that's a no?" she asked, sliding a hand onto Clarke's waist.

"Cute, but no."

"Hmmm," Lexa pressed her face into Clarke's neck. "Honey bun?"

"Lexa, I'm really not food."

"Teina keryon," she breathed into Clarke's ear, and Clarke let out a huff of air and her lips hit the corner of Lexa's mouth.

"What's that mean?"

"Hmmm," Lexa smiled, "something nice."

"Tell me," Clarke pleaded.

"Nope. We have a big night ahead of us!"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. So can teina keryon stay?"

"Hmm, it means something nice?"

"Yes."

"Then yes," Clarke leaned in and kissed her, soft and gentle and perfect. "So, what's the plan, babe?"

"Babe?" her mouth dropped open but Clarke was cackling her amusement.

"Your face, Lex! You're so pretty when you're stunned indignant."

"You're...fuck," Lexa growled, pressing Clarke's back into the counter and kissing her.

"Plan? Sexy Lexi?"

"Hmmm," Lexa huffed a little. "Okay. Well, I found a Pride website and on it they published 13 stereotypes of lesbians."

"I'm not a lesbian, Lexa," Clarke smirked.
“You asked for gay sex, Clarke,” she pointed out.

“I did,” she grinned with a concessionary nod and motioned with her hand for Lexa to continue.

“You're going to get it! We're going to have sex using as many of these stereotypes as possible.”

“Yeah?” Clarke laughed, and it was a pretty sound.

“Mmm, yeah, starting with flannel. Apparently we lesbians love it!”

“You look fucking sexy in it.”

“You're going to look extremely sexy fucking in it.”

“Bring it on, smooth talker,” Clarke gasped as Lexa lifted her onto the kitchen counter and stepped between her legs, hands running up her thighs and brushing between her legs.

“Fuck Lexa,” Clarke was panting, the beanie on her head had slipped so it was lopsided and in danger of falling off, but her breathlessness was the good variety. The one that said she was close, so fucking close and Lexa loved it, loved the way she shook under her. Lexa shifted, moving so she could rub herself against Clarke's ass, because staring at Clarke on all fours was killing her. Watching her boobs sway, the beads bang against them and her fingers disappear inside of her—it was such a turn on.

“You're so gorgeous,” she growled.

“Oh my god,” Clarke pushed back against her hand and Lexa stopped caring about herself and reached around to rub against her clit. She was glad she did because Clarke lost it, coming loudly and collapsing onto her stomach on the air bed they were on. “Holy fuck.”

“Yeah,” Lexa lay half on her and smiled, straightening up the wonky beanie hat over her blond hair.

“Okay, so beanie hats…hats in general,” Clarke flicked the brim of the baseball cap Lexa was wearing, “apparently Pride considers them a lesbian stereotype?”

“Yes, indeed,” Lexa grinned proudly.

“I just don't get why we had to do this in this U-Haul truck? I mean surely, we could get arrested? And…and…” she sighed sleepily, “I just want to doze now. What's a U-Haul truck got to do with being a lesbian?”

“It's a bit of a dumb one. I have problems with it, with all of them really because I don't buy into stereotypes, but yeah, I can make fun of myself, hence I included the truck.”

“I still don't get it? Lesbians haul their own crap places? No reliance on men? An awesome ‘can do’ attitude?” Clarke rolled over onto her side.

“I love you teina keryon.”

“You can't use it if you won't tell me what it means,” Clarke chided, but her finger began tracing
patterns on Lexa's abs, proof that she wasn't upset in the slightest.

“Fine, there's a stereotype of lesbians moving in together too quick. You know, finding this amazing girl, but moving in before all the inevitable problems rear their head. Personally, I think there's a whole load of people out there that do that.”

“And who wouldn't rather be over committed than under committed,” Clarke offered.

“Hmm,” she let her eyes flutter shut for a moment.

“So, we've had flannel sex in the kitchen while surrounded by candles and listening to Liza Minnelli. You gave us a manicure on the couch while we drank cocktails. You then dressed us up in shirts, ties and suspenders and insisted on extremely sweaty sex, which yeah was fucking hot. We've had beanie hat sex, in a new position in a U-Haul truck, while wearing doc martens. What's next?” Clarke kissed her neck, soft little kisses interspersed with the occasional nip.

“Well,” she rolled on top of Clarke, “we're going to go inside.”

“Yeah?” Clarke was looking up at her with soft affectionate eyes and it made all the effort of setting everything up so worth it. Of course, Clarke had always been worth it. Always would be. Her best friend and her lover. She smiled.

“Well, we still gotta go in my room,” she gave a small wink and saw Clarke nod. “Multiple orgasms is what we do next.”

“Fuck,” Clarke swallowed. “I'm not sure I can come again. I mean, technically multiple orgasms have been done and done…”

“You can, you will and I'll be gentle. I mean if you want to?”

“Do I want my sexy, funny ass, girlfriend to give me more sex and more multiple orgasms? Hmm, that's a tough one,” she tapped her chin pretending to think.

“We also have to listen to Tegan and Sara as we do it.”

“Okay,” Clarke giggled. “So, I have to sing ‘everything is awesome’ as I come multiple times?”

“Haha, yeah, that seems fitting.”

“That'll be tough, for sure. So, do we both get multiple orgasms?”

“Of course. I mean on my rainbow bed sheets what could be more lesbian?”

“Did you, uh, get Lincoln's rainbow scarf?” Clarke's cheeks heated.

“Mighta done,” Lexa gave a casual little shrug, her thoughts going in so many directions her hips bucked into Clarke, who laughed.

“Let's go in,” she stood but Lexa just lay back and stared at her, feeling utterly starry eyed and content. “Don't stare at me like that,” Clarke blushed as she pulled on the flannel shirt and shorts, forgoing a bra or any underwear, and then threw Lexa's flannel shirt at her.

“Stare at you like what?” Lexa asked, allowing Clarke to pull her to her feet and dress her in her shirt before handing her shorts to her.

“Like I'm something special,” the burn on Clarke's cheeks made her even more special in Lexa's
opinion.

“You are special.”

“Says the girl that organized all of this,” Clarke shrugged. “I can't believe you actually rented a U-Haul truck.”

“Well…” she blushed.

“Come on, Lexa,” Clarke giggled, running her hands over Lexa's cheeks, “I want some food, some Tegan and Sara and multiple orgasms.”

“As you wish.”

“And I want to tie that rainbow scarf around your eyes and fuck you senseless.”

“Hmmm,” she whimpered at the images in her head. “This is about you.”

“Yeah? Well, that's what I want.”

“After.”

“After my multiple orgasms?” Clarke gave an amused chuckle. “Oh Lex, babe, like I'm going to be doing anything after more multiple orgasms!”

“I think we've established that you don't need to do an awful lot to get me off,” Lexa wrapped an arm around Clarke and opened the door of the truck.

“Hmmm, now that is true. Thing is, I like doing a lot.”

“Well, we'll talk.”

“Can I look through the rest of your box?”

“Sure.”

“Oh, and Raven gave me a gift for tonight but said I had to open it with you.”

“Wow, it's like LGBTQ Christmas,” Lexa grinned, as they locked up the truck and ambled back into her apartment block.

“So, I think some poor unicorn threw up in here,” Clarke stated with a laugh as she threw herself onto Lexa's rainbow bed, beads making a clinking sound as she landed. “I love it. And are you really going to light all these candles?”

“Of course. While you open Raven's present,” Lexa threw the rainbow wrapped gift at Clarke and began to light candles, getting about ten lit before Clarke had ripped into the packaging.

“Oh my god,” Clarke began to laugh and held up a rainbow dildo.

“Well, I guess we can say she stuck with the theme?” Lexa waggled her eyebrows, amused.
“The theme?” Clarke's cheeks were beautifully red.

“Rainbows and extremely gay sex.”

“Rainbow sex,” Clarke amended and Lexa abandoned the other candles to lie beside her. “Have you ever used one?”

“A dildo?”

“Toys I guess?”

“Hmmm, that one girl really loved them.”

“Strap on girl?”

“Yes.”

“And you?” Clarke's eyes were wonderfully dilated.

“Hmmm, they can be fun,” she knew her eyes must have darkened.

“Yeah,” Clarke agreed.

“So you've used them?”

“Uh, no, not with anyone else, just by myself,” she mumbled, “but I would. With you.”

“Yeah?” Lexa's heart hammered.

“Hmmm, the thing is Lex,” Clarke plucked the packet from her hand and tossed it aside. “You're sexy, and wonderful and what you can do with your mouth and fingers, well, I don't feel any need for a penis. Even a rainbow colored one.”

“Even attached to my hand?” Lexa arched a brow and watched Clarke's eyes flick to the abandoned dildo. “Controlled by me. Pushed into you by me. Rubbed against you by me, with my lips on your boob and…”

“Fine, get the fucking dildo,” Clarke moaned and threw herself back once more onto the rainbow duvet. Lexa laughed and reached for the abandoned package, flicking Tegan and Sara on her iPad after turning on her speakers. “It just doesn't seem very gay to bring in a phallus.”

“Unless we were men,” Lexa opened the packet and held it up.

“We're not men,” Clarke rolled her eyes, “thank fuck.”

“Yeah,” her eyes greedily absorbed Clarke. Her flannel shirt was hanging off her shoulder and her naked chest was exposed. Her blond hair was mussed, all by her hands, and fuck, but she was lying on her bed, a fucking rainbow explosion all around her, pride beads resting on her boobs and talking about not wanting a phallus. Lexa was mush.

“You're looking all heart eyed,” Clarke smirked.

“I'm just really, really in love with you.”

“Hmmm, same here.”
“And I'm so torn.”

“Torn?” Clarke's eyes narrowed.

“I don't know what I want to do first—put my face between your legs, my fingers or this,” she waggled the dildo. “I want to do everything, at once and fuck…”

“Mmmm,” Clarke's eyes darkened and her eyes fell to Lexa's lips.

“Mouth it is,” she growled and dropped the dildo beside her before rolling over to straddle her girlfriend.

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“Why, why, why are we here?” Clarke leaned on the shopping cart and pushed with her foot, sending herself sailing up the aisle. Lexa laughed and ran after her, hand finding her waist.

“You like food. I like food. I have no food.”

“God Lexa, anyone would think you spent all week in a recording studio! Not to mention throwing your girlfriend the best one on one Pride party ever. Still, no food, ugh,” Clarke rolled her eyes theatrically and smirked. Lexa pushed her hand under Clarke's flannel shirt (a surprisingly big turn on and apparently, an item that was going to stay) and brushed her fingers against smooth skin. “Are you trying to start something Ms. Woods? 'Cause we're in the middle of the grocery store!”

“Like I would,” Lexa murmured innocently grabbing a bag of pasta and dropping it into the cart as Clarke abandoned the rolling metal and turned to entwine her arms behind Lexa's head and press her lips to hers. “Mmmm,” she murmured ineloquently and Clarke giggled.

“Don't make noises like that Lex, we're in a grocery store,” she pulled back and grabbed the cart.

“I say fuck food. I'll live off you,” Lexa stared at her, loving how quickly she flushed.

“Nah, I have a write up that needs to be in before midnight, and you have rest and relaxation to enjoy before more studio time.”

“Quit being a medical student and snuggle with me,” Lexa begged but Clarke just shook her head. “I have a gift for you by the way…”

“Lexa my body is still recovering from last night. I swear to god if I wasn't holding onto this cart or you I'd fall over. My legs are jelly.”

“Not that kind of gift, but noted that you consider sex with me to be one,” she gave Clarke a shit eating grin.

“You mean a gift, gift?” she stared at Lexa with wide eyes, lids fluttering. Lexa would have sworn it was on purpose if not for the slightly goofy expression on her face.

“Yes, you know something like I might have given you before we were together.”

“Ah, like singing to me with your guitar and heart eyes?” Clarke asked and it was Lexa's turn to flush. “Or cooking me dinner when I was exhausted? Or buying me those chocolate balls I love with
the melty chocolate goo inside? Or texting me to share sweet little things you think will make me smile? Or buying me cozy socks? Or comics?"

“Okay, so I've always been wildly in love with you,” Lexa hummed into her neck.

“I was just as crazy about you, even if I didn't know what it meant,” Clarke reassured.

Lexa smiled, “Yeah, writing me into your comic was pretty darn romantic,” she pulled away slightly, bumping her nose into Clarke's before kissing her.

“She's the best character. She drives the whole comic.”

“Well, especially now the Grounders have met the Sky people, and she’s all in love with comic Clarke.”

“Yeah,” Lexa kissed her, pulling back and catching the expression of some middle-aged guy out of the corner of her eye, shaking his head and glaring. “Okay, let's go pay. I want time to cook you lunch without making you late for the library,” she pressed a last kiss to Clarke's lips, wishing she wasn't aware of the man's angry look. “Come on,” she urged, wanting to get her girlfriend away from him.

Normally Lexa felt a certain defiance when it came to negative reactions to her sexuality. Homophobia was abhorrent and she didn't like to back down in the face of it lest the perpetrator deem that as acceptance of his 'rightful' position. This guy, staring in anger and hatred, at her and Clarke loving each other, he was not right to do so. He was so completely in the wrong and every part of Lexa wanted him to know that. She looked to see if Clarke had noticed his huffing stance, fists clenching as he muttered to the woman beside him and stared at her beadily. Clarke was blissfully ignorant, scanning the chocolate bars at the counter, before choosing a mint Aero and a Mars and waggling them in front of Lexa.

“Which one?” she asked crossing her eyes and looking silly.

“Both,” Lexa brushed a hand over her cheek, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“But then I'll eat both,” Clarke pouted.

“So, eat them both,” Lexa momentarily forgot about the glaring that was happening because Clarke's deliberating face was so unbelievably cute.

“Hmmm,” Clarke's eyes flicked between the two. “How about we get both and chop them in half and you pretend to eat half of each for me, and secretly stow them away so that the next night when I bemoan my lack of chocolate you can pull them out and go, ‘look what I found Clarke.'” She gave a silly smile and Lexa laughed.

“Aww baby, I have a whole draw of emergency chocolate just for you!”

“You do?” Clarke dropped both bars onto the checkout and kissed her, a soft, lengthy peck before pulling back and squeezing her hand. “I love you.”

“We all get that you're dykes, there's no need for the public display,” the man's voice was low, but full of aggressive fury and righteous indignation. Lexa saw Clarke's eyes widen with surprise and she instinctively stepped in front of her. “You're acting like you think it's okay to behave like that, but it isn't. It's that kinda thing that sends you to hell.”

“Well if we're in hell at least we'll be warm and toasty together,” Lexa sassed, because this wasn't the
first time she'd dealt with this shit.

“Hell isn't a party, it is a punishment for sins committed on Gods earth. And you're both sinners,” his voice rose.

“Love isn't a sin,” Clarke spoke up, hands gripping Lexa's arm so tight her nails were digging in.

“That repulsive display isn't love. It's wrong,” the man gestured to them, spit flying out as he yelled, other people turning to stare including the rather stunned looking checkout boy. “It’s disgusting. The bible forbids it. Love is between a man and a woman, that's what's normal, that's what's right, and…”

“I've heard it all before,” Lexa ground out.

“It's disgusting,” he repeated, “there are children around. My wife. No one should have to see that kinda thing when they're out shopping for food.”

“Lexa,” Clarke tugged at her and Lexa knew she wanted to leave.

“Love is abhorrent? Huh?” she couldn't help but hiss, unable to leave him and his piety alone. “I bet you don't even know how to love properly and sincerely, with an open heart and mind.”

“Our love is sanctioned by God. Our marriage is under God. God approves and will send you to burn in hell for defying what is natural, simple as that.”

“Then hell will be one hell of a party,” Lexa growled.

“You're sick,” the man was beginning to hyperventilate, “you're both sick and disgusting and I don't want to see it. If you don't want a reaction then why do you parade around hugging and touching?”

“It's called love,” Lexa blinked back enraged tears, and slid her hand into Clarke's.

“It's not love. It's a spectacle, attention seeking.”

“I don't give a fuck what you think. If there is a god I’m inclined to let her judge me for who I am rather than the gender of who I love,” Lexa glared, and stared around at the people staring and saying nothing, passive, and in their passivity actually supporting the hateful man. “Let's go, Clarke,” she squeezed the hand in hers and looked at her stunned girlfriend, so pale Lexa was worried she might hurl. “It's okay, ignore him.”

“Lexa,” Clarke sucked in a rushed breath and Lexa tugged her from the store, ignoring whatever hateful things the man was shouting after them.

When they made it out and into the open air, Clarke leaned against the wall, her breath coming in sharp gasps, her hands covering her eyes.

“I'm sorry, fuck…I'm really sorry,” the words burst out because she hated to see Clarke so upset.

“You're sorry?” Clarke asked incredulously, wet eyes revealed from under her hands. Lexa's stomach turned because she hadn't meant to make Clarke mad, or make a bad situation worse.

“I just, I find it hard to not engage. I get so…so…angry and, fuck, I'm sorry.”

“Lexa,” Clarke was wrapped around her a second later. “It's not your fault that guy's a homophobic ass that will spend his afterlife roasting in hell. I'm glad you stood up to him.”

“I thought you were mad at me,” she wound her arms tightly around her girlfriend and squeezed.
“God, I'm sorry you had to experience that.”

“That's the first time for me Lexa. It was horrible and that man was a disgrace to humanity, but God, what I find more awful is the thought that it's not the first time you've gone through that. I feel sick Lexa. Honestly sick that people think like that, that they think it's okay to walk up to people and say things so awful and mean and so...so unnecessary. It's awful.”

“I don't even know what the hell they're so scared of,” she wrapped an arm around Clarke as they began to walk the block back to her apartment.

“You know what gets me? Not one person telling him to leave us alone. Everyone standing and watching him abuse us for nothing, for loving each other, for shopping for our goddamned food. Fuck, Lexa,” Clarke burst into tears and Lexa understood them well enough. She'd had similar tears many times. Tears of anger, frustration and pain, a pain that was there even though she resented its presence because of who had put it there.

“Hey it's okay. He's one asshole.”

“Watched by people we see on the street, who live around us, our neighbors. How can we ever go to that shop again? Knowing that they will watch us be abused?”

“God, I don't know,” Lexa sighed. “We just do. It's not everyone. There were thousands of people at Pride this weekend.”

“Maybe that's where all the people who'd have had our back were? Still celebrating diversity for all it has to offer.” Clarke sniffed and Lexa pressed a kiss to her head.

“Excuse me,” the pounding of feet on the street behind them had Lexa turn defensively, her body blocking Clarke from whoever was approaching. She was met with the face of a harassed looking woman dragging a kid, a boy of about five, behind her by the hand. Lexa felt her hackles raise in defense, because the last thing Clarke needed was to hear more negativity. She didn't need it either.

“Yes?”

“That man,” the woman panted, “he was wrong, and I'm sorry no one said anything. I was stunned and too busy trying to block his ears from that hateful crap,” she nodded at her kid. “But there were a few of us. We called him on it. Just after you left, and I wanted you to know because he was so unbelievably out of line. Really wrong. It's not disgusting to be in love, and you're not going to hell. And I don't want you thinking no one cares, because that’s not true.”

Lexa gaped at her until Clarke snuck under her arm and smiled with wet eyes at the woman.

“Thank you. For coming after us.”

“I was so angry, he had no right. I paid for your shopping. Call the store with your address and they'll deliver.”

“You didn't have to, I couldn’t...” Lexa shook her head.

“It's done,” the woman gave a curt nod of her head and smiled, before turning and heading back toward the store.

“Thank you.”
Lexa was sat on her couch, with Clarke lying on top of her, *The L Word* playing on the TV. It was the one thing on the Pride list that they hadn’t got to the previous night. Lexa was kind of relieved because despite the kindness of the woman, and the store delivery guy, Clarke was still shaken by what had happened and Lexa was sad and angry and a whole bundle of emotions, so television helped. One of her hands rested on Clarke’s head playing with her hair, but she grabbed her phone with the other.

**Lexa:** Some guy was a jerk to Clarke and me at the store. Text her some love.

**Raven:** Do I need to kick his ass?

**Lexa:** Yes.

**Octavia:** What happened?

**Lexa:** I'm sure you can imagine. We're burning in hell apparently.

**Raven:** Fucking ass.

**Lexa:** Just text Clarke.

**Raven:** Ai, ai Commander.

**Octavia:** On it.

Lexa put down her phone and slid her hand under Clarke's top so it was resting on the soft skin of her stomach. She looked away as Clarke's phone buzzed and watched the television as her girlfriend texted her friends.

“Thanks for getting my friends to rally,” Clarke dropped her phone by her feet after a few minutes and curled more tightly into her side.

“I hope I wasn't overstepping?”

“No,” Clarke shook her head.

“Well, I figured since you tell them everything…” she gave a small smile and Clarke poked her in the belly.

“Not anymore.”

“You mean you're not going to sing my praises and tell them how many times I made you come last night?” she did her best to look disappointed.

“Oh, they already know that,” Clarke rolled her eyes. “I had to thank Raven.”

“Clarke,” she blushed at the thought of what kind of details they may have wrested from the girl beside her.

“I didn't give them the intimate details though. Just a rough overview. But you came out if it looking extremely good, if I do say so myself.”
“Yeah?” she tickled her belly.

“Yes,” Clarke squirmed.

“You're not mad I asked them to text?”

“No. I would have told them. I needed to hear their anger and support. I don't think I could have asked for it though, not without crying or I don't know…” she shrugged weakly, “so yeah, thank you.”

“Anytime.”


“Nah,” she shrugged. “I'll tell them tomorrow. I guess I just figure that they've heard it before. I've been there more times than I like to admit. I just, well, I'm worried about you, not me.”

“This is an equal relationship Lexa. Let's worry about both of us okay?”

“Okay,” she nodded, feeling a surge of warmth in her stomach.

“Now wasn't there a gift you mentioned?” Clarke looked at her from under her lashes and Lexa nodded.

“I thought you'd forgotten.”

“Nope. Share, please.”

“Okay,” Lexa shuffled from under Clarke and moved off the couch, heading to her drawer of special stuff and pulled out an envelope. She smiled at the inquisitive look on Clarke's face from where she lay slumped on the couch. She padded back across the room and sunk back into her warm space.

“What's in there?” Clarke asked, sitting up and putting a hand on the envelope.

“Ah…” Lexa flushed.

“What is it?” Of course, Clarke's interest was piqued by the blush and she put her other hand on the envelope too.

“Well, you, uh, you’ve been tired and all that right?”

“Yeah?”

“Well, I know you have a few days off at the end of this rotation and I just thought that maybe we could go away and have some fun together, on me of course, and I found this amazing house by a lake…like the one we talked about when we were camping and I booked it for three nights…and…”

“Really?” Clarke was staring at her.

“I hope it was a good thing to do. I know you have so much on and all that, but I figured maybe starting the next rotation refreshed, and…”

“You're amazing. Stop umming and aahing and accept the fact that you’re the best girlfriend in the entire world.”

“I wouldn't say the best…”
“Lexa,” Clarke’s voice was deep.

“Yeah?”

“Let’s go have rainbow sex. I never did get to live out my fantasy of you in that blind fold and I think it’s about time I made number five on the list true for you,” her voice was sultry and she dumped the papers on the coffee table and moved to straddle her. Lexa’s mind faltered because number five on the list was multiple orgasms.

“Clarke, you made it true yesterday,” Lexa's breath caught.

“And I wanna do it again today. I know you don't like stereotypes, but they're not all bad, okay?”

Chapter End Notes

A/N The list Lexa's working off and no, they didn't do friends with ex's but technically Lexa is friends with Costia (or so she said) and Clarke is friends with Bellamy so we're all good. And they're obviously feminists. And I agree about stereotypes.

pride dot com / need-know/2015/04/07/13-lesbian-stereotypes-lesbians-need-keep-perpetuating
Chapter Summary

Re-reading this there is a lot of sex - but also some plot lol

Chapter Notes

There is a scene in this chapter inspired by the work of zhe-hellz. The art is amazing and you must go look! I asked before writing based on it:)

The repost is nearly done - not gonna lie with my dumb computer I need love and comments, please.

Star Wars today - waiting a week has been torture:(

Chapter Eighteen

“You nervous?” Anya side-eyed Lexa as she strummed on her guitar. They were mucking about together in Lexa's living room.

“Why would I be nervous?” Lexa asked as she continued to play, never missing a beat.

“Thanksgiving trip to the in-laws,” Anya teased and Lexa slammed her hand down on the strings and gave Anya a scathing look.

“They're not the in-laws,” she scowled.

“Yet,” Anya just arched her eyebrows apparently noticing the blush that covered Lexa's face. “There ain't no use denying you want to marry her, Lex.”

“It's too soon to talk about that. We've only been dating properly for four months and doing stuff for a little longer. And we've been through all this before.”

“Oh, I know it's way too soon, I'm being mean and trying to embarrass you.”

“Gee thanks,” Lexa rolled her eyes.

“And I know you've thought about it. Your little fantasy.”

“Of course I've thought about it! I think a lot about all the things I want to do with Clarke. Marriage is one of many. I mean, there's a weekend camping just the two of us, Christmas, cooking, vacations in the sun, hell, I wanna tie her up and ravage her.”

“Thanks for the visual,” Anya bumped her shoulder against Lexa's.
“You're welcome,” she grinned.

“So, are you nervous? You've not seen Poppa Griffin since the big coming out, right?”

“Nope,” Lexa resumed playing. “And I may have a few, small, itty bitty nerves.”

“Itty bitty my ass,” Anya scoffed as Lexa played some notes and chords that pleased her. She looked to Anya, who was nodding, “That's pretty, play it again,” she requested and Lexa repeated the notes and chords. “Yeah, I like that.”

“Me too,” Lexa repeated it a few times, putting it in her memory. “So, what I am really worried about is that Clarke's gonna find it hard.”

“Forget about Clarke and think about you,” Anya said. “You've been rejected and hurt too many times, and I don't want her dad rejecting you.”

“Yeah, I know you don’t,” Lexa put her guitar down. “I don’t either.”

“And Clarke knows that, okay, so she ought to be just as defensive?”

“Yes, she knows and you know she's pretty defensive of me.”

“No fucking kidding I know,” Anya rolled her eyes dramatically obviously thinking back to Clarke's reaction to Anya's lighthearted teasing of Lexa a few days earlier.

“You shouldn't have been teasing like you were,” Lexa shrugged, rather smugly.

“Yeah, well she didn't need to threaten me,” Anya huffed.

“At least it was a casual halfhearted threat. It's the ones she means you gotta watch out for.”

“I'll take your word on that.”

“Do,” Lexa smirked.

“Your girlfriend is quite…strong,” Anya said carefully.

Lexa fixed her with a look, “My girlfriend is the most amazing person on the entire planet,” she warned Anya against dissent with her tone.

“Regular little honey bun,” Anya arched her eyebrows.

“She doesn't like food related terms of endearment.”

“Really?” Anya scoffed, “Worried you'll eat her?”

“Maybe worried I won't stop,” Lexa's mouth quirked in amusement.

“Yeah, we all worry about that,” Anya quipped back and Lexa laughed.

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“Lexa,” Clarke slid into her bed, ice cold feet tangling with hers. Lexa didn't care. Clarke practically
lived at her place and she was always thrilled when her girlfriend chose to sneak into hers after a late-night studying sessions in the library rather than go home. Clarke's schedule was insane these days, with early starts and late ends, and the start of a never-ending stream of residency interviews, and Lexa wanted everything she could get. Luckily Clarke seemed to feel the same way.

“Hey baby,” she smiled as Clarke's hand slid under her tank and rose up to cup her boob. She felt Clarke slide up close behind her and waited. If she was tired she'd leave it at that, and if not she'd squeeze her hand slightly and nuzzle against Lexa's neck. She usually wasn't too tired. She was fairly insatiable, which was a good thing because so was Lexa, a beat throbbing between her legs from the second she heard Clarke open the door to her apartment.

“Mmm, I missed you today,” Clarke's hand tightened, fingers brushing against her nipple, and her warm breath fanned against Lexa's neck before her teeth grazed the skin.

“Ah fuck,” she breathed the curse because Clarke was so goddamned sexy she couldn't cope.

“You like my teeth, Lexa?” Clarke's voice was deep and sultry and full of desire.

“Hmm, yeah,” she rolled onto her back and stared at Clarke's blue eyes glinting in the moonlight, before tugging her lips to hers, tongues tangling, breath caught between them.

“Hmm,” she hummed and rolled again, straddling Clarke. With the passage of time Clarke had definitely become more confident and strong willed and was often the more dominant of them in bed. Lexa couldn't, or wouldn't go so far as to call Clarke a top, because she herself certainly had some of those tendencies, but Clarke was often in charge, and when she was Lexa melted. Came apart for her girlfriend repeatedly, as she shifted her this way and that and did things to her that made her feel amazing. Then Clarke would give her a lazy smile and Lexa would get her turn, and fuck did she need her turn, because Clarke crying out as she came was like the sweetest, most beautiful thing in all of Lexa's world. She was relentless once Clarke was done with her. But just occasionally she needed to be boss from the outset and today was one of those days. All she’d been waiting for was the sign that Clarke wasn't too tired.

“Sassy today huh,” Clarke stared up at her and so Lexa leaned forward to connect their lips, getting lost in the kiss, loving the feeling of Clarke sucking her bottom lip into her mouth, her hands pushing up her sleep shorts and onto her ass, then dipping between her legs with stellar accuracy. She moaned and was about to regain control when Clarke flipped them once more, waggling her eyebrows triumphantly.

“I want to be in charge,” Lexa found herself mumbling her protest, voice lacking real conviction as Clarke pulled off her T-shirt to reveal her boobs, looking utterly wonderful and sexy and most definitely in charge as she rocked against Lexa. It was only at this moment that Lexa realized Clarke had only been wearing the T-shirt in bed and she groaned as she felt wet against her stomach.

“Sure,” Clarke agreed lazily, rubbing against her as she moved higher, pushing at Lexa's tank until she was rubbing against her boobs. Lexa moaned, hands finding her hips and helping her, watching her head fall back, blond hair so long it tickled her thighs. Her body pulsed with need.

“Fuck,” she moaned.

“Yeah, I'm going to fuck you,” Clarke agreed shifting higher until she was hovering over Lexa's face. Lexa smoothed her hands over Clarke's hips, her bum, up her thighs and through the wetness between them before tugging Clarke onto her face, letting her tongue slide inside of her. “Fuck,” her girlfriend groaned, hips rolling onto her face as she moved against her tongue.
Lexa felt feral, because she delighted in the wet on her face, the way Clarke ground down against her, she loved every heavy breath, every grunt and groan and how Clarke rocked closer and harder as she got nearer to falling apart.

“Holy fuck, Lexa,” she yelled as Lexa's hands dug into her ass, as she ground down cursing ever more elaborately the closer she got. It didn't take Clarke long, it never did but Lexa liked her to come at least twice. “Fuck, Lexa, fuck,” she yelled loudly as she came, her hips thrusting erratically into her face, and as usual the guy from the neighboring apartment (Lincoln) bashed on the wall.

“Fuck,” Clarke collapsed a little before remembering to move so Lexa could breath. Lexa held her hips as she shimmied down her body before claiming Clarke's mouth in a hungry kiss, extremely turned on, a kiss Clarke moaned into. “I love you Lexa,” she mumbled, hand trailing down Lexa's body, beneath the sheets and into her sleep shorts. Clarke's fingers brushed over her swollen clit and she gasped, hips lifting from the mattress. “I miss you the whole time. I'm learning about important stuff and I'm thinking about you. I'm always thinking about you,” Clarke breathed the words into her ear, tongue flicking out to suck in her earlobe as two of her fingers pushed inside of her. Lexa groaned, especially when Clarke rubbed over her clit with her thumb. “Wanting to talk to you,” Clarke's voice was rough and sexy and she thrust her fingers hard and deep knowing full well that Lexa was worked up enough, “missing you,” she rubbed harder on her clit. “wanting to fuck you,” she bit Lexa's earlobe, moving her mouth down Lexa's neck giving her a very deliberate hickey. Lexa couldn't find the will to care because Clarke's fingers were thrusting harder and faster and her palm was literally torturing her clit, grinding into it, and when her sinful lips wrapped around Lexa's nipple she cried out because Clarke was so insanely sexy.

“Oh my god,” she keened as Clarke drove into her relentlessly, curling her fingers in a manner she'd perfected.

“I think of fucking you, I think of my face between your legs, fuck Lexa…I think of you constantly and by the time I get home,” Clarke opened her legs and Lexa felt wet on her thigh, “fuck, I'm so wet, and so desperate for you.”

“Clarke,” Lexa could feel her body tightening as Clarke continued pumping her fingers, and driving her own body against her thigh, rubbing slick wetness up and down her skin. “Oh my fucking God,” she felt like she was drowning in sensation and her hands clamped onto Clarke's hips as she came, driving her girl's rhythm harder and faster, until she was panting Lexa's name and swearing as she came again, her body collapsing in a slightly sweaty heap on top of her. “Clarke,” she ran a hand up the girls back but there was no response. “Baby…” She trailed the hand down her back and over her ass.

“Mmm,” Clarke mumbled and burrowed into her neck. Lexa grinned. Clarke inevitably fell asleep immediately after sex. Lexa didn't care because Clarke was constantly exhausted these days and with very good reason. She didn't care because Clarke wanted her, loved her, loved her coming undone as much as she liked coming undone herself, and she made the effort to stay over whenever possible. Lexa absolutely adored her girlfriend sleeping, utterly spent, on top of her. Lexa, in honesty, just loved Clarke. Was in love with her. She pressed a kiss to her cheek and Clarke rolled off her, pulling Lexa back against her chest, arm around her, hand on her boob. Lexa smiled to herself, teeth biting into her bottom lip because she just adored when Clarke held her that way.

“Sweet dreams,” she pressed her body back into Clarke who tightened her grip.

“Hmmm, yeah. I have a gift for you in the morning. Don't lemme forget.”

“A gift?” Lexa tried to turn but Clarke held her still, pressing warm kisses to her neck.
“Hmm,” she agreed.

“What kind of gift?” she couldn’t help but ask. She was rarely given gifts of any kind.

“L...Lexa,” Clarke mewed sleepy into her neck.

“Sorry, sorry,” she lay warm and happy, cocooned in fluffy covers, relaxed from her girlfriend's skilled fingers and yet she couldn't stop herself. “Is it a gift, gift, or more of a doing something for me gift?”

“Seriously?” She felt Clarke shuffle, and turned to face her, finding her leaning on her elbow and staring at her with arched brows. *Fuck*, but she was so damn pretty. Lexa leaned up and kissed her, pulling back to see a reluctant softening of her face.

“I never get gifts,” she explained with a shrug and Clarke reached out her hand and pressed the warm pad of her index finger against her forehead. Lexa's breath hitched as she then trailed her finger down her forehead, along her nose, and then onto her lips, tracing them.

“You're so beautiful Lex. I could look at you forever and never get bored,” Clarke stared at her and Lexa kind of understood what Raven and Octavia meant when they went on about her heart eyes, because Clarke's eyes were full of love. She felt her cheeks flush and she looked down, wanting to deny it, to deflect the love and adoration. “No,” Clarke held her lips together with a pinch of her fingers and smirked. Instead of denying Clarke's words she found herself smiling. “Better,” Clarke agreed releasing her fingers and tracing her hand down her neck and onto her shoulder.

“I didn't mean to wake you up,” she stared at Clarke's blue eyes, watching them follow the path of her hand.

“I know.”

“Will you tell me what my gift is?”

“Hmm,” Clarke pursed her lips apparently considering. “Yes.”

“You will?” Lexa felt ridiculous but she was excited, especially when Clarke was being all alluring and coy.

“Yes,” she gave a small nod. “I'm worried though.”

“Worried?” Lexa's brow furrowed, “I'm pretty sure I'm going to adore any and all gifts you might choose to give me? Is it food? Music? *Fuck*, is it kinky sex?”

“You saying my sex isn't kinky enough?” Clarke gazed at her through half lidded eyes and her body throbbed.

“Uh, no, not at all. It absolutely is,” it really was. “I mean, *fuck*…” Lexa's mind went on auto through the many wonderful ways in which she and Clarke would fuck each other and she released a small whimper.

Clarke laughed, “Okay consider me convinced. Make that sound again sexy Lex, and kinky sex may become your gift,” her eyes darkened and Lexa swallowed, reaching a hand and wrapping it around the back of her neck, fingers in blond hair as she tried to tug Clarke closer. Her girlfriend resisted.

“Kinky sex?” she queried with a frown and Clarke smiled, that beautiful, bright smile of hers.
“Gift?”

“I’m so confused and tired,” Lexa flushed red.

“So cute you mean,” Clarke kissed her cheek, “do you want your gift now?” she asked and Lexa nodded, watching as Clarke pulled on her T-shirt and padded through the cold apartment before returning at pace, an envelope clutched to her chest, to cuddle under the covers, pressing her cold feet into Lexa's legs.

“Ooh, you're so cold.”

“Hmmm,” Clarke nestled as close as possible to her still naked body, running cool fingers over her boobs and stomach.

“Clarke,” she yelped a little, in a really undignified way, but those appendages were damn cold.

“Mmm you're so warm and lovely,” Clarke was clearly relishing her discomfort, trailing her hands everywhere.

“You think I mind having your hands everywhere, but really I'm fucking thrilled,” she teased and Clarke arched a brow, looking utterly sexy.

“Baby, my hands are everywhere because I like them everywhere,” to emphasize her point she trailed her fingers between Lexa's legs causing a moan and a lift of her hips. Clarke smirked and moved them away, “Gift time,” she smiled.

“Good because I'm way on board for more kinky sex right now,” Lexa stared at Clarke feeling a burst of happiness, and warmth. It still seemed somewhat surreal to be lying in bed together, entangled.

“Let me give you your gift first,” Clarke rolled her eyes and handed over the envelope. It may have been dark but Lexa could see Clarke was nervous, her teeth worrying her bottom lip, as she gave a small shrug.

“I can open it?”

“Yes, you dork,” Clarke began to explain then, clearly nervous, “you don't have to use it. I mean there's no pressure or anything. I talked to the others, I mean I didn't just do it, you know expecting you to use it, I mean you can do what you want with it…”

“I don't even know what it is,” Lexa laughed opening the envelope and pulling out a piece of card. “Holy crap!” she scrambled into a sitting position, forgetting her nudity and leaned across to switch on the light, staring at the ink drawing in her hands. It was intricate and amazing in so many ways. It was nothing like any of Clarke’s art work that she'd seen and yet she knew it was hers. It wasn’t comic style in anyway, it was so much more. She stared at it, at the patterns, the depth. It was a mass of detail, and she was slightly overwhelmed at it, especially knowing it must have taken Clarke hours.

“Holy crap?” Clarke asked, voice vulnerable.

“Holy crap,” Lexa stated again, insufficient in every way. “I can’t…” she shook her head. “I love it. Fuck, I love you. I just…” she pulled air into her lungs which suddenly felt tight and constricted and hiccupped slightly.

“Oh hey, baby, it's okay,” Clarke curled into her, head resting against her chest as she pointed at
aspects of the artwork. “It's your back tattoo…you see,” Clarke traced the pattern for her, her finger hovering over the ink, showing her the lines. “And inside, are lyrics from the songs on your new album. I know they're hard to see but that's kind of the point. And the nature stuff is to link it all up to the band name.”

“It's an album cover,” she realized and Clarke's arms tightened around her.

“Yes. You're always doing such sweet things for me, and I'm so busy with this last year of madness. I want to do more for you. I want to do everything for you Lexa. I love you so much. I just used my breaks, and stuff, you know to make it,” Clarke pressed a kiss to her chest. “You don't have to use it, I mean, I talked to the others, Anya made some smart-ass comment about how it was only fitting I make the cover for an album all about me, but you know—it’s yours. I'd never presume to even try drawing you an album cover without asking but…”

“Fuck,” Lexa cursed, as she fed the artwork back into its envelope, temporarily dislodging Clarke in the process.

“Fuck?” Clarke echoed, voice uncertain.

“Com 'ere,” she dragged Clarke fully on top of her, holding her face gently with her hands. “Fuck, I'm in deep,” she explained.

“That's good?”

“It's scary. I love the drawing, Clarke. I adore it. And I want to use it for the album and then frame it and keep it on my wall forever. And don't ever say you don't do things for me. You do things for me without even realizing it. You pick up apples from that market you pass on the way home even though you're tired.”

“You love them and they only sell that type there, or they're the best ones, so you say.”

“I do love them. And you come here. Even when you have work to do, or it's really late, just to be with me.”

“Well, I love you.”

“You're fun and affectionate, and fucking badass about your work, and then you fucking melt for me and it makes me feel so fucking vulnerable.”

“Vulnerable?” Clarke frowned.

“Oh, it's a good thing, Clarke.”

“It doesn't sound it.”

“I used to think that vulnerability was weakness. Fuck, I spent my life repeating that mantra, but God, for the chance of this, for being here with you—I like to be vulnerable. I've just never opened myself up before.”

“Neither have I you know?” Clarke said softly.

“No,” Lexa's brow furrowed. “What about Bellamy?”

“Bellamy was a disaster. That was nothing, not really. Do you remember outside that rest stop on our way camping? Do you remember what I said?”
“I remember it all, of course. Which bit?”

“I said that I couldn't imagine ever not being your girlfriend.”

“I remember,” Lexa smiled a little.

“That has changed. I sometimes imagine not being your girlfriend,” Clarke's shy little smile didn't match with the words that set Lexa's heart pounding and her stomach swirling uncomfortably. “Sometimes...I imagine, you know, being your wife,” she immediately burrowed her face in Lexa's neck. Lexa let out a huff of air which became a giggle and grew into a laugh. “Don't laugh,” Clarke raised her red face, “I know we're young and I don't mean yet or anything but...” Clarke stopped talking because Lexa claimed her mouth in a kiss. She'd meant it to be reassuring but the fact that Clarke was thinking that way, the girl she loved more than anything, it quickly grew heated,

“One day, teina keryon,” she promised and rolled them. “I know you're up early so I'm going to make this quick,” she lied.

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Lexa concentrated on the strain in her stomach and arms as she raised herself up into her tenth press up.

“Do you know how super hot that is?” Clarke was lying lazily on the bed. She'd already changed out of her clothes and was wearing a tee and underwear, blond hair tousled.

“Hop on my back?”

“Hmmm, yeah,” Clarke nodded and scrambled from the bed, smooth thighs sliding along the skin of Lexa's torso. Now Lexa had her there she had to show off, especially with her fingers tracking up and down her tattoo. Willing herself to be strong she dropped down and then pushed back up.

“Fuck,” Clarke's soft and sexy, cursed exhalation made Lexa wet at once, a feeling that increased when Clarke rather deliberately rubbed against her. She held her arms straight but could feel her focus going in one direction.

“Clarke, the rubbing is a bit distracting.”

“You're the one who said, 'hop on my back,'” Clarke moved against her, and Lexa felt determined to give one last show of strength, dropping down and preparing to push back up, until Clarke, the horny little shit, shifted down and rubbed herself against her ass.

“Damn,” she cursed and Clarke moaned, the sound like a goddamned siren’s call, before leaning over to bite and kiss along Lexa's neck as she rubbed against her.

“I'm going to get myself off using your ass and then I'm going to fuck you so hard Lexa,” Clarke panted and Lexa whimpered because she needed Clarke's fingers, her mouth, anything. With every breathy moan, every movement, with every whimper and gasp, Lexa was more aroused, and utterly disappointed in herself that Clarke could turn her to mush with such little effort, with a sigh, a moan, a small movement of her body. Lexa prided herself on her physical strength, her determination, her focus. Clarke Griffin fluttered her eye lashes and her focus was obliterated. Or she simply rubbed herself against her back. “Fuck,” Clarke reached around her body and slid a hand into her sports bra, moving herself harder and faster until she was crying out and collapsing in a heap on top of Lexa.
“Hmmm,” the contented moan was released in a stream of hot breath against Lexa's ear. “Don't move,” Clarke bit her earlobe and moved down her body. Lexa sucked in a breath.

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“Stop fussing with the car Lex,” Clarke rolled her eyes at her as Lexa delayed heading into the Griffin house in favor of ensuring Raven's beloved Jeep was safe and secure. Okay, so she didn’t exactly see Clarke roll her eyes, but she knew she had. Clarke’s mitten hand tugged her and she relented, picking up their bag from the snowy sidewalk and beeping the car locked, then opening her arm so Clarke could hook her arm through hers.

“You look very cute in your beanie,” she acknowledged, because her girlfriend was the cutest person she'd ever met.

“Well, you know,” Clarke fluttered her eyes and smirked, because the last time she'd worn said beanie had been Pride weekend. Lexa felt her cheeks flush as she remembered Clarke on all fours as she pumped her fingers into her.

“Hmmm,” she hummed softly, and Clarke chuckled, slipping her mitten hand into Lexa's bare one. She squeezed it.

“Nervous?”

“Nope,” she answered promptly, the single word a lie.

“My mom loves you and my dad wants to get to know you,” Clarke insisted, leaning up and pressing a wet kiss to Lexa's cheek. As if on cue the front door opened and Abby practically fell out.

“Clarke! Lexa!” she threw her arms around them both. “I'm so glad you drove. I told Jake you'd never risk the bike in the snow,” she smiled warmly at Lexa who gave a self-deprecating shrug.

“How are you both? You look well and happy?”

“Yes, mom, we're well and happy. Tired. More than ready to stuff ourselves silly with turkey.”

“Turkey day tomorrow when the others are here. Today is prep and pizza.”

“Dad home?”

“At work still. I lucked out and got the holidays off,” Abby tugged them into the house. Lexa watched the exchange between mother and daughter, feeling a beat of worry at Jake's absence. “But,” Abby turned to her, and gripped her forearm, “Jake wants to take you out tonight,” she pointed right at her.

“Me?” Lexa echoed dumbly, but Clarke was smiling at her wildly so even though she really couldn't see that working, she nodded and smiled.

“Yes, he has a bar he always goes to with his buddies and he thought he'd take you along.”

“With his friends?” Lexa tried to channel her inner strength but seriously, what the fuck? She didn't want to be alone with Clarke's father who probably hated her for screwing his little girl senseless, and she certainly didn't want to be outnumbered by him and his friends. Not that she couldn't handle
a room full of men if she had to, she raised her chin a little and Clarke laughed.

“I can practically see you thinking, Lexa,” she pressed a kiss to her lips, clearly unaffected by her mother's presence. “He wants to get to know you.”

“I'm not very nice,” she protested.

“Oh, don't talk such nonsense, Lexa,” Abby rolled her eyes. “You're clearly wonderful if Clarke is in love with you.”

“That is my one redeeming feature,” Lexa acknowledged as Abby ushered them into the kitchen, smirking at Clarke's face of disapproval.

“Okay, so we're making the pumpkin pie and prepping veggies today, and then your dad is cooking tomorrow. Sound fair?”

“Sounds awesome. As long as I can sit down, be close to my girl and chat I'm down,” Clarke yawned, and Lexa found her hand, tugging her to the table.

“You sit and chat and I'll do the helping your mom,” she insisted. Abby beamed at Lexa who felt her cheeks burn. “I mean, you know…”

“Oh yes, you remedy that taking care of my daughter this instant,” Abby rolled her eyes. “How about you both sit, catch me up on your news while I get us drinks and then we'll start the cooking?”

“That's sounds great mom,” Clarke pushed Lexa into a chair, then sat on her lap and curled up into her. Abby arched her eyebrows in amusement at her.

“She’s, uh, really tired. She had a lab yesterday and a bunch of assignments due,” Lexa explained.

“Yes, I'm sure that's what it is,” Abby chuckled as Clarke pressed a warm wet kiss to Lexa’s neck.

“I'm utterly addicted to this girl mom. That's what it is,” Clarke rested her head against Lexa's shoulder. Lexa wasn't particularly worried about Abby's reaction to the physical affection between them. She'd actually stayed in Boston with Clarke for a couple of nights the previous month for a conference. Clarke had stayed at her apartment so her mom had the place to herself. Abby had insisted on dinner and treats and Clarke didn't seem to care whether or not her mom was uncomfortable with physical affection between them—she was tactile, close and loving the entire time. At first Abby had shifted about uncomfortably, but quickly grew accustomed to the high levels of affection. It wasn't like they were making out and being gross. Lexa drew the line at that in front of Clarke's mom. Clarke, however, probably would have fucked her brains given the opportunity. She smirked.

“Naughty thought?” Clarke sassed, “do share?”

“Please Lexa, do not share,” Abby placed a hot chocolate in front of them both. Lexa felt her ears burn at that. If there was one problem she had with Clarke's comfort levels around her mother, it would be ridiculous amount of blushing that it prompted. “Wow, that naughty?” Abby teased.

“Aw, they're like little, perfect ear shaped ghost peppers,” Clarke kissed her ear and Lexa tightened the grip she had on her girlfriend’s waist.

“Okay, tell me everything,” Abby sank into a chair opposite them and smiled. “I mean about you guys, not Lexa's inappropriate thoughts,” Abby clarified, before flicking her eyes to her daughter, “or yours!”
Lexa was stood peeling potatoes, chopping them and putting them into a massive saucepan of water. Clarke was wrapped around her from behind, head peeking over her shoulder as she talked to her mom. They were discussing something related to recent medical research and Lexa was listening, in that she loved the sound of Clarke’s voice, adored how smart she was, but really she was focusing on her job and enjoying physical proximity and the warm atmosphere of Abby's kitchen. They all missed Jake’s entrance until he coughed from the doorway. Clarke immediately released her.

“Dad!” Clarke stood awkwardly and Lexa could feel the insecurity radiating off her. They'd left on relatively fair terms at the end of the summer, and Jake had attended Pride with Abby, and worn the silly T-shirt Clarke had made for him, but…there was always a but and Lexa hated it. The but was the fact that Clarke hadn't spoken to him since. He was busy. He didn't call. He also had yet to acknowledge either of them, beyond awkwardly shifting from foot to foot.

“Clarke,” he gave a grimace smile type expression and his daughter ignored the ambiguity, releasing her completely to hug him.

“You remember my girlfriend Lexa, right?” Clarke gestured to her and she smiled and stood, awkwardly wiping her hand on the Griffin's apron she was wearing and trying to decide if a handshake was too formal, or what. In the end, she stuck out her hand.

“Nice to see you again Mr. Griffin,” formality seemed to be the way to go.

“Lexa,” Jake took her hand in his briefly, squeezed too hard and released. For a few moments there was a really awkward silence, Abby glaring rather obviously at her husband, and Clarke hovering uncertainly. “Uh, did you, uh, want to head out for a drink later, Lexa? You, uh, know, chance to, uh, get to know each other?” he asked with clear apprehension, not actually making eye contact with her.

Clarke looked at her hopefully and so she smiled.

“Uh, yeah, sure. That sounds nice.”

“We have, um, a pretty fierce pool competition. You, uh, any good?”

“Lexa is a shark, dad. She's like a goddess on the pool table,” Clarke gushed and then flushed a fiery red and stuttered, “I mean, you know at pool, not literally on the table…” her eyes flicked to Lexa, “though, uh, on it as well of course…”

“Stop digging that hole Clarke,” Abby breezed in squeezing the girls shoulder and smiling at Jake, “well isn't that good news honey? Maybe she can help you beat Jamal?”

“No one beats Jamal,” Jake shook his head, expression hovering between neutral and overwhelmed.

“Lexa can be your secret weapon, dad,” Clarke told him enthusiastically.

“Uh, sure. I'm going to go shower unless you, uh, need me for anything?”

“No, we're good,” Abby reassured, and stared at Lexa and Clarke as Jake left the room. “I'm just going to run to the store.”

“We can go for you mom,” Clarke offered at once.
“Would you? Thanks. I need cranberries. Can't have Thanksgiving Day dinner without them.”

“You can't.” Clarke agreed, with wide eyes.

“I can stay and chop,” Lexa offered and Abby rolled her eyes,

“I'm giving you two alone time. Take it,” she gave her a nod and Lexa flushed and let Clarke drag her from the kitchen.

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“You okay?” Clarke side-eyed her in the car.

“Oh, I'm great. Not at all terrified of going out for drinks with your father, who hates me, and with a bunch of his straight friends might I add.”

“Dad doesn't hate you,” Clarke squeezed her thigh.

“You sure? Because I'm pretty sure I saw fire in those eyes.”

“He's freaked out.”

“By what?” Lexa growled, “The fact that I love you so damn much? The fact that we make each other happy? The fact that I'd do anything for you? Ooh scary.”

“Don't be unfair,” Clarke scowled, “not everyone finds these things easy.”

“Yeah but he found the idea of you and Bellamy easy. Because Bellamy has a dick. Seems like my gender is reason to dislike me,” nerves had always made her mouth run.

“Lexa, fuck, I know why you're angry, I do. I'm angry too. But baby, this is my dad. I have to work with him to get to a point where this is okay. I have to try. Don't you get that?”

Lexa sighed, releasing her feelings because the truth was, she didn't really understand. She'd never had to tolerate this level of disdain for who she was before, quite simply because she didn't have people. Lincoln, Indra and Anya, they'd know who she was from the get go and when she'd met resistance to who she was, either because of her sexuality, her gender, or her goddamned personality, she'd made an effort and then moved on. Lexa didn't have a mom or dad. There was no caring, loving older person who had made sure she was okay in life, whose love meant the world to her, whose approval she desperately wanted. Lexa made sure Lexa was okay. She always had. She'd work through issues with Lincoln, Indra and Anya, but if they had been homophobic, or racist, or sexist or somehow unable to accept her for who she was intrinsically as a person, well, what could she actually do to change it? And why would she fight their irrational hatred? She'd miss them a lot, but she'd have adapted. Of course, that luckily hadn't ever been an issue though she'd admittedly kept her social circle small. Before Clarke.

“Lexa?” Clarke repeated and Lexa pulled up outside the store and stared at her for a moment. Clarke was someone she couldn't face losing—not for anything. If Clarke had some awful flaw, some morally oppositional character trait then Lexa would fight to change it, to meet somewhere in the middle, because she loved her. She loved her so much she physically ached with it. Clarke wanted to help her father get to a place where he accepted her and her girlfriend. Lexa would help do that for
“Okay. But for the record if I end up at the bottom of the ocean in concrete shoes…”

“My dad isn't a gangster, Lex!”

“Yeah, not that you know of.”

“He's an engineer,” Clarke smiled at her.

“Who can engineer my death, right?” she kept her face neutral but Clarke just kissed her.

“He wants to be friends. Let him try. Forgive him for being crap.”

“Okay,” Lexa sighed because it was probably going to be hard.

“Lexa,” Clarke got her attention. “He's my dad and I love him, but you're you. I need you. If he says anything, anything at all, you don't hold back, okay?”

“But…”

“No buts, baby. Well, except yours underneath me,” she bit her bottom lip and smiled causing Lexa's heart to hammer. Clarke was quite honestly, outrageously sexy and she threw Lexa's mind into the gutter with such ease and frequency that she spent half her life trying to find equilibrium.

“Hmmm,” she leaned forward and swiped Clarke's earlobe into her mouth causing the girl to whimper.

“Fuck, tonight we're going to bed early,” Clarke grabbed her head and kissed her, all open mouthed and skilled tongue, before hopping out of the car with a sultry smile.
A showdown, a bro out, some text sex and a medical emergency

Chapter Summary

What it says in the title

Chapter Notes

So I'm doing Christmas today and because I worked like a crazy thing I feel like an old pair of pants (the British kind) (thats knickers to you:)

Still, I gotta a day of celebrating to do, so I'm having a time out for twenty minutes, then I'm gonna rally.

There's another scene in here inspired by the amazing Zhe-hellz inspired scene. Link to the art here:

https://zhe-hellz.tumblr.com/post/141244958867/this-never-happened-i-never-drew-this

There is loads of her art reblogged on my tumblr and somewhere there's some Clarke POV - new scene one shots that go with Unsung Heart. I'll hunt 'em out.

Happy Holidays:)

Chapter Nineteen

Lexa fought against the urge to pull out her phone and text Clarke an SOS. She could do this. She could. For Clarke. She side-eyed Jake who was gripping the steering wheel tightly in a strict ten to two position and staring dead ahead.

“So, uh, is this a weekly thing?” she asked.

“Hmm,” was his only response.

“Clarke said you have a rivalry with one of them, Thelonious I think. She said she used to be best friends with his son.”

“Huh,” Jake answered ambivalently. “Yeah, Wells.”

“I'm sorry?” Lexa stared at the man's profile.

“His name. Wells. Thelonious and I used to joke that they'd get married one day.”

“Right,” Lexa shifted her gaze and stared out her window.

“Probably not now though,” Jake volunteered and she shrugged.
“Well, I for one hope not,” she offered back and she thought she heard him tsk, though she couldn't be sure. Silence reigned once more and Lexa tried not to cringe at the incredibly strained atmosphere in the car. “Mr. Griffin,” she said at length. For a minute she thought he was going to ignore her, but then he spoke up.

“If you're going to ask for my permission to marry her, I'm afraid I'm not quite ready to give that.”

“The only person whose permission I need to marry Clarke, is Clarke’s,” she frowned a little.

“Right,” Jake nodded. “I mean actually, yes, that is right,” he looked at her for a moment. “I'm glad you think that.”

“Okay,” Lexa wasn't sure what to say.

“What were you going to say?”

“Just that I know you don't like me. I get it. I do. But please, can't we try? For Clarke? Because she loves you and she loves me and…” she trailed off and waited for a moment. Jake said nothing.

“Look, I get it, honestly…”

“Yes,” Jake’s voice silenced her. “I'll try. But you're right. I don't like you,” he shrugged a little as he parked the car. Lexa couldn't deny that the words stung. A lot. The man didn't even know her.

“Because I'm a girl?” she asked. Jake didn't answer, just got out of the car. Lexa followed, eyeing up the nondescript bar. They pushed through the door in silence, Jake barely holding it open for her. Inside it was surprisingly youthful, the patrons ranging in age from barely legal up to Jake’s age and older. Jake headed over toward the pool tables, where a group of men were sat at a nearby table, the surface littered with beers. They gave a hearty cheer of welcome to Jake as he approached. Lexa stood awkwardly off to one side as Clarke’s dad slapped hands and took the beer they handed him. Lexa stood and waited but apparently, he wasn't ever planning to introduce her. She shifted awkwardly, unused to being out of her comfort zone.

“Who’s the girl?” A tall well-spoken guy, with smooth ebony skin and a shaved head asked, before smiling at her.

“And more importantly does Abby know?” a dark-haired guy with thick eyebrows waggled them teasingly.

“Yeah Sinclair, Abby knows,” Jake rolled his eyes. “This is Lexa. A friend of Clarke’s.”

“Clarke made it home for thanksgiving? I'll call over with Wells tomorrow if that suits?”

“She did,” Jake nodded. “And sure,” his eyes flicked to Lexa's for just a second, as if to smirk at the arrival of competition.

“You gonna come and sit down Lexa?” the man asked and Lexa deduced that this was Thelonious, the pool rival and longtime friend of the Griffins. She moved and sat in the empty seat. “So, are you in medical school with Clarke? My son, Wells, is in medical school at Columbia.”

“No,” Lexa smiled weakly. “I don’t study medicine.”

“So how do you and Clarke know each other?” Thelonious smiled encouragingly.

“Uh…” Lexa hesitated, catching Jake’s eye. He looked a little pathetic, sat there willing her to lie, and she actually felt a small beat of sympathy for him because he was scared. Probably scared that
these men might reject his daughter or him. Men who'd probably watched her grow up. She waited until he gave the smallest nod. “Clarke is my girlfriend actually. We met at a New Year's Eve party and we've been dating for a few months now.”

“Ah, so you're out to bond with dad, are you?” Thelonious smiled easily, though Lexa didn’t miss the moment of surprised hesitation.

“Yes,” Lexa shrugged a little. “And to play some pool.”

“You know, I didn't know Clarke was gay, Jake?” Thelonious threaded his fingers together, tone inoffensive, and stared at Clarke's father.

“She's bisexual. Lexa is her, uh, first girlfriend.”

“She's a catch,” Thelonious acknowledged with a pointed look at her. It made her smile. “You know I was hoping she and Wells would get it together eventually!”

“Well, I'm rather obviously hoping they don't,” Lexa repeated the same line from the car and Thelonious laughed.

“Lexa,” Sinclair, the guy with the bushy eyebrows leaned toward her. He stuck his hand out, which she shook, Jake observing the conversation, “Nice to meet you. So, Jackson here,” he gestured a younger, skinny guy with dark hair, “is convinced you're Lexa Woods from *Trikru*. Abby said you’re in a band, but they’re huge and…”

“I think she's Lexa Woods from *Trikru*, because Abby told me Clarke's girlfriend is in *Trikru*,” Jackson interrupted.

“Now you never said you'd spoken to Abby about it. You acted like it was because you're young and hip and you recognized her,” Sinclair protested.

“Nah, I listened when Abby spoke about how her daughter's girlfriend was the lead singer of my favorite band. Seriously Jake—do you have any idea how talented this girl is? I mean she is touted as a musical genius by *Rolling Stone*. Fucking, *Rolling Stone!*”

“Well, I wouldn't say genius,” Lexa flushed, especially when Jake turned to stare at her. Lexa hadn't missed the look exchanged between Jackson and Jake—the one that said Jackson knew exactly how Jake felt about Lexa and why.

*Rolling Stone* and *BuzzFeed*, god *Buzzfeed* never shut up about you, but yeah, pretty much every person that has been hyping your new album has called you a genius,” Jackson shrugged.

“A genius?” Jake queried and Jackson leaned over and put a hand on her shoulder.

“This girl writes music that makes your soul explode… I honestly can't describe it. Your new single is surely going to get you a Grammy - I've heard the album is going to be epic!”

“I don't know…”

“Don't be so shy. What's the single about? To me it seemed like its essence is pure happiness or something? And what I don't get is how you manage that without making it cheesy?” Jackson was clearly on her side Lexa realized. Potentially primed by Abby to give her back up, but still she appreciated it and he at least sounded sincere. Whether the guy was really into her band or not, he was making her look good. Though a part of her resented the fact that by mere virtue of being a girl she had to be made to look good to receive acceptance from Jake.
“Hold up a second,” Sinclair looked between Jake, Thelonious, Jackson and this one guy who was quietly appraising her from his seat, brow furrowed, with his blond hair in his eyes. “You actually wrote that song? Even I know that song! Or do you have songwriters? I honestly have no idea how it works, but everyone has heard that song.”

“Yeah, I wrote it. I write all our music, unless the others want to take a turn.”

“And? What is it about?”


Thelonious laughed loudly at that. “My son doesn’t stand a chance, does he?” he slapped Jake good naturally on the back, “a beautiful girl is writing her love songs. Wells is sweet but certainly not creative.”

“Clarke has always loved her art,” Jake admitted.

“Does she still do her art or has medical school completely taken over?” Jackson asked her, as if he didn’t know full well from Abby.

“Uh, she draws a comic strip,” Lexa explained, then began to gush, “it’s really amazing actually. Both the artwork and the story. It’s set in a post World War Three future. It’s all war, division and people forging a life on the ruined earth.”

“Wow, quite the creative duo,” Thelonious smiled warmly. “I can imagine you two on an evening—you writing songs and Clarke sketching her comics,” he smiled and Lexa refused to let her mind wonder to the previous evening when she’d told Clarke to hop on her back and all that occurred after that moment.

“We do that,” she said instead with a genuine smile.

“So, you’re the guy then?” the question came from the guy in the corner, the one who’d been silent and broody since she’d sat down. Lexa let out a large huff of air because she knew the look in the guy’s blue eyes, recognized it from interactions in the past—disgust.

“Shut up Pike,” Thelonious gave him a look.

“Excuse me?” Lexa glared at him, one eyebrow arched in question, arms folding over her chest defensively on instinct.

“Well, Clarke is so pretty and girly, and you’re out for a drink with the guys. That makes you the guy in your ‘relationship,’ right?” everything about this Pike, was confrontational—he even did fucking air quotes when he said the word relationship. Lexa burned with mortification and anger that this was happening in front of Jake, that this was happening at all. Jake would see this as a strike against her, against women loving women relationships and it would not help his acceptance of her relationship with his daughter.

“Actually no,” she answered calmly.

“There’s no way you’re telling me that Clarke’s the guy? Unless she’s shaved off a whole lotta hair and gone butch. I gotta say I have a hard time believing she’s into the alternative lifestyle enough to do that!”

“Actually no one in our relationship is the guy because we’re both girls. That’s kinda the point. It’s different for everyone, but for us that’s how it works.”
“Huh,” Pike gave a disgusted sarcastic laugh and looked away.

“I'm taking it my lesbianism offends you?” she asked sweetly.

“All queers offend me,” Pike scowled. “Hearing about it, seeing it, just knowing it exists—that offends me. It ain’t right.” Lexa was about to lose it on the guy when Jake turned on his friend, a furrow on his brow.

“Are you saying my daughter offends you?” he asked in a low voice.

“I'm saying your daughter’s life choices are going down hill and she ought to reconsider,” the guy gave a laugh, “I mean come on? You're clearly not happy with her choosing this girl over Bellamy, or Wells? If she’s saying she likes both, why not choose a guy? I get that she's experimenting, having a wild time or whatever, but you and I both know it's wrong. It's a choice and that girl,” he pointed a fat finger at her, “she’s the wrong choice. There are other choices. Better choices. And you believe that too so don't look at me like I’m the one being offensive.”

“I don’t know whether it’s a choice exactly,” Jake stuttered, steadfastly avoiding Lexa’s eyes as she stood torn between saying what she really thought about everything being said and risking the alienation of Clarke’s father, or waiting to see how things would unfold. Jackson, her fan, had pulled his chair up close beside her in a clear message of solidarity, and Sinclair had shifted his body defensively toward Pike, so she wasn't alone. Thelonious was assessing the situation, his brow furrowed as he stared in confusion at Pike. Given the support of the table being in her favor she bit back the vitriol she wanted to release and waited.

“That’s what they say of course, and maybe for a dyke, but people who say they’re bi? Clarke can choose differently. She can choose a guy.”

“You don’t choose who to fall in love with,” Lexa stated firmly and Pike laughed in a way that was anything but good humored.

“You can choose what to do with that love,” he informed them. “What’s she want from you? With a man, she can have someone to take care of her, she can have kids, a future…”

“Those things do not exist exclusively in heterosexual relationships,” she couldn't quite grasp how narrow his world view was.

“Trust me, you don't want to get me started on gays with kids,” his expression was hard and his voice low with underlying warning.

“Clarke has chosen what to do with her love. She’s with me,” her back straightened and her voice was loud and clear.

“And look who she’s upsetting. Her family, people on the streets, God! It’ll damage her career progression and like I said, there isn't a family in the future for gays, not unless they want to fuck up the kids.”

“Pike, you better than anyone ought to understand that there is no such thing as a ‘normal’ family,” Thelonious offered calmly. “And I for one, as a person on the street, am not upset in the slightest that Clarke is in a relationship with a girl.”

“Doesn’t bother me,” Sinclair shrugged.

“And as a kid with two moms, you don't know what you’re talking about,” Jackson was glaring at the man. Jake was quiet and his silence was as bad as him agreeing with Pike.
“You being raised by Dykes explains so many things,” Pike gave a laugh full of mirth. “You’re what Jake here is worried about.”

“I never knew you had such a problem with me,” Jackson’s mouth was set. “Tell me what offends you the most—my successful career, my open mindedness, my liberal attitude to difference?”

“I think you know what. Girls need to be with guys. We know what’s best. It’s the way it’s supposed to be. Clarke can choose a guy and she will in the end because a girl likes to be taken care of.”

“I take care of her,” Lexa knew that being calm would make the biggest difference, especially as Pike became more enraged.

“Not the way a man would.”

“Then why isn't she with a man? Maybe because I take care of her differently and she prefers it?”

“Prefers it?” Pike scoffed, “You can’t even fuck her properly.”

“And you sir, have stepped over the line,” Lexa stood, unable to remain calm. “You have absolutely no right to comment on what I do or don't do with my girlfriend. That is absolutely private.”

“But I’m right, huh?” he goaded.

“I’m not going there.”

“Because you can’t? And a girl needs a man to make her feel good. She’ll get bored of the cuddles and kisses in the end. Don't even worry about it Jake,” he was so obviously seeking a reaction and she could feel it burning inside of her. The guy would probably get off on it if she told him just how well she could fuck Clarke, but she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of watching her lose it.

“If men were so good at making her feel good, why’s she with me?”

“You’re a fun experiment,” Pike answered, a flicker of disappointment in his eyes as she sat back down.

“Hmmm, well, you go ahead and think that. That’s fine by me.”

“I’m not the only one. It’s what Jake is hoping, and Abby despite the liberal bullshit she spouts. No one wants a queer kid. No one wants an abnormal kid,” Pike raged, and Lexa let her eyes slide to Jake who had suddenly gotten to his feet.

“My kid isn't abnormal,” he was frowning. “she’s the same kid as she was last thanksgiving.”

“Except that she’s sleeping with a girl.”

“Because she’s chosen to be with a girl. Because she loves her,” Jake spoke, and as he did Lexa could see the dawning realization on his face—that he had been behaving in a similar way to Pike.

“Maybe you should try and talk some sense into her?” Pike shrugged.

“It isn’t a case of sense,” Jake looked overwhelmed. “I mean, she isn't in love with Bellamy or Wells, so why would I want her to be with them? She is in love with Lexa. I've never seen her so in love with anyone as she is with this girl who clearly makes her happy and keeps her...fuck, keeps her satisfied,” Jake’s eyes flicked to her and he gave a small start at the expression on her face.
“She doesn’t need to sleep with her though,” Pike rolled his eyes and gestured at Lexa with a faint look of disgust to make his point. Lexa wanted to rage, to cry in disappointment and rage, vent her anger at this man’s opposition to love.

“But she wants to. And love is love, right?” Jake looked down and Lexa didn’t think he understood how that expression was seen by the LGBTQ community.

“Don’t be fooled Jake, it’s not love,” Pike shook his head, “nothing so disgusting, nothing without the approval of our lord, is real love.”

“But it is,” Jake took a hesitant step back. “I know Clarke. I know her and she’s in love with a girl. Romantically in love. Isn't it natural to want a physical relationship in that instance?”

“But the relationship isn’t natural. It’s weird and wrong and you should tell her so before she goes too far down this path,” Pike argued calmly.

“But when I see them together, talking, comforting each other, I don’t know but it seems pretty damn natural to me. I mean that’s what everyone aims to do—meet someone, the right someone, fall in love, express that love…” Jake was beginning to sound angry.

“Some tattooed dyke isn’t the ‘right’ someone,” Pike pointed out, by pointing at her.

“You’re gonna have to stop using that word Pike,” Jackson stated clearly.

“She’s a dyke, out and proud, right?” Pike stared at her.

“Right,” she glared back. “But I do have a problem with you using that word.”

“Fine, I got a whole host of other terms for what you are,” Pike slammed down his beer a little too forcefully.

“You need to calm down Pike,” Jake soothed.

“You brought the rug muncher to pool night.”

“Hey,” it was Jake yelling this time. “That’s enough.”

“You’re gonna take her side over mine?” Pike looked surprised, and gave a sardonic little laugh.

“It’s not about taking sides,” he sighed. “I don’t find it easy to see Clarke with a girl, I don’t, you’re right about that. And it has been really hard to not just turn my back when they're together. But Lexa is a person, not some slur you throw at her in a bar. She’s a lesbian sure, but she’s also a musician, a writer, someone who looks after people, my daughter's girlfriend, her champion. Do I wish she were a guy?” her turned to meet her eyes, “maybe I do. But I shouldn’t. My daughter doesn’t. Why should the gender of my daughter’s partner worry me in the slightest? I don't want to think about her having sex with anyone. All I want is her happy, and Lexa makes her happy.”

“That’s bullshit. You can’t act like it doesn't matter. It’s wrong,” Pike insisted.

“Why? Why is it wrong? I don't get it. It’s different, but it’s not like they’re the only ones. I don't get why it’s wrong?” Jake rubbed his hands through his hair.

“And don't spout that bible crap again,” Thelonious spoke up, staring at the other man.

“Fine. It’s unnatural. It makes people uncomfortable. The purpose of relationships is procreation and there can’t be any with two girls. It causes the spread of diseases, because of the unhealthy sex
practices, it’s not Christian, it’s liberal bullshit, it threatens the sanctity of marriage and supports the gay agenda. When you come right down to it, it’s a choice they make and they make it for attention.”

“I can’t,” Lexa wasn’t sure she could keep quiet, and stood again, shaking her head in utter frustration.

“Got something to say?” Pike glared at her.

“The gay agenda? It’s not like we knock on doors searching for subscribers.”

“Are you sure, cos his kid wasn’t gay before she met you!” Pike parried back. Lexa’s eyes fluttered shut and she breathed in and out for a few seconds before opening them to look at him.

“No, you’re right. She was, however, bisexual before she met me. Being who you are and being free to love who you love is a human right, not a conservative one or a Christian one. Our sex practices are no less healthy than yours. I’m not all up and in your sex life, so why don’t you stay out of mine?”

“I wouldn’t want to be anywhere near yours, that’s kinda the point.”

“Doesn’t mean you get to be abusive just because of who I love and have sex with. It is quite literally nothing to do with you. And a choice?”

“She’s right Pike,” Jake leaned back, nearer to her. “And every word you say against this girl and her relationship is also about my daughter and her relationship.”

“You’re taking her side?” Pike scoffed.

“It isn’t about sides. It’s about what’s right. You’re wrong. I just…I might find it hard, but I don’t agree with what you’re saying. And if you’re gonna call my daughter and her girlfriend unnatural, or disgusting, or wrong, or anything else…if you’re even going to look at either of them the wrong way then I guess, well I guess this is the end of our friendship.”

“I’m not sorry to say Pike, but the same applies to our friendship,” Thelonious fixed the man with a calm, cold expression. Pike stared at them both for a moment, before looking at the other two men sat at the table.

“I think it’s obvious where I stand,” Jackson had crossed his arms, looking almost identical in pose to Lexa.

“And you Sinclair?” Pike had stood, so angry he was visibly shaking.

“Not sorry to say I’m a live and let live kinda guy,” Sinclair shrugged.

“So, forty years of friendship is thrown away for some dyke?”

“Hey now,” Jake actually moved toward him, “Thelonious and I asked you not to throw around terms like that. Not at Lexa, not at my daughter, not at anyone. It isn’t right.”

“This isn’t right. My friends turning on me for some fucking lezzy,” Pike stared at them, “I thought I knew you guys better than I do, but if you want to throw our friendship away for some…some…”

“I wouldn’t,” Jake took a step up to him and for a moment the tension in the air was so heavy Lexa didn’t see how it wouldn’t end in a physical fight. But then Thelonious, Jackson and Sinclair were stood beside Jake until Pike shook his head and stormed out.
The tense silence lasted for way too long, as the men all sat except for Jake.

“Let me buy you a drink,” he said to her after several moments had passed, and pressed a hand against the small of her back to guide her to the bar, where they slid onto bar stools. His hand shifted to her shoulder. It wasn’t a warm gesture, the positioning was too awkward, the hand too rigid, but something had shifted between them, there was a new understanding, a camaraderie. “Sorry about Pike. He was always an ass… I had… well, not no idea how much of an ass… he’s made a couple of careless comments before, but I didn’t think all that was in him. I honestly didn’t, not at all that… that…”

“It’s okay. I’ve heard it all before,” she gave a small shrug and sighed as she stared at her hands.

“You have?” he looked at her.

“Yes.”

“Has Clarke?” his voice cracked a little.

“A little,” Lexa acknowledged with a curt nod.

“Are either of you ever in danger?” he asked. Lexa paused for a moment to think before answering.

“I think when people hate you, or are disgusted by you merely because of who you are and who you love that perhaps there's always a little danger? I can take care of her though,” she looked at him for a moment, held his eyes.

“I would scream my pride in my daughter from the rooftops for a thousand lifetimes to prevent her hearing the kinda crap he just said. In order to not be that man that spouts the kind of crap he was saying. He is a man I thought I knew, a man I liked, and Clarke must think I feel that way,” he rubbed his eyes. “And I have thought some of those things. I didn't want too. I always thought I was more liberal than that, but I did. And hearing him say them? It made me realize how ugly they are, how stupid they are,” he took a deep breath. “You know I built tree forts with Pike when we were kids? We went to college together and he took me for a drink the night Clarke was born,” he leant back in the chair before turning to look at her. “I don’t care that you’re a girl, Lexa. I don’t even know what my problem is exactly, but I’m going to get over it. You make my daughter happy. You clearly love her and she loves you. I don’t want to be the prejudiced idiot in the corner calling you disgusting, or asking who’s the man in your relationship, because I know better, I’ve always known better. I don’t know why I’m being such a jerk,” he admitted. “Watching Pike lose it was like looking in a mirror and seeing myself be the person I always used to hate.”

“You love Clarke,” Lexa sighed, “you want an easy life for her. Maybe you're not sure it'll be easy for her with me?”

“Maybe,” he admitted, “maybe I'm just as prejudiced as my jerk of an ex-friend?”

“Mr. Griffin, I’ve been friends with Clarke since the start of this year and let me tell you that nothing in my life has ever been as easy as being with Clarke. Being friends with her, being in love with her, it is just so easy. But sometimes it’s not easy, like in all relationships we have our moments and usually it’s nothing to do with other people. It’s because we’re tired, or busy, or we accidentally upset each other. And the thing is—even when it’s not easy with Clarke, it’s still amazing. Your issues with me and Clarke, they bother me because they bother her. You see, I’m used to having no one, but Clarke, she’s used to her support network, to your support… you make her sad when you don't support something as simple as who she’s chosen to be with. Not calling her, not messaging back when she sends you photos. Your disinterest in her—that makes her life not easy. And when you
upset the girl I'm in love with you make my life not easy. I don't care. I'd take a lifetime of not easy for Clarke. But I'd do anything to make her happy, and I do make her happy. But you could get rid of that awful feeling in her stomach, you know, of something not being right. You might not want to make our life together easier, but you could.”

“She has that feeling, that one in her stomach, because of me?” Jake looked at her and Lexa nodded.

“Sometimes. It always hits in the middle of the night. When she's sent you a cute picture and you haven't replied.”

“Oh, okay,” Jake nodded, eyes shut. “I don't want to make her feel like that,” he said as the bartender finally appeared. “I know I said I don't like you. It's not actually true. I just don't know you. My fault.”

“I know.”

“I'm going to get to know you, okay? If you can forgive me?” he sounded sincere and Lexa nodded, as the guy behind the bar approached them.

“Beer, Jake?” he asked.

“Yeah, cheers. And whatever Lexa here wants.”

“A beer would be great, thanks,” Lexa nodded. “Anything you have on tap.”

“Abby know you're out drinking with another woman?” the barman teased. “And that she's starting fights between the guys?”

“Actually,” Jake began and then hesitated for a second before continuing, “Lexa is my daughter's girlfriend,” his voice was strained but he said it. The barman's eyes flicked back to Lexa for a second before he nodded.

“Cool, cool. You know, look kinda familiar?” his eyes locked onto Lexa again, running over her face, contemplative.

“She's in a band,” Jake said and there was a note of something in his tone that hadn't been there before. Something more positive—not pride exactly, but something approaching it.

“A band?” the barman echoed.

“Trikru,” Jake answered for her.

“Holy fuck, oh my god, of course. I can't believe I didn't recognize you straight away. You're like one of my favorite bands...I can't believe I didn't...oh my god...” the man transformed from cool to gushing in seconds. Lexa had seen it before and kept her face passive. “Would you sign something? I mean fuck, you're amazing,” he pushed his hands through his hair. Lexa looked at Jake for a moment, surprised to see a small smirk on his face.

“Uh, thanks,” she gave him a nod. “And sure.”

“I mean, god, your new song fucked me up! In the best way.”

“It's about my daughter,” Jake interposed taking the barman's attention.

“No way, that's so fucking awesome, oh my god,” his eyes flicked back to Lexa's and widened knowingly. “The lyrics are awesome,” he grinned and she felt her cheeks heat up, “but then again
you are hailed as some kind of genius.”

“And there’s that word again,” Jake looked at her and actually laughed.

“Seriously, would you sign something?”


“First, she's playing pool with me, Adam,” Jake said and picked up his beer, Lexa following suit. “Okay, so Clarke said you can play pool but let’s face it, she’s all gushy and in love. Can you really play?”

“Misspent youth. I can really play,” Lexa was absolutely certain she could play these guys under the table.

“Thelonious is a pompous ass about pool. He wins every time. You think you can destroy him?”

“Easy,” Lexa stated, “but for the record he seems pretty decent. Where’s my motivation?” she was attempting levity and waiting to see whether it was misplaced.

Jake smiled, “Decent man, absolute tool about pool. He's so self-assured it's irritating. I want to wipe the smirk off his face. And he wants to match make his son with Clarke, that's your motivation.”

“Consider it done,” Lexa nodded coolly.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” she affirmed as they reached the other men.

“So, Lexa,” Thelonious greeted as they approached the table. “Do you play pool? We have a little weekly competition.”

“Oh, I play a little. Clarke and I go to a bar in the city and we sometimes play.”

“Usually we team up. You can play with me, if you want?” he offered and Lexa could see a hint of smug.

“Nah, I’m gonna play with Jake, you know bond a little,” she winked.

“Are you sure? Not to boast but I always win,” he grinned boastfully, taunting the opposition.

“Whatever, Thelonious,” Sinclair rolled his eyes.

“Maybe it's because you have a pool table in your basement,” Jackson jeered.

“They're merely jealous of my skill,” Thelonious acknowledged with a calculated air of indifference. The guy was irritating as hell, but Lexa liked him.

“Well, I'm sure I'll play with Jake. He's told me he doesn't care how bad I am.”

“Clarke said she's good, but we've all seen Clarke play,” Jake joked.

“She's improved a lot,” Lexa defended her girl.

“I'm sure!” Thelonious didn't believe her in the slightest. “Now let's play”

“Shark,” Jake whispered approvingly under his breath and grinned at her.
Lexa glanced at the clock again. It wasn’t that she wasn’t having a good time, she was, but she was feeling impatient to get back home to Clarke. It was late, past one in the morning, and Jake was drinking steadily and getting her to match him. He was actually talking to her, and listening, and not judging her as his daughter’s girlfriend, but as a person. The result was almost laughable—he was her new biggest fan. Given that he was her girlfriend’s father she would stay as long as he wanted, and continue the bonding, which currently involved Jake laughing cockily at Thelonious as he tried to line up an impossible shot, thanks to her.

“You have no idea how awesome this is,” Jackson sidled around the table to tell her. “I think you might have won over Jake too. He seems to have mellowed.”

“Hmm,” Lexa nodded.

“Not that you should have had to win him over, though fathers are notoriously protective over their daughters. And he can be a particularly stubborn ass,” Jackson was extremely easy going.

“Clarke had to get the stubborn from somewhere,” Lexa sassed and he laughed.

“Oh, she doubled up on the stubborn—Abby is worse.”

“So that’s why I never win an argument?” she joked.

“Against my daughter? Yeah, that’s never gonna happen,” Jake grinned. “You got both Abby and me to blame for that. If you win it’s because she lets you. Because she loves you.”

“I mean we don’t really argue. Not very often and it’s usually not about serious stuff, but stupid stuff like washing up and mess. I mean we do get a little stressed sometimes, but my lack of day to day responsibility means I can help her when she has loads on.”

“Yeah?” Jake stared at her and then nodded, “medical school is tough but residency! Residency will test you.”

“I’m determined to pass,” Lexa answered succinctly, smiling when Thelonious missed the shot.

“Yeah, I think you might,” Jake gave the nearest to a smile of support as he’d ever given her.

“I will,” Lexa smirked back and Jake laughed.

“Okay your shot,” he said gesturing to the table and the impossible shot on the black.

“Easy,” Lexa grinned, sending a wink at Jake, before making a jump shot and potting the ball. Jake cackled gleefully and gave her a high five.

“You are an excellent pool player,” Thelonious remarked for the millionth time.

“Someone has beaten the mighty Thelonious,” Jackson cheered.

“Oh, how the mighty have fallen,” Sinclair was glowing.

“How about you two play together,” Jackson gestured to Thelonious and Jake, “and we take Lexa?”
he suggested. Lexa had enjoyed the company of all the men, which surprised her. She had expected to tolerate them for the sake of keeping peace with Jake. However, she found them to be genuinely likable. Jackson was the closest in age to her and easiest for her to bond with, but Sinclair was amusing and Thelonious was pompous but genuine, and clearly very smart. It was a pleasant surprise to find herself enjoying the evening in their company. It wasn't that she was a man hater, more that she hadn't ever met a man, aside from Lincoln, with a genuine interest in her.

Jake was shaking his head at Jackson’s suggestion, “Nope. This girl is my daughter’s girlfriend, my partner,” Jake bumped her shoulder with his.

“You know it's kinda late,” Lexa said.

Jake shook his head, “We can't leave! Do you know how long I've waited for the day when I get to beat Thelonious?”

“How long?” she asked.

“I've never beaten him Lexa. Thirty years we've been having this competition. This is momentous!”

“He is good,” Lexa agreed.

“And you are better,” Jake was full of it. “I want to beat him several more times before we go. Or watch you beat him!”

“Sure, okay, but I'm going to text Clarke.”

“Yeah, yeah, say hi. I'll get more beers.”

“Sure,” Lexa couldn't help the small smile because Jake was treating her like his new best friend, leaning in to talk to her conspiratorially, buying her drinks, slapping her back, even acting like she and Clarke had a future, and it was addictive to be on the receiving end.

Lexa pulled out her phone and saw she had three messages from Clarke.

Clarke: I hope everything is okay and you're not wearing cement shoes? xxx

Clarke: I miss you Lexa.

Clarke: Come home soon I want you. We're meant to be in bed early tonight and we're not meant to be sleeping.

Lexa: Your dad wants me to stay and keep beating Thelonious. I'll be late:(

Clarke: :( 

Clarke: You don't mind if I start the fun without you then? I'm in the mood and was expecting you:(

Lexa’s whole body responded to the insinuation and she flushed.

Lexa: Mmm yeah. A little. But baby please, I need you.

She breathed in and out a couple of times, fully intending to slip her phone away when a photo appeared and she nearly fell off the bar stool. It was without a doubt the sexiest thing Lexa had ever seen. Clarke on her bed, black and lacy underwear. And stockings—where the fuck did the stockings come from? But it was her hand, her hand dipping into her underwear that killed Lexa,
who wanted to abandon Jake and run home.

“Everything okay?” Jake asked sidling up beside her. Lexa fumbled with the home key, closing her conversation before he saw, heart hammering, feeling wet between her legs and a thick, desperate longing for her girlfriend.

“She grumpy I'm keeping you out?”

“Uh, yeah,” she lied. “I'm just gonna text her that I love her,” she mumbled and held up her phone.

“Sure, sure,” Jake headed back to his buddies.

Lexa: Fuck Clarke. You better be thinking that your hand is my hand.

Clarke: I am.

Lexa: Are you wet?

Clarke: Yes, baby.

Lexa: Fuck, Clarke. I want you so much.

Clarke: I'm here on the bed. All yours for the taking.

Lexa: Clarke, fuck, do you have any idea?

Clarke: Baby?

Lexa: Clarke, please, you have to touch yourself.

Clarke: I am.

Lexa: Slip your fingers inside, please

Clarke: Mmmmm

“Lexa, it's your shot,” Jake smiled and held out the pool cue.

“One moment Jake,” she smiled, feeling hot as between her legs throbbed.

Lexa: I need to go.

Clarke: Nooo, Lexa!

Lexa: Believe me baby, I want to come home and come with you, but fuck. I can't. Come hard. Think of me and come really hard and when I'm home I'll make you come again.

Clarke: Okay, I'll think if you. Think of your skin sliding against mine, your fingers slipping inside me, think of you sliding against my thigh, desperate for friction…

Lexa: Fuck.

Clarke: I'll think of your mouth sucking my nipple, as you rock and thrust your fingers into me, hard
and fast and so good. So good I can't keep quiet.

Lexa: Clarke, you're killing me, I'm so turned on. I have to go.

Clarke: And I have to come.

Lexa: Fuck

Clarke: Hmm, yes, we'll fuck when you get home, until then I'll just fuck myself. Love you Lexa.

Lexa: I love you

Lexa waited but nothing came through. She turned the screen off and shoved it into her back pocket before looking at the pool table. Jackson was snickering to himself and shaking his head at her as if he knew exactly what she'd been texting Clarke about. Thelonious and Jake were analyzing the pool table and Sinclair was at the bar.

“Clarke okay?” Jackson asked and she felt her cheeks burn.

“Great,” she nodded curtly and he laughed out loud. She shot him a scathing look, reached for the cue from Jake’s hand and without a second of hesitation she took the shot and sunk the ball.

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“Lexa,” Clarke's soft voice was whispering in her ear. Lexa was warm and cozy, cocooned in soft covers. She smiled to herself because the previous night had gone so well and she was wonderfully happy. She could feel Clarke soft, silky and naked against her. She had drunken memories of the most beautiful sex in the world, and she was pretty sure Jake now liked her. The only downside to an otherwise wonderful morning was the slight pain in her head.

“Mmm Clarke,” she found Clarke's hand, where it was stroking across her abs and pulled it up higher, pressing it against her boob.

“Hmm, sassy lil minx,” Clarke teased in her ear. Lexa merely squeezed Clarke's hand and gave a sigh at the sensation on her chest. The sound of her girlfriend’s throaty laugh had her reaching beside the bed for a breath mint before turning and capturing soft lips, skin sliding together in a sensation so perfect Lexa felt like maybe she was still dreaming. Clarke was so beautiful, and soft and warm and hers.

“I love you,” she murmured into the air between them.

“I know,” Clarke smiled.

“All right Han Solo, is an I love you too, really so hard?”

“Of course, I love you too. I just meant you were rather gushy last night.”

“Gushy?” Lexa frowned.

“I think you said that you love me at least one hundred times.”

“I did?”
“Yes! You and my dad came home calling each other ‘bro’ Lexa. You're not a bro. You hate that.”

“Fuck, really?” Lexa frowned trying to remember what had happened during the rest of the evening.

“Yes. It was like some private joke you both thought was hysterical. Then he proceeded to have a loud heart to heart with you outside my door.”

“He gave us his blessing,” Lexa smiled, remembering.

“Yeah, when you decided to ask him if you can marry me,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Wait, what?” Lexa rubbed her head.

“Well, I…fuck…really?”

“Well, I do want to marry you. I mean, you know, not yet and all,” she rubbed her face wishing the previous night was clearer. “I really asked your dad?”

“Lexa, I don't care about that, honestly. You know I'm crazy about you too. Didn't you hear the most important part of it all? He gave you his blessing! He offered to walk us both down the aisle! That means he likes you, you know—with me.”

“Oh wow, yeah, okay,” Lexa nodded dumbly as Clarke kissed her again.

“And not yet, huh? Why not?” Clarke batted her eyes and they were honest to god pools of veritaserum and Lexa had to tell the truth, just had to.

“Because I don't want to rush you,” she admitted and slapped a hand over her mouth, but Clarke just laughed and tugged her on top of her, opening her legs so Lexa was nestled tight against her. A soft hum of contentment escaped her and she found herself bumping noses with her girl.

“It is too soon,” Clarke whispered, words interspersed with soft, gentle kisses. “But I would still say yes.”

“You would?” Lexa jolted back, shocked, unexpected tears burning her eyes.

“Of course,” Clarke cupped her face gently. “I mean, don't ask. You may have won my parents over, but they'd freak out. I'm just saying that I know I want to be with you.”

“Really?” Lexa cursed her sudden emotions, swiping at a tear that slid from her eye.

“Lexa,” Clarke frowned a little and leaned up to kiss her. “Are you okay?”

“I'm just…I just…” she pressed her face into Clarke's warm neck, “love you.” She found arms tight about her, a hand smoothing through her hair, and closed her eyes to sleep again.
A couple of hours later there was a loud banging on Clarke’s bedroom door which made them both jump.

“Fuck,” Lexa pulled her mouth from between Clarke's legs, catching dazed blue eyes.

“Don't stop,” Clarke whined, hands tugging her hair, hips lifting from the mattress.

The extremely authoritative knocking sounded again.

“Clarke, Lexa—the others are here,” Abby's voice through the door. “I have coffee. Should I bring it in?”

“Fuck,” Clarke yelled far too loudly, legs still spread and Lexa still hovering between them. “No mom, no don’t!”

“Was that a yes or a no?”

“No,” they both yelled in unison.

“Mom, no. Don’t come in,” Clarke yelled tugging the duvet over her as Lexa tried to scramble from between her legs to put some clothes on but somehow rolled onto the floor with a bang, followed by the sound of breaking glass.

“Ow,” she cursed several times.

“Are you okay?” Abby called, voice louder, more stressed.

“Mom I love you, but leave, please leave,” Clarke begged, jumping from the bed naked to assess Lexa's injury. “Oh my god you're bleeding! Why are you bleeding?”

“Is Lexa bleeding?” Abby asked through the door, “I'll get the medical kit and then I'm coming in.”

“Fuck,” Clarke mumbled, “I was so damn close.”

Lexa stared at her incredulously, “Fuck, clothe me! I mean it Clarke—your mom said she’s coming in,” she pushed to her feet. She'd landed on a glass and when it smashed it had sliced a deep cut in her elbow that was not only painful but bleeding profusely. Clarke gripped at her arm which was getting covered in blood.

“Lexa, you need to sit down. I need to put pressure on it.”

“Mmm,” Lexa felt suddenly a little weak and perched her naked ass on the edge of the bed, dragging the flowered sheet over her lap and chest. “I'm sorry I'm bleeding on your covers,” she looked away as Clarke wadded up a T-shirt of hers and held it against her elbow.

“Lexa, you need to hold onto this. I'm naked too,” she gently took Lexa's right hand and cupped it around her left elbow. “I need to dress then I can help you.”

“Be careful of the glass,” Lexa told her. “I'm sorry I landed on it.”

“Don't be sorry. I mean, I hate that you got hurt but it was pretty fucking funny watching you freak out and scramble away in a panic. I hope you learned your lesson?”

“My lesson?”
“When you're between my legs don't run away thirty-seconds before I come! Let me come, enjoy the euphoria and then carefully make your way up my body to kiss my lips.”

“Clarke,” Lexa stared at her as if she were mad, because honestly, “your mom was outside the door. Threatening to come in.”

“My mom's not stupid, she wouldn't just come in,” Clarke rolled her eyes as at that very moment Abby knocked at the door once before opening it, and entering, eyes looking wide and stunned at Clarke's nudity, and Lexa's barely concealed nudity. Clarke squealed loudly, completely shocked and startled. Lexa began to laugh, a laugh that grew when Clarke burrowed under the covers, desperately trying to hide herself.

“I'll, uh, give you girls a minute,” Abby stuttered, eyes zeroing in on Lexa's elbow. “That's bleeding a lot Lexa, so I suggest you girls put on some clothes and do it quickly,” and with that she turned on heel and left.

“'My mom's not stupid, she wouldn't just come in,'” Lexa mocked through her laughter.

“Oh my god, why would she do that?” Clarke peeked out from the sheet. “Shit Lex, that's really bleeding. Stop laughing at me and get dressed!”

“I'm going to need help, you go first,” Lexa bit her lip to try and stop laughing.

Clarke slid out of the bed, “I think it is safe to say I'm not anywhere near coming anymore.”

“I'm sorry baby. I'll make up for it,” Lexa stared at Clarke's body, all soft and gorgeous. “Fuck, right now if you want?” she offered because her girlfriend was without doubt the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

“Oh my god,” Clarke giggled, “you're ridiculous. Yes, let my mother walk in when I'm riding your face, yes that would be awesome. ‘Happy Thanksgiving, Mom. I'm thankful for my gorgeous girlfriend and orgasms…’”

“That doesn't sound so bad.”

“Lexa, you're also bleeding everywhere, dummy,” Clarke pulled on clean underwear and a bra, which was sometimes sexier than nudity, Lexa decided as she fought the desire to throw her down on the bed and kiss her. “Nope,” Clarke waggled a finger at her, as if reading her depraved thoughts. “You need medical care and clothes!” Clarke pulled on leggings and a flannel shirt, smirking at Lexa who knew her eyes must be dilated as all hell.

“You're not the only one who was, uh, worked up,” she let the sheet fall from where it was trapped under her arm, exposing her chest, watching Clarke's eyes drop to it, and her tongue sneak out to wet her lips.

“Hmmm,” Clarke moved across the room and to the bed where she dropped to her knees in front of Lexa, who swallowed, especially when Clarke leaned close and nuzzled her nose against her exposed chest before sucking a nipple into her mouth and moaning softly. “I love you Lexa,” she mumbled, the words moving her tongue against Lexa's nipple which felt incredible, “but if you think I'd risk my mom walking in on me fucking you, you are seriously deluded.”

“Hmmm,” Lexa concurred but it was hard to think when Clarke's mouth was warm and on her, tongue doing delectable things.

“Okay,” Clarke released her nipple with a soft pop and smiled at her. “You're very cute when you're
horny and hurt. But let's get you sorted."

“Are you girls decent yet?” Abby's voice was muffled through the wood of the door. Lexa didn't think she'd ever moved so fast, as she dropped the T-shirt wadded to her arm and grabbed the bed sheets, blood dripping all over them from the cut on her elbow.

“No mom, no,” Clarke yelped, springing to the door, and opening it a crack. “I just need to help Lexa,” she rushed.

“Well, do it before she bleeds out,” Abby rolled her eyes. Clarke shut the door and hunted for clothes.

“You're going bra less,” she announced as she found a tank and helped Lexa put it on. Clarke was gentle, movements slow and careful, constantly ensuring she wasn't hurting her.

“Yeah?” Lexa stared at her somewhat mesmerized, as ever captivated when Clarke was up close. She stared at those cerulean eyes, soft and kind eyes that were focused on feeding her feet into underwear.

“Lexa,” Clarke rolled those beautiful eyes, “you need to stand.”

“Yeah,” Lexa let Clarke help her, breathing ragged as Clarke wriggled up her underwear, pulling it over her ass before pressing a soft, chaste kiss to the front of it, right over her clit. Lexa moaned softly, as Clarke pushed her back to sitting again.

“Okay, let's get some pants on you, yeah?” Clarke's hands were warm on her thighs, stroking up and down her skin.

“I love you,” Lexa whispered.

“I love you too,” Clarke gave her a soft, lazy smile.

“I'm sorry I'm a klutz,” she apologized.

“Hmm, your tongue was in me sexy Lexi and my mom was about to come in. I'm not surprised you scrambled.”

“I didn't scramble exactly,” Lexa protested, remembering the spike in her adrenalin when Abby had knocked and her bid to get away from the woman's daughter as quick as she could.

“Hmmm, sure you didn’t,” Clarke laughed and fed her feet gently into her jeans before pulling them up, gesturing for her to stand with a smile. Lexa stood and stared at her girlfriend as she tugged up her pants, carefully pulling up the zip and buttoning them. She felt her heart beat hard with love and adrenalin, so hard in fact that it actually hurt and for a moment she began to panic, feeling the blood rush from her face. “Lexa?” Clarke frowned.

“My heart,” she let go of the T-shirt wadded on her elbow and grabbed Clarke's hand and pressed it to her chest, where her heart was beating so hard she thought she might faint. Normally Clarke would make some joke about Lexa making a move but she didn’t, she just frowned.

“Lexa? Okay, it's okay. Let's sit down,” she pushed Lexa back onto the bed, hand trailing off her chest, where her heart was beating so hard she thought she might faint. Normally Clarke would make some joke about Lexa making a move but she didn’t, she just frowned.

“Lexa? Okay, it's okay. Let's sit down,” she pushed Lexa back onto the bed, hand trailing off her chest and down her left arm until she was pinching her wrist and looking at her watch. “It's okay,” she knelled down beside her. “Look at me baby. It's okay.”

“Why is my heart beating like that?”
“A lot happened in the last few minutes, just take a deep breath and remember you’re okay. It’s probably shock.”

“I’m okay,” Lexa repeated, looking into Clarke's eyes. She was so irrevocably in love and she wondered if it was that realization that had caused her heart to go crazy.

“Good,” Clarke soothed and sat beside her, holding the deep cut with her hands. “Mom,” she called and the door opened at once, Abby walking in, medical bag in her hand. Clarke shifted onto the bed, sitting behind Lexa and pressing a kiss to her neck. “All is fine. Her heart rate is kinda elevated.”

“You've lost quite a lot of blood,” Abby remarked and took Clarke's seat on the bed. “Next time scramble out of my daughter's bed with a little more care.”

“I just…” Lexa gaped at Abby who smiled.

“Just what, Lexa?”

“Uh, I just didn't want to get caught?” she mumbled.

“Yes, I know,” Abby smirked as she examined the cut. “It needs stitches. Would you like Clarke or me to do them?”

“Clarke,” Lexa responded at once and then flushed.

“Mom…” Clarke hesitated.

“You're perfectly capable,” Abby insisted as she wiped the blood from Lexa's skin. “Take deep breaths Lexa, think of something that calms you.”

“Mom, I'm really not sure…”

“I trust you Clarke,” Lexa knew her eyes must be wide and affectionate, but she just couldn't remedy her hopelessly in love look.

“Okay,” Clarke nodded as Abby handed a tub to Clarke, who after putting on gloves began to clean to the wound more thoroughly than her mother.

“Actually, Clarke, let me do that, okay?” her mom shoved her out the way. “Maybe you could give us a moment?”

“Why?” Clarke's demeanor slumped at once as she watched her mother inject the numbing agent.

“I want to talk to Lexa about your father,” Abby stated as she continued to flush out the cut.

“She heard me ask him, *that* particular question, last night,” Lexa immediately knew what the discussion would be about. Abby frowned and Clarke jumped in.

“Yeah, I heard Lexa drunkenly tell dad she was going to marry me, because she loves me so much, and that his permission was pointless because I had to want to marry her, which I do FYI, and then I heard dad give his rather enthusiastic blessing. I heard it all.”

“Ah,” Abby was clearly holding back a smile as she passed the bowl of bloody water to Clarke and turned back to the medical kit, drawing up a syringe. “This will numb it,” she explained, “And your Dad’s kinda freaking out, Clarke.”

“Really?” Clarke's demeanor slumped at once as she watched her mother inject the numbing agent.
around the wound on Lexa’s elbow. Lexa was relieved when she sidled closer and wrapped an arm around her waist.

“Not because he doesn't like Lexa. He told me this morning that Lexa is ‘kinda cool.’ She beat Thelonious at pool, made him look good, and in his words, ‘she really, really loves Clarke.’”

“So why is he freaking out?” Clarke frowned, but looked brighter.

“She wants to marry his baby girl, that makes all dads freak out,” Abby grinned. “Moms too!”

“I'll reassure him later,” Lexa gave a small smile.

“I think he's expecting an announcement during turkey,” Abby smiled, then narrowed her eyes, “I mean, maybe he's not wrong?”

“He's wrong. No announcement,” Clarke said as her mom moved away from Lexa and began to thread the needle. Clarke shifted around her body and put on clean gloves before taking the small curved needle from her mother. Lexa tried not to feel disappointed at Clarke’s assurances to her mother, because she was being ridiculous. She told herself it wasn't fair to want marriage yet—it was too soon and they were too young and they needed to live together first, and travel and Clarke had schooling left to do, but she still felt disappointed. “Not yet.” The two words from Clarke made a spontaneous smile break over her face, because Clarke said she would say yes even now and not yet meant some time. She looked down to try and hide her blinding smile.

“I see that smile, Lexa,” Abby teased, pressing a hand to her hair for a moment. “You want me to watch you stitch, Clarke?”

“I'm fine,” Clarke said and Abby gave a nod and moved to clear up the glass from the floor.

“Avoid the floor here until you've vacuumed. There's lots of shards of glass.”

“Okay, mom,” Clarke agreed as Abby left. “I'm going to start now Lexa, yeah?”

“Okay,” Lexa said, feeling a slight pinch around the cut. Clarke was quiet as she stitched, her face scrunched up in concentration. It was a surprisingly intimate act. There was no reason it should have been, but Lexa felt the closeness all the same. When Clarke was finished, and had wrapped gauze around her arm, she leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to the top.

“Did you just kiss my arm better?” Lexa grinned.

“Yes,” Clarke flushed a pretty pink. “Kisses release endorphins which actually do help fight pain. It's medically proven. I mean technically we should hug too.”

“Well, if it will help,” Lexa gave a casual little shrug and Clarke put the medical stuff to one side and straddled her lap, arms around her neck, lips on hers. Lexa loved sex and she was very in love with sex with Clarke, but sometimes she loved to just sit and kiss, and hug, hands on Clarke's ass, holding her tight, skin on skin and the feeling of utter contentment.

“You guys good?” Abby's voice from the door had Clarke break the kiss, heavy lidded eyes staring at Lexa's. “Clearly you're fine and my concern is unnecessary. You two are both ridiculous just so you know. Your friends will be here in a minute. Why don't you finish getting dressed and come have coffee?” she scolded.

“Sorry,” Lexa apologized.
“Oh, I don't mind,” Abby rolled her eyes, “but try and function you two!”

“Yes, mom,” Clarke mumbled.

“Yes, Abby.”
Chapter Twenty

Four months later

“Fuck, Lexa,” Clarke hissed.

“No, fuck Clarke,” Lexa insisted as her hand trailed up Clarke's thigh, fingers smoothing over the skin, feather light. “If you didn't want to fuck me you shouldn't have worn such a goddamned sexy dress,” her fingers brushed over the damp lace between Clarke's thighs and her girlfriend whimpered. “Shh, baby,” Lexa whispered, covering Clarke's mouth with her own. Clarke kissed her and gasped as her fingers snuck under lace and smoothed over her clit before dipping into delectable, soft wetness.

“Hmmmmm,” Clarke moaned biting her shoulder through her shirt. “Hard to keep quiet if you do that,” she tugged at Lexa's shirt in a bid to free it from the tailored pants, knocking the suspenders off Lexa's shoulders as she did so and then tugging the skinny tie she was wearing loose, “I fucking love this look on you.”

“Yeah?” Lexa asked as she pushed a finger into Clarke and her girlfriend's hips jerked forward.

“Fuck,” she cursed.

“Shh, baby,” she pushed Clarke's underwear down and began to pump her fingers into her, teeth moving to torture the soft skin on her neck.

“Worried some reporter will say the lead singer from Trikru, who won three Grammy's, fucked her girlfriend in the bathroom at the awards ceremony because she was too impatient to wait until they got home?”

“Too horny more like,” Lexa growled, grinding her palm against Clarke's clit and curling her fingers
and pushing the top of the dress down slightly so one perfect, bra clad breast spilled free and she could cover it with her mouth. “You're so sexy I'm going to come from fucking you, I swear to god.”

“Lexa,” Clarke moaned.

“Baby,” Lexa beseeched in a breathy whisper in her ear, but added another finger and increased the speed, as Clarke's hips moved to meet her hand, and her hands clawed at Lexa's boob, squeezing way too tight—a sign that Clarke was close. Lexa hated to admit it, because she was kind of embarrassed, but she'd developed a Pavlovian response to Clarke's hard squeezes which she now associated with her girlfriend coming (quite honestly the sexiest sound in the world) so much so that when Clarke squeezed too hard, Lexa's body swooped and clamped and she ached between her legs. Clarke seemed to understand and she shifted her leg, using the toilet to assist her sliding her thigh between Lexa's.

It was awkward as all hell, but it didn't seem to matter as they both moved against one another. Clarke was moaning, eyes dark, teeth biting down on her bottom lip as Lexa thrust her fingers in and out of her, curling them and brushing against her clit, all as she rubbed against the smooth skin of Clarke's thigh. It was hot and sexy, and the threat of being caught, coupled with Clarke's too tight grip on her boob drove Lexa nearly insane and when Clarke began to buck her hips more erratically, when her head fell back and she made some ungodly sound of pleasure as she came, Lexa was right behind her, grinding down hard onto her thigh as she followed.

“Holy shit, Lexa,” Clarke panted into her neck.

“Hmmm,” she managed to respond, heart pounding, body still clenching deliciously.

“I think you like winning awards,” Clarke teased, pressing soft kisses to the skin on Lexa's throat.

“I think you like me winning awards,” she flirted back.

“Oh, there'll be plenty of celebrating,” Clarke winked. “I have it all planned—it's gonna leave Pride night lying in rainbow colored glitter dust.”

“Hmmm,” Lexa shifted and licked up her neck, sucking the lobe of her ear into her mouth, causing Clarke to shiver. “You didn’t even know I would win,” she teased, reluctantly removing her fingers from inside of Clarke, trailing them softly over her, loving the jolt and whimper, before she brought them to her mouth and sucked them clean.

“Fuck,” the soft curse nearly had Lexa starting things all over again but she could feel her phone buzzing against her ass from within her pants pocket. “Hmmm, yeah I knew you were going to win. The response to the album has been…fuck…yeah…everyone knew you'd win.”

“I worry…” Lexa began and Clarke gave her a soft smile as she began to gently button up her shirt before tugging the suspenders back over her shoulders, smoothing the tails of the shirt back into Lexa's pants. She was so careful, and kind, that Lexa trailed off.

“I know,” Clarke said at length, resting her forehead on hers. “I get it as well. Sometimes it's hard to be popular, there's further to fall, and more to lose. But you guys do what you do so well because you love it. Your success won't change that. You are amazing and you write from here,” Clarke tapped her heart. “You'll never be mainstream baby. Even if the mainstream loves you.”

“I love you,” Lexa whispered and Clarke kissed her softly.

“Now make me look as though I haven't just been thoroughly ravished in the bathroom,” Clarke waggled her eyebrows and Lexa laughed, readjusting her underwear and dress for her.
“Beautiful,” she said with a nod and a soft kiss to her forehead.

Clarke smiled, “And you.”

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Clarke: Oh my god, Lexa. There's a blind gossip item on Lainey Gossip which can only be about us.

Lexa: What? What's a blind item, and what's Lainey Gossip?

Lexa: And aren't you supposed to be at the hospital?

Clarke: Meh, forget the hospital. Lainey Gossip is an online gossip blog. She does blind items—gossip, but no names. It'll be on Tumblr soon. Someone will tweet it or something so I wanted to tell you.

Lexa: Shit. I'm sorry, Clarke.

Clarke: Oh my god, you're so cute, you dork. You think I care that someone will work out my girlfriend fucked me senseless in the bathrooms at the Grammy's after winning three awards?

Clarke: Boo hoo me.

Lexa: Haha. I think you liked the glitz and the glamour!

Clarke: You think? Yeah, I loved the glitz. You looked sexy as all hell in that suit. And the glamour and cool factor—I could live like that!

Lexa: I'm not sure I could!

Clarke: I know. I couldn't really, but it was fun to be all glam and famous for the night.

Lexa: It was amazing. You were amazing. I was happier that I got to go with you than I was about winning those awards.

Clarke: You cheesy, romantic dork! I'm blushing like an idiot.

Lexa: Good!

Lexa grabbed her coffee from the Starbucks collection counter and headed out into the cold air, trying to decide what to pick up for dinner. She was making Clarke something special for date night, then they were heading to Copper Tank for pool. Jake was in town and was meeting them, the band and Clarke's friends. Jake was a bit of a groupie these days and couldn't wait for Lexa to see his new shirt. Clarke was already cringing, certain her father was going to be wearing a Trikru fan shirt—perhaps one he'd designed himself. Her phone buzzed again.

Clarke: Okay, Tumblr has already decided it was us. So has Twitter.

Lexa: What did the blind thing say? God I'm crap at this stuff.
Clarke: That's why you have me!

Clarke: And you're not crap.

Clarke: Blind item—“This Grammy winner took her girlfriend to the women's restroom for sexy time fun, followed by her girlfriend giving her the sweetest pep-talk—all about how great she is. This couple is so in love the air around them is filled with floating hearts.”

Lexa: Yeah, okay, that's about us:)

Clarke: Was my pep-talk the sweetest?

Lexa: Cast that line out Clarke:)

Lexa then sent the fishing emoji.

Clarke: If you don't need my pep-talks…

Lexa: It was wonderfully sweet my gorgeous, darling girlfriend.

Clarke: That's more like it, sexy Lexi.

Lexa: You want curry or something pasta based for dinner?

Clarke: Hmmm…pasta please and thank you! And a blind item is supposed to be anonymous and juicy FYI.

Lexa: And is doing “it” in the restroom at the Grammy's considered juicy?

Clarke: Extremely. Especially the star of the show.

Lexa: Do I need to do damage control?

Clarke: Everyone adores you and your fans think it's awesome. Anya tweeted something typically Anya, but totally supportive. It's all good.

Lexa: Do I want to know what Anya tweeted?

Clarke: Do you ever?

Lexa: Nope.

Clarke: That's right! Don't worry about it. I'll post something to quell it all. People seem thrilled. Which is weird, but better than the alternative, right?

Lexa: You're the best person in the entire world!

Clarke: And I'm in love with you.

Lexa: Hmmm, yes you are. And I'm in love with you.

Clarke: So life is good! I have to go back now.

Lexa: Boo.
Clarke: Can't wait for tonight.

Lexa: Nooo, don't go:(

Clarke: Love you Lexa! See you later xxxxxx

Lexa: xxxxxxx

***

Two months later again

"It's definitely a wolf," Lexa stated and Clarke scoffed,

"A wolf? You're kidding me, right? That's Thor, it's absolutely Thor."

"I don't know what you're looking at but there is no way that cloud there looks anything like the God of thunder."

"Thor isn't the god of thunder," Clarke picked Lexa's hand up from where it was resting on her stomach, nudged it out from under her shirt, and then held her index finger, using it to trace the cloud formation she insisted resembled Thor.

"I've seen the movie and read the comics…and sorry…but he is most definitely the god of thunder."

"Technically," Clarke hid a smile when Lexa gave her a look, because Clarke was a big fan of pulling the 'technically' card. "Technically he is the god associated with thunder, and lightening, storms, oak trees, strength, the protection of mankind and hallowing, healing and fertility."

"What did you do? Memorize wiki pages about Thor before our date so you could pull out that crap when you claimed a cloud looks like him?" Lexa leaned up on an elbow to stare at Clarke as she scoffed.

"Lexa, I have the biographies of all relevant comic characters memorized," Clarke responded condescendingly and Lexa flopped back on the picnic blanket with a huff.

"Sure you do," she rolled her eyes, "do you even know what hallowing means?"

"Of course," her girlfriend stated smugly, plucking a strawberry from the picnic Lexa had prepared and wrapping her lips around it. Even after a year of being together and over a year and a half of knowing Clarke, the sight still made Lexa's stomach clench.

"What does it mean smarty pants?"

"To make sacred or holy," Clarke swallowed the strawberry and plucked another from the bowl and fed it to Lexa. Lexa chewed and swallowed, eyes fixed on Clarke's.

"Powerful mo fo, that Thor," she said and Clarke gave one of her bright, sunny smiles,

"I think most people agree he's about number four on the most powerful list, behind Martian Manhunter, Dr. Manhattan and the Silver Surfer heading up the list in the number one spot."

"
“Seriously?” Lexa arched her eyebrows. “The silver guy is number one?”

“Well, Supes would be in number one spot if it wasn't for kryptonite. The silver dude is pretty invincible you know?”

“Damn that glowing green rock,” Lexa rolled onto her stomach so she could stare down at Clarke, whose long blond hair was splayed around her head, her tight tank top wonderfully revealing, while the skirt she was wearing was incredibly sexy, short and summery. Lexa just really loved to look at her. Even if funky shades where hiding her pretty blue eyes.

“Hmm, yes, damn it,” Clarke agreed, hand sliding into Lexa's hair behind her head and tugging softly so that their lips collided. They lay together in the warm sun kissing for a few minutes.

“It's annoying no women are in that list, right?”

“Right,” Clarke pouted and so she kissed her again.

“So, what other biographies did you deem worthy to memorize?” Lexa asked, after a soft bump of their noses and a long, lingering smile.

“Well, Wonder Woman,” she bit her lip and blushed,

“Before you saw whatshername from the movie in costume or after?” Lexa laughed.

“After,” Clarke poked Lexa's nose with her index finger.

“Okay who else?”

“Lexi, I don't want to talk about superheroes,” Clarke smirked.

“You don't? Well, that's a first.”

“Haha,” Clarke rolled her eyes, “I want to talk about that amazing article that Rolling Stone wrote about you.”

“About the band,” Lexa clarified, still uneasy with the distinction between her and the group.

“The photos were beyond sexy.”

“I know,” Lexa grinned because she'd caught Clarke enjoying the photos in a very, very explicit manner, and the thought still made her brain go to very good places.

“You turn me on, what can I say?” the girl shrugged a little, unperturbed about being caught.

“Hmmmm, I think it's safe to say I'm not complaining.”

“That is safe to say. You never complain.”

“Do we have too much sex, do you think?” Lexa frowned.

“I think, given the significant amount of time that we spend talking, or in bars, playing pool, drawing, writing music, doing healthy exercise related activities you insist upon, not to mention learning medicine and writing reports, well, I think we can justify having sex whenever we want.”

“Hmmmm, really?” She kissed Clarke, her tongue sliding into her mouth and tangling languidly with the girl's naughty, naughty tongue, which had learnt to do wicked things to great effect.
“Not here Lexa,” Clarke giggled, but pulled her down, so that she was lying half on top of her.

“Hmmm, but we can make out here,” she smiled.

“Well, I did bring you here to celebrate the article,” Clarke nuzzled her face into Lexa’s, who pulled back.

“Uh, no. I brought you here to celebrate something else entirely!”

“I hate to disagree but I brought you here!” Clarke scrunched her arms together making her cleavage irresistible.

“If you brought me here how come I packed this delicious picnic?” she asked, traitorous hand trailing over Clarke’s stomach and nudging the underside of her soft, soft breast.

“Because I said, ‘Hey Lexa, let's go for a picnic to celebrate. I'm just going to take a quick shower,’ and you, being the wonderful girlfriend you are, whipped up the most delicious assortment of food!”

“I didn't whip it up,” Lexa protested, “I had it in the fridge ready. When you came in last night I said I wanted to take you on a picnic today!” She stared at Clarke, a definite pout forming.

“Ah, babe, was that before or after? Because if it was after I was so wiped out from your fantastic loving, you can't honestly expect me to remember a thing!”

“Hmm,” she growled in frustration because she could never win against Clarke.

“Seriously…I mean you were amazing and I just, you know, slumped after…”

“Well, yeah,” Lexa couldn't deny that her ego felt preened by Clarke’s words, her chest puffing out a little, “but I've had this planned for ages…”

“Then why didn't you say so when I came in and said I wanted to go on a picnic?” Clarke arched her brows.

“I thought you said that you were going to shower before the picnic. I didn’t think that was you suggesting a picnic.”

“Well, it was. I know I've been crazy busy but it's nearly all over and I just…wanted to spend a couple of hours with my favorite person on all of Earth, celebrating her incredibly sexy and gushing article.”

“Well, I'm celebrating something different,” Lexa felt a bite of nerves. It hadn't occurred to her, not once, that Clarke wouldn't get what she was celebrating, that she wouldn't remember.

“And what are you celebrating,” Clarke wasn't even looking at her as she asked, she'd just rolled over and was digging in her bag for something.

“Me?” Lexa asked feeling a little hollow, because today—it was the day her life had changed, the day that opened up everything and she was stunned that something so pivotal and influential on her life, had such a little impact on Clarke that she didn't even remember.

“And what do you think we were celebrating?” Clarke was still digging around in her bag and not looking at her.

“Well,” Lexa tried to keep the enthusiasm in her voice, to not sound dejected, “a year ago today we…uh…kissed for the first time,” she explained, eyes falling shut, as she forced her emotions back.
Clarke not remembering didn't mean she didn’t care, she reminded herself.

“Really?” Clarke's muffled voice and sarcasm had her opening her eyes to find Clarke looking up at her, a single red rose cheekily clutched between her teeth, a wrapped gift in her hand, “I had no idea,” she said sarcastically around the stem of the rose.

Lexa began to laugh, “You're pretty darn cruel Dr. Griffin.”

“Not a doctor for another week, baby.”

“Fine, and who cares because I take the cruel back—you’re very, very wonderful and romantic, Dr. Hot.”

“Oh, that's cheesy Lexi, really, really cheesy, I mean even for you.”

“Says the girl clutching a red rose in her teeth,” she smiled a wide, happy smile.

“Yeah, you could take the rose about now and give me a kiss?”

“Hmmm,” she plucked the rose from Clarke's teeth and kissed her softly.

“I have a present for you as well,” Clarke smiled into the kiss.

“Hmm, I have one for you too,” Lexa felt her heart rate speed up as she cupped Clarke's face to more ardently kiss her, forgetting the public setting and the gift Clarke still held in her hand.

“Hmmm I love your kisses sexy Lexi, but I really want to give you your gift,” Clarke pushed her away slightly and so she leaned on her elbow, body turned in toward her girlfriend.

“Fuck but I love you,” she said and her girlfriend's face shone with happiness as she handed over a rectangular package, thin and book like. “Hmm, a book?” she guessed and her girlfriend rolled her eyes, the disdain still visible behind shades.

“Open it annoying girlfriend of mine,” she ordered and so Lexa carefully undid the paper. “Oh my god Lexi, you really don't get enough gifts. Rip the paper.”

“But it's really pretty paper,” Lexa protested with a shrug, as she carefully unstuck the tape on the rainbow paper with its flourish of ribbons.

“I have a whole roll of it at home. Have fun!”

“Really?” Lexa stared at the paper and Clarke nudged her,

“Yes, baby,” she encouraged and so Lexa ripped the paper, mouth falling open at the gift—a professional print version of Clarke’s comic.

“Clarke?” Lexa stared at it stunned.

“Don't get excited. It's a one of a kind, just for you. Raven just about killed me! It's not the whole story obviously, and Commander Lexa is only introduced at the very end, but…”

“I love it, I love it,” Lexa threw herself on Clarke, hugging her tightly.

“You haven't even looked at it you goof.”

“I still love it.”
“Yeah?” Clarke looked shy and uncertain and Lexa just adored her for that, adored that she didn't just assume, even though she had to be fairly certain that she would love the gift.

“Hmmm, yes,” she picked it up and began to page through the comic, astounded by how it was now a real comic, a real comic her best friend, her girlfriend, her person, had drawn and made, that starred a character based on her. “It's amazing! How did you even get this done?”

“Bellamy has this friend who works in printing. They do some comics and the guy helped me get it ready, digitize everything and format it. He really liked it, well, I mean he was fairly enthusiastic.”

“Of course he was!” Lexa's eyes roved greedily over page after page. “It's magnificent.”

“I couldn't decide if it was the comic or my boobs he was most interested in,” Clarke laughed, but Lexa's eyes snapped up at that. “Down girl,” Clarke teased, “I'm a one-woman gal.”

“One gal, no guy?”

“You ridiculous girl, no! Stop checking. You, and only you, that's who I love and want. I don't miss penis in the slightest.”

“Ever?” Lexa placed the comic carefully down.

“We have lots of accessories baby, and you have the most skilled mouth and fingers on the planet—why would I miss penis?”

“I don't know. We can get more, uh, stuff if you want, you know? I'd do that.”

“You want to fuck me Lexa?” Clarke twirled a strand of blond hair around her finger looking positively coquettish.

“Always. In every way imaginable,” she answered at once, sounding way too keen, but unable to curb her enthusiasm.

“Well, I want my gift first and if you want to stop by a sex store on our way home for new toys, well that's fine by me,” she smirked at Lexa who was fairly sure her eyes were dark and lust addled.

She coughed and mentally pulled herself together, “Okay, okay, right, enough sex talk. Head out of the gutter,” she insisted, swallowing. “You want your gift?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Clarke grinned and sat up, sitting cross legged and expectant. Lexa pulled out her phone and snapped a picture because she looked so cute.

“Okay, first this…” Lexa handed her a notebook and then covered her face with her hands, listening to the sound of Clarke opening it and the pages turning.

“Oh my god,” Clarke gasped and slammed the notebook shut, “is this what I think it is?”

“Well, that depends on whether that's a bad ‘oh my god?’” Lexa asked from behind her hands.

“Is this a lyrical analysis of your album? Of all those songs about me?”

“Yep,” she admitted from behind her hands.

“You dirty little ho!” Clarke laughed and tugged her hands from her face.

Lexa stared at Clarke's pink cheeks, “I prefer lyrical genius,” she bit her lip and Clarke laughed again.
loudly.

“I'm sure you do! Do you have any idea how much I could sell this for? It literally breaks down exactly what you're really singing about and oh my god! Seriously Lexa! No wonder you thanked me first at the Grammy's when you kept winning those damn awards! Knowing what those songs really mean...you absolutely had to thank me first! I cannot believe you sing about this stuff! It's utterly elicit! Or would be if people didn't interpret the lyrics the way they do!”

“Hmm yeah,” Lexa could feel her face burning.

“I love it, but oh my god, don't you remember my dad playing the album loudly at their anniversary party and boasting to everyone that it is about me? You're literally singing about going down on me Lexa!” Clarke was bright red and laughing so hard she was curled over. “Oh my god I'm so embarrassed.”

“Er yeah...did you miss the amused looks Lincoln was shooting him?”

“I wondered what that was about! Oh my god,” Clarke giggled. “Oh my god Lexa, you said the song was about sex...you didn't say it was graphic depictions of each moment of fucking me with your tongue for the first time!”

“That was a life changing experience,” Lexa told her primly.

“And, uh, this is another...” Clarke was staring at her, with dark eyes, looking suddenly really nervous.

“It is?” Lexa frowned.

“I love this,” Clarke clutched the notebook to her chest, “I love that you shared this with me. I love that you exposed yourself like that for me.”

“I got you a necklace too,” Lexa flushed, feeling embarrassed. “It's really pretty.”

“You did?” Clarke's eyes twinkled. “You're so sweet!”

“Well, I love you!”

“And I love you,” Clarke agreed leaning across to kiss her. “I wanted to suggest something, you know, uh, life altering...”

“Sure,” she traced the shape of Clarke's face with her fingertips.

“So, I start residency next month?” Clarke posed it as a rhetorical question. Lexa was very aware about Clarke’s looming residency and all the potential changes it would bring about. It had been a big year for both of them, full of changes and hard work. The release of their album had propelled Trikru into the limelight in a way that they hadn't previously experienced, and success at the Grammy's followed, all of which increased her celebrity, and for a person that liked to fly under the radar in her down time, it was an adjustment. The mega rise of Trikru had all occurred during Clarke's last year in medical school which had been filled with rotations and interviews. They’d adjusted though, and Lexa had kept Clarke as her number one priority. Her girlfriend came first, simple as that. There had been shows and interviews, photo shoots and gigs that took her away for longer than she liked, but Clarke was as supportive of her as she was in return. The thought of Clarke in residency was something Lexa both looked forward to and didn't. For Clarke it was progress, the fruition of all she'd worked so long and hard for. For Lexa, it meant less time with the girl she adored. However, she knew she would just have to adapt herself around Clarke's schedule
insanity to ensure maximum time together. A new place of work would also mean new people in Clarke’s orbit—new friends, new interest in Clarke and her potential interest in them. Lexa wasn't secure enough in life to not worry about that, even though she trusted her girlfriend and was secure in her feelings.

“Hmm, yes. In Boston, thank god,” she released a happy sigh. “I’m so happy you got into the program you wanted,” she didn’t need to add how happy and relieved she was that Clarke was staying in Boston with her—her girlfriend knew exactly how she felt about that.

“Me too,” Clarke’s sigh echoed hers, and she smiled widely at her.

“So?” she stared happily at her beautiful girl.

“Well, I was thinking…fuck,” Clarke cursed softly and Lexa frowned.

“Thinking?”

“I want to live with you Lexa. So, I’m asking if you want to move in together?” Clarke burst out, nervous eyes staring at her expectantly. It was something that had been in Lexa’s head since she became official with Clarke, the vision of a home together intoxicating and saturated with fairy-tale implications and yet the air left her body as the words from her girlfriend hit her. Only a fool would have thought they weren’t headed in that direction and she wasn’t a fool. Clarke stayed at her place nearly all the time, they had friends over to her place, they went out with friends together, usually, unless it was friend’s night. They were just always together. It made sense to move in and she wanted it. She wanted it so badly, her teeth went through her bottom lip. And yet she couldn't drag air into her lungs, couldn't get her mouth to scream yes, because suddenly she was scared, terrified. Her heart was pounding so hard she had to put a hand over it because it physically hurt, and she felt sick. Clarke had just offered her everything she’d ever wanted and she was apparently going to have a break down instead of gathering Clarke’s soft body into her arms and screaming yes. The silence between them stretched, so tight it became fragile.

“I…” she frowned for a second, eyes dropping to her hands, as she tried to think, to say things, the right things. “Uh…”

“Look it’s fine, okay, forget I asked,” Clarke rushed out, her face falling before she could mask her devastation with casual indifference.

“Clarke,” she attempted, desperate for words in her head, let alone her mouth, but she was overwhelmed by fear, a pulsing, banging, throbbing panic that made her head fuzzy and confused. She reached a hand out toward her girlfriend but Clarke shifted out of the way, shuffling back a little on the blanket and focusing on putting lids on Tupperware, blue eyes cloudy.

“It's okay…I just thought…god, forget it…I guess I thought wrong,” her blue eyes were wet and she was playing with the edges of the notebook she'd picked up, refusing to look at her as Lexa tried to come up with words to save the situation, to return them to the intimacy and happiness of just moments earlier. But she couldn't find words, not over the rapid beating of her heart, not over the vague nausea she felt that threatened to overwhelm her, not over the haze and blur in her head.

“Clarke,” she managed the girl's name once more.

“Look, forget it okay?” Clarke's face tightened and she looked about ready to lose it as she shoved boxes back in the cool bag, her right hand clutching the notebook tightly. “Look, fuck…I'm going to go.”
“Don't go,” Lexa snatched her hand, as her voice came out muffled and weak, “please don’t.”

“You should have seen your face,” Clarke sniffed, worming free of her grip. “I thought, god, I thought that we were there, but your face. It looked like I'd hit you. I have to go…” A tear escaped her eye and Lexa’s panic increased because she'd caused Clarke pain, something she'd vowed to never do.

Lexa was a peace keeper by nature, she always had been. All her life it had been instinctive to avoid causing pain, to ease the suffering of others, to put herself at risk, to engage in self-sacrifice, it could be considered her biggest flaw. It was obvious she had more than one fault—she had silent, vacant gaping when her relationship was on the line, and she had no doubt it would be if her inability to form words continued. It wasn't that she was a doormat, that she couldn’t be tough, she could. Lexa could absolutely stand up for herself, it was seeing pain written on someone’s face that killed her. Clarke’s ex-boyfriend had visited Boston in May and she’d met him for a drink. Lexa had been admittedly ridiculous about it even though Clarke had checked that there wouldn't be a problem with her going. She hadn't had a problem, not really. Her insecurity, however, was apparently out of control and she didn't even know why when Clarke gave her no reason to feel that way. Clarke was obviously as smitten with her as she was with Clarke, and yet Lexa could never quite grasp that she got this—a happy, healthy relationship with a girl she adored. Her baseless jealousy had been awful and she’d upset Clarke who believed it was a lack of trust in her. It was a lack of trust, but in herself rather than her girlfriend, a lack of trust in her own worth. Clarke had been really upset that Lexa didn't seem to trust her, and witnessing such apparent anguish had been awful. She’d tried to explain how she lost people, how they left her, starting with her mother. Clarke had been angry at first, but she had softened almost immediately, then she’d kissed her, reassuring her of the many reasons she loved her. The argument hadn't lasted long, because Lexa did trust Clarke. And Clarke—she was trustworthy. She’d even insisted Lexa come meet the ex. It had blown over, but at the time had felt huge. Lexa had blamed their lack of bickering in general for why the argument had felt so monumental. There was only ever a little arguing when they were tired, or sometimes when Clarke slobbed out and Lexa had just cleaned, but really it was limited, and over the silliest of things. It wasn't hurtful, or painful. It didn't lead to insult slinging, or barbed digs. They were still best friends who spent hours dissecting a social interaction, or binge watching their favorite show together, reading comics or tangled on the couch each pursuing their own interest, while chatting aimlessly about stuff. They still debated things, such as religion, or political things and they were both passionate about LGBTQ rights and lending their weight where it was needed, especially because Lexa had huge sway due to the band and their success, and her increasingly high profile status. The fact that they didn't argue seriously had made Lexa panic when they did, made her feel that they might be doomed. Clarke had merely rolled her eyes. Told her that they would argue and that to do so was normal and healthy. However, it had hurt them both, and Lexa hated that, hated putting Clarke through pain. Normally she would try to reduce pain for Clarke, it was more than instinctive—it was necessary. This was different. Lexa could see the sting of rejection, the dejected slope of Clarke's shoulders, the hurt in her eyes and yet the more she panicked the less she could solve it, the words just weren't in her head, her mind couldn't process. She could see Clarke's trust and faith in their relationship begin to wither. She literally watched Clarke disintegrate in front of her and didn't do anything. Couldn't.

“Clarke,” she said again, uselessly.

“Forget it,” Clarke muttered, standing and swinging her bag onto her back. “Just forget it. I, fuck… I'm an idiot and yeah…”

“Don't leave,” Lexa felt lightheaded her heart was beating so hard. “Don’t…” she stood but Clarke just shook her head slightly and walked off.
And Lexa watched her.

***

**Raven:** What the fuck is wrong with you, you idiot?

**Octavia:** Oh my god, I'm actually gonna have to kick your ass! What the fuck is the matter with you?

**Bellamy:** You utter douche!

**MaGriffin:** Lexa, do you want to explain to me exactly why my daughter is sobbing on my couch just before the start of residency?

**PoppaGriffin:** Fix this right now!

Lexa threw her phone aside, watching it bounce onto the floor and tried to calm her breathing. The banging at the door made her jump and she thought she might throw up, so didn't move.

“Lexa, open the fucking door,” Lincoln yelled, banging consistently on the wood of her door. When she didn't answer, she heard the key in the lock and then the door creaking open. Then the couch dipped as Lincoln sat down beside her, and her body tilted toward him, landing against his side. For a few minutes they sat, Lincoln breathing with her, as she panted helplessly into her knees.

“I've fucked everything up,” she said eventually, looking up at him, not caring about smudged mascara and messy hair.

“You fucked up, yeah, but not for good. I'm taking it you don't want this to be over? Your relationship with Clarke?” it was a rhetorical question, but Lexa shook her head, and wiped at her eyes, increasing the smudged mess of mascara and eyeliner.

“I want to marry her! Of course I don't want it to be over.”

“So, what happened? Why didn't you say yes?” Lincoln's brow pursed in confusion.

Lexa sighed, “I don't really know. I just…I freaked out, okay?”

“Because she wants to move in together?” he asked and she nodded. “Octavia told me,” he explained unnecessarily. “Why, not say yes, Lex? You clearly want that.”

“Just…god…I don’t even know. I just, I got scared, you know? I mean what if it all goes wrong? Doesn't everything in my life go wrong? Everyone leaves, or is forced to, you know that. I freaked out. I honestly think I had a panic attack.”

“You haven't told her about Costia, have you?” Lincoln gave a gentle shake of his head.

“Some of it,” Lexa looked at her hands.

“She knows about us, right? Being foster kids? About the group home?”

“Yes,” Lexa nodded, “she knows some stuff about Nia too.”
“Where does she think Costia went?”

“She doesn't really know much about Costia. I haven't really talked much about her.”

“And Nia?”

“She knows she's in prison,” Lexa shrugged.

“Maybe it's about time to tell her the truth?”

“I haven't lied. I just can't seem to tell her about it,” Lexa shook her head, rubbing the palms of her hands against her eyes. “God, I just want to forget all that…”

“Lexa, it wasn't your fault you know. None of it was. You didn't do anything. I know Nia blamed you, I know she psychologically wrecked you, but it wasn't your fault. You were a kid for god's sake.”

“But I haven't told her what happened…I mean, she doesn't know the details, not really, and I just…”

“Look Lexa, what happened to Costia was awful. It was an awful, awful accident and you weren't responsible, not in any way. Nia wasn’t responsible either, but she felt guilty—grief can make us slightly crazy. She's only in prison because she freaked out on you in a violent and awful way, and blamed you rather than accept any guilt herself, and that was because she was devastated.”

“It doesn't mean it wasn't my fault,” Lexa said and the tears leaked out of her eyes, big fat tears that trailed down her cheeks, tracking rivers of black over them.

“So what, you blame yourself because she was your girlfriend?”

“I blame myself because…because, I said we were over if she went with Nia, because Nia only asked her to go to make a point that it was her thing with me or her friendship with her…but she was well aware that Nia hated me.”

“Lexi, it was so much more complicated than that. And even if that was true, Nia can't target Clarke, now. She’s in jail.”

“Not forever,” Lexa muttered darkly.

“Lexa, you’ve been with Clarke for a year—why are you freaking out now?”

“Moving in Lincoln, that's what I've wanted since I met her at your dumb New Year's Eve party. I think I knew that fucking second that I would want to marry that girl, but God, what if I let her move in and something happens? What if I tell her about Costia and she doesn't want me anymore? What if I lose her? What if I'm not meant to be happy?” her voice cracked.

“Why wouldn't she want you? Why would she leave?” Lincoln asked softly.

“Because I didn't tell her. Because I'm a risk. Because a happily ever after isn't something people like me get…”

“Lexa, Clarke loves you. She's in love with you. She may be mad you didn't share but she'll understand. She's like the sweetest girl on earth and there's just no way she wouldn't get it. And you're not a risk.”

“I am.”
“You're not. What happened is in the past. It was an accident and I'm damn sure Nia learnt her lesson.”

“Or, Nia gets out of jail and decides to get retribution on me and those I love.”

“It's been years. She doesn't know where we are. None of them do. We can hire security.”

“I just keep thinking I'll lose Clarke too. Like I'm not supposed to be happy. Like I don't get that. I mean, why would I?”

“Well, by that logic why would I? But, you know what? Octavia makes me happy and Clarke makes you happy. And they love us. They do. They don't see our crappy upbringings as anything more than part of our story, part of who we are. Trust me, Clarke will see the whole Costia and Nia thing the same way. You weren't at fault. Costia didn't die because you loved her, or she loved you. She didn't die because you don't deserve to be happy. And just because she died, doesn't mean Clarke will too. Costia died and it was an accident. Nia meant to give her a scare, test her, but not kill her. You know that deep down. It was an accident. Accidents happen. You always seem to forget that Nia and Costia had their own relationship, their own dynamic at play. Everything that happened was more to do with that than you.”

“But…”

“No, Lexa, I'm going to say it again—Costia did not die because you loved her and she loved you. It was an accident. Nia made a mistake. You deserve to be happy.”

“I just, I don't know,” Lexa shook her head and Lincoln sighed before leaning down and picking her phone up off the floor, handing it to her.

“Call her. Talk to her.”

“I've fucked up though. My reaction hurt her. I promised not to hurt her.”

“Lexa, hurt is a part of love. It shouldn't be but it is, because when you're in love, of course the emotions are so much stronger and the little things that don't mean anything with someone else, they mean a lot more. You were hurt she saw her ex that time. You're okay now! Clarke will be okay too.”

“I just stared at her though. And gaped like a fucking fish.”

“Because you suffered a trauma,” Lincoln took her hand. “It was a trauma and it changed who you are. So, what if it was in the past, it's a part of who you are. Whatever the reasons around what happened. Whatever the truth, you were still traumatized and that was real. Clarke will understand.”

“I just…”

“Lexa, call her, text her, something,” he tapped the phone resting on her lap. Slowly she picked it up.

PoppaGriffin: Lexa, you can talk to me you know? Abby and me. We know you love her. And we care about you too.

MaGriffin: Please let us know you're okay. We worry about you too and we're here for you.

Lexa held the phone against her chest, tears leaking from her eyes.

“What? What happened?” Lincoln fretted and so she shoved the phone at him, and watched through
glassy eyes. “Come on, you know they love you.”

“No one has ever said that they care, that they're there for me. I mean beyond you guys and Clarke. No one old and parental,” she sniffed.

“You have messages from her friends too.”

“I know,” Lexa nodded and took the phone back, wiping her eyes and nose on her sleeve, which somewhere in the back of her mind she knew was disgusting, but she just didn't have the energy to care.

Raven: Come on Commander—call your girl and explain why you were such a wench. She just wants to know you love her and have a reason. It's not like any of us thought you'd say no (you're grossly in love). There must be a reason, so just talk to her, okay?

Octavia: If you want to talk, you can call me, okay? Or Raven. Even Bellamy. We're your friends too.

Bellamy: I know you fucking love her, so just woman up and talk to her about why you're not ready to live together

“Fuck,” Lexa turned her phone over, “they're all so freaking nice.”

“They know that Clarke is happier with you than without you. They know you love her. They want to help,” Lincoln shrugged.

“Is it a cop out to text her?”

“I would say it's a cop out not to text her.”

She typed and showed the text to Lincoln.

“She's going to think you want to end things,” he shook his head. “Tell her you love her and want to be with her too. There's just stuff you haven't shared. Don't make her freak out.”

Lexa hesitated but fresh tears clouded her vision, so she hit send before wiping her eyes.

Lexa: Clarke, we need to talk.

Lexa was typing the second part when Clarke's response came through.

Clarke: no no no no

“Shit,” she muttered and hit send.

Lexa: I love you and I still want to be with you—more than anything. There are just some things I haven't shared that I should have. I'm sorry.

Clarke: You're not going to end this? Please don't. I can change.

Lexa: Don’t change. Not who you are. You’re perfect. There is no way I'm ending this. Never. Not ever.

Clarke: Then what happened? I feel like an idiot, Lexa.
Lexa: Why? I'm the idiot.

Clarke: I thought we were so definitely there. Ready

Lexa: We are. We really are

Clarke: So what happened? Why am I crying at my parents’ house with my friends on our anniversary, instead of celebrating in bed with you?

Lexa: Because I'm an idiot. Like I said.

Clarke: You are actually.

Lexa: Please can I come see you? Please?

Clarke: We should talk, right? :( 

Lexa: I'm in love with you and I do want to live with you. I want my entire life with you. I just have stuff I need to share. And I'm scared.

Clarke: Scared? I'm not a secret bitch. It's no secret that at PMS time I'm a feisty bitch, but, God, you know me Lexa!

Lexa: That's not why I'm scared. I’m not scared of who you are. I *need* to speak to you. I can't do it on text.

Clarke: You'll come here?

Lexa: Yes.

Clarke: Are you upset? Calm? What's your emotional state?

Lexa: I'm fucking distraught, Clarke, how do you think I am?

Clarke: Then get Lincoln to drive you. I don't want you hurt.

Lexa: Fuck, I love you so much

Clarke: I'm so mad and hurt and I don't know what else right now.

Lexa: I understand.

Clarke: But I do love you too. I wouldn't be so mad, hurt and everything else if I didn't.

Lexa: I'll be there soon.

Clarke: Okay.

Lexa swallowed and clicked on to the other messages that had come through.

MaGriffin: I hope you're okay. Listen to Clarke and let Lincoln bring you

Raven: Glad you found your backbone Commander.
PoppaGriffin: Don't break her heart.

PoppaGriffin: And look after yours too.

Octavia: Lincoln won't let you drive FYI so don't even think about it.

Bellamy: Bring flowers

Bellamy: And chocolates

Bellamy: And if Lincoln is driving maybe write her a love song about how fucking lucky you'd be to live with her.

Bellamy: Octavia says that was harsh.

Lexa: It's true. Tell everyone thank you for not disowning me.

Bellamy: I would have, but since Clarke wants to keep you around…

Lexa: Yeah, I like you too.

Bellamy: :-)

“Ready Lexi?”

“I need to change my top,” she admitted, “I snotted on it.”

“Okay,” he gave her a soft smile as she got up to change, only giving her a wry, knowing look, when she returned wearing Clarke's Harvard hoodie. “Let's go.”

“Okay,” she nodded taking a deep breath and reminding herself that even if Clarke hated her, which Lexa couldn't really believe she did, she owed the girl she was in love with the truth about who she was, and why she'd freaked out over the thing she wanted most.
Chapter Twenty-One

It took about an hour to travel to the Griffin’s house out in Concord, a journey that passed by mostly in silence. When they finally pulled up outside the large house, Lincoln squeezed her arm before they got out of the car.

“I love you Lexa. I’m here, yeah?”

“Yeah,” she nodded, as they climbed out and headed to the door, which swung open before they had a chance to ring the bell.

“Lexa,” Abby pulled her into a rough hug. “You're okay?”

“Yes,” Lexa nodded, then shook her head, “no,” knowing her mascara was still smeared raccoon like around her eyes. She sniffed into Abby's shoulder.

“Thank you for driving her,” Abby said to Lincoln after ushering them both in. “Clarke's in her room. You want to go up?” Abby held her hand tightly causing Lexa's eyes to fill with tears. “Oh, it's okay,” motherly arms pulled her close for a second time and for a few moments she sucked in air.

“I know you're in love with her. I know you want what she wants. I understand, it's okay,” Abby reassured.

“Thanks,” Lexa sniffed. “I'm going to go talk to her.”

“Good girl,” Abby kissed her forehead and sent her up the stairs. Lexa climbed them with weighted feet. She was desperate to see Clarke, to sort things out with the only girl she'd ever truly loved in that all-consuming ‘in love’ way, and yet she was scared that her words wouldn't be enough to rectify the mess she'd made. She stood outside Clarke's closed bedroom door and took several deep breaths before she knocked.

“Come in,” Clarke's voice. Her heart stuttered as she opened the door, to see her girlfriend, god she hoped she was still her girlfriend, sat on her childhood bed, Octavia on one side, Raven on the other and Bellamy on the floor. Clarke's knees were drawn up to her chest, blond hair a mass of waves,
eyes red and bloodshot. She looked up as Lexa opened the door and in an instant she was on her feet, flying across the distance between them and throwing herself at Lexa, who caught her as her legs wrapped tight around her. Of all the reunion scenes she'd imagined, and the drive had given her plenty of time to imagine several different scenarios, this hadn't even crossed her mind. Clarke squeezed her tight, and she clung on herself, hands supporting Clarke's ass, and face pressed into her neck, tears leaking from her eyes once more.

“I'm sorry,” Clarke whispered mouth finding hers and for a moment they kissed, heatedly, desperately.

“No,” Lexa shook her head, making some space between their faces. “You're mad at me. You have every right to be mad and hurt by me.”

“Yes, but I ran away. I yelled at you when you ran away. Remember back when we first started and you went off to New York? I said we'd argue, but we had to stay and sort things out. You asked me to stay and I ran. Because I was scared. Then I called you an idiot and that was just so unfair. I can't tell you to be ready just because I am. I'm so sorry Lexa,” Clarke leaned back a little so that she was staring into her eyes, which she knew had filled up with fat tears which then spilled down her cheeks.

“Our cue to go,” Raven stated and the three of Clarke's friends filed past the two of them as they stood hugging.

“Don't forget to actually talk,” Bellamy quipped.

Octavia promptly cuffed him about the head, “Don't make douchey comments—they can sort this out however they like. Clarke, we’re gonna go for a walk to the park with your mom and dad, give you guys some space. Either of you need us then text, okay?”

“Mmm,” Clarke nodded as her friends disappeared.

“We should talk,” Lexa said. “Because I'm sorry and I want to explain.”

“You don't have to. We can forget I ever asked,” Clarke slid down her body and dragged her to sit on her bed.

“I don't want to forget you asked. I want to live with you Clarke. I also want to explain so you understand what happened and how it isn't about you or about me not wanting this.”

“Really?” Clarke looked so uncertain that Lexa sat beside her, and pulled her legs across her lap and took her hands, all without thinking too much.

“Yes,” she nodded and took a deep breath. “I freaked out. I don't freak out a lot, but sometimes I do and I can become kinda paralyzed. I can't get the words in my head to come out right. I can’t even form words in my head very well.”

“I understand that, completely. What I really want to understand though, is why you freaked out?” Clarke was staring at her intently, blue eyes like sapphires.

“Yeah. Okay. That kinda all goes back to the group home days. You remember Nia? I told you about her. The girl that caused all those problems for Lincoln and I? The girl with the vendetta against us?”

“Yeah, I remember. The bully girl?”
“Yes, that’s the one. So, the truth is, I guess, well…you could say that I’m kind of traumatized, Clarke,” she let the words out on a huff, her voice breaking on the words before she held her breath for a moment. “For someone like me, who really prides themselves on being in control and having their life sorted, and all of that—it’s really hard when that trauma affects me. But it is real, unfortunately it’s there inside of me, a part of me. I’m happy. I’m happier with you than I’ve ever been, quite literally ever. I’ve never, ever felt for anyone the way that I feel for you. But this is about another girl…”

“Nia?” Clarke's asked, her brow furrowed.

Lexa shook her head and whispered the girls name, “Costia.” The furrow between Clarke's eyes deepened. “Do you remember Costia?”

“You said she was an ex-girlfriend? From when you were in the home? You never really told me much about her.”

“That’s the one,” Lexa nodded.

“Are you still in love with her?” Clarke actually seemed to shake, as the blood drained from her face making her eyes look redder, sadder.

“Oh god no,” Lexa shook her head. “I don’t know if I was ever in love with her, not in a grown-up way. I mean, I did love her and we had fun together, you know? She was a little bit of brightness in what was a dark time for me. I mean, I loved her, but I think a lot of that was because she was kind to me, and I really had no one else to love…it wasn't like I love you, but I…I cared for her a lot…”

“So what? I don't understand,” Clarke’s eyes were wide and scared, and she looked achingly vulnerable.

“Costia was Nia's friend. She brought her into my life and we started dating, fucking really. I don't know. Being close to one another. She made me laugh. I opened up to her a little because Costia was sweet. She was nothing like Nia. She was a very likable person, Clarke. I don’t think she had any bad in her. And it was hard not to care for her, especially when she cared for me.”

“But you're not in love with her? This isn't some weird, awful way of telling me I'm like a consolation prize?”

“No. Believe me, Clarke, I didn't know what being in love was until you. I have never shared myself with anyone the way I do with you. I didn't believe in love at first sight until I saw you sitting in that hallway outside of Lincoln's bathroom trying not to wet yourself. I was gone for you almost instantly. Your smile, your jokes, your sassy sense of humor. Fuck.”

“So why does Costia have anything to do with us?”

“Because I loved her and she died, and there’s a part of me that thinks it’s all my fault. A part of me that blames myself. A part of me that feels guilty that I'm happy, and scared it won't last.”

“Huh?” the girls face was blank and confused, a small patch of red on each of her cheeks.

“She died in an awful way, Clarke. And I blame myself because of how it happened and some stuff that happened afterward…and…I…”

“Lexa,” Clarke was suddenly straddling her, in the seconds where she’d lost her words, Clarke swung herself onto her lap, hands in her hair, pressing kisses to her cheeks, “I get it. It's okay. Oh my god, I really get it.”
“But, I want…baby, I need to tell you,” Lexa took her hands and gripped them between their bodies. Her amazing girlfriend nodded, “I’m listening.”

“I’m sorry I lied, that I didn't tell you she was dead.”

“It’s all right Lexa. I’m not bothered you didn't tell me. I actually don't mind at all. I think when something is traumatizing people often find the truth hard,” Clarke gave a shrug, face filled with understanding Lexa wasn't sure she deserved.

“How are you so perfect?” Lexa gazed at her, “I’m so lucky.”

“I'm not perfect. I just think when something truly awful happens we cope in different ways.”

“I told you we broke up when she left for college because that was what was supposed to happen. We weren't going to stay together and I was okay with that. She brightened up my life but I knew it wasn't forever.”

“So, what actually happened?”

“She was Nia's friend and to understand why that mattered you have to understand how much Nia hated me. She hated me and then hated me more when I became involved with Costia. She was jealous of me, maybe because I had music, was good at it and that gave me the potential to escape. Well, that’s what Lincoln thinks. I know I have talent, and it definitely made Nia jealous because we all wanted to escape from all the shit start we all had. Nia used to say I thought I was better than her, and in a way it was true that I did, because I could stop people in their tracks when I played and sang and she…she didn't have anything. We both lacked a consistent formal education, but she gave up. I didn’t. I don't know why,” she paused and reconsidered. “That’s a lie. I didn’t give up because music made me happy and I knew I was good at it and so I worked at it. I worked really hard. Of course, there is no real way of knowing why she hated me so much, but I guess since music helped me escape from that world, it's easy to assume. Whatever the reason, Nia decided to hate me and she did it enthusiastically. She loved to torture me and she was cruel, really fucking cruel with her power play games.”

“And I’m guessing she didn't like her friend in bed with you?” Clarke spoke carefully.

“She was furious. And devious. And angry. It was another thing to be jealous about I suppose. None of us had much, so it was really easy to be jealous and possessive over what you did have. I don't suppose the experience is the same for everyone, but it was pretty tough for all of us.”

“Lexa, you don't have to underplay your childhood. We're not talking about other people's experiences, we're talking about yours and I have no doubt that whatever I’m imagining, the reality was worse.”

“I know. I know,” Lexa was surprised by a surge of emotion that had her pressing her face into Clarke's neck, ignoring how her tears were wetting the skin. “I'm okay. I honestly am.”

“Tell me what happened?” Clarke asked softly and she nodded, drying her eyes with her sleeve.

“Nia didn't like the time Costia and I spent together. That’s putting a positive spin on it. We tried to keep it a secret, but Nia always knew everything. It wasn't that she was in love with Costia, but she loved her. Costia was a friend of hers from childhood, a friend through it all and I had ‘taken’ her. Nia probably loved Costia more than I loved her. But we both needed her and I think…I think the competition was hard, especially on Costia. Nia became aggressive with me, physically and emotionally and she played mind games with both me and Costia. She wanted Costia to prove that
they were friends, prove she trusted her. It was a big thing for Nia, being trusted. She was always playing games, like, ‘do you trust me to hold this knife against your throat,’ or ‘would you trust me with your kid?’ or ‘Do you like me enough to steal this or that for me?’” Lexa took a deep breath.

Clarke nodded gently, “Okay,” her thumbs smoothing over the callouses on the pads of Lexa’s fingers.

“She convinced Costia that she had to prove her trust. It was so silly. Like a tug of war or something stupid.”

“Between you and her, over Costia?” Clarke clarified.

“Yes. We were young. God, I know we're not exactly old right now, but seriously, we were so young and so fucking damaged, and she hated me and I hated her, and Costia was like this person we could fight over. I told Costia that it was over between us if she went with Nia one night, instead of hanging with me. I thought Nia was going to push her around and I told her that. Nia threatened to end their friendship if she didn't go. It was around then that Nia had started physically assaulting me more, and you know, I fought back.”

“And Costia went with her?” Clarke asked softly.

“Yes. I didn't mean it because I needed her, but I wanted her to choose me. And she didn’t, she chose Nia. In a way I was just as bad as Nia, issuing an ultimatum. But I loved her and cared for her, and she was the one good thing in my life at that time. Lincoln and I were close, but it wasn't like it is now. You have to understand that I didn't really have anything nice in my life.”

“And she died?”

“Yes,” she nodded, jaw tight, teeth clenched. “That night.”

“Would you tell me how?”

“They went down to the railroads. It was something a lot of us did. We'd sit and watch the trains. Some kids liked to tag the carriages. Do drugs. There was this passenger train at the bottom of an embankment, all the lights on but empty. Nia convinced Costia they should go look for booze on it. They were kinda tipsy or high, I don't know.”

“And what happened?”

She swore and covered her eyes, “Linc’s always said it wasn't my fault but it has always felt like my fault. Nia was really mad because Costia had come over that day to see me and not her, and that was a huge insult to someone like Nia. To someone like me as well, the me back then anyway. Nia took her there because of that, pushed things because of that.”

“She took her there because she needed to control somebody. Because she needed reassurance. And you said you all went there all the time, so it probably wasn't that strange. She was asking Costia to choose her, instead of you. She probably only took it further because an opportunity presented itself. What happened?”

“For some dumb reason, Nia suggested they crawl under the train. Costia's elbow hit a live rail and she was killed instantly,” Lexa tilted her chin, tried to say the words without her voice shaking. She failed.

“Oh, Lexa,” Clarke's sympathy cracked the words in half and it caused the tears clouding Lexa’s eyes to fall. Clarke swiped them away.
“It's okay, I'm fine.”

“No,” Clarke stubbornly clung onto her neck, “you're not. You've blamed yourself for that all this time, and thought it was all because you loved her?”

“It was.”

“Lexa, no. It was a horrible, awful accident. Nia didn't mean for it to happen, surely?”

“No…”

“So why are you blaming yourself for an accident?” Clarke frowned, “She was there because she wanted to prove her loyalty to Nia, or even just because they were friends. People like Nia, you said she always wanted proof of loyalty and trust—that time was no different. It won't have been the first time she pushed someone too far. You guys went there all the time, which just goes to show that what happened was nothing more than an awful, awful accident. I'm so sorry it happened. It must have hurt like hell. But it wasn't your fault. She may have been your girlfriend but it didn't happen because she was.”

“Really?” Lexa looked at her with wet eyes, “Because Nia lost her shit on me. She…she…totally lost her shit on me,” she didn't want to relive it ever again, “and that's why she is in prison, because of what she did to me…to the home…she said it was my fault. She blamed me.”

“It's easier to blame others than it is to blame ourselves,” Clarke said simply. “She blamed you because of her guilt, I'm sure of that. And you, because you're sweet and wonderful and you…you blamed yourself as well, took some of that guilt for her. Lexa, look at me,” Clarke's hands were on her cheeks but she couldn't open her eyes. “Lexa, please.”

“Okay,” she opened her eyes.

Clarke was giving her a warm and tender look, “You said you were traumatized and of course you were. You lost something, someone, good and then you were blamed for it. You were blamed by a scared teenager, just as traumatized and hurting just as badly as you. It doesn't make her right to have done that at all, but think about it. Really think about it. You both lost someone important, but Nia made her go there that night, Nia suggested they go under the train, Nia saw her die. Nia probably tried to revive her, realized she couldn't and had to find help. She must have been hurting really badly to try and blame you. And do you want to know why she blamed you?”

“Why?” Lexa couldn't tear her eyes off Clarke.

“Because she could. Because it was too much for her to bear alone. Because you'd take the blame. Because she knew it would hurt you and to have you hurt, to have you take some of her burden…it probably made it more bearable. But really, you told Costia not to go. You begged her. You cared for her.”

“But I hated Nia!”

“So, what? She bullied you and tormented you. Of course you hated her. Doesn't mean she was right to blame you? Doesn't mean you forced Costia out that night.”

“I never really…I just…”

“Lose everyone? I understand that better now. Back when I wanted to start things between us you kept telling me you couldn't lose me, that you lose everyone and I don't think I really understood. The thing is Lexa, just because you've lost people that doesn't mean that you don’t deserve
happiness? That you won’t get it? You know that, right?” Clarke was so soft and affectionate.

“Evidence has proven that I lose good things, that the people I love…maybe I don’t deserve to be happy?”

“That's bullshit. You're a wonderful person. Unique, creative and kind. You had some truly awful times. You experienced things that effected who you are. But you absolutely deserve the chance at happiness. You'll have to work at it like every other person on the planet, but trust that you deserve it. And I want it with you. I want to be with you forever. And then again in the next life time and the one after that.”

“I don't believe in reincarnation,” Lexa sniffed emotionally.

Clarke gave a soft laugh, “Then you and me got problems, baby.”

“I don't believe in heaven either.”

“What do you believe in?” Clarke smiled.


“I can get behind peace,” Clarke placed a soft kiss on her forehead.

“I sometimes…I just think of you…and I don't believe that I get this. That I get someone so kind and strong and clever and funny and sexy and beautiful. That my best friend is in love with me. I just, I can't believe it's my life. I keep waiting to wake up.”

“You know I can't believe it either? And I had safety, security and love growing up. I didn't suffer the same horrible things. I can't believe it and I'm so fucking glad that you found me outside that bathroom. I sometimes get chills when I imagine what life might be like if you hadn’t. I feel sick. Because I feel so lucky to have you. I know who I am because of you. But knowing who I am and all that would be worth fuck all if I hadn't met you. Because you're the person I want forever and my bisexuality would mean nothing without you.”

“Really?”

“Lexa, no one ‘deserves’ a happy ending because of who they are or what they’ve been through. No one ‘deserves’ happiness period, or even if we do that just isn't how life works. It's something we all aspire to and feel is somehow just out of reach. Happiness isn't about deserving or not deserving really. All we actually deserve is the chance and freedom to try for it, to work hard for it and at it, because it is not a static way of being. And some of us, like you, Lincoln and Mia, you start from an unfair disadvantage. Lots of people do, because our world sucks and there's so many people willing to put you down just for being you. What you deserve, what we all deserve, is an equal and fair chance at finding happiness. At finding and having what makes us happy and we don't get it, but that’s what we really deserve. I found it,” Clarke gave a small shrug. “It's you. My best friend and my lover. The one person who simultaneously inspires and comforts me. Who makes me laugh and makes me feel safe. Spending my life with you, it's my chance at happiness. Not the only one, but I believe the best one.”

“Yes,” Lexa nodded, unable to stop staring at Clarke, because it was like this girl somehow understood things in ways Lexa had never managed to.

“And Lexa. You need to know that you can be sad even at your happiest. Sometimes the sad, it can feel so much worse because it contrasts so wildly from the happy.”
“I don’t understand?”

“Why do you think I ran away when you wouldn't answer about living together? I was devastated. I was heartbroken. I'm still happy with you though.”

“Clarke, please, please, please can we live together? I would love you to move in. I would love you as close as possible all the time. I…I know I'm fucked up…”

“Nope,” Clarke shook her head and Lexa's brow furrowed because she didn't know what the no was about. “You're not fucked up. You have legitimate feelings, fears and emotions associated with something traumatic that happened.”

“But my reaction…”

“Was a symptom—all you did was freeze. That's the thing with trauma—its effects surprise us, and sometimes we don't even know that it’s gonna happen. I'm really proud of you for telling me about everything. I'd still love you even if you hadn't. I don't expect you to be perfect.”

“But…”

“Lexa, I have my own crap. Self-doubt sometimes makes me crazy. I can isolate myself when things go wrong which you witnessed today! I’m not easy to help when I’m stressed. You deal with me and my crap.”

“Because I love you.”

“Exactly.”

“I'm in love with you,” Lexa clarified and Clarke's blue eyes locked on hers.

“And I'm in love with you,” she smiled and Lexa's heart beat harder for her, beat out her love. Clarke sunk into her arms and they hugged, close and tight.

“You want to move in with me, right?” Lexa needed to know for sure. “Or me in with you?”

“In with you. Would that be okay? You're sure?”

“I'm so, so, so sure. It's all I really want. You know I'd move to yours too, right?”

“Yeah, but your building is nicer and nearer the hospital,” Clarke smirked. “And Linc is there and that's where Octavia always is, and the apartment is bigger and nicer and yeah…”

“Perfect,” Lexa held her tighter, loving the feel of Clarke's warm breath fanning over her clavicle and against her neck. “I'm sorry for hurting you.”

“That's okay,” Clarke pressed a kiss to her skin, soft and sweet. “I'm sorry I ran away instead of staying to talk.”

“That's all right,” Lexa kissed her head. “I'm just really fucking glad you're you.”

“Lexa, I'm equally lucky that you're you.”

Lexa smiled, face pressed into Clarke's hair, and for several minutes they sat, hugging close and tight and it felt wonderful because Lexa had never had an argument resolve and end that way—in the arms of someone she loved and who loved her in return. The physical closeness was so insanely confronting. Lexa felt close to Clarke, like she could tell her anything, like Clarke would be there for
her through anything. Clarke felt like her person, but more than that, she felt like the family Lexa had never had. She sniffed.

“Hey, it's okay, you're okay,” Clarke slid her hands around her face and stared at her looking concerned.

“I just love you.”

“You're crying because you love me?” Clarke gave her a bright smile.

“I'm crying because you love me back,” Lexa shrugged and at that Clarke kissed her, a soft, gentle, but leading kiss, a kiss that carried an undercurrent of emotion.

“You know what, Lexa?”

“What?” Lexa stared at her girlfriend's soft smile.

“I'm gonna make love to you,” the girl spoke into the kiss she pressed against her lips and Lexa pulled back for a moment, confused. Clarke just grinned, “All that means is that each kiss means I love you, each touch against your skin means I care, each time I push my fingers into you means I want you, and each time I close my eyes it's because I'm overwhelmed by how much you mean to me,” Clarke's eyes slid shut and she pressed her forehead against Lexa's, who swallowed the lump in her throat.

“What does it mean at other times?” Lexa asked, heart beating so loudly it felt like there was a drum in the room with them.

Clarke gave a dirty chuckle, “Oh it means the same,” she admitted with a small blush, “but I'm usually very all about the sex,” she wasn't embarrassed about this, “I love fucking you, Lexa. I love you fucking me. I like it hot and heated, and fast and hard, and fuck…I like it every which way. Which you know,” Clarke dropped a kiss on her nose and then smiled. “I just wanna go slow today. I know what each touch and kiss means. Maybe you do too. But today I want you to feel it. I feel like you have never had anyone worship you slowly.”

“Clarke,” Lexa felt her eyes brim with tears yet again and cursed herself for being so emotional, but Clarke smiled again and ran a finger gently under her eye, brushing at the moisture.

“That response just proves it to me,” she pressed a soft kiss next to her eye, then on her cheek, then by the corner of her mouth, before she pressed their lips together. Lexa couldn't deny that the kiss was different. It wasn't hurried, or frenzied, or even lazy. It was slow and careful, and amazing, especially as Clarke was still straddling her lap. Clarke slid closer, arms around her neck, kissing her for an eternity, just tongues tangled, noses bumping, soft peppered kisses interspersed. By the time Clarke's hands made it to her waist Lexa was a mess, wanting the kiss to move into something more, her body desperate for closer contact. She craved Clarke's skin, and wanted to feel her lips everywhere, to feel her fingers sinking into her, to feel their naked forms slide together.

“Clarke,” she finally pleaded when her girlfriend had tortured the skin on her neck thoroughly, when her body throbbed and she found her hips canting forward in search of friction.

“Hmmm, yeah. Let's get rid of this,” Clarke tugged at her tank, peeling it off her before reaching behind her and unclipping her bra with a casual flick of her fingers, the pads of her fingers grazing her spine and making Lexa tremble. “Hmm, better, right?” The hand trailed from her back, across her ribs, before Clarke's palm smoothed over her breast and squeezed softly, fingers pinching the nipple. Lexa moaned and reached her hands to the hem of Clarke's shirt, slightly clumsy in her eagerness.
Clarke giggled again and swatted her hands away before peeling off her shirt and removing her bra.

“Fuck,” Lexa swallowed at the sight of plump, soft skin, and reached to tug Clarke more thoroughly against her. Clarke fell willingly, reclaiming Lexa's mouth in a kiss that was decidedly more heated, as their hands took liberal advantage of bared skin.

“You know what I want?” Clarke rasped, as she popped the button on Lexa's shorts and sunk her hand down into her underwear.

“What?” Lexa groaned as Clarke's fingers played with her gently, taunting her clit and dancing around where she wanted them, before Clarke grew irritated with the lack of room and pushed her shorts and underwear off.

“I wanna make you come with my fingers,” she sunk two fingers into her, “then I want us to come together,” Clarke pulled her fingers out before sinking them back in again, “having sex like we did back when we first started things.” Fingers out and then back in, curling slightly and hitting that amazing spot inside that made Lexa groan. “Your thigh between my legs, my thigh between yours,” she pumped her fingers again, “skin sliding together, kissing.” Clarke held her fingers deep inside Lexa and swirled her thumb on her clit, “Fuck. Can we?”

“Yes,” Lexa gasped meaning yes to everything, to Clarke's suggestion, to coming together, to the movement of Clarke's fingers, and the deliberate swoop of her thumb.

“Yeah?” Clarke curled her fingers, hitting that magic spot again and rubbing it softly. Lexa felt her body jolt and she groaned again, feeling so incredibly close to the edge far too quickly. Clarke was staring at her, chest pressed against hers, lips planting kisses along her jaw. “I want you to come Lexa,” Clarke breathed the words into her ear, teeth nipping the lobe as her hips bucked into Lexa's thigh and she increased the speed of her thrusting fingers to match the way Lexa's hips were rising up and rolling forward.

“Fuck,” Lexa moaned as her body began to coil in on itself, “Clarke,” she cried out loudly as her body exploded into fragments, each piece seeming to scream Clarke's name. They shared a long, hard, kiss, Clarke holding her fingers still inside of her, before pulling them gently out and bringing them to her mouth. Lexa watched, eyes wide as she licked them clean, smiling at her reaction. Without waiting a beat, Clarke was shimmying out of her shorts and underwear and rolling onto Lexa's thigh, gasping in sultry relief. She was wet and Lexa felt it coat her thigh as she rocked, allowing her thigh to slide between her legs and up against her still sensitive clit.

“Oh god, Lexa,” Clarke hissed, rocking herself, and her thigh against Lexa. “You're so sexy. Your face when you come. That noise you make. I swear…hearing it puts me on the edge, and the way your back arches. I'm so wet for you. So turned on by you,” Clarke palmed her boob, squeezing, hips rocking. Lexa scratched at her ass, one hand loving her firm behind, as the other held a boob so she could suck the nipple into her mouth. Clarke's response was instantaneous and Lexa knew she was close, probably all the emotions had them both needy and ready. Her hips arched into Clarke's, and the tight coil built in her belly as she teetered on the edge of release for a second time.

“I'm close,” she hissed, and Clarke giggled, moving her mouth to hers and claiming it in a greedy kiss, as their bodies rocked together.

“Lexa…fuck…Lexa,” Clarke began to pant her name, hand tightening on her boob, kiss becoming sloppy and messy, as Clarke slid on her thigh. “Holy fucking crap,” Clarke's hips bucked erratically and she ground down harder into Lexa's leg as she came, teeth sinking into her shoulder and sending her flying over the edge, nails digging into Clarke's ass as she held her down against her.
“I love you,” she panted into Clarke's neck and then into her kiss as she turned her face so their lips collided. “I love you so much.”

“I love you,” Clarke mumbled into the kiss.

***

Four weeks later

“Why am I carrying all the boxes in here while you lie on our bed and dictate where I put them?” Lexa queried, ignoring the flutter of her heart at the thought of ‘their’ bed.

“Because you're strong and sexy, and I'm turned on when you show it…like how your forearms flex, and hmm, your biceps…”

“Clarke, seriously—your friends are bringing up stuff from the U-Haul truck! I know I'm not getting laid until much later so you can't pull that shit. Come and unpack!”

“Aww, does sexy Lexy hate all this mess?” Clarke teased and Lexa felt her jaw tense.

“Nope,” she shook her head.

“I haven't even got much stuff. I sold all my crappy furniture except for my desk and chair, so there’s not that much stuff!”

“You only say that cos you haven't carried twenty boxes of it up the stairs.”

“Wait for the elevator like everyone else,” Clarke sassed, and reached out a hand to tug her on top of her.

“Clarke, we have stuff to do,” Lexa protested in irritation as she landed on top of her girlfriend’s soft body.

“Yes, stuff like kissing,” Clarke responded brightly.

“No, like unpacking,” she clarified.

“And kissing.”

“And shifting boxes.”

“And kissing,” Clarke sucked Lexa's bottom lip into her mouth, and they both moaned.

“The truck,” she tried to say.

“Kissing,” Clarke insisted, her tongue dipping into Lexa's mouth. Lexa crumbled faster than a failed soufflé, her thigh sliding between Clarke's legs, as she slotted Clarke's between hers without even trying.

“Mmmm,” she moaned as her hand trailed up the girls curvy, soft, side, smoothing over the swell of her chest and squeezing gently, as Clarke pushed her tank up and out of the way.
“You are fucking kidding me, right?” Raven’s voice had Lexa flying away from the bed with lightning speed, releasing her hand from Clarke’s boob hastily, and tugging her own shirt down. “Unpack boxes you horny bitches,” Raven crossed her arms and shook her head, as Clarke giggled and didn’t move.

Lexa on the other hand, immediately ripped open a box, flicking the sticky packing tape irritably when it got stuck in her arm, before pulling the cardboard apart to reveal a much-loved, rainbow colored dinosaur.

“What the hell is this?” she arched her brows as she threw it to Clarke who caught it and held it tight to her chest.

“Phoebe!” Clarke announced gleefully and pressed a kiss to brightly colored fur.

“Phoebe?” Raven and Lexa asked in unison.

“My dinosaur, I chose her when I was six and hugged her every night!”

“Awwww, you had a lil gay Dino as your stuffy growing up,” Raven teased before Lexa could. Lexa could only manage to grin widely, because it was cute. Really cute.

“Shut up you,” Clarke glared at Raven, “and shut up you,” she poked her tongue out at Lexa, who smiled wider. “Fine, she's sleeping on our bed forever!” It was supposed to be a threat, but Lexa just grinned.

“Like I care what gay stuffy is sleeping on our bed so long as it's me you're sleeping with,” she shrugged.

“Well, funny you should say that, Lexa, because sometimes Phoebe and I…” Clarke began cheekily but Raven slapped her hands over her ears and yelled.

“Don't wanna hear that!” she turned on heel and walked out.

“Do continue,” Lexa urged with an officious nod. Clarke smirked and did.

***

Clarke: So, last night…

Lexa: Yeah—last night:) 

Clarke: Fuck.

Lexa: We did:)

Clarke: Stop with the shit eating grin.

Lexa: Can't:

Clarke: Hmmm. I don't know what was a bigger turn on…
Lexa: What do you mean?:

Clarke: Your face as you fucked me with that thing, or being so thoroughly fucked.

Lexa: Hmmm:

Clarke: I still prefer just you and me, you know?

Lexa: You do?:

Clarke: Of course I do. That contraption is fun and all, like really fucking fun, but I love it when you get all primal, possessive and needy.

Lexa: Yeah. Me too;

Clarke: You and that fucking grin!

Lexa: I can't help it. I try not to type it and when I hit send, it magically appears. I cannot be blamed! :):):):):):):):)

Clarke: Dork.

Lexa: Not what you were calling me last night :) 

Clarke: No. I'm not sure I managed anything coherent!

Lexa: You really prefer just me and you? Because you really seemed to enjoy me wearing that thing…;

Clarke: You put the grin on the end of that question? You're too cute!

Clarke: It was hot. Not gonna lie sexy Lexy. Really fucking hot. Watching you fuck me, your body between my legs, your whole body close to mine, skin on skin, what felt like you deep inside of me. Fuck. I loved you being that close. I loved the feel of your hips slamming into mine, your chest brushing against mine, your clit grinding into mine as you filled me up. Fuck I loved you making me come like that. And from behind. And with me on top. It was hot and fun.

Lexa: Fuck!

Clarke: But I still prefer without most of the time. Because your fingers or tongue in me, they’re you and you're so unbelievably good with them.

Lexa: Yeah? ;

Clarke: Oh yeah!

Lexa: I'm really turned on.

Clarke: Well, you know what to do baby.

Clarke: And I mean touch yourself, not write a song!

Lexa: Would you be mad if I wrote a song? :)
Clarke: You already wrote a damn song, didn't you?

Lexa: Mighta done:

Clarke: Oh my god! You wrote a song about strap on sex? Seriously?

Lexa: Well, you know, lyrical genius at work. It's not obviously about strap on sex:

Clarke: I honestly have no idea how you can write a song about strap on sex and have it not sound like it's about strap on sex! That's beyond even the most skilled individual on the planet.

Clarke: You're the most skilled person on the planet, FYI.

Lexa: With my fingers, mouth and a rubber appendage strapped between my legs!:

Clarke: Lexa!

Lexa: When are you home? I miss you!

Clarke: As soon as I can be. I miss you too:( And I want my turn with that thing.

***

Another four weeks later

“Tell me why we had to do this again?” Lexa asked, teeth chattering as she squashed herself as close to Clarke as humanly possible, on the plush double airbed.

“Oh stop whining,” Clarke indulgently wrapped an arm around her waist. “You know you're having fun!”

“The canoe was fun,” Lexa acknowledged, “the hike was good. The views were amazing. You were adorable. The campfire was magical. Singing around it was perfect. The cold and the mosquitos can go to hell.”

“Spray on more bug spray tomorrow baby,” Clarke turned Lexa away from her, and curled around her from behind. Lexa sighed happily because it was her favorite position to sleep in, even when her calves were itching from mosquito bites. Clarke giggled in her ear, “I'd have preferred just you and me for the singing—you attract lots of attention these days,” she trailed a hand up under Lexa's tank and held a boob gently.

“Hmm, damn Grammy's. Damn number one. Damn radio.”

“Damn success,” Clarke teased, speaking with spirit.

“I know,” Lexa giggled. “You know my success comes with a healthy pay cheque? Which means we could have gone somewhere hot and tropical and all inclusive?”

“Huh?”

“Well, I'm pretty damn rich. Which means you're pretty damn rich too. We could be sunning
ourselves in the Seychelles? Or Hawaii? Some Greek Island? Or anywhere you wanted so long as it was warm.”

“Really?” Clarke sounded put out and so Lexa rolled over to look at her, assessing from the look on her face that she wasn't really put out, just surprised.

“You know I make money,” she shrugged dismissively. “Surely?”

“Well, yeah, I suppose. I mean I never really think about it. I'm broke and I guess I transfer that to you in my head, even though I know you're not. I guess you don't live flashy? You don't even have a cleaner!”

“Well, no,” Lexa smiled. “I can live flashier if you want?” she offered. “And if it would help, we can get a cleaner.”

“Our apartment is nearly always spotless,” Clarke rolled her eyes. “Well, except for when I arrive home,” she admitted sheepishly. “I should do my fair share.”

“Clarke the human tornado,” Lexa mused affectionately, “and I don't want you to worry about tidying up. I want you to focus on your residency without having to worry about doing your fair share.”

“I'm not worried, but it's only fair that I also cook and clean.”

“Actually, that would only really be true if we were roommates rather than, you know, romantic.”

“Huh?” Clarke frowned.

Lexa found herself flushing, “Well, you're my girl. We're meant to support each other, right? You know, entwine our lives. That means I can cook and clean because I work from home and in an ad hoc way, so I have time. I mean, I have some busy days, and yeah gigs and all that, but I'm at home. It's not like with roommates.”

“But you'll get irritated after a while. I mean you shouldn't do my washing and no one wants to cook all of the time, even if they are obsessed with making yummy dinners,” Clarke surged forward and kissed her, grinning into the kiss.

“Okay, so we’ll get a cleaner. That way we can both have a break when we need to, okay?”

“But…” Clarke's face scrunched up—it was adorable.

“But what?”

“It'll be your money. I don't have money for a cleaner,” Clarke admitted, and Lexa's hands found her bare hips and tugged her closer.

“It's our money. You're not my roommate. You're my girlfriend, my partner, my everything. Whatever you want you can have.”

“You're not my sugar momma,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Baby, you want a flash car, you got it,” Lexa waggled her eyebrows and Clarke let out a throaty giggle.

“I don't need a flash car, or a cleaner, or you to do everything. I just need you!”
"You know what I need?" Lexa asked, as Clarke rolled her so that she was under her girlfriend's beautiful body.

"What?"

"I need you happy, and healthy and well looked after. I know residency is already tough and I want to be there for you. I want to look after you. And don't worry about the money. One day you'll be earning big bucks and you can pay for things. I'd rather money not be a thing between us. Honestly, Clarke, I have so much of it. We could have cleaners, holidays and a chef and it wouldn't make a dent. Let me make life easy. And really you kinda earned it too."

"How'd you figure that?" Clarke chuckled.

"Well, all the songs are about you. You inspired them all. I'd say you're actually paying for the cleaner, the food, fuck, anything you want."

"You're a dork," Clarke smacked a wet kiss onto her lips. "A gorgeous, beautiful, amazing, wonderful dork."

"So that's okay?"

"All except the car. Say moped and I might be listening."

"A moped? Really, Clarke?" she tsked but Clarke kissed with a giggle.

"You can make it a really bad ass customized, suped up moped?" Clarke offered, splattering kisses onto her neck.

"It'd still be a moped."

"Would that embarrass you?" Clarke gave her a toothy grin, "Your girlfriend riding a moped and not some big ass bike like you?"

"You could never embarrass me, baby," she stated boldly and with utter seriousness.

"Challenge accepted," Clarke saluted and Lexa felt her mouth drop open. "Let's see," Clarke appraised her, "let's start with tickling you so you laugh like a banshee, and then making you come so loud you scream and wake those in neighboring tents. Then I'm going to stalk around our pitch tomorrow morning complementing you in a loud voice about how well you fucked me, after which I'll ask you if you remembered to put on your hemorrhoid cream and ask if you need any help, then I'm gonna…"

"Okay, okay…" Lexa pressed a hand to cover Clarke's shit eating grin. "You could easily embarrass me but please don't."

"I won't," Clarke practically purred.

"But not for being who you are. What color moped do you want?"

"Pink," Clarke answered at once and Lexa reigned in her reaction, which was lucky because Clarke almost immediately changed her mind, "blue…no red…green…actually black. Definitely black. With a badass black helmet and a seat for you on the back, so when I take you out you have to wind your arms around my waist."

"A black moped it is," Lexa grinned at her. "What about when it rains?"
“I'm not having a car and a moped, that's a complete waste!”

“Fine. I'll buy a car for us to share.”

“We don't need a car, Lexa!”

“We had to borrow Raven's jeep to come camping, Clarke,” Lexa stated pointedly. “And I can tell she hates lending it.”

“Only because she thinks we're gonna fuck in it,” Clarke shrugged.

“We did fuck in it!” she knew her eyes had widened, but Clarke only giggled.

“Of course we did. That's why she's all irritating about loaning it.”

“Okay we're getting our own car,” Lexa stated decisively. “Ooh,” she squeaked and her girlfriend's giggles grew.

“What?” Clarke's hand tucked Lexa's hair behind her ear.

“I want to get a van, you know like an old VW and I wanna fix it up. I could put a bed in there and we could travel around, watch the sunset and then just go to sleep. Camp by lakes, the oceans, wherever. Can you imagine? It would be so romantic? And when we get married we could just literally drive off into the sunset, with all our stuff and a big dog, and just go where we feel like going—maybe to Mexico and you know it'd be really, really plush and lovely, with little luxuries and the bed would be comfortable and…what?” she trailed off at the expression on Clarke's face, a mix of awe and surprise. Her heart began to pound but then a huge smile broke out on Clarke's face.

“When we get married?” her voice was teasing, but Lexa felt her cheeks burn, and her pulse begin to race. “Don't you have to ask first?”

“Damn, I'm sorry…I didn't mean…”

“Sorry? You mean you don't want to marry me?”

“No, god, no. I want to marry you a million times and yeah, just I shouldn't assume or anything because…”

“I want to marry you too, Lexa. We've already established that a few times,” Clarke pressed a kiss to each of her flushed cheeks, and Lexa felt her heart and stomach fill with warmth. “And yes, do buy a van! Please. I want that honeymoon with you, well that and a trip somewhere tropical,” she winked before lowering her lips to Lexa's ear, “and tomorrow morning you are going to be embarrassed…”

“I am?”

“Well, I plan to make you come really loud now, okay?” she smirked, sultry and sexy before sliding down into the sleeping bag, all the way down so her warm breath was fanning between Lexa's legs.

“Fuck,” she managed to ineloquently curse before groaning as Clarke's tongue made contact.

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“Hmmm,” Clarke mumbled from where she was nestled between Lexa's legs, legs which were enclosed in two pairs of pants and smelt strongly of toxic bug spray, but still, she was incredibly happy. The bugs were steering clear and she had her girlfriend encased in her arms, overlooking a lake and mountains and the setting sun. It was perfect and magical, and she felt happiness and contentment surge through her with every beat of her heart.

“Yeah,” she sniffed at Clarke's hair and tightened her arms.

“Questioning why we came camping now?”

“Nope, never. I love it,” Lexa pressed her lips to Clarke's neck deciding then and there that she was going to ask her to marry her because she wanted moments like these forever. She wanted all kinds of moments with Clarke, for as long as she was alive and she was going to buy a ring and ask the question. She'd let them live together a bit. She'd let Clarke get a little further into her residency. She'd let the dust settle on all the changes. Lexa knew better than anyone that things altered with new stresses and new people and while she was certain that she and Clarke were strong enough, she still wanted Clarke to have some time and space to adjust.

“You know what?” Clarke's throaty voice made Lexa squeeze instinctively.

“What?"

“I love you,” Clarke gave a small shrug. It crossed Lexa's mind to tease, to say ‘I know’ and tickle her ribs, but then her girlfriend squirmed back against her, and everything was too peaceful and romantic and the words were heartfelt, and Lexa felt like her body was infused with something strong and powerful and slightly overwhelming.

“I have the urge to say something ridiculously cheesy,” she whispered and Clarke angled her head back to make eye contact.

“Say it,” she encouraged.

“But it's really sappy.”

“Please?” Clarke fluttered her eye lashes and gave a small pout.

“You're my happily ever after,” she admitted and Clarke grinned widely.

“Wow, that’s like gorgonzola on the scale of cheesy,” she teased softly, but turned to straddle Lexa's lap.

“Haha,” she boldly nipped at Clarke's cute little nose.

“Oh, I love it,” Clarke pressed a kiss to her lips. “And fuck yeah, you’re mine too.”

“I am!” She'd meant to say it as a statement but there was a hint of question, which Clarke heard.

“Of course you are,” her blue eyes rolled. “And I know you didn't expect to get one, but I plan to be the best, sometimes moody and stroppy, happily ever after in the world!” Lexa stared at her. The sun was low and the sky was burning a cacophony of colors behind Clarke, casting her in a fiery glow. It felt surreal and magical, as if dust from the stars slowly appearing in the sky were dancing around them.

“I love you,” she whispered after several minutes of just hugging. “Really love you.”
“I love you too!” Clarke pressed a kiss to her lips and wriggled closer, “Really,” she pressed her face into Lexa's neck and they sat until the sky was an inky canvas splattered with gold and silver, and the air was cold. “Lexa?” Clarke whispered.

“Yeah?”

“Can we go back to the tent and have sex now?”

“Clarke!” Lexa giggled at her bluntness, and how at odds it was to the romance of the evening.

“You don't want to?” Clarke leaned back and pouted in the moonlight.

“Of course I do,” Lexa immediately pushed to standing with a little difficulty due to Clarke hanging on around her waist.

“Hmm, my strong woman,” she moaned and Lexa felt a little embarrassed at her burst of pride. But then why would she care about embarrassment when her best friend was in love with her, wanted to go to the tent and have sex with her, and most special of all wanted a future with her and a life together?

Chapter End Notes

What happened to Costia happened to a friend of mine and it effected us all in a multitude of ways. Some people questioned the integrity of clexa because of Costia's inclusion and how much she meant to Lexa. For someone to effect us deeply they don't actually have to be the love of our life. I hope that makes sense.
Only You

Chapter Summary

The epilogue...

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the wonderful comments - my gf (who I've been mentioning a lot) she always says she wishes the people who read my stuff knew how much the feedback means. It does mean a lot because otherwise our work is kinda posted in a vacuum. So thank you:) 

I hope you enjoy the final part. It hasn't been quite the same journey it was the first time I posted it, but I'm glad I did it again.

Tab xxx

Epilogue

Five years later

“Take your shot Lexa, you never need this much time to line it up,” Anya bumped Lexa’s hip, which caused her to tut loudly, and take her cue away from the table and stare at her cousin. Her aim was to give a derisive glare but she was deep in thought and her head was most definitely not on the game, so she ended up staring vacantly at her cousin despite how excessive and annoying Anya’s hip checks were.

“What?” Anya asked looking all exasperated.

“Nothing,” Lexa shook her head and turned her attention back to the pool table.

“Clearly there’s something on your mind, so tell me what it is?”

“It’s nothing, I’m fine,” Lexa leaned over the table, took her shot and potted the ball. She ignored the eyes of three girls at the bar which were fixed on her. She was entirely uninterested, but girls seemed intent on testing that fact out. The upside to the endless interest was Clarke’s jealous and possessive response. It wasn’t that she enjoyed Clarke feeling those emotions, just that they were often sexually demonstrated. God, she was bad, but it was wonderful when Clarke decided to let them know unequivocally that Lexa was hers, even though the groupies didn’t get to witness it.

“The fan club is here I see,” Anya arched her brows, and Lexa snickered, because Anya was single, a member of Trikru and more than happy to see where things went with any fangirl that took her fancy.
“Always about these days,” Lexa pouted slightly and Anya laughed loudly. Lexa rolled her eyes because the laugh was only a little sincere, it was partly for the benefit of her but mostly for the benefit of the girls watching them—Anya looked good when she laughed and she knew it.

“Don't complain cuz. You'll only go and break our Grammy streak if you get cocky about the adoration.”

“We can't win every year,” Lexa shrugged nonchalantly.

“Apparently, we can,” Anya grinned. “Thanks to my genius of a lil cousin,” she ruffled Lexa's hair roughly, purposefully messing it up so she would have to try and tame it again. Lexa grumbled her irritation, as she smoothed her hair back down with her hands. “Though maybe people will get sick of us. So chill with the genius, genius!”

“I'm not a genius,” she scowled, more in irritation at her mussed hair, than Anya calling her a genius, which had become a bit of an ongoing joke after several viral articles, and a highly embarrassing and public analysis of her lyrics by an Oxford University Professor that had rendered her unable to look Jake and Abby Griffin in the eye for several weeks.

“You just have an outstanding muse, right?” Anya teased but Lexa nodded her agreement,

“Indeed I do.”

“One woman for six years. I don't think I could do it.”

“That's because you haven't met the right woman. Or maybe because the most perfect woman on earth is taken,” she gave a shit eating grin and nudged Anya toward the pool table.

“You're indicating your wife is the most perfect woman on earth, aren't you?” Anya rolled her eyes.

“Yes. I’m not indicating it so much as stating it as a fact. She is the perfect woman—kind, strong, intelligent, funny, sexy, beautiful. She's not even that much of a bitch on her period.”

“She's been a total bitch to me!”

“Yeah, 'cause she's protective of me and you can be a right shit! See, I missed out protective in her long list of amazing attributes!”

“I don’t know, she’s maybe too…too…”


“Well, I was going to say, she's maybe too in love with you…” Anya smirked and took her shot.

“Hmm, yeah,” Lexa grinned widely and waved as Lincoln and Indra entered the bar and headed over to them, hair wet from the summer storm.

“I need beer,” Indra announced grumpily. “Fucking rain.”

“Here,” Lexa shoved a twenty at her, “get us all some.”

“I can buy the beers,” Indra rolled her eyes and frowned as she attempted to shove the twenty back, her hair dripping water onto their hands.

Lexa merely shook her head, “Let me, please.” Indra just gave her a look, eyes narrowed in
suspicion before heading to the bar, far too impatient to wait for the waitress.

“How's it going, Lexa?” Lincoln took the cue she offered him and took her shot for her, missing spectacularly as he was prone to, no matter how much pool they played.

“Well, I was winning at pool up until a second ago, but other than my now inevitable defeat at Anya's hands, I'm very good!”

“You told them?” he asked under his breath and Lexa shook her head as Anya turned to stare at her, instantly suspicious.

“Told us what?”

“Nothing, just, you know…”

“Nope, I don't. Spit it out,” Anya looked at her expectantly, hands on hips.

“I just, uh, was going to check you're all coming to the lake house for the Fourth?”

“You know we are,” Anya's eyes were still fixed on her. “That wasn't what Lincoln was talking about!”

“Well, come on the Fourth and find out,” she shrugged, unable to stop the upward curl of her lips.

“Are you leaving the band?” Anya's voice dropped and she was suddenly serious, eyes wide and lips held in a tight line. Indra arrived at that exact moment with beers, and so all three of them were staring at her as she shifted uncomfortably, Indra shaking her head knowingly.

“What?” Lexa was thrown by the unexpected question, by the apprehension on their faces.

“Are you leaving the band?” Anya repeated and Lexa's heart thudded. The thought of performing alone, the thought of losing her best friends from her work world, still made her heart pound in panic. Oblivious, Anya continued, “It would be understandable. You're the lyricist, the musical artist—you're the true genius. You are Trikru. You win us the Grammies and sell the records and bring us along for the ride. You have a wife you adore, a beautiful house, a gorgeous lake house and enough money to take you through five lavish life times. You're always saying you want more time with Clarke. Maybe you want more control, maybe you want to be solo? Maybe you want more time in general?”

“I have never had the desire to be solo. And Trikru isn't just me, it never has been. That's not true. I create the music and the lyrics, but you guys make them sound like they do. We're a team, a family and no, I’m not leaving the band. I wouldn't. I love you guys. And more to the point you guys aren't pushy with the schedule so I get to see my wife whenever she's off. No, I'm definitely not leaving the band.”

“We love you too,” Indra said simply.

“This isn't about the band, okay?” she sucked in some air. She might be used to audiences of thousands staring at her, but nothing was quite as intimidating as her three best friends staring at her.

“What isn’t?” Indra frowned.

“Some announcement that Lexa's making on the Fourth,” Anya explained.

“Is Clarke pregnant?” Indra asked smiling, face relaxing at once as she immediately patted Lexa on
the back, as a kind of congratulations.

“No, no,” Lexa stated but felt her cheeks burn, even as she batted Indra's hand away.

“Oh my fucking God!” Anya stared at her, jaw dropped. “Your wife is pregnant!”

“Fuck Anya, like we want that all over the Internet! Keep your loud mouth down,” Lexa arched her eyebrows to indicate the fan base playing it cool over by the bar.

“Is she?” Anya demanded.

“No, she isn't and you're going to have to wait until the Fourth like everyone else.”


“Me too,” Indra side eyed Lexa, not attempting to mask her irritation.

“Oh, get over it. You're coming for the annual party of the year, stop acting like we're going to war,” Lexa chided.

“It's worth the wait,” Lincoln stated and Lexa rolled her eyes at his smug expression because in less than half a second both Indra and Anya had rounded on her and yelled in unison,

“He knows?”

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“Lexa,” Clarke prodded her thigh with a toe and Lexa reached under the soft afghan blanket that covered them on the couch, to take her foot and rub it softly, kneading her thumbs into the tired appendage. The deep, husky moan was fucking sexy and Lexa shifted subconsciously closer.

“How are your poor tired feet?”

“All the better for you and your magical hands,” Clarke moaned again, and honestly the sound was sinful. Lexa stared at the pretty blanket that covered her wife, knowing full well that Clarke was butt naked underneath it, since she had decided to forgo pajama's after her shower. The toe to her thigh had been something Lexa was waiting for, or hoping for, because Clarke was exhausted these days and so she hadn't wanted to pressure her wife into nookie if she was too tired and had thus merely kept flicking her gaze to the tops of pert boobs, and her extremely pretty face.

“That noise does things to me,” Lexa whispered innocently enough.

“Aaah…mmm…what noise?” Clarke looked at her with faux coyness.

“Fuck,” she hissed softly, hands moving up to firm calves, Clarke's skin smooth and soft from the moisturizer she always used after showering.

“Mmmm,” Clarke smirked, “that noise?”

“Yeah,” she abandoned calves in favor of shifting from her end of the couch to Clarke's, plucking the sketchbook from her hands and depositing it onto the table.
“Trying to start something, Mrs?”

“And you weren't, with your little toe poking?” she pressed an open-mouthed kiss to Clarke's pretty clavicle, sucking in air through her nose because her skin smelt so goddamned good.

“I was initiating a foot message!” Clarke teased, but she sidled down the couch, so Lexa was lying half on top of her and turned her head to capture her lips in a lazy, but leading kiss.

“And now?” Lexa leaned back a little to stare into her wife's cerulean eyes.

“Now I want you to fuck me, and then I want to fuck you.”

“You're not too tired?” Lexa asked, brow furrowing in concern as she observed her exhausted wife, who'd just come home from a lengthy twelve hours at the hospital.

“Oh, I'm tired,” Clarke arched a lazy brow, “but I wanna be deliciously tired.”

“Deliciously, huh?” Lexa smiled widely.

“God, I love that smile,” Clarke ran a finger over her bottom lip before leaning forward and sucking it into her mouth.

“Day off tomorrow,” Lexa murmured into the kiss. “What do you want to do?”

“Sleep,” Clarke moaned as Lexa dragged her finger tips up her side and cupped a weighty breast, “with you,” Clarke dipped her tongue into Lexa's mouth, swirling it and using it to deepen the kiss.

“Hmm,” the hum escaped her because she wanted that so badly.

“Now stop talking and put that mouth to good use,” Clarke opened her legs slightly so Lexa fell between them, then tugged at the strands of her hair, encouraging her south. She went willingly, kissing and nipping, smoothing hands in the wake of her mouth, thrilled that Clarke had slipped under the blanket naked and she didn't have to spend time removing clothes. She wasted no time in finding the wet warmth between Clarke's legs, teasing her until she was writhing around, wetness dripping from her as she begged for more. Lexa complied, sealing her mouth against her wife and dipping and sliding her tongue in all the ways that made her crazy, humming softly, and indulging in deep breaths through her nose. Clarke's reaction was always the biggest gratification—from her arched back, to her naughty as sin groans and most especially the way she'd try to drive her hips into Lexa's face. Lexa loved it, every single part of going down on Clarke.

“Fuck,” Clarke was panting, as Lexa scraped her fingernails down her ass to bring her closer, squeezing the firm flesh as Clarke's body tightened around her tongue, fluttering as she made the sexiest gurutural sound Lexa had ever heard. Though, all the sounds Clarke made whenever they had sex were the sexiest. The thought made her grin.

“I can feel that smile,” Clarke panted, loosening her thighs from where they'd tightened around her head.

Lexa lifted her head and stared at her, all splayed before her and felt a primal beat deep within her, a bone deep satisfaction that this woman was hers.

“Come ‘ere,” Clarke waggled a finger, and Lexa climbed up her body, slotting herself between Clarke's thighs and up against her slick warmth. “Off,” Clarke toed at the waist of her pajama shorts and somehow managed to push them down, so Lexa was pressed up close, intimately against Clarke, skin on skin, clit against clit and it felt fucking fantastic. Clarke was always amazing. She reached for
the edge of her tank and peeled it off so they were both naked. Cool fingers, dove into her hair and 
dragged her so that soft lips pressed together. “I want some time Lexa,” Clarke breathed, peppering 
soft kisses to her jaw. “I want time with my best friend, with my wife. Non-tired time.”

“Whatever you need,” Lexa whimpered as Clarke's heels pressed into her ass and rocked her with 
skill, her body already tightening as heat and need filled her stomach.

“I want to go part-time before…well before we have less time. I want long weekends up at the lake. I 
want to have energy again,” Clarke whimpered, her hips rising against Lexa's.

“Whatever you need, baby,” Lexa moved her own hips, urged on by her wife's feet and the scratch 
of nails down her back.

“I need more time fucking you. More time talking with you. I need more you.”

“Yes,” Lexa agreed enthusiastically. “Fuck, yes,” she groaned as Clarke's hand slid to cup her boob 
and squeeze it, rolling the nipple, as a warm mouth latched onto her neck.

“Fuck, yes?” Clarke teased. “Fuck, yes, this?” She squeezed her hand and Lexa's body responded 
with Pavlovian instinct—that the tight hold of Clarke's hand on her breast meant her wife was close, 
and fuck, but the thought of Clarke coming made her feel close too, it always did. “Or fuck, yes, 
this?” Clarke used her feet and rocked Lexa, moving her own body so everything rubbed in just the 
right way and Lexa's mind began to feel foggy, and way too focused on the coiling in her belly and 
the feel of Clarke, the smell of her, the look of her all splayed out beneath her and yet of course, still 
in complete control.

“Come with me, Lexa,” Clarke demanded, mouth breathing the words in her husky sex voice, a 
voice so goddamned sexy Lexa's hips responded to it, moving harder and faster against her. Clarke's 
groan of appreciation and sudden decision to flip them on the couch, rendering Lexa writhing mess 
underneath her as she continued the rhythm she'd set, teeth latching onto one of Lexa's boobs, hand 
squeezing the other as she began to moan and pant, and move her body even harder and faster, until 
the stars in Lexa's head exploded and her body did too, her hands clawing over Clarke's ass, as she 
shuddered and shook, Clarke biting her boob and squeezing way too tight as she came as well, 
grinding her body hard against Lexa's which sent her into a second orgasm.

“Holy fuck,” she tugged Clarke's lips to hers, before the girl collapsed in a heap on top of her.

“Well, I wouldn't call it holy, but it was fucking amazing.”

“Let’s just sleep here,” Lexa tugged the afghan back over them, loving how heavy Clarke got after 
sex, when she finally relaxed and would drift off in her arms.

“Mmm…on it,” her wife mumbled, and Lexa grinned, closing her eyes.

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Raven: Clarke's going part-time? How the hell did you persuade her to do that, Commander?

Lexa: With my hot bod!

Raven: Bullshit. You've always had a hot body.
Raven: And Clarke's always been weak as cheap toilet paper for your hot body.

Lexa: It may come as a surprise, but I didn't convince her.

Raven: Really, you the Commander of the Griffin-Woods household?

Lexa: I might be the Commander, but no!

Raven: Hahahahahaha. Omg. Sure, you're the “Commander.” You definitely wear the pants.

Raven: She just tells you which pair ;)

Lexa: Are you insinuating I'm whipped?

Raven: Insinuating? No. I'm telling you outright. You may carry the title (cos she gave it to you), but Clarke's in charge. You've been whipped from day one. Clarke sighs cos there's no chocolate in the house and you're out the door so fast you'd swear the Flash ran through the place.

Lexa: There is nothing whipped about ensuring your wife is happy.

Raven: She's VERY happy.

Lexa: You think?

Raven: Commander Whipped, I am entirely sure, yes.

Lexa: I don't love the pants description. I feel like pants are used to insinuate that power and authority are typically masculine within the domestic sphere.

Raven: I'm sure you don't LMFAO. Fine. You wear the bra, and Clarke rips it off and then suggests you wear a different one. And you immediately comply. And ask her if she approves of your panties or if you should change them too.

Lexa: That's a poor metaphor on so many levels

Raven: Hmmmm, sure, only cos you know it's true! Okay, let me see. Clarke owns you so wholly that all she has to do is sneeze and you've raided the drug store, and made her an organic smoothie within moments.

Lexa: Clarke needs to maintain a healthy immune system—she works with sick people.

Raven: Part-time! Why is that?

Lexa: Why don't you ask Clarke?

Raven: Duh, I did. And she revealed nothing.

Raven: And you wear tiny braids hidden in your hair because Clarke finds them sexy!

Lexa: Am I supposed to try and not be appealing to my wife? I don't understand.

Raven: Ugh, you're no fun.

Lexa: So, am I to assume you and Bell are not coming to the lake on the fourth? If I'm "no fun.”
Raven: Did I say no fun? I meant lyrical genius, rockstar extraordinaire, awesome friend and all around fun time gal that throws the best parties ever!

Lexa: There's no need to mock me!

Raven: I'm not mocking—I find you extremely amusing.

Lexa: You're lucky Clarke and I had already counted you in for the lake! I thought I better ask all the same since you sometimes spontaneously choose different vacation spots for us all.

Lexa: That result in blistering sunburn.

Raven: That was once, three years ago! And we were getting married, biatch! We're not all lucky enough to marry a fucking millionaire—some of us elope in Vegas.

Lexa: I would have paid for your wedding

Raven: And I might have let ya, but Bell not so much.

Lexa: Believe me, I get where Bellamy is coming from.

Raven: And that's the only reason he accepted the honeymoon from you and Clarke. Thanks again for that.

Lexa: It was three years ago! You can stop thanking us.

Raven: Well you're griping on about Independence Day plans that were changed three years ago! And it was a trip round the world. We'll be thanking you our whole lives.

Lexa: I have shot glasses from around the world as thanks. They're more than enough! The verbal thanks are no longer necessary.

Raven: I saw places I never thought I would see. We both did.

Lexa: Well, Clarke and I fully vetted every stop, so your honeymoon was infinitely easier to plan than ours.

Raven: And we didn't have to worry about paparazzi or crazed fans.

Lexa: There was only one crazed fan!

Raven: Stalker, Lexa. She was a stalker.

Lexa: Okay, admittedly she was unfortunate, but she really didn't mean any harm.

Raven: Oh, so she was a good stalker?

Lexa: Go read my Twitter page one day and read the messages sent to me. I get a lot of death threats.


Lexa: Not everyone. I'm a lesbian writing about lesbian love and lesbian sex. Believe me, someone stalking me because they love me is a nice stalker. It's the ones that want to kill me that I worry
Raven: I pity any fool that tries to kill you—Clarke would eviscerate them!

Lexa: My sweet wife:

Raven: Who has switched to part-time work!

Lexa: Indeed.

Raven: So why is Clarke going part-time?

Lexa: She doesn't need to be full-time! She loves work, but is sick of being tired. It's her choice but I'm not complaining—I miss my wife.

Raven: Yes, you do. She misses you too. It's fucking pathetic.

Lexa: Hmm, yes, pathetic is the word I'd use to describe a woman who is as into me now as she was when we first met, who longs to see me, to talk to me, to fuck me, you know, to just be with me. Fucking pathetic.

Lexa: And I'm equally fucking pathetic.

Raven: You sure are dude! You're really fucking pathetic. I feel bad for you both quite honestly.

Lexa: Your sympathy is unnecessary.

Raven: You know who else is pathetic?

Lexa: Tell me?

Raven: Your dog

Lexa: Huskies are never pathetic. They are majestic dogs!

Raven: Na ah, not yours haha

Lexa: Take that back!

Raven: I call your wife pathetic and you're all yes, she's so pathetic, but I call your dog pathetic and I get fire?

Lexa: There was sarcasm Reyes. My wife is the most wonderful person on the entire planet and one of her best qualities is her utter weakness for me! Our dog though, he's not pathetic.

Raven: When Clarke's not home both you and he stare at the door repeatedly. You check your phone roughly every minute, but Gus just stares at the door with mournful eyes while remaining plastered to your leg.

Lexa: That's loyalty. And loyalty is never pathetic. It's amazing.

Raven: Just tell me why she went part-time? Please?

Lexa: Because she wanted to.
Raven: Is she sick?
Lexa: No.
Raven: Being sued?
Lexa: As if—she's an awesome doctor!
Raven: So sick of your crushing wealth she decided to reduce it a little?
Lexa: Never. We find it liberating.
Raven: I'm sure you do!
Lexa clicked out of her message session with Raven and hit Clarke’s name, ignoring the messages dropping down as Raven continued to text.
Lexa: Clarke, Raven won't leave me alone:(
Clarke: She knows full well why I'm going part-time. She wants to make us say it.
Lexa: She's very persistent.
Clarke: Good job you're so stoic, Commander.
Lexa: I keep deflecting.
Clarke: Aw baby. She'll give up soon.
Lexa: She must have text ten possible reasons for you going part-time since I started texting you and ignoring her.
Clarke: I'm telling you, she knows!
Lexa: How?
Clarke: Because we both stalk around looking like cats that ate canaries.
Lexa: I've never liked that analogy.
Clarke: I know, I know—poor lil canary.
Lexa: And poor cat! Constantly taunted by the thing he wants most. Is it any wonder he snaps and eats it? He's practically forced to eat the other family pet, when really, he's just grown weary of the canary's taunting.
Clarke: Focus baby.
Lexa: How about “we've been walking round like pigs in poo?”
Clarke: Can poo not be part of it? There's going to be plenty of poo in our future!
Lexa: We're smiling so hard our cheeks look like they're gonna crack.
Clarke: It's more a cocky smugness.

Lexa: Okay, okay. We look like we've arrived early to the party where they're giving out free money, orgasms and chocolate!

Clarke: Perfect. That's like every night at home :-x

Lexa: Ha, yeah:-x

Clarke: We'll tell them all on the fourth like planned?

Lexa: You sure you can keep it in till then?

Clarke: Ten days Lexa! And I'm a vault! A vault so tight Houdini couldn't break into me.

Lexa: Funny but you weren't so vault like last night xxxxx

Clarke: I'm never vault like with you baby :-x

Lexa: Is it weird to describe your spread legs as the opposite of vault like? I feel like our flirting got weird:-x

Clarke: Lexa!

Lexa: I'm sorry, did you want to keep describing sex as the opposite of a vault?

Clarke: You type “spread legs” and thoughts fill my head. Good thoughts. Naughty thoughts…

Lexa: You have a ridiculously high sex drive my dear!

Clarke: Ha!

Lexa: Ha? Clarke if you're too horny to text properly I can be at the hospital car park in minutes…

Clarke: I'm not speechless from horniness, just speechless at your incredible ability to act as though I'm the only one with a high sex drive!

Lexa: It’s not like I have a problem with it, Clarke. I am happy to support your excessive need for sex. Always.

Clarke: I'm sure you are.

Lexa: It was in my vows.

Clarke: It was not! I was there. And you love my high sex drive and my ever-deepening attraction to you.

Lexa: I'm a lucky girl. Very lucky.

Clarke: Lexa, quick question?

Lexa: Yeah?

Clarke: Why do you think I spread my legs for you?
Lexa: Fuck.
Clarke: Thinking about it?
Lexa: Yeah.
Clarke: So why?
Lexa: Last night you mean?
Clarke: Last night, sure, but in general?
Lexa: Because you know it makes me happy?:)
Clarke: Close but no.
Lexa: Because you want my face between your thighs?
Clarke: Well yeah, but no.
Lexa: Because you want to yell loudly and come really hard?
Clarke: Well yeah, but no.
Lexa: You have a rush of affection for me and want to demonstrate it physically?
Clarke: Again close, but no.
Lexa: Then why?
Clarke: All those things play a role. I mean you're extremely talented and a hot ass bitch, but really, it's your goddamned heart eyes. You realize that often when you look at me there is literally next to no green left? Your eyes get so dark and sultry and you look at me like I'm the best thing you've ever seen. So, you may accuse me of having the really high sex drive because I initiate, but really, I initiate because you eye fuck me thoroughly and it's a real fucking turn on.
Lexa: You are the best thing I've ever, ever seen.
Clarke: Yeah and I feel like it.
Lexa: So, you spread your legs?
Clarke: Yeah. And if you make it to the hospital in half an hour, I'll spread yours :-x
Lexa: See you in 30 minutes xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
Clarke: Love you
Lexa: Love you too
Lexa: I have 28 texts from Raven. Omfg.
“Where the fuck are Clexa?” Raven groused from where she lay on the soft cushions that adorned the expensive deck chair. She was half drunk on Independence Day cocktails, and had made Octavia drag the chair right down to the water’s edge so she could rest her feet in the cool lake water whenever she felt too hot.

“Smooching in the hammock,” Octavia answered.

“And stop calling us that,” Lexa groused, from within the luxurious hammock strung between two trees just out of Raven's eye line, but not out of Lexa and Clarke's earshot.

“Then stop being gross,” Raven sassed back. “Lincoln and Octavia chilled the fuck out when they got married.”

“Uh, like hell they did,” Clarke chucked her balled up tank sightlessly at them from where she lay tangled with Lexa in the extremely comfortable hammock.

“I'm sorry, but Octavia is lying next to me on a sun bed, communicating effectively, while maintaining bodily distance from her partner. As am I. You two are packed in that hammock so tightly you may as well be a sushi roll.”

“Lexa is comfy,” Clarke stated.

“And Clarke is cuter than Lincoln and therefore much, much harder to resist,” Lexa murmured, lips ghosting over Clarke's skin.

“Hey,” Octavia protested, flinging Clarke's tank back at them after balling it back up.

“Good arm, Octavia,” Clarke complimented but she was grinning at Lexa, the beautiful, sunny, sexy smile she’d been smiling more often since reducing her hours.

“You guys want drinks?” Lexa asked, poking her head above the edge of the hammock.

“Hmm, I sure do, god, one of your Bellini’s please,” Octavia gushed.

“Hmmm yeah, grab us one while you're in there,” Lexa smirked at Clarke who giggled and slid a hand under the cup of her bikini. Lexa released a soft moan into the air between them and her wife’s eyes darkened. Lexa ignored the muffled discussion between Octavia and Raven to tug on the string of Clarke's bikini top and cup beautiful soft flesh in her hand, flesh that really, truly seemed to have world righting properties, because Lexa swore the world felt like a safer and better place when she had one of Clarke's boobs in her hand.

“Get a room you two,” Raven spoke, much closer than either of them were expecting and both squeaked in surprised, Lexa covering Clarke's naked chest as they both saw their friend peering over the edge of the hammock.

“Fuck off, Raven,” Clarke grumbled, face turning into Lexa's neck.

“Nah, not gonna fuck off!”

“Don't use the word fuck around them, they'll take it literally,” Anya’s face appeared, peering into the hammock. To Lexa they looked like three velociraptors stalking their prey.
“This is my lake house. If I can't canoodle with my wife because you're all gonna give me shit, I'm not gonna invite you!” Lexa glowered menacingly. Raven and Anya were wholly unaffected.

“You pissed her off,” Anya smiled widely at Raven, apparently impressed and it pissed Lexa off further.

“If you weren't staring into the damn hammock we wouldn't be having this conversation. Now go fetch me Bellini’s,” Lexa stuck out her tongue, to parry with her sternness.

“Wow, chill out, Commander,” Raven grinned at Anya. “Just coming over to check whether Clarke's should be a virgin?” she dramatically whispered the last part and Lexa felt Clarke laughing against her neck, as she did her best to glare at Raven,

“Two alcoholic Bellini’s will be fine,” she stated formally and Anya rocked the hammock wildly, so that Lexa gripped Clarke with one arm and the edge of the hammock with the other, to try and prevent them from falling out.

“Fuck off Anya,” Clarke raised her finger despite the swaying hammock and Anya laughed, before giving the hammock one final shove and sauntering off toward the house with Raven. Lexa smirked and tipped Clarke so she could slide her palm back over her naked chest, angling her head optimistically for a kiss. Clarke gave a throaty chuckle and slid her tongue into Lexa's mouth, tangling them together languidly.

“Do they have any idea how busy you normally are? And how little time we have for lazing around and making out?” Lexa murmured into the kiss.

“To be fair we've had more time since I reduced my hours,” Clarke murmured, mind clearly not on the conversation as she pressed her hips into Lexa and moaned softly.

“And you're as addictive now as you were six years ago.”

“Fuck, so are you,” Clarke hissed.

“You're so ridiculously pretty,” Lexa rolled her nipple and raised her thigh so Clarke could rock against it.

“Forget Bellini’s lets go inside and make use of crisp white sheets,” Clarke nipped at the lobe of her ear and Lexa's body jolted, the desire that had been throbbing in every cell, bursting into a more desperate state.

“Fuck, yeah, please,” the hand not on Clarke's boob trailed to her bikini clad ass and squeezed.

“Now,” Clarke agreed.

“Hmmm, yeah.”

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“Look who finally made it out of the bedroom,” Raven cheered loudly and Anya cackled her approval.

“Mmm barbecue smells good,” Clarke sniffed indulgently over Bellamy and Indra's shoulders, as
Lexa released her hand and flushed when she realized her in-laws had arrived, and heard Raven’s unsubtle comment. They’d had sex, but had also napped together. It wasn't like they’d spent three hours doing it. She shot a vicious glare at Raven who looked utterly victorious.

“Lexa, Clarke,” both Griffins jumped up from the table to hug them.

“Been for a little lie down?” Abby asked and Lexa saw the way her eyes drifted to Clarke's middle—they'd probably been talking to Raven.

“I wore the T-shirt,” Jake opened his arms wide so Lexa could see his latest T-shirt design with ‘Woods’ on the back and ‘Trikru’ on the front, in addition to a silhouette of the tattoo Commander Lexa had in the Grounders comic Clarke had created, black against the grey material. “Brings together the awesome talent of both my girls,” he grinned and Lexa couldn't deny the warmth that still flooded her when Jake referred to her in that way.

“I love it,” she enthused. “Subtle and funky.”

“I'm glad cos I got you and Clarke tank top versions. I thought you'd get a kick out of seeing Woods on the back of her shirt,” he chuckled.

It was true. She was always a little uncomfortable in how possessive it made her feel, but she did love it when Clarke stalked around the house wearing nothing but an oversize shirt with Woods on the back. Her cheeks burned.

“Why's the Commander blushing, Jake?” Bellamy called and Lexa swiped a satsuma from the fruit bowl on the table and hurled it at him. He just caught it smoothly with a laugh.

“I'm not sure,” Jake narrowed his eyes and then bopped Lexa on the shoulder as realization flooded his face, “come on kid—I'm her dad!”

“I'm sorry,” Lexa mumbled sheepishly.

“Don't chide the girl for adoring Clarke,” Abby admonished, breaking from the conversation she'd been having with her daughter.

“Yeah dad, don’t chide her for adoring me,” Clarke echoed with a smirk, sliding her arm around Lexa's waist.

“Ask her if she knocked Clarke up instead,” Raven appeared from nowhere, leaning one arm on Jake's shoulder and one on Abby's and staring defiantly at her and Clarke.

“Clarke?” Abby's eyes widened comically, and Lexa realized that maybe her glance at Clarke's belly had been circumstantial and Raven hadn't said anything. Then Jake began to choke on the olive he'd popped in his mouth, so badly that Raven had to bash him on the back. “Are you pregnant?” Abby mouthed, cautious excitement on her eyes.

“Ever since I reduced my hours, Raven is obsessed,” Clarke glared at her friend.

“I want cute lil Commander Doctor babies,” Raven pouted.

“Don't we all,” Jake mumbled and Lexa's eyes widened in surprise, never quite able to get over how Jake now totally accepted Clarke's sexuality and their relationship. Even more significantly, Jake accepted her as well, her as a person—he often rang and texted her, or would come into the city for her gigs or just a game of pool.
“No pressure,” Abby hissed at Jake, with a fake calm expression.

“I’m not pregnant,” Clarke rolled her eyes and Lexa didn't miss the flash of disappointment on the faces of both Griffins.

“She's not. You know Rae, I’m sorry no one informed you that because I lack a penis and testicles, and thus the sperm, it is impossible for me to impregnate my beautiful wife,” she sassed, rather pointedly.

“Well, boo,” Raven pouted, before narrowing her eyes on Lincoln and Octavia. “Octavia…” she moved away from Jake and Abby, to Octavia who was sat behind them.

“You're not pregnant then?” Abby couldn't quite hide her disappointment, especially as Clarke shook her head.

“Don't be hasty Abby,” Jake nudged his wife, “what about you Lexa?”

“Nope, sorry,” Lexa smiled, her eyes catching Clarke's who gave a nod, which she was relieved to see given the disappointment on Jake and Abby's faces. “But you are going to be grandparents!” Both heads snapped up to stare at them.

“What?” Abby grabbed Clarke's arm in one hand and Lexa's in the other.

“We applied to several domestic adoption agencies a long time ago, actually years, and we are collecting our children next weekend.”

“Children?” Jake stared at them, tears in his eyes.


“Aden,” Clarke informed them proudly. “The sweetest, most thoughtful boy in the world. He's a little withdrawn. He's got a few issues because of his experiences, but we're planning to help him in every way we can.”

“And his baby sister, Oren. She's eight months and cute as a button,” Lexa smiled, as Clarke leaned into her.

“Two of them?” Abby stared at them.

“Two, mom!” Clarke nodded, her arm around Lexa's waist tightening.

“Wow,” Jake rubbed at his eyes and sniffed.

“Are they both healthy?” Abby asked Clarke who nodded.

“They're both physically well. Oren has cerebral palsy—we made it clear we were happy to adopt children who have disabilities. She hasn't been fully assessed yet but she can see and hear, but it is likely she'll need to use a wheelchair. She may have difficulties with speech as well, though we'll have to wait and see,” Clarke informed them both.

“We're so lucky,” Lexa blinked back unexpected tears. “They're sweet, and lovely and ours.”

“You're all so lucky. Those kids couldn't have better moms,” Abby pulled them both close and it turned into an awkward group hug when Jake wrapped his arms around them all.

“Oh my god you’re pregnant?” Raven squeezed Lexa's arm, after apparently abandoning Octavia.
“Neither of us are pregnant,” Lexa yelled loudly, aware that now everyone was staring and it was probably time for the announcement.

Raven laughed, “I know Commander. I overheard because, let’s face it, I was listening in, and god, I'm so happy for you guys, and so freaking thrilled for those kids. Let's face it, you and I both know they're getting something special that you and I didn’t.”

“Thanks Raven,” Lexa hugged her, and caught Lincoln's eyes over her shoulder. He smiled and blew her a kiss, because he had been a part of the whole process with her and Clarke from the beginning. She blew him one back. Then everyone erupted into shouts and overwhelmingly loud discussion that Lexa found almost too much until Clarke slipped her hand into hers and brought the fingers of her other hand to her lips to whistle loudly, creating a sudden silence.

“What's going on Lexa?” Anya asked with a pointed arch of her eyebrows.

“My wife is gonna explain through the medium of haiku,” Lexa stated with a large smile, that had Clarke kissing her cheek.

“Ahem. I think we all remember my wonderful coming out haiku. This one will be no less special and life altering.

We have two children

Our home will be much fuller

We will be parents.” Clarke gave a short bow, and the noise erupted louder than before.

“Hey, hey, hey,” it was Anya's loud mouth which shut them all up, though Bellamy had already sidled up to Clarke and pressed his hand to her stomach. Clarke whacked it away and Lexa shot him a look, causing him to take a hasty step back.

“Why does everyone think it's me that's pregnant?” Clarke groused.

“Holy shit. You got the Commander knocked up?” Octavia's jaw dropped and Indra was giving Lexa such a bewildered look that Lexa laughed.

“We're not pregnant. We're adopting. They arrive next week. Aden is three and Oren is eight months. They're cute, and lovely. A little battle scarred but we're their mom's now and we love them for being just who they are.”

“Like really love them,” Clarke concurred, and then everyone seemed to be hugging everyone.

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“Any requests?” Lexa asked as she strummed on her guitar and Lincoln played a soft beat on his bongos, the fire burning brightly in the fire pit keeping the bugs at bay. Everyone was sat slumped on comfortably chairs, the stars bright in the sky, the fire mesmerizing and somewhat hypnotic. They were all tangled together as couples or groups. Anya and Indra were laughing together, Jake and Abby were sat holding hands, next to Octavia who was sat on Lincoln's lap, while Raven was sat with her feet on Bellamy enjoying a foot rub. Clarke was sat behind her, cheek resting on her back where she was pressing intermittent soft kisses.
“When I was a young gay girl,” Octavia asked with a huge grin and Clarke actually bit her back as she stifled a giggle.

“Not in front of my in-laws,” Lexa said with an officious nod at Abby and Jake, but Jake just waved a dismissive hand.

“Now I know exactly what your song lyrics really mean, I think it would take more than a penis free philosophy to make me blush,” he shrugged, as Lexa felt her cheeks burn bright red, as the giggling minx behind her snorted into her back.

“Okay, another suggestion?” she moved the conversation on.

“Rap ‘Downtown’ by Macklemore again,” Raven begged. During a gig, not long after Lexa had bought Clarke her moped, she'd gotten silly and done an acoustic guitar version of the song, going so far as to pull Clarke up on stage. Clarke had shocked the crap out of her and rapped the lyrics. The video Raven had taken and posted to YouTube had gone viral. It had turned out way better than Lexa had imagined it would when she'd spontaneously suggested it. It had been a bit of a joke, a laugh—something that she was much better at having with Clarke in her life. The song had been her loved-up method of wooing her girlfriend and it had been very successful. She smirked a little.

“Maybe later, something more chilled?” she didn't want Clarke to move, or to wreck the ambience with rap.

“Why ask us if you're not gonna sing what we ask for?” Clarke asked, warm breath on her ear.

“Okay, fair enough,” Lexa conceded. “What would you like me to sing, beautiful, beloved wife of mine?”

“Hmmmm…how about Only You by Yaz?”

“Done and done,” Lexa nodded and began to play and sing. Lexa didn't know where her voice had come from, where her musical talent had come from, but she was thankful every day for it. It had given her freedom. She wasn't lucky like Aden and Oren, and those two children were extremely lucky because she and Clarke already loved them—from photos and the weekly visits they'd been making to the children in their foster home. Music had been the key to freedom for both Lincoln and herself, and though she hated to admit it, Lincoln was lucky because without her he may not have had the success he now did. He'd said it to her plenty of times and she'd denied it, but the truth was that she had a gift and she was fucking lucky.

Music was why she was sat round a campfire with friends and family, at a lake house she owned outright. Music was a powerful thing and she was its master. It made everyone be still and take stock. Lyrics could be both wonderful and powerful, and she felt Clarke squeeze her tighter as she sang, but it was with music that they really came alive, with her voice that was strong and beautiful that she made people feel them, raised goosebumps on their skin and made their stomachs twist with the ache of nostalgia. Lexa was lucky. Music wasn't responsible for all the good in her life. Clarke was the reason for her happiness, but music really seemed to encapsulate what Clarke meant to her—it allowed her words to hit deeper and stay lodged within her wife, so that she really got how much she loved her. And Lexa did love her. More and more each day. She loved her through arguments and squabbles, she most especially loved her sleepy and affectionate. She loved her sexy and sassy, and when she was being ridiculously dorky or funny. She was one hundred percent in love with her wife. With her life. And the music she played, her songs and the songs of others, they formed a soundtrack to her life and to her future with Clarke.
“This was a good idea,” Clarke mumbled from within her arms.

“Even if we had to get up stupid early?” Lexa asked pressing a kiss to her neck.

“Even then,” Clarke agreed. They’d woken before sunrise and Lexa had paddled them across the lake so they could watch the sun wake up together. There were only a couple of houses on the lake and they knew the other owners well enough that they were welcome to use the small beach that afforded them a beautiful view.

“You realize that this time next week, we may be up early for an entirely different reason?” Lexa asked.

Clarke smiled, “A small and cute reason.”

“Yes. Or even two small and cute reasons.”

“You feeling nervous?”

“Terrified,” she admitted. “I keep wondering how on earth I’m planning to parent when I’ve never experienced anything close to good parenting, well, until I met yours…”

“Oh Lexa,” Clarke turned in her arms, straddling her lap and pressing warm kisses to her cheeks, “I know you worry, and I honestly understand why, but you’ll parent well because of who you are as a person.”

“What, slightly withdrawn and socially awkward?” she frowned and Clarke gave a small, warm laugh.

“How you see yourself and how you actually are, are really very different,” she said and pressed a warm kiss to the tip of her nose. “You’re patient. Far more patient than me. I lose something and I turn into a demented Tasmanian devil tearing the house apart. You calmly help me think it through and find whatever I’ve lost in seconds. You’re also wonderfully calm.”

“Okay, that is true,” Lexa conceded with a small smile, thinking of the countless times she had helped when her wife had nearly lost it over misplaced clothing, paperwork, or most frequently of all, keys.

“And you’re sweet and kind. And you care so damn much about the people you love. You’re going to be a wonderful mother. Just love them—for who they are and the rest will fall into place.”

“And what about when they wind me up and I want to scream?”

“Tag team me in. And take a deep breath. Remember the slate is wiped clean with each new day. Wanting to scream doesn't make you a bad parent. Screaming at them doesn't make you a bad parent. It's about going to them afterward and being able to say you're sorry and explaining why you lost it. Share your emotions with them. You'll share yourself that way and end up being close. We're not going to be perfect, and neither are they and that's okay—as long as we're a team and can own up to the things we did badly and remember to say sorry, and to forgive.”

“God, talking to you always helps,” Lexa told her and kissed her soundly. “You're missing the sunrise,” she smiled as the sky burned behind Clarke.
“I don’t care. You’re the prettiest thing in the world.”

“My cheesy lil cupcake,” Lexa trailed her hands up Clarke's back and through her soft, fair hair.

“Hmm, well, you married me,” she defended, resting her face against Lexa's neck.

“If I could I’d marry you again and again, a million times over.”

“Hmm, yeah, I know,” Clarke smiled and kissed her neck.

“Seriously, it’s like there isn’t enough ways to say I love you that really encapsulate how much.”

“Now who’s being cheesy?” Clarke teased.

“Me. I’m still miffed you proposed before I had the chance…” Lexa pouted and Clarke pulled back, as if she wanted to see it, her finger trailing over Lexa's plump bottom lip.

“We had the same chance! You just spent too long planning and I beat you.”

“Hmm, whatever,” she knew her pout grew.

“You made up for it! Lexa, you proposed every day until the wedding in retaliation! You gave me two hundred and forty-five proposals. You had a sufficient opportunity to express your love and desire to be joined to me by law and you took full advantage of said opportunity,” Clarke giggled and slid her hands under Lexa's hoodie. Lexa loved the feel of her hands trailing up her sides, across her stomach and the way Clarke would let her fingers casually brush against the underside of her boobs.

“You still got there first,” Lexa mewled softly at Clarke's exploring fingers. It was true that Clarke had proposed though they'd both been planning it. She had been oblivious to Clarke's intentions. Lexa had been gutted that she had missed the opportunity to surprise Clarke, but had been more than thrilled by the security and warm feeling that had been created from her girlfriend proposing to her. And she had indeed proposed every day after until the day they were joined. It had become something she did because the request for forever together really emphasized how in love she was. She had even proposed in the middle of an argument much to Clarke's chagrin, because the wind had been taken from her sails and within moments they'd been making up the right way.

“Lexa…”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too,” she frowned slightly because Clarke was going somewhere with the declaration.

“You always miss the point with the whole proposing thing,” Clarke's thumb was brushing up and over her boob, swooping across her nipple before beginning again.

“What point?” Lexa asked feeling entirely lost.

“Most couples, one person proposes, right? Whereas you and I? We were both there. Ready to make that declaration. I love that I beat you to it because I don't think you ever really get how wonderful you are, or how in love with you I am. And I am crazy in love with you, but I'm not as creative as you. I'll do anything for you, but you? You slay armies for me…”

“Huh?”
"Your music—every song you write for me is a declaration. Every time you look at me it's a declaration. All the little things you do to take care of me are declarations. I don't feel like I can ever let you know in little ways how much I love you, so I can have the grand declarations and you can have the small ones."

"Oh, Clarke," Lexa smiled and kissed her, "you do hundreds of things every day that make me feel happy and loved. I love that you proposed—you know that! And fuck, I loved how you did it. You are creative. You are really, really creative and wonderful, and I love that we get up to romantically watch the sunrise together and end up debating how much we love each other. We're ridiculous."

"We are," Clarke agreed. "You know the photo from our wedding I put on Tumblr has the most notes of any post I've ever made?"

"Really?" Lexa smiled. Clarke still ran a Twitter and Tumblr account devoted to Trikru and Lexa.

"Hmmm," Clarke pulled out her phone and shoved it at her. Lexa knew the picture, because they both had it as a background on their phones. It was Clarke in her knee length white wedding dress, blond hair covered by the white of her veil as she sat on Lexa's lap, arm around her shoulders. Lexa had worn a suit similar to that which she'd worn to the Grammy's. A fitted white shirt tucked into tailored black pants, and suspenders, with a skinny black tie—a look that drove Clarke crazy, especially when she wore her hair loose. Their faces were close, lips millimeters apart as they sat on a bench surrounded by the plants and flowers in the Griffin's backyard (where the wedding was held) and they were staring into each other's eyes, utterly entranced by one another.

They'd been joking about cocktail sausages—Lexa remembered perfectly! Only she and Clarke could pull off flirting romantically through jokes about cocktail sausages. Raven had taken the picture and it was their favorite.

"It's a good photo," Lexa smiled.

"It was a great day."

"Best of my life."

"And mine."

"Well, except for every day since," Lexa mumbled.

Clarke laughed, "Yes, every day since has been pretty good."

"Well, except for when we had the flu."

"And the day you broke your ankle."

"The delayed flight to the UK wasn't great."

"No," Clarke agreed, "though the morning we arrived was fucking fantastic."

"Indeed," Lexa grinned.

"Okay, okay, sunrises and all that romantic shit," she turned in Lexa's arms wiggling her bum between her legs and then held up her phone and took a selfie, posting it to Twitter and Tumblr with the tag line—Me and my girl watching the sunrise on our last weekend before parenthood!
Clarke POVs

I'll add the Clarke POV's for the proposal, the wedding (who doesn't want to know how to flirt with cocktail sausages) and a couple of others. I'll add them on here unless anyone expresses a bigger desire to read them on tumblr or separate to this???

I'll try and get one up tonight but I've lost an important piece of paper - where did I put it? I'm so organized and it's so important...I may have to check my safety deposit box and stop freaking out but my bed is now covered with so much unfiled paperwork...sigh

I'll delete this chapter when I post:

Thank you also to everyone for the amazing feedback and positivity. I guess i was motivated as I'm on chapter 5 of a new fic:)
Chapter Summary

The conversation between Clarke and Lexa that occurred after Lexa let her use her bathroom on that fateful New Years Eve.

Chapter Notes

Here's the first "extra" scene from Clarke's POV.

Thanks for all the love:)
managed to keep them alive which she would never ever tell her patients. The bathroom was clean - bonus points to the girl for that. It was pristine really - with a bright green, fluffy hand towel, a grey bath mat and simple, white shower curtain along the bath. She wiped, flushed and washed her hands, sniffing at the delicious cocoa butter hand soap and then headed out into the apartment. Without the desperation to pee she took it in better, and ended up staring wide eyed. It was, in a word, her ideal apartment. Comic art lined the walls in frames, excellent artwork that was all tastefully presented. The artwork featured predominantly female characters, some of which she recognized and some she didn’t. Clarke loved each and every one - she certainly favoured the female characters in comic books too. Her eyes scanned the apartment further. There was not one but three guitars in the living area - an acoustic, an electric and one other - electric, she figured, or perhaps some kind of hybrid. Who needed three guitars? The furniture was comfy looking, with throws and cushions in deep pinks, blues and greens. The floor was a warm wooden oak floor with a couple of neutral rugs. The dining table was pretty - large and clear of junk (unlike her own), with a tasteful eclectic selection chairs around it. The couch and comfy chairs surrounded a low stylish coffee table with a pile of notebooks and comics on it. Everything managed to be artsy without being too stylized and the whole place was pretty and clean. It was fresh and funky, but still cozy and inviting. With a small smile at the dark-haired girl who was watching her, she headed to the coffee table to eye up the comics that were on it with interest. She picked up one and sat on the couch. It was extremely comfortable and she let out a small moan of relief to be off her feet. The whole apartment was peaceful and so blissfully empty after the crowd of next door - she definitely wanted to stay.

“Have you been to the comic book store on Seventh and Bleak street?” she asked without preamble, swivelling on the couch to meet green eyes.

“There’s a comic store there?” the girl asked with a frown, “I thought I knew all the best places.”

“Well you don’t know the best comic store in Boston! Clearly,” Clarke teased. “We have to go, I’ll take you! You’ll absolutely love it,” her eyes flicked back to the comic, then to the girl who was staring at her with wide eyes, before she looked around the apartment again.

“Three guitars? You need three guitars?” she asked with a smile before turning back to look at the beautiful brunette

“I play a lot of guitar,” the girl laughed and sat beside her, staring at her quizzically, as if she were some complex puzzle. Maybe it was strange that she was making herself at home but Clarke felt at home.

“All at the same time, huh?”

“I’m very talented,” she said with a smirk and a nod of her head. Clarke laughed.

“I’m Clarke.”

“Lexa,” she held out her hand and Clarke took it. Even the girls damn hands were smooth and cool. Clarke was pleased she’d washed her clammy ones.

“Your apartment is my life goal,” she stated bluntly.

“It is?” Lexa sounded pleased.

“Yeah. I’m so jealous! How do you have such an awesome place?”

“Well…”

“What do you do?” Clarke kicked off her shoes and curled up on the couch, crossing her legs like a
“Okay,” Lexa was clearly fighting back a grin, and Clarke smiled in response,

“Hmmm…not a student. I’m a student and this place is soo much nicer than mine.”

“Correct, not a student,” Lexa crossed her legs, her position a mirror of Clarke’s.

“Clearly a comic book nerd…” Clarke gave a pointed look around the apartment and loved the flush of red on Lexa’s cheeks.

“Hey,” Lexa looked at her with faux offence and it was cute.

“I’m a comic book nerd too, it’s all good,” Clarke reassured.

“You are?”

“Hell yeah - I know about the secret comic book store - I may even be a bigger nerd than you! I _even_ write comics and do the art work for them.”

“Wow! Are you an art student?” Lexa asked, voice filled with awe and Clarke shook her head,

“Guess again.”

“Architecture?”

“Nope.”

“Law?” Lexa arched a perfect brow.

Clarke grinned, “Medical school.”

“A medical student who draws and writes comics and is beautiful to boot – you’re fictitious right?”

“I never said my comics were good,” Clarke teased with a giggle.

“Are they?”

“They’re awesome!” she stated and Lexa smiled,

“So basically you’re perfect?” she asked and Clarke found herself flushing with pleasure.

“How’s that then?”

“Gorgeous, clever and talented. Let me guess, you’re a real bitch?” Lexa was teasing.

“Total fucking bitch,” Clarke agreed with a nod of her head.

“Ah, of course.”

“Uh…comic book store owner, not worker?” she guessed.

“No, but good guess,” Lexa was biting back a smile.

Clarke wracked her brains for a well paying job for a guitar playing comic book nerd, “hmmm… accountant?” It would figure that this quirky, beautiful girl would be something really boring.
“No,” Lexa laughed out loud. “If I have a weakness it’s numbers.”

“Hmm, I give up!”

“I’m a musician.”

“A musician?” Clarke’s eyes bugged. That was unexpected, and kind of hot, which was weird, but hell she could admit that.

“Yeah. Lincoln and I are in a band together - Trikru.”

“Trikru?” she squinted trying to think if she’d heard of them. “Never heard of you.”

“We’re not bad,” Lexa chuckled.

“Clearly you do ok,” Clarke gestured to the apartment.

“We do. Our first album sold a lot.”

“Play me a song. Please. One I might know?”

“You don’t want to get back to the party and your date?” Lexa arched a perfect eyebrow again.

“My date is interested in someone else and talking to you is more fun than the party.”

“You sure? I mean I’m just a stranger, maybe I’m slightly unhinged?” Lexa joked.

“Are you?” Clarke asked, brow furrowing.

“Very,” Lexa deadpanned and Clarke broke into a spontaneous grin.

“Yeah? Me too!” she agreed enthusiastically and Lexa laughed, an amazing laugh.

“Fine, we’ll stay here and be unhinged together.”

“Perfect,” Clarke felt much happier in this fresh, fun space with the girl next to her than she had all night. “But I really, really want you to play for me?”

“Later,” Lexa said and Clarke watched her flush, apparently shy - that was entirely adorable.

“Ok later. Unless that’s rock star talk for never?”

“I’ll play for you Clarke,” Lexa said and Clarke decided she loved the way this tall, sultry girl said her name.

“Yeah you will,” she nodded confidently watching the girl shift awkwardly. She was clearly uncertain how to behave and Clarke loved that, feeling fairly certain that this girl was her new best friend. “So, you’re a talented musician, a comic book nerd and beautiful…I’m guessing you’re fictitious too?” she winked and watched Lexa flush.

“I’m very awkward…socially, so most definitely real.”

“It’s your lucky day Lexa - I don’t notice social awkwardness at all, and I like you. So no stressing. I don’t care.”

“Yeah?”
“Besides which I find you pretty funny,” Clarke shrugged and then grinned - Lexa was both pretty and funny. Criminally pretty.

“Okay, then. You can stay.”

“I wasn’t planning to leave,” Clarke chuckled. “Not till I’ve had my song, read this comic here,” she waved the comic in her hand, “and seen in the new year with you!”

“Good to know,” Lexa smiled brightly and it was so stunning that Clarke stared at it for a moment, before blinking,

“So where are you from Lexa?”

“New York. You?”

“Just outside Boston. I was born in DC, but grew up around here.”

“I’m going to guess you’re at Harvard?” Lexa leaned forward a little, and Clarke found herself leaning close,

“Why do you think that?” she wrinkled her nose.

“You seem very smart,” Lexa answered before flushing again. Clarke couldn’t stop the smile that spread across her face at the blush - Lexa must feel really awkward. Clarke didn’t like that she felt embarrassed, but that blush was super cute.

“Don’t forget - unhinged…”

“Well anyone at Harvard medical school would need a small part of themselves to be unhinged.”

“You speak the truth,” Clarke nodded. “I’m not unhinged by the way.”

“Me either.”

“Not that there’s anything wrong with it, I’m just disgustingly well adjusted.”

“I’m mostly well adjusted,” Lexa answered and Clarke stared at her wondering what drove the honesty, intrigued really.

“Good to know,” she smiled. “Please play for me?”

“I don’t know,” Lexa looked down shyly and Clarke laughed,

“You released an album that did well – don’t you perform in front of large audiences?”

“Well yeah, but this is more…personal,” she attempted to explain.

“Where have you performed - biggest venue?”

“Wembley stadium,” Lexa admitted and Clarke found another wide smile on her face, her cheeks aching.

“So your band really is quite big? Or were you the warm up band?”

“We headlined,”Lexa admitted and Clarke jumped up from the couch and walked to the guitars.

“Which one?”
“The one with the stickers,” Lexa answered and Clarke stared at the "Voldemort votes Republican" sticker and giggled.

“Okay, I love this guitar,” she angled it and read, "Do not meddle in the affairs of dragons for you are crunchy and taste good with ketchup." “Lexa, you didn’t tell me you’re a comic book nerd and a total dork.”

“Haha, shut up and hand it over,” Lexa rolled her eyes and Clarke rubbed her cheeks which were aching from smiling. “What shall I play?”

“One of yours, one I might know.”

“Sure,” Lexa coughed slightly and put a foot up on the edge of the coffee table before she started strumming. And that was it - Clarke was transfixed on the sight of skilled hands moving across strings and her voice - her voice was beyond amazing, it was mesmerizing! The song sounded kind of familiar, but Clarke was focussed entirely on Lexa, on her hands, her face as she sang, her beautiful voice, everything about her. Clarke wanted to make it her New Years resolution to be this girl. When the song was over Lexa looked down shyly.

“Wow. You’re amazing!” Clarke stared at her, still captivated.

“Sure.”

“Seriously amazing. Look, let’s swap numbers - I don’t want it to get late and forget, okay?” Clarke had to be friends with this girl.

“Sure,” Lexa reached into her pocket for her phone and Clarke smiled. Again.

“Now let’s talk about this,” she waved the comic in Lexa’s face and they sunk into nerdiness for several hours, missing the New Years entirely. Clarke had such a good time she fell asleep on Lexa’s couch and when they awoke the next morning she insisted they went for breakfast. Lexa was definitely her new best friend.
"What the fuck's a grounder?"

Chapter Summary

This scene takes place about ten days after Clarke first met Lexa. Clarke is telling Raven and Octavia all about her new friend. Hope you enjoy:) 

Chapter Notes

Second little sneak peak:)

Thanks for being such wonderful readers!

Chapter Two

“So how was New Years? Good party?” Raven curled up on Clarke’s couch, Octavia taking the seat beside her, leaving Clarke to drop into her favorite arm chair. Recently back from their outback trip to Australia they were over at her place to catch up.

“And did you and Nyko hook up?” Octavia grinned.

Raven laughed, “Yeah, forget the party - did you and Nyko hook up?”

“No,” Clarke shook her head and then smiled when she thought about her new friend - Lexa. Such a pretty name. She loved to say it, even to see it written in text on her phone.

“Ooh, the smile says different,” Octavia waggled her eyebrows and looked at Raven who nodded.

“It does indeed, Clarkey poo.”

“Shut up, it does not say different because I didn’t hook up,” Clarke felt her cheeks flush.

“But you met someone, right?” Raven eyed her knowingly.

“Well yes, but not like that. I met this girl Lexa. I really needed to pee and someone was apparently dying in Lincoln’s bathroom – that’s the guy whose party it was. Anyway, Lexa lives next door and she said I could use hers. I was desperate and so I said yes. Turns out she’s really, really nice. I ended up spending the rest of the night with her,” Clarke smiled and gave a little shrug.

“Really?” The insinuation was heavy in Octavia’s voice.

Clarke felt her blush deepen, “Shut up, not like that. She’s just this really amazing girl. I mean you have no idea how cool she is. A total dork,” she laughed softly, “but amazing.”

“Why don’t you tell us all about her?” Raven requested with an evil grin, her eyes catching Octavia’s.
“Shut up, it’s not like that,” Clarke knew her friends were teasing her but her skin felt like it was getting hotter and hotter. Ok, so maybe she had a girl crush - it wouldn’t be her first, and probably wouldn’t be her last. Lexa was just totally adorable and utterly addictive and that was okay. It didn’t mean what Octavia and Raven were saying it did. It just meant she had a new friend and they had a lot of fun together.

“She must be really pretty Rae,” Octavia said sagely and Raven grinned, as they both looked at Clarke who huffed.

“She is really pretty but it’s not about that. Don’t be annoying.”

“She’s pretty, huh?” Octavia asked and Clarke smiled because it didn’t sound as loaded as the previous insinuation heavy comments. A little eagerly she pulled out her phone and showed the other two a bunch of pictures.

“Wow, she is hot,” Raven whistled.

“Her eyes are actually green. I mean really green, not just hazel,” Clarke stared at the photo, only looking up when her friends snickered. They schooled their expressions to neutral at once.

“Seen much of this Lexa in the last ten days then?” Octavia asked, tone as neutral as her face.

“I know you guys are making fun of me but I don’t care. Yes, I’ve seen a lot of her - we have so much in common, well about some things anyway,” she laughed a little, “and then about other things nothing in common at all. We have a lot of fun together though. I mean she’s a total comic book nerd so we hit up my favorite store, then hers, then all the others in Boston. We’ve bought tickets to comic con in New York as well. She’s obsessed with sushi and has been trying to convince me to eat it, but I managed to turn her onto Thai, so it’s all good,” Clarke was staring at her photo as she spoke, unaware of her friends faces.

“What does she do?” Raven asked.

“She’s a musician,” Clarke said and then rolled her eyes because that sounded too inadequate, “actually a rock star.”

“A rock star?” Raven laughed out loud at that. “Unlikely.”

“No seriously, she and Lincoln are in this band Trikru…”

“Trikru?” Octavia interrupted, jaw dropping. “She’s Lexa Woods from Trikru?”

“Yes,” Clarke crowed triumphantly, feeling vindicated after Raven’s mean laughter a few moments earlier. Lexa was most definitely a rock star if Octavia knew the band. “They’re the most amazing band.”

“Hello,” Octavia chastised with wide eyes, “that’s what I’ve been saying for ages only you two would never listen to them. They are without a doubt the best band around at the moment.”

“Now that’s a bold statement,” Raven shook her head. “I didn’t see no Trikru at the Grammys.”

“Oh they will be one day,” Octavia said brokering no argument and Clarke smiled at her fondly.

“Lexa, she writes the music and oh my god is it good. She’s so fucking talented,” Clarke scroled through her phone and thrust it at Raven and Octavia who grabbed it, watching as Lexa strummed at her guitar and sang a song, her beautiful voice silencing them. Clarke smiled because she knew
exactly the moment when Lexa caught her eye as she filmed and made a face at her. “It’s the hottest thing in the world when she plays.”

“Hottest?” Octavia asked, both her and Raven looking at Clarke over the phone as they scrolled through more pictures and videos of Lexa.

“You gonna claim different?” Clarke asked pointedly.

“No,” Raven conceded and Octavia nodded too. “Very hot Clarke.”

“Very hot Lexa is texting you right now,” Octavia stated, before looking up at Clarke with a frown, “What’s a Grounder?”

“Oh, give me,” Clarke snatched her phone.

“What’s a grounder Clarke?” Raven crossed her arms and waited expectantly.

Clarke wasn’t listening but staring at Lexa’s text.

Lexa - Maybe the Grounders could have old school weapons? And maybe they need an enemy who uses guns to fight?

Clarke - Yes! Brilliant! How awesome would the art work be of all these sword wielding people in cloaks and leather and what not?

Lexa – You’ll have to really think about the outfits, especially of your protagonists.

Clarke - I still can’t decide between Luna and Gustus?

Lexa - The woman every time. Luna is fierce.

Clarke - I love Luna, but I feel like I need more – she’s good but not perfect. Maybe I haven’t found my protagonist yet?

Lexa - Maybe :p So work on scene setting and back story?

Clarke - Will you help?

Lexa - Of course. Maybe sketch out ideas for characters. That would be so much fun.

Clarke - You want to come over tomorrow. Hang out?

Lexa - Sure. I can come after the gym? Or later?

Clarke - As soon as you can. We can do comic stuff in the morning, then go for lunch?

Lexa - Sounds good.

Clarke - What about a bar in the evening?

Lexa - Ok, yeah, that’ll be fun!

Clarke - Copper Tank? Maybe I’ll bring my friends and you can bring yours?

Lexa - You having fun catching up?
Clarke - Loads. Miss you though!

Lexa - Yeah, we’ve been spending a lot of time together:

Clarke - Not too much right?

Lexa - Never!

Clarke - Good. Phew. I think one of my friends will really like Lincoln.

Lexa - Then I shall text Lincoln and make sure he can make it.

Clarke - Perfect xxx

Lexa - Have fun tonight xxx

“Clarke, dude – we’re right here? Meant to be catching up?” Raven waited expectantly.

“What’s a Grounder Clarke?” Octavia narrowed her eyes.

“I came up with this new idea for a comic and Lexa has been working on it with me. I mean she mostly plays music while I draw, but I totally trust her when it comes to characters and what not. She’s really good at running dialogue with me and is great at helping me add back story.”

“A "grounder," Clarke?” Raven rolled her eyes.

“Before I forget, Lexa and I are going for drinks at Copper Tank tomorrow and you two are coming and so are her friends.”

“The friends are meeting,” Raven clutched a hand to her chest dramatically.

“Oh my god, stop okay. She’s my friend.”

“Your very best friend,” Octavia smirked.

“Fine - I won’t introduce you to Lincoln the drummer from Trikru who is just your type,” Clarke gave Octavia a haughty look.

“Copper Tank sounds great,” Octavia smiled widely before mouthing at Raven, “he’s hot.”

“You know you still haven’t told us what the fuck a grounder is?” Raven pointed out.
Chapter Summary

Remember Clarke mentions that the last time she slept with Bellamy was Lexa’s Leap Year gig. Remember Octavia telling Lexa that Clarke was all Lexa, Lexa, lexa - her abs, her ass. This is a one shot of getting ready for the gig and Clarke at that leap year gig.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy. I got rid of the scene when Lexa tells Clarke she's gay as I think I included most of it in UH proper.

Warning: *This scene has Clarke kissing Bellamy at the very end*

Chapter Three

“So how does a rock star choose what to wear for performances?” Clarke asked from amid the flounce of Lexa’s soft, fluffy pillows. She was exhausted after doing a lab that had lasted too many hours. Then she’d had assignments, forgotten to research something in the library, remembered only upon getting home that she had no milk and so she’d text Lexa begging to be collected before the gig that night. Now she was blissfully cocooned in the fluffiness of Lexa’s pillows and duvets as her friend was burrowing in her closet.

“Some people have stylists,” Lexa shot her a look, all waggling eyebrows and pouty lips. Clarke rolled onto her side, resting her elbow on the mattress, and her chin in her hand so she could better see Lexa.

“Not you, huh?”

“Are you suggesting I need one?” Lexa gave her the best condescending look and Clarke grinned.

“Nah, you’re all dark and broody – it’s sexy as hell and you know it.”

“It’s winter - of course I’m dark and broody,” Lexa, predictably, ignored the sexy part of her compliment and focused on the other part.

“Ah come on. I bet you’re not wearing pretty sun dresses in summer,” Clarke’s eyes flicked over Lexa almost against her will. Lexa would look fabulous in a sundress. Lexa looked fabulous in everything. Clarke’s eyes bulged as Lexa peeled off her shirt, so she was standing in front of her in dark skinny jeans and a sports bra. Apparently Lexa also looked fabulous in hardly anything at all. She was all smooth skin and abs that made Clarke’s mouth water. Fuck, but she must have a thing for abs, because she couldn’t tear her eyes from Lexa’s, and she wanted to run her tongue across them.

“Well no,” Lexa rolled her eyes and Clarke had no idea what she was talking about. In her head she
was kneeling before her, tongue tracking over each defined ridge on her stomach. She shook her head wondering what was happening to her brain these days.

“No?” she croaked and Lexa grinned at her.

“I don’t wear sundresses,” she poked out her tongue and Clarke sunk back into the mattress at the sudden, unexpected jolt of desire that had pulsed through her.

“So what does the summer Lexa wear?” she asked staring at the ceiling and trying not to think about Lexa’s mouth when it pouted, or her body’s insanely strong response to her friend.

“Shorts, tanks, a pretty top here or there. My main point was my summer clothes are not all black.”

“No?” Clarke turned back to look at her and wished she hadn’t because Lexa was now in dark skinny jeans, biker boots and some ridiculously sexy top Clarke hadn’t seen her wear before. “Woah, you look fucking hot,” she burst out.

“Thanking ye kindly,” Lexa gave a silly curtsy and stood in front of her mirror pulling out her makeup. “The trick with makeup is to go over-board. Too much eye shadow, too much eyeliner and too much mascara. My lips have to be super dark or the lights wash me out.”

“Mmmm,” Clarke wondered if her own ass looked like that in jeans. She tilted her head to the side. Her own butt wasn’t bad, but Lexa’s was quite spectacular. Clarke wondered if it was because she was taller. Her hips were narrower than her own, but still shapely.

“What do you think?” Lexa turned to her and Clarke began to laugh because she had one eye dark and smoldering with heavy, yet perfect eyeliner, thick mascara and just a touch of glitter.

“You ever thought about doing a Bowie?”

“No,” Lexa giggled, “though maybe if the others would do it too.” Clarke stared at Lexa as she continued to apply her makeup, wittering on about various rock legends as she did so. Clarke wasn’t paying as much attention as she should have been because a character was forming in her head. She could almost see her but not quite. She was most definitely Lexa. Dark hair all fierce and braided, clear green grey eyes, far too big and pretty. Covered in black war paint. She’d have to have the best clothes because she was going to be the boss. The Commander. Gay as all hell and ruler of earth. Clarke smiled to herself.

“You look like you’re thinking about sex,” Lexa stated bluntly and Clarke felt her cheeks heat up.

“Fuck off,” she threw a pillow at Lexa who caught it easily and threw it back.

“You’re all shiny eyed, pink cheeked and you have this little pout,” Lexa teased. “You get it when you’re drunk and Bellamy is coming on to you.”

“That hasn’t happened in ages, since before I met you,” Clarke flopped back on the bed.

“No?” Lexa asked dismissively and Clarke wondered whether Lexa slept with girls. She mentally chastised herself because obviously Lexa slept with girls. Or had. Clarke wondered whether Lexa had a person she went to, like Bellamy was to her, someone who kissed her, and touched her and would make her come.

“Do you have a fuck buddy Lexa?” she asked without thinking, opening her eyes, to the sight of a red blush creeping up Lexa’s perfect cheeks. The contrast of the bashful blush with the sexy eye makeup made Clarke feel a little giddy.
“A fuck buddy? You mean like Bellamy? Right?” Lexa clarified, her words all rushed which Clarke knew meant she was nervous,

“Yeah. Someone to make you feel good when you don’t want to do it alone? Someone whose skin feels good against yours?”

“Uh… no. I don’t,” she answered before tipping her head forward and scooping her waves into some funky bun type thing.

“So when you get horny?”

“I have a hand Clarke,” she rolled her eyes and Clarke felt herself flushing because she was lazy and had tended to use Bellamy more than she should in the past. Maybe she wouldn’t do that anymore. But then sometimes it was just nice to be close to someone. She stared at Lexa and the image came into her head of Lexa in the bed she was currently lazing on, hand between her thighs, head thrown back as she pushed her fingers inside of herself or rubbed herself. Clarke shook her head, and blinked at how hot she suddenly felt.

“What about if you’re lonely?” she asked, her voice ridiculously deep and Lexa gave her a sweet smile.

“Well I have you,” she stated and Clarke felt her heart beat harder, because Lexa looked so vulnerable and sincere all at the same time. Clarke watched her falter after a second, uncertainty coming to play as she blushed, “and Lincoln, Anya and Indra. I mean…sex is important but it’s always better with someone you really want. Do you really want Bellamy?”

“When I’m drunk, yeah,” Clarke admitted and Lexa gave a small nod before looking away. Clarke found her eyes drift over Lexa again, lingering at her behind. She wondered a little absently, whether it was as toned as it looked.

“We’re all different. If that’s what you need, there’s nothing wrong with taking it,” Lexa’s words startled her and she jumped a little.

“No,” she agreed, eyes zeroing in on the way Lexa’s nipples were visible against the sheer material of her top. She swallowed and decided she must be extremely horny, because she was lusting after her best friend something rotten and she wasn’t even gay, though maybe there might be more to her girl crushes, because the thought of throwing Lexa down on her bed was extremely appealing. She huffed a little and tried to move her mind onto something different, “I love that you’re doing a Leap Year gig,” she said and Lexa grinned at her,

“Every four years,” she laughed.

“These two,” Lexa pointed to the electric and her old acoustic one.

“Any reason?”

“I always play this old one at every gig. It’s a tradition. A superstition. The gig will go well if I play it.”

“Have you ever not played it?” Clarke asked with a grin, sitting down on the couch as Lexa pulled out her guitar cases and began packing her guitars into them.
“Once,” Lexa’s eyes shone. “I had it backstage, luckily, but I wasn’t planning to use it.”

“What happened? Why was it lucky you had it?” Clarke stared at her, feeling a slight buzz just beneath her skin as she watched her move around.

Lexa turned and smiled, “Major city wide black out. Can cause huge problems when you have a gig. That was the only gig I hadn’t planned to play that guitar at. Luckily it was there because it saved us. We did the whole set acoustically and it was fucking awesome.”

“I bet it was amazing.”

“You tube it,” Lexa smiled and Clarke flushed. The truth was she already had. She was fairly certain she’d read every article and watched every video of Lexa. Not that she was obsessed - she just really liked Lexa. She’d never had such an instantaneous friendship and it just felt really right, and she just loved to know stuff about her. Some stuff she’d had to put out of her head because Lexa hadn’t told her it in person. Like the hard upbringing alluded to in magazines, with talk of parental abandonment. Clarke swallowed back the lump in her throat as she tried to equate her smiling, bright eyed friend with that kind of trauma.

“Lex,” she patted the sofa beside her and Lexa sat down. Without thinking she curled into her side and rested her head on her shoulder, sniffing her subconsciously. Lexa smelt ridiculously good the whole time. She wondered if after the show there might be a whiff of BO or if Lexa would still smell as incredible.

“You’re sniffing again,” Lexa poked her arm softly, and Clarke felt a warm heat in her belly.

“You smell nice,” she understated.

“So you say,” Lexa rested her head on Clarke’s for a second, but then pulled away slightly.

“Even if I use your shower gel and deodorant, I never smell as good as you.”

“I’ve told you once and I’ll tell you again – it’s all natural,” Lexa patronized and so Clarke tickled her, fingers squeezing her toned stomach as Lexa wailed her protest through giggles. Then all at once Lexa’s hands were gripping her wrists and her best friend was hovering over her and Clarke felt her whole body ripple with need. Her eyes widened as she stared up at Lexa balancing over her, before she pulled back awkwardly and sat down. Clarke took a second to try and still the rapid pounding of her heart. It was pointless because it pounded on and she was undeniably aroused. And most definitely by Lexa.

She was saved from further introspection by Lincoln’s arrival.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

“Fuck,” Clarke muttered under her breath even though she wouldn’t be overheard given the noise the crowd was making. Her eyes were glued to the stage where Lexa was singing and playing, the only person visible to Clarke at that moment because in that moment she was everything. Clarke felt Lexa consume her. It felt like an endless wave of longing for her and Clarke didn’t know what to make of it. Lexa was amazing. She was kind and sweet, talented and funny, an amazing mix of self-deprecation and confidence. Off stage Clarke was pretty damn sure Lexa was her soul mate because never had she had a friendship like theirs. On stage Lexa was something else entirely. The sound of her voice, the tilt of her chin, her arms as she played, her entire presence on that stage. Slightly socially awkward Lexa, was the fucking commander of the stage. She owned it and the audience, and at that moment she owned Clarke. She couldn’t take her eyes off of her, every move made her...
body buzz, and every time she sang, Clarke’s breath caught. What the actual fuck was happening to her?

She couldn’t even clap as everyone else bellowed for another encore.

“You okay?” Bellamy put a warm hand on her back. Clarke swallowed because she wasn’t sure she was, but then pulled a fake smile to her face and turned, winding her arms around Bellamy’s neck and tugging him down for a kiss. “Gonna be that kinda night, huh?” he asked with a low chuckle. Clarke fought the urge to turn around and stare at Lexa. She fought the urge to pull out her phone and beg Lexa to sneak her backstage. She fought against the impulse to kiss Lexa because that wasn’t fair, because Lexa was gay and she was…she was just attracted to her, wildly. Her body pulsed at the thought. She was sexually attracted to her. Clarke closed her eyes for a moment. She wasn’t gay. She was into guys. The feelings she’d had for girls were just crushes. It wasn’t right to lust after a girl because she was momentarily attracted. Fucking Bellamy always relaxed her. Maybe fucking him would get her over her horniness and in the morning Lexa would just be Lexa. She ignored the inner voice that wondered if Lexa had ever just been Lexa. Clarke answered Bellamy with a lingering kiss she definitely wasn’t into. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.
Baby steps

Chapter Summary

Every week Clarke watches the Walking Dead with Raven and Octavia. Ever since Clarke met Lexa, Lexa was always there too and when she isn’t, Clarke misses her. AKA Raven and Octavia talk to her about the fact that she's so very obviously into Lexa.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for being so great about these - I love the wonderful comments! A lot are original scenes but some are scenes people requested.

As always, I love knowing what you think!

And I'm away for the weekend so there may be a few days till the next (I found my paper!)

Lastly, thanks to giuly_27 who really got what I was doing with the last POV:

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Chapter Four

Clarke - You suck

Lexa - I do indeed and very well I might add.

Clarke – Naughty Lexa:( I mean you’re not here to watch the Walking Dead and I miss you.

Lexa - I miss you too:( But I have to practice.

Clarke - You never practice on Walking Dead night and aren’t you like the head of your band? Who made this stupid decision?

Lexa - *points at herself and looks around awkwardly*

Clarke - You mean you did this! Oh my god, I’m disowning you.

Lexa - Fine, but who’s gonna save your ass during the zombie apocalypse?

Clarke – I’ll save my own ass thank you very much. I am rather fierce.

Lexa - Well ok…sure…leather jacket, motorbike and gun, I can see it.
Clarke - Yeah, while you wonder around flailing at the zombies with a baseball bat…

Lexa - I would not "flail" Griffin. I swear to god, I’m not a girl who "flails."

Clarke - Really? Are we still talking about attacking zombies?

Lexa - Haha, you know what I mean.

Clarke - Do I?

Lexa - Clarke I’m sorry I’m not there. I can come over when practice is over but it’ll be late and I know you’re at school early?

Clarke - Do it, do it, do it. We can watch the episode together before bed.

Lexa – You’ll have just watched the episode you goof.

Clarke - Yeah, but then we can update our zombie apocalypse survival plan.

Lexa - You realize what huge dorks it makes us to have a survival plan, right?

Clarke - You mean what a huge dork it makes you? It was your idea and there ain’t no denying that.

Lexa - I argue vehemently that it was *our* idea. You must be confused.

Clarke grinned widely.

Clarke - Oh yeah, I don’t remember you turning to me with bright shiny eyes, gripping my shoulders and saying "Clarke, we have to make a plan, like a proper survival plan so we are the survivors."

Lexa - You’re absolutely right. You *don’t* remember that.

Clarke - Hey, no need to be shy. My wild support of the plan was just as enthusiastic as your suggestion.

Lexa - Now that I remember.

Clarke bit her lip and stared at her phone, sighing. She wasn’t ever really sure why she was sighing, just that she really wished Lexa were there. Raven and Octavia side eyed her, but she ignored them.

Clarke - Please come over when you’re done.

Lexa - Of course.

Lexa - I mean what if the Zombie apocalypse starts tonight and we’re not completely ready?

Clarke - That would be bad. Really bad.

Lexa - Indeed it would. Are you sure?

Clarke - Yes. Don’t make me beg.

Lexa - If I say no, you’ll beg? Ooh, the possibilities.
Clarke - Lexa, come over. Please. Please!

Lexa - Wow Clarke. Getting you to beg was easy!

Clarke felt her cheeks flush, and her smile grew.

Clarke - Whatever. Come, don’t come…I’m not fussed.

Lexa - Wow, and I always imagined you’d be all about the coming….

Clarke - Oh my god Lexa! Your mind is depraved!

Lexa - Of course;) You make it too easy.

Clarke - I’m a fucking stupendous lover.

Clarke - FYI

Lexa - I’m sure.

Clarke - And I didn’t miss the fact that you’ve imagined what kinda lover I am;)

Clarke gripped her phone close to her chest and awaited Lexa’s response.

Lexa - Haha, ok…glad to hear I didn’t get it wrong.

Clarke bit her lip because Lexa didn’t deny it.

Clarke - You didn’t. And are you coming or not?

Lexa - This conversation has been fun and all but I take a little more work than that to come…

Clarke laughed out loud.

Clarke - Are you coming over to mine after practice dumbass?

Lexa - Yes. I am:)

Clarke - Good. I miss you.

Lexa - I miss you too.

Clarke held her phone close to her chest smiling, before the smile fell from her face and she sighed yet again and tried to refocus on the Walking Dead. Her motivation was poor however and she huffed a little.

“What the fuck is the matter with you?” Raven grumbled from beside Octavia. It was tradition that Clarke watch the Walking Dead with Raven and Octavia, and since meeting Lexa, Lexa too. They tried to watch it live and together, at Clarke’s place usually. As the one with the earliest starts she’d argued that they had to watch at hers so that when everyone else went home she could simply drop into bed and thus function the next day.

“Rae’s right princess. You’ve been grouchy all night,” Octavia said as Raven leaned around her to stare at Clarke.
“I’m not grouchy,” she growled, grudgingly, hating herself for not hiding her emotions better.

“I think someone is missing their bestie,” Raven rolled her eyes and Clarke glared at her.

“Wow, I think you’re right,” Octavia began to laugh. “Clarke’s all pouty ‘cause Lexa isn’t here.”

Clarke felt her cheeks burn and tried to come up with some sort of opposition to the accusation but instead sat there gaping at her two friends staring at her.

“Oh my god, you are!” Raven crowed triumphantly. “Pay up bitch,” she held out her hand to Octavia.

“That’s just not…not true,” Clarke stammered, “and why the hell does she have to pay you?”

“I’m paying her because Raven said you were ass over tits for Lexa and I said you were just crushing on her, but fuck…yeah…you’re in way deep.”

“I’m not ‘in deep,’” Clarke huffed, denial coiling in her belly.

“At least she admits she’s in,” Raven smirked.

“I didn’t,” Clarke pulled a cushion and held it over her face, desperately trying to get a hold of her wayward thoughts. “I just…I like hanging out with her…and she’s pretty funny when we’re watching the Walking Dead…”

“And you like to bury your face in her neck when you get scared,” Raven pointed out.

“She smells good,” Clarke defended, pressing her burning face deeper into the cushion. “Fuck.”

“Fuck?” Octavia asked.

Clarke dropped the cushion and stared at them, eyes wide, “she smells really, really, really good.”

“We know,” her friends stated in perfect unison.

Clarke closed her eyes for a second, “But I mean, really, really good.”

“Yeah?” Octavia was softer this time, less cocky. Raven was cocky personified, shit-eating grin all over her face.

“Fuck,” Clarke huffed back into the cushion, as Raven paused the television.

“Fuck, you’re gay? Yeah, we know,” she pulled the cushion from Clarke’s red face.

“I am not gay,” Clarke tried to pull the cushion back from Raven and they ended up fighting for it over the top of Octavia.

“Stop,” Octavia slammed her hands onto the cushion and held it on her lap. “Look Clarke, she makes you happy.”

“Of course she does, she’s my friend,” Clarke protested, sinking back into her couch.

“We’re your friends,” Octavia pointed out. “We’ve been your friends for a long time. And yet we’re not friends like she’s your friend.”

“We just get on really well….like you know, a meeting of minds or whatever,” Clarke tried to
“Yes,” Raven agreed, “you’re crazy quick and sparky in your conversation and you talk to her about stuff because she’s just so easy to talk to, and all that. We’re not going to deny it’s a meeting of minds, but…”

“But?” Clarke leaned forward to look at Raven who had paused.

“You’re both flirty as all hell and the chemistry is insane. I mean holy crap Clarke, you’re gushy and starry eyed, and fixated on her. It’s funny. It’s cute. And it’s fucking gay as hell.”

“Fuck off Rae,” Clarke growled, feeling Octavia put a hand on her forearm,

“Look Clarke, it’s just…why are you worried? You have a crush. A big crush. That’s ok. I’ve had them before. You’ve had them before. You think she’s gorgeous. I mean, you stare at her and go on about it all the time, so I figure even you’ve recognized that. Maybe…maybe there’s just a little more to this friendship than you’re…”

“But there isn’t. Because I’m straight, right?”

“Clarke there’s a whole spectrum of sexuality out there, as you know,” Raven stood up and moved around to sit on the other side of Clarke. “Just because you like guys, doesn’t mean you can’t like girls too.”

“I know,” Clarke huffed, “but come on…sex with a girl? I mean Lexa is fucking hot but I’m not sure I could…with her bits and yeah,” she flushed bright red, struggling to explain.

“You couldn’t touch her boobs? Which I quote, "are perfect and hot?"” Octavia’s brow furrowed.

“Okay, fine, yes…I like boobs. And yeah…sometimes there is this…chemistry between us…” Clarke attempted, trying to convince herself.

“You mean all the time,” Raven interjected.

“I just don’t think I could have sex with a girl, you know? Be all up in another girls vagina…” she looked up at them.

“I’m sorry Clarke, but you’re so into her it’s painful,” Raven shook her head.

“What Raven means is…maybe you could try? Maybe it would be different to what you’re thinking. Because we may have noticed the chemistry, the flirtation and the fact that you’re always staring at her.”

“I don’t know,” Clarke looked down, “I mean, fuck…sometimes I can’t stop looking at her, and god I like to be close which I know we decided is Lexa and not the heavenly smell, but maybe we just…you know like each other? I mean, I could be confused just because she’s gorgeous and gay and like my personality soulmate?”

“Your soulmate?” Octavia’s jaw dropped and Clarke watched her gape.

“Well duh,” Raven rolled her eyes at them both.

“And anyway, she’s not interested in me that way,” Clarke shrugged, offended when both of her friends began to laugh. In fact laugh was not a term for the hyperventilating guffawing of Raven.

“You’re an idiot,” Raven huffed in air and Clarke stared at her, lip curled in a slight snarl,
“Look, she doesn’t okay?”

“What Raven is trying to say is that she does have a certain way of looking at you that would indicate she might have feelings for you,” Octavia stated carefully.

“And what way is that?” Clarke crossed her arms over her chest, a surge of protectiveness for Lexa making her feisty.

“We call them heart eyes. All longing and full of love.”

“Of course she loves me, I’m her best friend,” Clarke snarked.

“Yeah…that’s not it,” Octavia explained as a Raven continued to gasp. “It’s more like her world starts and ends with you…”

“Yeah?” Clarke couldn’t deny the increased rate of her heart, nor the swirl of anticipation in her stomach. She couldn’t even deny the throb of desire between her legs. She might not be brave enough to do anything with it, but she could acknowledge it. In fact it wouldn’t be ignored. Then her brow furrowed.

“She’s not friends with me for that reason,” it was a statement not a question because she knew Lexa wasn’t. They were in a mutual infatuation friendship. An infatuation that only ever grew stronger and better the longer they knew each other.

“No, no, of course not. Like Rae said, it’s a meeting of minds. But why not see if there’s something? I mean, I’ll back up the notion that she’s your soulmate. You spent the last year or so sleeping with my brother on and off and there’s nothing there compared to you and Lexa. I mean I know you like him, but honestly, you see Lexa and you light up.”

“And she does the same,” Raven shrugged.

“I just don’t think she’d want something,” Clarke attempted, her mind too full for her to function properly.

“Yeah, she would,” Raven interrupted.

“But I’m not sure I would,” Clarke began. “I can’t experiment on her. I mean…” Clarke trailed off, trying to find words to explain how she’d always crushed on girls, just not as epically as she was crushing on Lexa. But that she couldn’t be gay or bi because she couldn’t imagine sex, because the thought of vagina’s kind of grossed her out, even her own.

“I think when you feel like this, it’s not experimenting,” Octavia attempted.

“I can’t hurt her,” Clarke grabbed the cushion from Octavia’s lap and hugged it tight. “I don’t want to hurt her. If she does have feelings…which I don’t think she does…”

“Clarke seriously, she’s gay as fuck, stares at you, adores you and you really think she doesn’t have feelings? You’re straight and you’ve got feelings so strong you’re a mess and fucking missing the Walking Dead because you can’t focus without her here,” Raven was blunt as always.

“I can’t just work out my confusion with her.”

“But…”

“No I can’t. I don’t even like vagina’s. They smell and are kind of gross,” Clarke attempted to
vocalize.

“Personally I like mine,” Raven shrugged. “And she doesn’t smell. Well, she doesn’t smell bad.”

“You know what I mean,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Why don’t you talk to her about how you’re feeling? I mean, surely your gay best friends is the perfect person to talk to about this stuff? We know she loves vagina,” Raven laughed but Clarke didn’t feel like laughing. She could be lighthearted about some stuff, but this was about who she was and the confusion was killing her. Her favorite thing in the world was to be with Lexa, and now being with Lexa was filled with this unbearable tension of wanting. A wanting she didn’t understand or know how to process, or even what to do with it. It was so easy for both Raven and Octavia to squash her friendship with Lexa into a box labeled attraction or even love, but it wasn’t just that.

“Aaaargh,” she growled in frustration and both Octavia and Raven laughed, much to her chagrin. “It’s not funny. Lexa is…she’s really, really important to me. Fucking up what we have is not what I want to do.”

“It might not fuck it up though,” Raven sobered appropriately. “I will say that Lexa - she’s one hundred percent committed to this friendship and she would never put a foot over that line. Ever. Except if you wanted it.”

“But I’m not sure I want it? I mean I’ve had crushes on girls before but they were just crushes. Right?” she stared at them, hoping they would untangle the mess in her head.

“We can’t answer. I mean…maybe you’re bisexual. Are your feelings for Lexa sexual?” Octavia asked and stared at her. Clarke’s mind filled with Lexa, those abs of hers, and her smile, the way she looked in pajama shorts and a tank and her body lurched pleasantly, especially when she thought about pressing her face into the nape of Lexi’s neck.

“No,” she responded and both of her friend’s eyes widened with skepticism. “Yes, fine ok…but that doesn’t make me bisexual.”

“Lexa is one of the hottest girls I’ve ever seen, but she doesn’t turn me on,” Octavia informed her gently and it irritated Clarke,

“Look maybe I think she’s gorgeous and there’s chemistry between us, but thinking about kissing her and actually kissing her are two different things. So I find girls attractive, sure I do, and maybe I have crushes, but this…it’s different, and fuck…I can’t imagine sleeping with her. The two of us in bed together maybe…but when I think of sex, I think of a penis.”

“Maybe because you always have,” Raven offered up.

Clarke glared at her, “What’s that mean?”

“Just that. Maybe you think of a penis because you’ve only ever had sex with guys, only ever considered sex with guys. Dismissed your attraction for girls as "crushes." Maybe penis is the logical thought pattern because society shoves it down your throat. Maybe you think you need a guy sexually because it’s nearly all heterosexual couples getting the happy ever after in films and on TV. Maybe you’ve just never allowed yourself to think about vagina’s in a different way.”

“This conversation feels so weird using such medical terms,” Octavia wrinkled her nose.

“A penis is still a cock and a vagina is still a pussy,” Clarke channeled her inner Lexa for that one. “Terms don’t matter.”
“Says the doctor. Doesn’t it feel all medical?” Raven asked.

“Whatever,” Clarke needed help and digressing provided none.

“Look Clarke, Rae has a point. Maybe open yourself up to the possibility that you’re not quite as straight as you’ve always believed. You and Lexa…there’s clearly something there. She’s your friend. She’s strictly your friend but she would be more, definitely. There’s just no way she’s not attracted to someone she thinks is gorgeous, funny, clever, talented and her best friend in all the world,” Octavia shrugged and Clarke sank back into the couch. The truth was she thought Lexa was the gorgeous one, the funny one, clever, talented and her best friend in all the world, and she was attracted to her. That wasn’t the issue.

“What do I do with the attraction?” she voiced, “my attraction? how do I work out what it means?”

“Talk to your best friend.”

“I’m talking to my best friends,” Clarke pointed out.

“Yeah, we mean that girl you met six months ago. The one you talk about all the time, the one you lie curled up into when we watch TV, the one you’re always with, the one who smells amazing, the one you’re kinda obsessed with. The best friend that’s gay as fuck and probably might offer a few more practical solutions to your confusion,” Raven pointed out.

“I can’t do that to her!” Clarke protested.

“I think she’d be thrilled if you did that to her,” Raven cackled and Clarke gritted her teeth,

“Yeah, because having your best friend ignore all potential for hurt, stomp over the boundaries between you, never mind pretend like there’s nothing wrong with asking to test out feelings…that’s a great idea.”

“Woah Clarke, I get all that. I do,” Raven hushed her. “But it’s her you’re attracted to. Why don’t you just ask to kiss her.”

“Kiss her?” Clarke gaped at her. She couldn’t see how that would help anything.

“Yes, you know as friends. Talk to her about your confusion and say you want to kiss a girl. Ask her. It can’t be the first time someone’s asked her.”

“That feels wrong.”

“She’ll do it and maybe it’ll clear things up for you. That would help, right? I mean what if…what if you kiss her and you realize that it is sexual attraction that you absolutely want it to go somewhere? You two would be amazing together. There isn’t anyone that’s seen the two of you together that doesn’t think that,” Octavia said carefully.

“I just…I don’t know. It feels like an inappropriate ask.”

“Look, be honest and tell her you have a crush on her then. Why not? Or you want to play it safer than that? You wanna kiss me?” Raven asked. “You want to stick your tongue in my mouth? I’d be fine with it,” she shrugged. Clarke stared at her friend who looked very serious. The truth was she didn’t want to kiss Raven. Raven was gorgeous, absolutely no doubt about it and yeah, she’d stared at her a little longer than entirely appropriate at times, like when she bent over, but she didn’t want to kiss her. She wanted to kiss Lexa. She really wanted to know, to clarify her confusion, to know who she was and that really could only ever be with Lexa because it was tied up with her. She thought
back to that moment when she’d been staring into Lexa’s eyes, assessing their color or even dancing with her. The urge had been overwhelming.

“No, I don’t want to kiss you,” she admitted.

“Because you love Lexa,” Raven stated with no small amount of glee. “And she’s in love with you.”

“Of course I love Lexa,” Clarke rolled her eyes, dismissing the second part of what Raven said,

“I think it’s the kind of love we’re debating,” Octavia assessed. “Right?”

“I don’t know,” Clarke covered her face.

“Look, baby steps Clarke. If the situation presents itself just ask her. What’s the harm?” Octavia asked and Raven nodded her agreement.
Whittle

Chapter Summary

Lexa arrives at Clarke's after band practice. This follows on directly from the last POV where Clarke and her friends watched the Walking Dead and talked about Clarke's friendship with Lexa. Clarke begged Lexa to come over after band practice and Lexa does...

Chapter Notes

Thanks guys for the support:) I love it! Makes the effort worth it. So many formatting errors... It's short and sweet because this is an add on to the last chapter. It was a request...

Chapter Five

Clarke had just spat out her toothpaste when there was a knock at the door, soft and cautious. Her heart skipped a beat as she quickly rinsed the toothpaste from her mouth and sped to the door. Opening it up she felt a bright smile light up her face, eyes dragging eagerly over Lexa, who was wearing jean shorts and black tank, arm tattoos exposed on her tanned, toned biceps, everything about her quite simply gorgeous. There was a throb between her legs which she ignored as she threw her arms around her friend.

“Lexa,” she pressed her face into her lovely, warm neck, adoring the feel of her strong arms winding around her and squeezing her, the pads of Lexa’s fingers running over the top of her arm. Her pads were a little hard from playing guitar, but they felt amazing against the skin of her shoulder. She sighed heavily into Lexa’s neck.

“What’s up? Why the sigh?” Lexa’s soft voice was soothing, despite a slight rasp from the last few hours of singing.

“I’m just pleased to see you,” she stepped back and shrugged her shoulders. Lexa eyed her, looking kind of worried. “How are you?”

“Me? I’m fine,” Lexa took her hand and led her through and to the couch, sitting her down and staring at her. “I’m just worried about you. What’s happened? You look…sad?”

“I’m okay, really,” Clarke gave a smile she knew was lackluster at best.

“I can go if you’re tired?” Lexa offered looking a little uncertain, her face insecure. Clarke knew that Lexa didn’t take their friendship for granted - not ever. That if Lexa felt that it was her fault Clarke was sad she’d be devastated. That Lexa may worry it was her fault regardless of anything Clarke said to ease the situation, because despite her sometimes confident persona, despite her successes, Lexa struggled at times with how she saw herself.
“No, no, don’t,” she rushed, “please stay,” the last thing she wanted was Lexa to leave. She had to get a grip of herself. Her conversation with Raven and Octavia was too fresh in her mind, too confusing. Her eyes fell to Lexa’s lips. It was quite ridiculous how sexy they were, that bottom lip was so plump, so soft looking and she was filled with the urge to suck it into her mouth. Fuck.

“Are you sure?” Lexa’s voice sounded funny, even more raspy than it had - sexy, and Clarke found she couldn’t raise her eyes up to Lexa’s and so she dropped them, instead finding her friends bare thighs, tanned and toned and looking soft and utterly inviting. She sucked in a breath.

“I’m ok,” she reached across and took Lexa’s hand - nothing odd in that, she did it all the time - Lexa knew she was tactile. She heard Lexa breath in and out loudly a couple of times and because everything felt odd and tense she curled up beside her, and pressed herself close. “So we need to talk about cross-bows,” she said, reaching for the remote and flicking on the TV, ignoring her shaking hand.

“Clarke, you know I’m here for you, right?” Lexa turned, tucking her chin in to stare down at her. It would be so easy for Clarke to shift, tilt her head up and press their lips together. She couldn’t even begin to imagine what Lexa would do if she were to make such a move. Raven was right…the moment had to be right and she would have to open up to Lexa about her crush first. It would only ever hurt Lexa if she wasn’t honest, if she wasn’t brave.

“I know,” she blinked. “I’m just tired, and I missed you. Now you’re here and I just wanna sit with you and watch. Okay?”

“Okay,” Lexa tightened the arm she’d put around Clarke’s shoulder. “So what’s the problem with cross bows? I thought we agreed that for surviving the zombie apocalypse we like cross bows.”

“Arrows,” Clarke smirked up at her.

“I thought you were going to come up with a new cross bow issue. That’s an old complaint.”

“Yeah but we didn’t remedy the issue. How are we fixing it? Where will we get arrows?”

“I didn’t tell you?” Lexa grinned, green eyes bright.

“No,” Clarke stared at them.

“Well I’d have my pen knife, right? I’m good with my pen knife,” Lexa stated and Clarke giggled,

“Says the girl whose never gone camping,” she looked up at her, feeling more relaxed.

“Well my aim in having a penknife was to intimidate with it not camp with it,” Lexa waggled her brows and Clarke’s heart clenched at the thought of Lexa in that group home. Her hand trailed out of Lexa’s and her fingers smoothed over her wrist instead, stroking soft skin and a small tattoo she had there, one ironically enough, of an arrow.

“Intimidate, huh?” Now her voice was raspy. She looked at Lexa who swallowed,

“Yes,” she gave a small nod, “I couldn’t have kept a penknife unless I was using it for artistic purposes, I mean they knew I’m sure, but I was kind of sassy and argumentative.”

“Artistic purposes?”

“I used to whittle sticks,” Lexa raised her chin defiantly, head on a slight tilt and Clarke couldn’t help but laugh, her laughter full to the brim with affection. Lexa was honestly the cutest person in the
world.

“She, please, please say the word whittle again? Oh my god, seriously…” Clarke giggled, loving the indignant expression on Lexa’s face but finding it almost impossible to equate rock star Lexa with whittling sticks.

“No,” her tone brokered no room for argument.

“Lexa, please?” Clarke fluttered her lashes and saw Lexa instantly weaken. Maybe there was an attraction part to Lexa’s feelings for her, she conceded, her stomach swooping and erupting with butterflies at the thought.

“Whittle. I whittled sticks. I could whittle arrows. I’m the whittle queen,” Lexa deadpanned.

“Oh my god, stop…” Clarke got the giggles at once, laughing so hard she was gasping for air. “Stop. You have to stop,” she stared at her friend who poked out her tongue and said defiantly,

“Whittle.”
Badass

Chapter Summary

he first time Clarke sees Lexa on her motorbike and rides with her.

This is six months into their friendship and Clarke hasn't seen Lexa on her motorbike. Why? Because Lexa doesn't ride in winter and she's been obsessing with Clarke, so she hasn't been going away. She has used the bike, mainly for errands when Clarke has been busy. Now Clarke has asked if Lexa will take her to get some medical something or other (excuses, excuses Clarkey from her mom’s work.

This is the day of their first kiss (chapter 2).

Chapter Notes

This scene was suggested by RagnarWolf on Fanfiction back when I first posted UH and the Clarke POV's.

Lots of thanks for the comments and kudos - they keep me motivated - I've said it before but I think comments and kudos trigger the pleasure centre in the brain much like chocolate, and I don't eat chocolate! I know it's an ego stroker too, but I can't deny that I love it:

And sorry these one shots are so short:)

Clarke - Lexa, hurry up. I’m standing on a street corner waiting - it looks bad!

Lexa - You could have waited inside!

Clarke - But I want to see you arrive!

Lexa - It’s just a bike Clarke - and why didn’t you wait until I’d left?

Clarke - You said you were leaving!

Lexa - I said I was about to leave.

Clarke - Ten minutes ago! Does that mean you haven’t left yet?

Lexa - Well…

Clarke - Lexa! What on earth are you doing?
Lexa - Gotta find my spare leather jacket for you. If I can’t you can wear mine

Clarke got an instant strong image in her head of what Lexa would look like in essentially skin tight leathers. Without thinking too hard on it, she text her friend back,

Clarke - Holy fuck! You’re wearing a leather jacket?

Lexa - Holy fuck yes!

Clarke - Leather jackets are so hot!

She didn’t specify that she meant a leather jacket on Lexa would be so hot.

Lexa - They’re sensible.

Clarke - Stop trying to be all, "Ms. Sensible Biker Chick” when we all know the jacket is badass!

Lexa - Well you’re going to be badass too!

Clarke - Lexa I’m always badass

Clarke smirked to herself. It was always so fun texting Lexa and being utterly silly.

Lexa – Yes, you sure are!

Clarke - Don’t say it like that - I really am!

Lexa - Yes you are!

Clarke - Lexa I am!

Lexa - Yes you are!

Clarke - I really am. And don’t say "yes you are!"

Lexa - You are!

Clarke - Fuck off!

Lexa - Clarke, I think you’re extremely badass. Better?

Clarke - Don’t just say it to pander to me. Say it because you think it’s true!

Lexa - I think that you’re my favorite person in the world. I think you like to paint my toenails and snuggle under a duvet and watch Buffy. I know you’re badass about your medical studies. Badass defensive of your friends…a badass nail painter, an extremely badass artist, but badass in general? I don’t know…

Clarke - That is four badasses! Four! How many does a girl need to be considered badass?

Lexa - Listen…if you want me to say it and mean it I’d really have to see said ass. How else can I really comment? And let’s be brutally honesty here for a second Clarke - your face is beautiful, your boobs are amazing, the rest of you is lovely…I just find it really hard to believe your ass is that bad. Maybe it’s only "nice," even just "okay"…but bad? I just don’t buy it. I’m actually fairly sure it’s a
lovely ass.

Clarke - Haha - so droll:-/

Lexa - :-) Look, I’m leaving right now. We’ll put you in leathers, put my bike between your thighs and then you’ll be badass personified, ok?

Clarke sucked in a breath at the swooping sensation between her legs and the butterflies that erupted in her stomach at the message, and the subsequent images in her head.

Clarke - Yes! Hurry.

Clarke - I mean don’t hurry. Be safe.

Clarke - Seriously Lexa, I’ve seen people after bike accidents.

Lexa - I’m a very careful driver.

Clarke - And you were trying to tell me you’re badass!

Lexa - No, you were trying to tell me *you’re* badass!

Clarke - Ugh, leave now!

Lexa - You’re the one that keeps texting. I can’t text and bike. That would be dumb!

Clarke - I’m texting because it’s awkward standing here for so long alone. I’m pouting now Lexa and you know I don’t like to pout!

Lexa - Don’t pout! Just stop texting so I can leave!

Clarke - I am!

Clarke then sent an emoji with its tongue stuck out.

Lexa - Don’t talk dirty to me Clarke or I’ll never leave :)

Clarke frowned in confusion and then flushed as she realized what Lexa meant, the accompanying image of wavy brown hair spread over her thighs, making her blush ever redder.

Clarke - Wow, you’re sassy today! Leave!

Lexa - Okay okay, I’m on my bike. See you in 5 xxx

Clarke smiled to herself, and held her phone against her chest for a moment, before she sent a text to Raven and Octavia telling them about the bike and leathers, another to Bellamy, then one to Monty and Jasper. Before she could see any replies she heard the roar of a motorbike and looked up to see it at the end of the street. It was a beast, not a cheesy bike, but a black old fashioned looking thing. Clarke knew nothing about bikes - what make, model (nothing but color) and she really couldn’t have predicted her reaction to Lexa, dressed in black leather pants and a tight leather jacket pulling up in front of her on the monster she apparently rode.

*It’s fine, it’s fine. Just a crush. Just a crush,* she told herself as she stared eyed wide at Lexa, as she
kicked out the stand and pulled off her helmet, brown waves spilling softly around her shoulders. Clarke swallowed and clenched her thighs to try and relieve the pressure of the throbbing between them, because holy fuck she looked hot.

“What’s a pretty girl like you doing on a corner like this?” Lexa crooned with a casual wink, swinging her leg over the bike in those sexy as sin leather pants. Clarke swallowed and stared for a second before gawping,

“Wow!” She muttered ineloquently under her breath, utterly unable to find actual words.

“She’s beautiful huh?” Lexa grinned and looked back at her bike.

“You, not the damn bike,” Clarke stuttered, “those leathers are…wow…”

“Yeah?” Lexa blushed wildly.

“I mean the bike, yeah…fuck…”

“So I uh…you uh….” Lexa stuttered as she turned back to the bike and rummaged in the bag on the back and pulled out a leather jacket, “for you,” she held the jacket out to her, cheeks an adorable pink and when she didn’t take it, she opened it out so Clarke could slip her arms into it. “It should fit you.”

“Mmm,” Clarke was epically turned on and it was a problem. It was a real problem because she didn’t know what to do with it. She just had to be bi to be so turned on by a girl - as in sexually turned on. As in really, really sexually turned on. So turned on she was wet and nervous and confused.

“Looks great,” Lexa said as she slid the jacket on to her shoulders, turning her gently and zipping it up. Clarke’s heart pounded and for a moment they stared at each other. Clarke wanted to kiss her. She wanted to wrap her arms around Lexa’s neck, tug her head down and smash their lips together. And Lexa’s pupils were blown. They were absolutely fucking blown, so maybe…maybe Raven and Octavia were right. Fuck. Clarke sucked in a breath as she realized that the next time she was out with Lexa, she was going to have to get wasted, because the confusion mixed in with desire, mixed in with endless thoughts of her friend - it was literally killing her. And the need to kiss Lexa was becoming increasingly overwhelming.

“So uh…” Clarke gestured at the bike.

“Ready?” Lexa smiled gently.

“Yes. I think so. I trust you. And I thank you,” Clarke said honestly. Earlier in the day she’d rung Lexa from school begging for a ride to her mom’s hospital an hour away. She desperately needed some research of her moms, stuff that couldn’t apparently be emailed, in order to write a paper for school. She wanted to write it that weekend and not waste the time then on travel. Lexa hadn’t even hesitated before agreeing to take her.

“It’s no problem. You know that. And I’ll take it slow,” Lexa smiled, so relaxed and gorgeous that Clarke’s heart beat even harder. “Okay, I’m going to get on, hold the bike steady. You sit behind me. There’s straps here to hold onto,” Lexa gestured, “or you can hold onto me,” she said and Clarke saw a tinge of red in those beautiful cheeks.

“You,” she stated, positively flirtatiously, because fuck - Lexa in leather, on a bike, hot as hell and fuck. At her response Lexa fumbled with the helmet she was handing over and it made Clarke’s belly swoop deliciously. Lexa, now very obviously red, pulled on her helmet and jumped on the
bike. Clarke pulled on the one she’d been handed. It was tight and a little claustrophobic.

“You okay?” Lexa’s voice in her ear.

“We can talk?”

“Yes,” Lexa said. “Hop on.”

“I’m glad we can talk,” she said as she climbed on behind Lexa uncertainly. The seat felt comfortable and it wasn’t an unpleasant sitting position.

“Okay I’m going to start the engine. It’s loud, okay?”

“Okay,” she watched Lexa stand and do whatever she was doing and then the bike roared to life. Clarke jumped and immediately wrapped her arms around Lexa’s middle, clinging on tightly. The sound of Lexa’s laughter echoed in her helmet,

“It’s okay, you’re safe.”

“Sure, sure,” Clarke squeezed tighter.

“You ready to go?”

“Yes,” Clarke was super aware of the feel of Lexa’s thighs in front of hers, her back against her chest and so she took a couple of deep breaths. The engine rumbling between her legs felt…well it felt nice, especially with her arms wrapped tightly around her gorgeous, sexy best friend. “It uh…” she began.

“It what?”

“It feels…you know…good. Is that why you ride Lexa?” she teased - not flirted, or so she told herself.

“Hmm, perks,” Lexa said and Clarke laughed because she’d expected a shy refuting of the claim. “Fuck, it’s going to make me horny,” Clarke said again.

“Noted,” Lexa’s voice was calm.

“We’re still catching that movie later, right?” she asked casually.

“Sure.”

“I really appreciate you taking me out to my mom’s work.”

“Will she be there?”

“No. My mom will be in surgery but she’s left the stuff I need out. I’ll be quick I promise.”

“I don’t mind if you’re not quick,” Lexa said.

“Even if we miss the movie?”

“Meh. I don’t care.”

“You’re the best Lexa,” she said honestly, mind over planning - if they missed the movie, they could take the bike back to Lexa’s and she could talk Lexa into getting drinks at a bar. Drinks at a bar
could lead to tipsiness and tipsiness might give her the courage to tell Lexa that she was crushing on her hard. Fuck, but the thought of it made her stomach turn and the throbbing of her clit increase. She squirmed against the seat, the rumble of the engine doing nothing to help her. Lexa’s proximity, their bodies tight together, the engine shaking the bike between her legs and her thoughts, her utterly depraved thoughts which were the opposite of platonic, were all making her an utter mess. Something had to give, change, shift. Clarke made a decision. She’d take too long at her moms work, they’d miss the movie and she would get drunk enough to say something about her feelings and her confusion. She felt another twisting sensation in her body but this time it was nerves. She squeezed a little tighter and rested her head against Lexa’s back desperate for courage.
I used to think I was bi

Chapter Summary

The first kiss!

This scene was suggested by jeune-eve back when I first posted.

Chapter Notes

I'm not a huge fan of the same scene from both POV's but it's written so here it is. I won't be doing their first time. I mean it is done, but it caused such a foofaraw I decided I'm gonna leave it.

Love knowing what you think:) Thanks for being so supportive!

Chapter Eight

Clarke stared at the girl who was being really obvious about her attraction to Lexa. She was pretty - really pretty. Not as pretty as Lexa, of course - no one was. Now that she had decided she wanted to kiss Lexa, that she had to kiss her in order to make sense of her life again, the idea of anyone else near her made her feel sick, even if she did push Lexa in that direction. It felt awful pushing her friend to get laid, to allay suspicion, when she selfishly really didn’t want that to happen.

“Clarke, she thinks you’re into her,” Lexa’s words made her flush and look away, “Which is fine if you are, but don’t lead girls on - we don’t really like it,” she quipped the latter and Clarke realized she’d been given the opportunity she needed to open up a discussion about her sexuality. Her stomach dropped as a sudden bout of nerves swirled in her belly and she felt really hot.

“Sorry,” she slurped at her drink, ingesting the alcohol far too quickly, as she tried to muster up some courage to say what she had to say. Even as she tried to calm her breathing she stared at Lexa feeling desperate to be closer to her. She might not really understand what that meant for who she was as a person but she was definitely infatuated with her friend. The truth of the matter was that the girl on the nearby table was sexy and pretty and Clarke could easily imagine kissing her but Lexa was different - she wasn’t just some girl. She was so much more because she was her best friend. Clarke was just desperate to kiss her, to be close, and not just because she was beautiful. She had a crush on Lexa, real and tangible and kinda overwhelming.

“What?” Lexa sounded a little confused probably because was staring at her without speaking.

“How did you know you were gay?” she burst out.

“Same way you knew you were straight I guess,” Lexa answered and Clarke frowned in frustration at the flippant response - great if you know for sure, but less great if you’re not a 6 out of 6 on the
Kinsey scale. Or a plain old 0.

“I used to think I was bi,” she admitted and saw Lexa focus on her entirely, looking a little skittish as she shifted in her seat, the look of surprise obvious.

“Yeah?” Lexa managed to feign low level interest, but her attention to the conversation was obvious. As she was playing it cool Clarke played along at being casual,

“Mmm. I had crushes on guys and girls, all the time. I still do,” she managed to make it sound oh so nonchalant, as if it weren’t a big deal,

“But you don’t think you’re bi?” Lexa stared at her and Clarke was relieved to see something more in her eyes, a definite interest - Lexa couldn’t quite hide the fact that she was invested in Clarke’s response.

“I don’t know. It’s the sex bit. I mean I love boobs,” Clarke shrugged, “I mean you have fucking gorgeous boobs,” she brought the issue to Lexa, because she fucking adored Lexa and really, this was all about her.

“Thanks,” Lexa muttered dryly looking kinda antsy.

“I just can’t imagine going down on a girl,” she admitted, aware that she was pouting as she visualized the scene. Her between a girl’s legs. Her between Lexa’s legs. She wasn’t repulsed exactly but it was a vagina, and vaginas were just a bit gross, and she really just couldn’t imagine doing what she thought would be expected to one. Vagina’s were really a bit of a mystery to her which was stupid because she had one.

“Why?” Lexa frowned at her, “I mean, it’s really, really fun.” Lexa looked a little dreamy which intrigued her, and made a strange pang of longing fill her.

“So you weren’t a bit…I don’t know…grossed out by the thought?” She wrinkled her nose as she thought about vagina’s in very general terms.

Then Lexa went on a genital tirade and it was awesome. Clarke stared at her as she talked about how genitals were kind of gross in general and ended up ranting about the bad press of the vagina in particular. If Clarke were to be entirely honest with herself, she fell a little in love with her at that moment and a whole lot in lust as her friend spoke vehemently,

“You may have a point,” Clarke couldn’t help but giggle with delight as she stared at Lexa as she finished her rant, who just summarized it all perfectly, “vagina’s get a lot of negative press.”

“A girl looks like a girl. She has a vagina and yeah it’s a little weird looking, just like a guy who’s a little weird looking. But fuck, when you fancy a girl, it’s sexy. It smells…fucking gorgeous and tastes better, and when a girl comes apart because of you between her legs it’s the hottest thing in the world,” Lexa was looking at her and Clarke felt her heart speed up. The way Lexa described it was in complete contrast to how she’d always thought about it - Lexa made it sound sexy,

“It doesn’t smell bad? I mean this one guy told me it smelt…funky.”

“Fucking ass. No - it smells musky, and good - like sex,” Lexa took a long drink, and then Clarke watched her wink at the girl across the room, and it filled her with a burning jealousy that nearly toppled her. The idea of Lexa fucking that girl made Clarke feel enraged.

“And it tastes good?” she drew Lexa’s attention back to her.
“Yeah,” Lexa looked at her and Clarke had to swallow because those green eyes were dark and heavy with emotion, her pupils blown.

“What about the first time? I mean how did you know what to do?” she tried not to seem too invested in Lexa’s response.

“Instinct,” Lexa answered and Clarke huffed because that was wholly unhelpful,

“Lex give me a better answer than that. I mean with a guy and a girl, the first time he just sticks it in, moves in and out and hopes for the best. You go from there. How’d you know what to do?”

And then Lexa told her all about her first time with Echo, who Clarke couldn’t decide if she hated or liked, or what, she just knew that she felt jealous of a girl who’d been closer with Lexa than she had. She felt jealous of Lexa being intimate with Echo in ways they hadn’t. She also couldn’t deny the beat between her legs as she thought about she and Lexa doing the things Lexa was describing with Echo. It sounded appealing, sexy even which was weird because she hadn’t really thought of some of it at all until she heard Lexa describe it. She tried to move the conversation with Lexa forward.

“Well I just thought because I couldn’t imagine sex, because I thought it might be, you know…gross, I’ve never gone there. I still get crushes on girls, I just figured they were a friend thing. Not sexual,” she attempted to explain, all the while knowing that there was a sexual element to her crush on Lexa because her best friend turned her on. It was true though. Without being able to imagine the sex she had just assumed it wasn’t real or that it didn’t mean anything, that they were crushes and she wasn’t bi. Except now she wasn’t so sure.

“What do you mean by a crush then? I don’t get it,” Lexa leaned back in her seat.

“You know a crush. I want to see them, kind of obsessed but in a good way - with what they say, what they’re interested in. I think they’re gorgeous. I want to text them lots.”

“So basically like you are with friends?” Lexa laughed and Clarke saw her opportunity.

“I’m not like that with friends,” she said and picked up her drink, waiting for the implication to click with her friend.

“You’re like that with me…” Lexa said and then flushed a delightful shade of pink.

“You keep blushing!” Clarke smiled, “You’re so cute. You know I have a crush on you!” She’d decided spontaneously to go for the ‘obviously you know I have a crush on you.’

“On me?” Lexa looked utterly stunned - not the expression Clarke had been hoping for, but she swallowed back her nerves and kept going.

“Oh come on Lex, I’m totally obsessed with you!” She gave an easy, breezy laugh, even if she didn’t really find it easy. “Raven and O are constantly making fun of me,” that was at least honest.

“But you don’t think you’re bi?” Lexa gaped at her and it would have been funny if her heart wasn’t pounding quite so hard.

“It’s bisexual, right? I can imagine sex with a guy, easily. And I have tried to imagine sex with one of my girl crushes, but you’re so right…all the negative crap I’ve ever heard about girls bits…that was in my head. I mean I think about making out with them, but nothing more.”

“Right,” Lexa nodded, still gaping and looking completely dumbfounded.
“But maybe I’ve been too quick. I mean, maybe there is more to these crushes? They could be sexual right?” Clarke looked at her, feeling utterly optimistic because she really, really wanted something with Lexa she realized. Or to try for something, to see if there was more to her sexuality than hetero. No one made her feel like Lexa did. No one ever had. Lexa was staring at her, her mind clearly computing, and Clarke saw a flash of cautious optimism which spurned her on.

“Sure,” Lexa said after a beat with a sharp nod of her head.

“So we’re friends, right?” Clarke couldn’t drag her eyes from Lexa, even though she was feeling really nervous, because she had to push things forward. She was crushing on Lexa and Lexa had to be crushing on her and there was something between them - something she’d never felt with anyone else and if she didn’t push it, wouldn’t she regret it?

“Yes,” Lexa sounded flat and Clarke felt a surge of guilt because this was unfair, because Lexa had always been adamant about being friends, because this was a sucky thing to do and of course Lexa didn’t know the true extent of her crush nor her confusion. And Clarke couldn’t tell her, not when she might feel so much more than her friend. Not when everything felt so confusing.

“Well maybe we could kiss,” she smiled brightly, heart pounding in her chest so hard she felt lightheaded and somewhat nauseous.

“But we’re friends,” Lexa answered bluntly, and Clarke’s stomach turned over unpleasantly.

“I know,” she shrugged, “But I think you’re crazy beautiful,” she said it easily, because Lexa was without a doubt the most beautiful human Clarke had ever seen.

“Hmmm,” Lexa looked to be barely coherent.

“And I’ve thought about kissing you,” she admitted, the first step in owning who she was and what she was feeling.

“You have?” Lexa’s voice sounded funny.

“God yeah. When I was staring into your eyes the other morning, it was like instinct or something. You’re telling me you didn’t feel it too? What with the way you licked your lips, well I guess I figured that’s why you were a little weird and left.”

“I wasn’t being weird,” Lexa defended, but the lie was sucked into the tense atmosphere.

“You were,” Clarke laughed a little acting like she was totally at ease, “and I know…you’re so proper about the friends thing, but I think you were thinking about kissing me too…”

“Clarke,” Lexa sounded a little angry.

“Oh come on Lex, who am I gonna experiment with if not my gay best friend? I mean, I’m way too old to find my own Echo,” she muttered blithely even though she felt bad for doing it and she felt anything but blithe.

“You never got experimental in high school? Never kissed a girl in a game of spin the bottle?” Lexa’s voice was tight, tense and not at all like it normally was, but Clarke wanted to persist. She couldn’t just kiss Lexa drunkenly without being sure, but she could kiss her if she asked, if she explained her confusion, owned up to her crush. But she’d have to push for it - a little at least - because Lexa held onto the platonic nature of their relationship like she was in the middle of the ocean and it was a life belt being dragged by a retreating boat.
“Well yeah, but she wasn’t my type and had bad breath.”

“I have bad breath,” Lexa said and instead of laughing at the quip Clarke responded with honesty and seriousness,

“You don’t.”

“Why not kiss the girl over…oh,” Lexa tried to gesture at the girl she’d been flirting with but sighed when she realized that girl was gone. “Go to a gay bar Clarke.” Lexa sounded defeated, panicked and it made Clarke wince even as she persisted.

“Come on Lexa, I even have minty fresh breath,” she ran her tongue over her teeth and saw Lexa’s eyes darken as they followed the gesture.

“It’s not a good idea Clarke,” Lexa shook her head. “Find a cute boy to eye up instead. Or call Bell.”

“Stop pushing me back in the closet,” Clarke pouted feeling frustrated, because something inside of her had changed and she didn’t want to go back, even if she didn’t know exactly what these feelings meant, “I feel like I’m realizing something big here.”

“And I’m here for you Clarke, but seriously…not a good idea to experiment with me.”

“So you don’t have a crush on me? Not even an itty, bitty little one?” Clarke decided to change track completely. She’d seen Lexa’s eyes darken, she knew there was something between them, that it couldn’t just be one sided and so she spoke flirtatiously, tried to force Lexa into admitting it - even if she was a bitch for doing so.

“Fuck,” Lexa sighed and Clarke waited.

“My friends say you’re in love with me,” Clarke didn’t even know why she would say such a thing, but she’d swayed closer to Lexa, she could feel the energy of this beautiful girl and she’d never wanted anything more in her life than to kiss her.

“Your friends are idiots,” Lexa muttered and Clarke felt her confidence drop for a moment. She didn’t really think as she asked.

“Is that why you won’t do it? I mean you’re not in love with me, are you?” her voice was monotone, and in honesty she didn’t know what she wanted Lexa to answer because everything was so confusing. She was a little in love with Lexa, or a lot, but it was as friends because she was straight - or had thought she was. There was no way Lexa wasn’t a little in love with her, not with how they were, but maybe it was different because Lexa was a lesbian. Clarke felt more confused than ever.

“No,” Lexa croaked and Clarke wasn’t sure she believed her, but chose to pretend she did.

“Then kiss me. I’m fun, I’m pretty and I’ve seen you staring at my boobs.”

“Clarke,” Lexa growled and a pulse of desire shot through Clarke, staring in her belly and loitering between her legs. She felt desperate,

“You make it sound sexy. God, maybe all these crushes on girls, maybe they’re more than crushes? Maybe they are sexual. How will I ever know?” She stared at her.

“Clarke,” there was a definite weakening, Clarke could sense it.

“Stop saying my name Lex. I get that I might not be your type or whatever. So tell me what’s your

“I don’t have a type…”

“I’m cute Lex,” she repeated. “It’s just a kiss.”

“But we’re best friends and fuck, I adore you. I don’t want to fuck up what we have.”

“It’s just a kiss Lexa,” Clarke repeated, even as a burn spread through her belly at Lexa’s words.

“Fine,” Lexa looked mad and slightly distraught but Clarke ignored all that that because she was going to kiss her and Clarke needed that kiss.

“Really?” she checked with a cautious smile, but wanting to clarify that Lexa was actually agreeing.

“If you’re sure that’s what you want?” Lexa seemed really apprehensive, and Clarke shoved away her guilt.

“I’m sure,” she nodded tongue sneaking out to lick her lips. Lexa was staring at her, beautiful green eyes scanning over her face, staring right into her eyes before she raised a hand and slid cool, long fingers over her jaw. Clarke’s heart stuttered at the contact, her breaths coming in shallow puffs, as Lexa’s fingers dragged into her hair, the pressure against her scalp just amazing. Clarke stared wide eyed, her body desperate for the moment when Lexa’s lips would touch hers, half terrified she’d pull back before that happened. And then Lexa pressed their lips together and Clarke had to swallow the moan that rose from deep within her, especially when Lexa’s tongue found hers. As if fearing she’d gone too far, Lexa pulled back slightly but Clarke couldn’t have that, not yet and surged forward a little to pull that plump bottom lip into her mouth. It felt fucking amazing. Lexa was an extraordinary kisser and it was cliché but their mouths fit together perfectly. Clarke wondered if their bodies would fit together just as well and moaned a little as moisture soaked her underwear. She wrapped an arm around Lexa in order to tug her closer just as Lexa pulled back again and paused for a second as if checking what was happening was okay, but when Clarke stayed close, her hand smoothing over Lexa’s shoulder, Lexa turned and kissed her with more force, the kiss deeper and more ardent - a whole lot fucking hotter. Lexa’s hand was on her waist, burning through her clothes and when she pulled her closer, Clarke couldn’t help the noise that escaped her - a noise of pure longing. She wanted Lexa. All of her. Legs, arms, hands, breasts, vagina, lips and fuck, that mouth! And for a second Lexa complied, the kiss so utterly perfect and skilled and wonderful that Clarke could have cried, but then Lexa was pulling back. Clarke kept her eyes shut, wishing she would claim her lips again. She felt hot and needy and oh so turned on.

“Wow,” she opened her eyes and stared at Lexa’s dilated eyes, and kiss bruised lips. Lexa swallowed and took a sip of her drink. “I mean seriously wow,” Clarke said again because she desperately wanted to kiss more, to feel Lexa’s tongue on hers, to feel that close for hours on end.

“Hmm,” Lexa hummed, skin flushed and eyes dark. That sexy little hum made Clarke’s stomach turn with adoration because it meant she was nervous.

“You’re an amazing kisser,” she told her, gushing more than she intended, as her eyes fell to Lexa’s gorgeous kiss swollen lips.

“And? Are they just crushes?” Lexa’s voice was deeper than normal, a little husky, as she stirred her drink and stared at it intensely.

“God I don’t know,” she answered honestly, taking a long sip of her cocktail. “I’m fucking turned
on,” she had to be honest, Lexa deserved that, and because she was wet and throbbing and desperately in need of more. “Are you?” she couldn’t help the question, but she wanted Lexa to be as big a mess as her, she wanted Lexa to be wet, and needy too. For her. Lexa coughed, half choking on her drink.

“Uh, yeah,” she croaked. “You’re really sexy.” The words caused Clarke’s stomach to flip and the ache between her thighs to intensify.

“Are you thinking about sex with me?” She was so fucking close to Lexa, unsure what was possessing her, but the urge to be close was overpowering her reason.

“Mmm,” Lexa nodded, a beautiful flush on those high cheekbones.

“What are you thinking?” her voice was low, flirty and seductive, but she was just desperate for more.

“What do you mean, what am I thinking?” Lexa looked a little bewildered.

“I mean are you thinking of me naked? Are you thinking of my chest? What are you thinking?” She was so close she could have stuck out her tongue and licked Lexa’s burning cheek. She was like a girl possessed and she waited for Lexa to answer,

“I’m thinking of my face between your legs, I’m thinking about the noises you might make, fuck…” Lexa’s voice was barely above a whisper, and Clarke nearly whimpered at the words. The alcohol and lust were making her feel crazy, dizzy even,

“Lets go back to my place Lex,” she moved even closer, her clit just brushing the girls thigh due to proximity which made her whole body throb gratefully.

“Clarke…don’t do this,” Lexa shook her head.

“I’m not doing anything,” she answered flirtatiously, leaning close enough that her lips brushed against the lobe of Lexa’s ear. The hitch in Lexa’s breathing made Clarke want her even more.

“You are. Don’t fuck with me,” Lexa protested and Clarke felt instantly wounded because that hadn’t been her intention,

“I’m not,” she stepped back. “I just thought…”

“That because I’m gay I’d obviously want to help you sort out your sexuality? Be your guinea pig?”

“No,” she defended, hurt and a little bit guilty because she had assumed Lexa would be willing to help her, especially because she’d admitted to the crush and Lexa was so blatantly attracted to her as well.

“Then what?”

“I just…god we’ve been flirting for months. Is it really just me that feels like this is more than friends?” she asked in exasperation.

“We’ve only ever been friends,” Lexa stated, voice tight. “You don’t even think you’re bi. How can we be more than friends?”

“I don’t know, but we are. I have to be bi? Right?” Clarke stared at her, wanting something, validation of her confusion would be enough - Lexa taking it seriously, wanting to help, putting
herself out there like she was.

“I’m sorry Clarke, really I am, but I can’t do this,” Lexa shook her head instead and stood. “You can’t do this. Call a cab so you get home safe ok?”

“Lexa,” her mouth had fallen open, unable to believe what was happening. She felt sick devastation fill her up as Lexa stood and dug around for her wallet.

“I’m sorry ok?” Lexa repeated.

“Okay,” her brow furrowed as Lexa opened her wallet and shoved a couple of twenties to pay for their drinks. Clarke couldn’t believe she was leaving. That she was just running away because they kissed and she’d suggested…well she wasn’t really sure what she’d suggested, just that they somehow relieve the tension, make each other feel good. Lexa’s response was so strong, so final - to just run away. Lexa had enjoyed the kiss - she’d admitted to thinking of her face between Clarke’s legs. Clarke’s body throbbed. Maybe Lexa didn’t want a relationship or anything, didn’t feel the same as her? Maybe she’d separated physical and emotional? Lexa seemed almost angry about the kiss, banning the idea of more with finality. Maybe she’d hurt her? But she felt hurt too, and embarrassed because she although she was confused, she knew she wanted Lexa and now she wasn’t sure Lexa wanted her.

“Bye,” Lexa said abruptly and left.
Chapter Ten

“What the hell got up Lexa’s ass? That family thing is total BS,” Raven frowned as Lexa headed abruptly out of Clarke’s apartment moments after reappearing from Clarke’s bedroom. Clarke wanted to share immediately what had happened - the argument over what she’d shared with her friends, the “sex? We didn’t have sex” text, and most especially the awful sick feeling heavy in her stomach, but hadn’t Lexa just been indicating that telling her friends every little thing was hurtful? And Lincoln might be her friend, but he was mostly Lexa’s, and Clarke didn’t think he’d love her openly discussing Lexa’s anger and hurt in front of everyone, so she sucked in a shaky breath.

“Nothing…it’s like she said,” she managed to stutter, and both Raven and Octavia’s heads snapped to hers. They’d probably heard their raised voices in the bedroom and knew that was a lie.

“I feel like ice cream,” Octavia announced and Clarke frowned slightly because the segue from Lexa’s obvious anger to ice cream was abrupt.

“There’s Ben and Jerry’s in the freezer,” she responded absently, brain on her best friend, as she fought the overwhelming urge to cry with everything she had.

“Yeah but you only ever have Chocolate Fudge Brownie and I really, really want Chunky Monkey,” she shrugged and turned big eyes on Lincoln.

“You want me to go get some ice cream?” He asked, palming his phone and glancing at the screen - clearly edgy.

“Please. Maybe you and Bell can go? I know that Raven was saying she’s desperate for Cheesy Pleasers.”

“Love those things, can never eat enough of them!” Raven concurred at once.

“Sure,” Bellamy frowned. Clarke couldn’t even find the presence of mind to worry about the fact that Octavia and Raven were really obviously getting rid of Lincoln and Bellamy, she just wanted
the men gone so she could break down. She stared intently at her hands as scuffling and words were exchanged between the other four, before the door slammed confirming they were gone. Clarke sensed Octavia sit beside her and Raven in front of her.

“What happened?” Raven asked. “Do I need to kick her ass?”

“If you need to kick anyone’s ass you need to kick mine,” Clarke heaved in a breath, her ribs feeling like they were splitting from the stress and panic swirling inside of her. She kept fighting tears even though her friends wouldn’t care if she cried.

“What happened?” Octavia frowned, taking her hand, thumb brushing over her knuckles.

“I…I…” she hesitated because she wanted to tell them, she wanted help with the situation, but she really didn’t want to defy Lexa’s trust, or hurt her worse than she already had.

“What?”

“I fucked up,” she admitted, ignoring the one tear that tracked down her cheek until she could taste its saltiness at the corner of her mouth.

“How?”

“Telling you about everything with Lexa…”

“She can’t expect you to just discuss your confusion about your sexuality with her alone. That’s entirely unfair,” Raven raged.

“But how confused am I? I mean really?” Clarke’s voice cracked. “I might not be ready but I know how I feel.”

“Well only you can answer how confused you are,” Octavia said softly. “And being ready is important.”

“I…I just totally ruined things though,” another fat tear trickled down her face.

“How? Because you talked to us? That’s crazy. I’m sorry if we were too upfront but she knows us!” Raven rolled her eyes.

“I said we didn’t have sex,” she admitted, voice cracking as she covered her face with her hands for a moment.

Both Raven and Octavia frowned, “You didn’t, though? Right?”

“She’s a lesbian. Of course we had sex! I just…I didn’t realize. I was putting that fucking typical heterosexual spin on it, where…where…”

“Digits up your hoo ha…” Raven offered sheepishly,

“Yeah…where that isn’t considered sex. And of course it is. I went from a drunken kiss in a bar, as an "experiment," to convincing her to help me explore things, to initiating and having sex,” she rubbed her face, swiping away the tears.

“At least it was good sex,” Raven said blithely, and Clarke huffed, as Octavia sent the mechanic a vicious glare.

“Clarke, she’ll forgive you,” Octavia reassured, even as Clarke reached for her phone and began to
Clarke - Lexa. I am really, really sorry. I understand why you’re so upset. I really, really do. I know you probably think I’m just saying that but I’m not. I get that we had sex now. I know it was only one part of sex, but I do get it. It felt like sex to me, but I’ve never called fingering sex. I’ve never been made to come by it either. I’m still learning and maybe I should have known, but I didn’t. I didn’t mean to belittle it by not recognizing it for what it was.

Clarke - Sorry long text. I’m also sorry I made what we did sound like it didn’t mean something. The thing is, O and Raven have known that this is more than a friendship for longer than I have. They knew I was crushing on you. They encouraged me to talk to you. Still…I made it sound like it was just a sexual exploration. I actually - stupidly - thought you’d prefer that. I’m a total idiot a lot of the time.

“Clarke, Lexa is batshit crazy about you. This will be ok,” Raven gave her hand a squeeze, demeanor softening.

“Don’t you get it? I really hurt her and I embarrased her. She said you guys know how she feels about me and I belittled what was between us to you…” she trailed off, unwilling to admit the rest.

“Surely she knows you’re equally batshit crazy for her?” Raven scowled.

“While Raven’s eloquent term does describe you both quite aptly, I think Clarke means that Lexa thinks this is the exploration of a more superficial crush.”

“I’ve told her I’m into her,” she stared at her phone willing it to ring and the sick nervy turn of her stomach to calm. “But…then I termed it like I did to you two and…you know…”

“Not really?” Octavia shook her head.

“Of horn dog Griffin?” Raven scoffed and once again Octavia fixed her with a steely glare, “For fucks sake Rae,” she rolled her eyes.

“Come on,” Raven softened despite her protest, “the last thing Lexa would ever do is take advantage. That would never have occurred to us.”

“That’s true,” Octavia said, but Clarke shook her head, her stomach tense, her heart beating hard and her head struggling to hold onto any thoughts.

“She’s scared and I made everything worse by playing into those fears. She thought…that when I said exploring stuff…that you wouldn’t know it was more for me…she thinks that maybe…I’m just experimenting…using her…”

“Well that’s not fair Clarke. She can’t judge you for exploring who you are…”

“She isn’t,” Clarke protested. “She’s just convinced I’ll end up saying I’m straight and she’ll be the collateral damage.”

“You told her you’re into her. You told her it’s more,” Octavia protested.

“Then I told her I tell you guys everything and said to you guys that she was helping me explore my
sexuality, totally minimizing how much she means to me. Then I said we didn’t have sex. Fuck.”

“And she’s not replying?” Octavia asked.

“She hasn’t even read the messages.”

“She has read receipts on?” Raven scoffed.

“Focus!” Octavia hissed. “Text her again Clarke.”

Clarke - But I mean well. Because you’re my best friend. My best friend that I love and adore.

“I need to go to her place.”

“Okay,” Octavia nodded, as the boys could be heard in the hall.

“Don’t say anything to them, please. Especially not Lincoln.”

“Clarke, it’s going to be okay. You know that that, right?” Raven rubbed her shoulder.

“No,” Clarke shook her head. She actually felt pain at the thought of Lexa hurting because of her.

“She’s your best friend,” Octavia reassured.

“And a whole lot more, because O and I are your best friends too, but she’s in a whole different league. She won’t be okay without you so things will have to be okay.”

“I’m just so in the wrong,” she stood abruptly as the door opened and headed to her room.

XOXOXOXOXXOOX

Clarke - Some girl tweeted a photo of her and Lexa in the park.

Raven - So? You know fans are crazy for her.

Octavia - Raven is right. It doesn’t mean anything.

Clarke - The girl wrote that Lexa was singing to her! Lexa only sings for me.

Octavia - And audiences of several thousands!

Clarke - I mean in private.

Raven - Dude, she was in Central Park. She didn’t give the girl a private show!

Clarke - But what if she did?

Octavia - I just looked it up, and the photo is in Central Park and you can clearly see other people.

Raven - She meant sex, O! :$

Octavia - Oh! I’m not so quick apparently

Clarke - She’s not text since we said we were going to leave things and now this! Fuck. I don’t want to leave things. Why did I say that? God, I’m so confused.
Octavia - I still can’t believe she agreed to that! And it was only yesterday night, so chill.

Raven - I agree. She’s lusty as all hell for you, and those eyes scream it

Octavia - It’s obviously more than just lust - that’s the problem she’s dealing with

Clarke - She doesn’t want things to get messed up. I understand that. I don’t either

Octavia - Understandable.

Raven - Lame - grow a back bone commander!

Clarke - Don’t be like that about her. She isn’t lame! Not at all. She just doesn’t want to risk our friendship

Raven - So she’s giving up on something more with the girl she’s in love with?

Clarke - She’s not in love with me. She said she wasn’t

Raven - And you believed her?

Clarke - Uhhh...

Octavia - It’s not fair to put emotions where Lexa hasn’t or isn’t ready to. If she isn’t ready to say she loves Clarke, it’s because she’s protecting herself. And Clarke. Because working things out isn’t always simple. Right Clarke?

Clarke - Right.

Clarke - But I still want something with her, I do. I can’t just leave it. Well I could but I don’t want to. What do I do?

Raven - But you aren’t sure you’re bi, right? Or what? I don’t get it. I’m not trying to be a pain…I just don’t get it?

Clarke - I don’t know whether I could be with a girl in every way or even in a relationship…I’m just not sure yet - it’s all new to me

Raven - But you were with a girl?

Raven - And you liked it!

Clarke - Is it Lexa or girls in general though?

Octavia - Does it even matter?

Clarke - I don’t know.

Clarke - I just need time to work things through. In my head and physically - I’m realizing I don’t know myself at all and you know, fighting against our preconceived notions of ourselves is hard. Really hard. But just because I can’t say the words with any certainty, doesn’t mean that’s not who I am. I feel like I am bi, but I just need more time.

Raven - And that I totally understand.
Octavia - And so does Lexa, right?

Clarke - She’s just scared about what would happen to us if I decide I’m not bi. If I work out my sexuality with her and then don’t want her. And she’s right. What would that do to us and our friendship? What would that do to her? She said she’s never had a friend like me.

Raven - One she’s wildly in love with, you mean?

Clarke - Someone who loves and adores her for being her.

Octavia - I get it. I understand completely.

Raven - What about Lincoln? I mean they’re super close

Octavia - Lincoln and Lexa are more like siblings.

Raven - Oh. Yeah, I get that - they’re definitely alike - both kinda broody and silent.

Clarke - Not in private.

Octavia - Not in private.

Raven - Never had to people jinx in a text before. Kudos my friends, kudos.

Clarke - What if she fucks that girl? Do you think she did?

Raven - Central Park fangirl? Nah.

Octavia - Even if she did - you aren’t together Clarke. You said you’re staying as just friends

Clarke - Yeah, I know. Thanks:(

Octavia - I just mean, it shouldn’t matter. You guys made the decision not to pursue this so she is free to be with other girls

Raven - But Clarke obviously wants to pursue things with her...

Octavia - I hate saying this, because you know I love you Clarke, but Lexa obviously does not

Raven - Because she’s scared! You know she’s so into her

Clarke - Fuck! Omg fuck

Octavia - What?

Raven - What?

Raven - Jinx.

Clarke - There’s another picture, from a different girl. From last night and fuck!

Octavia - Oh?

Raven - Hmmm, ok, yeah that girl is definitely looking to fuck her
Clarke – Lexa’s hand is on her stomach. And they’re in a bar. Oh god. Fuck

Raven - Coming over.

Octavia - Me too.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

“Every time I think of that girl’s hands on Lexa I want to kill her, and then kill Lexa,” Clarke’s thoughts and emotions were a jumble of anger, jealousy and disappointment. And sadness. Plenty of sad.

“Kill Lexa?” Raven’s smirk was audible. Clarke glared at her friend, through the burning feeling in her stomach.

“I’m sure nothing happened,” Octavia reassured, but Clarke turned venom filled eyes on her,

“Nothing? Lexa’s hand is on her stomach in the photo and God, the comment is so infuriating…”

“‘Meeting your musical icon in your local gay bar - fuck yeah!’” Raven read. As if the words weren’t burned on her brain. As if the fuck yeah hadn’t filled her head with all kinds of awful thoughts, of deep panted breaths, skin sliding against skin and Lexa’s beautiful fingers buried deep in some other girl. Clarke felt nauseous.

“You ok?” Octavia’s warm hand was on her arm and she shook it off because the heat was too much when coupled with her burning jealousy.

“I fucking hate that girl. Look at her? All long limbed and stupid beautiful smooth skin, and big eyes.”

“Clarke…” Octavia attempted.

“Fuck…is that her type? Is it? Small breasts? Dark hair? Beautiful face?” she had always scorned feelings of physical inadequacy - her looks were hers and that was that, there was little she could do to change them, but suddenly she wanted to morph into a dark, lithe beauty with enormous eyes.

“Clarke…”

“God. Why did I say we should leave it? How could she just move onto someone? Just hours after we end things?” she sniffed, her words wretched.

“End things?” Raven asked pointedly and Clarke whipped her head up to yell,

“Oh stop being so pedantic - you know what I mean. We ended the potential for more. I want the potential for more. I want Lexa.”

“Then tell her,” Octavia said, the small smile totally irritating Clarke.

“Big point in telling her when she’s fucking Ms. Gorgeous fangirl,” she growled.

“You don’t know that,” Octavia attempted and Clarke began pointing out the evidence.

“Of course she fucked her. The hand on her stomach! The girls sat on her fucking lap in a fucking gay bar, taking pictures to boast with on tumblr. And she’s so hinting with that comment. Come on. And on Twitter people are asking her…it’s so fucking obvious.”
“And tacky,” Raven’s eyes were glued to her phone, clearly strolling through the girls Twitter, or tumblr, or something. “She’s so tacky to hint at sex with someone as private as Lexa.”

“You think Lexa slept with her, don’t you?” she felt tears burn her eyes.

“Uh…I don’t know if she did, but uh…”

“You know that Lexa didn’t come onto her Clarke,” Octavia said carefully. “If they did have sex…”

“How could she?” Tears leaked from her eyes, “fuck. I hate that girl. Fuck. Fuck. Lexa should be mine. She’s my best friend, and I don’t want that girls hands on her. Fuck. Do you think she made Lexa come? Fuck,” she was a mess and she usually prided herself on not getting emotionally messy.

“Clarke, take a breath,” Raven gripped her arm.

“I don’t want to take a breath,” she growled, “I want to go to New York and punch that girl in the face. And Lexa too. How could she!”

“Clarke…”

“Seriously. God, I don’t want to punch her. It’s just that Lexa deserves more than causal sex. She deserves to be worshipped and adored for who she is, not because she’s famous, or a musical genius or whatever.”

“Yeah but…”

“No,” she glared at Raven, incensed, literally every part of her body coiling and recoiling with jealousy. She wanted Lexa. She wanted Lexa to want her. She didn’t want some other girl’s hands and mouth on her or in her, even though she wasn’t sure what she felt about her hands and mouth on Lexa. The cruel irony of her constant urging of Lexa to get some, to get laid, to pull girls, wasn’t lost on Clarke. Now that Lexa apparently had, Clarke realized how much she didn’t want Lexa with anyone else. She wanted Lexa for herself. She wanted Lexa to be hers to touch, to be with. And she wanted Lexa to want her. She wanted this incredible friendship between them to grow and expand.

Clarke was jealous and overwhelmed and simultaneously angry and hurt, and filled with the bitter realization that she had absolutely no right to be.
So what are you going to say to her?” Octavia asked.

“I mean, are you gonna say anything?” Raven looked at her with knowing eyes.

“God, I don’t know. Part of me wants to keep it all in, see if she tells me about the girl, but I’m just so fucking angry...” Clarke sighed loudly.

“And hurt,” Octavia pointed out.

“Yeah,” she nodded scooping more ice cream onto her spoon and shoving it in her mouth. “The thing is...” she trailed off unsure how to explain to her friends her thoughts. She didn’t really know how she was supposed to feel about everything. She didn’t know what she had the right to feel about Lexa sleeping with some other girl. All she could really focus on was the reality of what she actually did feel.

“The thing is?” Raven echoed.

“I just...ok, so here it is. She’s my best friend. But it’s different to my friendship with you guys...”

“Yeah cos when we look at each other it’s not foreplay,” Raven interjected. Clarke gave her a look but she just grinned.

“It’s true Clarke,” Octavia told her helpfully.

“Oh I’m not denying that there’s something there when we’re together. I’m making the point that there is something there,” she rolled her eyes, but they were still red and sore from the excessive tears she’d been crying for the last couple of days.

“Ok, ok, keep laying it all out,” Raven waved her hand impatiently in the air.

“So I just...can’t help how I feel. I’m angry but really should I be? I mean, I told her to get laid frequently over the last six months, and we aren’t together and I made her feel awful because I told you guys it was experimenting. I also said we didn’t have sex when we did and...”
“Clarke,” it was surprisingly Octavia who interrupted, not Raven.

“What?”

“If you’re angry, you’re angry.”

“But, I’m also hurt and jealous and...what right do I have to any of this? She obviously thinks I’m straight.”

“Who gets to decide if you’re straight or not?” Raven scoffed. “Seriously Clarke. She can’t wrestle you back in the closet when you’re half out just because you might decide to walk back in and choose a different outfit.”

“No,” she found a small smile on her lips, “no ok. But she can ask me not to loiter in the doorway with her?”

“She can,” Octavia agreed and then pursed her lips thoughtfully, “only she’s partly responsible that you’re standing there at all, if you know what I mean?”

“I don’t,” her brow furrowed, “how is she responsible for my exploration of my sexuality?”

“Because it’s all about her, right? You’ve had crushes before on girls but never felt the push to explore them, so Lexa’s different.”

“Yeah,” she nodded. Lexa was very different.

“Different because you have a relationship with her, an emotional one.”

“But I have a relationship with both of you, you’re both gorgeous and I don’t want to bang either of you,” she rubbed her eyes.

“Yeah, why is that?” Raven sassed.

“Because your friendship, your relationship, with Lexa...it’s always been different. Flirty and affectionate and really fucking intimate,” Octavia attempted.

“But you guys always say that Lexa walks the platonic line so well...”

“She does - you don’t,” Octavia clarified.

“Oh,” Clarke looked at her hands, wondering if it was true but then she thought back over their friendship. It was February 29th that she last had anything sexual with anyone. And she’d done it because she was attracted to Lexa. Because she’d recognized that there was something between them, an element to their relationship that they hadn’t explored - namely the physical side of things and it had scared her. And since then Clarke was always as physical as she could be whenever with Lexa - she didn’t even mean to be, it just happened.

“It’s no wonder that you’re a whole mix of messed up emotions. You both admit your friendship is more than friends, and you...you’re asking Lexa for more which she so blatantly wants to give, and yet she keeps saying no,” Octavia continued.

“I have this image in my head. You know like a cartoon of you trying to run out of the closet at full speed and Lexa, she’s stood there resisting you with all her might,” Raven stated and pressed a hand against Clarke’s forehead as if to demonstrate.

“But why is she resisting?” she swatted her friend away scooped more ice cream into her mouth.
“She’s scared,” Octavia told her.

“I’m scared too!”

“But she’s in love with you Clarke!” Octavia said but she shook her head,

“But she said she isn’t and I believe her, I have to believe her. And she slept with someone else. What if I’m a complete fool who thinks there’s more to us and she’s thinking the more is just physical attraction and not more emotionally?” she tried to explain. “I mean, maybe she doesn’t want to risk our friendship over a physical relationship because she doesn’t actually want a full relationship with me. She wants me as her best friend and she thinks best friends and fuck buddies would be messy…”

“Really?” Octavia rolled her eyes.

“You have to be kidding, because...just no.”

“But why then?” she pleaded.

“Why what?”

“Why won’t she start something? You say she loves me, we both admit our relationship is more and she won’t go there. I’m literally offering myself to her. On a plate. And she sleeps with someone else instead.”

“Yeah, but you’re not are you - offering her you on a plate,” Raven gave her shoulder a squeeze. “It’s more of a taster and it’s pretty fucking hard to get a taste of what you really want and then have it taken away for good.”

“So you’re saying why bother eating the ice cream of you can’t be sure you’re going to get to eat all the ice cream?” she gestured to the tub on her lap.

“Well something like that…”

“So instead of even bothering with your favorite ice cream you what? Just go buy a cone because at least you get the whole thing?”

“It was a gay ass cone,” Raven shrugged.

“So you’re saying she loves me so much that it’s just not worth taking the risk to actually get to be with me,” Clarke’s frown grew.

“Yeah, like she might get to take the ice cream out of the freezer, eat out of the tub, think she has it all, but you know...the ice cream will melt because it’s too much and then it’ll all be ruined for good…”

“Ok, ok, let’s stop with the fucking ice cream analogy...all this talking of eating out is just too much,” Clarke held her hand up in a stop gesture but Raven merely snickered to herself. “I kind of get what you’re saying. But I think it’s a cop out.”

“You mean getting a cone?” Octavia asked smirking at Raven.

“Yes.”

“You just need to talk to her about all this,” Octavia sighed and Clarke found herself sighing too.
“And I will when I head to hers in a few...I just wish I could feel less angry, less hurt, and fuck...less fucking guilty about even feeling those things.”

“Why should you feel guilty? She hurt you!”

“She doesn’t even know I know about that girl. She didn’t do it to hurt me...”

“She slept with a girl when she wants you and you want her. She keeps calling you straight. You’re telling her you want something and she’s not listening,” Raven tsked.

“Just because she’s in love with her doesn’t mean she has to want something though,” Octavia pointed out and Clarke’s heart pulsed painfully. The sick feeling in her stomach had been there for far too long.

“Why wouldn’t she? That’s ridiculous,” Raven shook her head and then giving Octavia a look.

“Maybe she’s not in love with me? Maybe I’m not her type...”

“Oh that’s fucking untrue. You’re so much her type her eyes are dilated nearly every time she looks at you. You can bet your sweet ass, which she stares at a lot, that you’re her type. Maybe she’s just not up for a relationship...maybe she needs time...” Octavia explained. “It might not even be about you. Maybe this has happened before - a straight girl and her? We don’t know.”

“Fuck,” she hated this, hated it. She was in more pain over this non-relationship relationship, that she’d ever been over a real relationship - even Finn and his cheating ways. “I should go.”

“Just call us if you need us,” Raven gave her a rough hug.

“And remember deep breaths, ok?” Octavia also hugged her.

“Sure sure. Smell the flowers and blow out the candles...I got it.”

“She loves you I’d bet my life on that. She’s just scared...probably has a clear vision of how this is gonna go and you can bet she doesn’t end up with you,” Octavia reminded her.

“Well no...she won’t if she won’t let me out of the closet and sleeps with other girls.”

“No,” Raven agreed.

OXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Clarke was sat on Ravens couch crying. She was an absolute mess - had been since her fight with Lexa, since she’d run from her apartment and text Raven to come and get her. She hadn’t been able to talk on the car ride, just cried into her knees, her feet on the car seat. She must have seemed really distraught if Raven let her put her feet on the seat.

“Has she said anything?” Octavia asked.

“Silent crying all the way back here,” Raven said and Clarke hugged her knees tighter against her chest.

“Clarke, what happened?” Octavia’s hand smoothed over her back.

“She admitted she’s in love with me,” she sniffed, the words bringing on fresh floods of tears which took a while to subside.
“So where’s the problem?” Raven asked. “She’s in love with you, you’re in love with her...take it slow with the sex stuff...or fast, whatever suits?”

“I’m still not sure I’m bi,” Clarke sniffed, as much for herself as a small defense of Lexa. It was true she wasn’t ready to come out. Although that didn’t mean she wouldn’t come out, that she wasn’t bi. Pain rippled through her - Lexa loved her and she had offered herself to Lexa again and the girl had refused. She loved her but didn’t want her. “She said she has to move on from me.”


“O is right,” Raven shook her head.

“Yeah well she’s decided to throw away our friendship in order to protect it.”

“You’re not gonna break up over this are you?” Raven asked with a frown.

“Break up? Break up?” she sniffed, “we’re not together.”

“But you are! You’re Clarke and Lexa...clexa. Always together or wanting to be. Since you met her. I think she’s just struggling,” Raven said gently.

“Struggling? I’m fucking struggling,” she grabbed a tissue from the box Octavia had tactfully placed beside her.

“Clarke...she’s clearly got it into her head that she’s going to fuck it up. That if you start something she’ll end up losing you. She loves you so much she’s gonna stick to the status quo because any uncertainty is too much.”

“That’s pathetic,” she sobbed.

“It really isn’t Clarke,” Octavia said. “It would be worse if she didn’t give a flying fuck about your friendship and spent no time at all worrying about it.”

“I just don’t get it. I really don’t...surely if you’re in love with someone you can’t wait for them to say they want something back?” she stared tearily at her friends.

“Might,” Raven stated, “you might want something back. I’m actually beginning to get where the girl is coming from. It’s like her dream come true only not quite. She can let herself have what she really, really wants, except maybe the person she loves the most in the world will decide she doesn’t want that and Lexa will fall back down to earth and everything will be weird and hard and awful.”

“But why will it be so weird?” She hiccupped softly. “I promised we could go back to how we were?”

“Because the ‘maybe’ of you and her will become a ‘never.’ Because the loss of potential for something you want is really hard to take. Because Lexa will have kissed you, will know how that feels, because she’ll have seen your face when you fall apart in her arms and she’ll still be in love with you.”

“Fuck,” Clarke buried her face in her bent knees. “How did I become so out of sync with her? Lexa and I have always been...you know easy and now I just don’t understand her... She actually yelled at me...”

“Yeah...love will do that to a person,” Octavia nodded wisely.
“What mess them up?” she looked up.

“Yeah. You fought because you’re both in deep. You wouldn’t have fought if you didn’t care as much as you do.”

“Oh great,” Clarke rolled her eyes. “I just...it’s like she’s decided I’m going to break her heart and therefore that’s that.”

“I think losing you might break more than just her heart Clarke...” Octavia pointed out. “I think she’s in love with you and losing you might break her...”

“Especially after tasting the delicious ice cream...I don’t think cones would cut it after that...”

“Please can we not return to the ice cream analogy,” she begged through the tears that kept falling.

“But Rae is right,” Octavia said, “sometimes we protect ourselves from the heartache...”

“Potential heartache,” she clarified with a sniff. “This is a path of self-discovery not trial and error. Why is Lexa so fucking insistent I’m straight? With all the evidence to the contrary? Ok so I’ve said some stupid things but she knows me. I want the chance with her...I just need time. I don’t need the girl I’m in...well you know, the girl I love deciding I’m not gay enough. Fuck...”

“But you haven’t come out...” Raven pointed out, and Clarke let out a bitter bark of laughter through her tears,

“No, cos I’m not ready...and I thought my best friend, the girl I love might be able to give me a little time. I’m clearly not completely straight. I mean we’ve kissed. I’ve told her I’m into her. I asked her to fuck me! That’s some pretty strong evidence right there that my sexuality is to be determined rather than determined.”

“We get that, but maybe she’s obviously trying to protect herself!”

“But why? Why say she has to move on, that she can’t ‘pine for me forever’ the minute I’m offering myself to her? It just makes no sense,” Clarke couldn’t swallow back the fresh wave of tears her brain going round in circles,

“So how did you leave things?” Octavia asked.

“I asked for us to try...begged her and she said nothing...just stood there...” she reached for a tissue. “I literally stood there saying I loved her, saying I desired her and that I want to explore the potential for more and Lexa said she had to move on.”

“Wow,” Raven shook her head.

“She said nothing and just let me leave,” her words were muffled from the tears.

“One of us needs to go check on the Commander,” Raven had turned to Octavia. “Have words with the commander.”

“I’m not going, not when Clarke’s a mess like this.”

“You’ll do a better job. I’m good at Clarke.”

“I’m good at Clarke too!” Octavia scowled.

Yeah I know...”
“And I’ve never seen her this upset!” Octavia admitted which only served to cause Clarke to bury her face deep in her own legs.

“Someone needs to make sure Lexa is ok,” Raven argued.

“Please do,” Clarke mumbled into her knees.

“Why has it gotta be me? What about her own friends? I want her to be ok, I do, but I also want to make sure my friend is ok.”

Raven mouthed something and Clarke raised wet eyes to work out what.

“Huh, I don’t understand?” Octavia shrugged irritably.

“She’ll listen to you O. I’m too outspoken, so whatever you say will mean more. And making sure Lexa is ok will help Clarke be ok. Please O, go help her see sense,” Raven gave up and spoke the words out loud. Octavia locked eyes with Clarke who could do nothing more than nod and whisper the word “please.”
Chapter Twelve

Clarke was curled up in Raven’s comfiest armchair, a blanket wrapped around her legs and a cushion cuddled on her lap. She didn’t feel any better since she’d left Lexa’s, not really. She felt emotionally drained and kind of talked out. Raven had insisted they watch something completely unromantic and action filled. Apparently the latest Die Hard movie was the way to go. Except it really wasn’t. Clarke had been ignoring the movie, fidgeting and sniffing and checking her phone incessantly instead. Octavia was still at Lexa’s apartment and the whole thing was preoccupying her every thought.

Finally Octavia text to say she was on her way and a moment later a text arrived from Lexa. It figured that through text they would both be able to lay things on the line with more clarity, and as Raven feigned interest in the movie she text Lexa back. Lexa was clearly drunk and while she wasn’t admitting any wrong doing regarding New York girl, she was at least saying sorry and trying to help her understand why she’d done it. Clarke tried meeting Lexa’s honesty with some of her own, telling her that she hadn’t slept with Bellamy since Trikru’s Leap Year gig nearly five months earlier, and most importantly that it was because of Lexa that she hadn’t. Lexa tried to explain why she’d slept with the girl and Clarke, with some space between them, tried really hard to listen.

**Lexa:** Because I convinced myself that my friend is straight and I'd lose her if I helped her explore sex stuff. I didn't think you'd ever really want to have sex with me and I pretty much convinced myself I'd lose you during the process of finding that out.

**Clarke:** For fuck's sake, Lex, you need to listen to me. I told you I'm fairly certain I'm bi. I told you I think about kissing you and touching you.
Lexa: You also told me you thought going down on a girl would be kind of gross. Gay girls, bi girls, we don’t really think it’s gross. I know I’m fixating on that but, I guess I wanted you to be sure before it’s too late and you just didn’t sound sure.

Clarke: That’s not fair. I told you why. And why can’t I be bisexual and not like oral? I’m not a huge fan of giving blow jobs you know? And you’re the one that pointed out all the reasons vagina’s get bad press. I was changing my attitude. Why couldn’t you stick with me a little longer? Why don’t you respect my sexuality?

Lexa: I absolutely respect your sexuality. Which at the moment is straight with an ‘I might be bi?’ I absolutely respect that you think you’re bi, and I fully support you discovering the truth.

Clarke: But you don’t trust that I am with any certainty, right?

Lexa: I love you Clarke. I want you and me so, so badly. I want it so badly I’d be with you without the sex stuff you're not sure of. And you’re right about that. When we kissed, when I touched you, god it felt like I was so close to getting it, like the thing I want more than anything might actually happen. I got so carried away. Way too carried away. My fantasies were way out of control.

Clarke: Sex fantasies?

Lexa: So much more than sex fantasies, Clarke. Life fantasies. Dates, of every kind. Vacations—hot locations, cold locations, skiing, us cuddling by a fire. Cooking dinner together, me teasing you as you sit on the counter and wrap your arms around me. Kissing you, for real and whenever I wanted. Nights spent in your arms. I saw us getting married for fuck’s sake. I had to pull myself in. I had to. So, I told myself that you’re straight until you're sure that you're not. It was self-preservation. And I'm scared. Scared you won't want me.

Clarke sucked in a breath and both Raven and Octavia gave up pretending that they were watching the movie, Raven hitting pause as they both swiveled to look at her. Clarke realized she must have been very ensconced in Lexa’s texts to miss Octavia’s return.

“What? What did she say?”

“Self-preservation,” she managed to croak. Her throat felt thick and painful, her mind was overrun by images, flashing across her mind’s eye like a rapid fire slide show. She tried to blink them away.

“Take a breath Clarke,” Octavia moved to the arm of her chair and rubbed her back.

“She...she kept telling herself that I’m straight because...she said...she said her fantasies were out of
control and...”

“Wow, she’s a dirty beast?” Raven mused.

“No...life fantasies,” she clarified unable to chastise Raven for thinking what she had.

“What’s a life fantasy? Well a Lexa life fantasy?” Octavia wrinkled her nose and Clarke took a second.

“Dates, vacations, chatting as we cook, you know...being together like me wrapping my arms around
her, making out...marriage...she said she wants it so badly and so she went on a self-preservation
kick...I’m straight until I’m not, kinda thing...”

“Wow ok, those kinds of fantasy,” Raven whistled.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Clarke found it hard to breathe as the slide show images of she and
Lexa filled her head again.

“That’s a lot of fucks,” Octavia stroked Clarke’s fair hair comfortingly.

“So long as they’re not the flying variety, we’re all good...” Raven looked at her intently, “are they
flying fucks, Clarke?”

“They’re fuck I can see what she sees. I can see us giggling on the couch, me lying in her arms, or
fuck...even better, her in mine. I can see us somewhere warm and sunny, lying on cool white sheets,
and fuck...I want to track my finger over all her tattoos, feel her warm tanned skin, and fuck...I want
Christmas in cheesy sweaters, her all insistent we get a real tree even though it’s super impractical - I
just know she’d want a real tree because ‘the smell of a pine tree is Christamssy.’ I have a fuck load
of life fantasies too.”

“And clearly you’re not just friends in them?” Octavia clarified carefully.

“Fuck...I always thought we were...vacations with my best friend, Christmas with my best friend.
Giggling on the couch snuggled with my best friend. But God...I want to be inside her I love her so
much. It’s this crazy, obsessive need to be close because the world just feels better when we’re
together and fuck...it’s too much. I knew they were not just friendly fantasies but I do self-
preservation too - I pretend to myself they are so I can try and be rational and ready for what they
mean...and fuck...”

“That is a lotta fucks,” Raven nodded.

“Yeah,” she sniffed.

“So you forgive her?” Octavia asked at the same time as Raven stated,

“You’re so bisexual...”

Raven’s comment frustrated her but she struggled to explain why, even though she agreed, “no,
 fuck...” she rolled her eyes in irritation at her friend and herself, “whatever I am isn’t as much of an
issue as what I’m ready to be. Don’t you get that? I want to explore things with her. I do. I want
some of those fantasies to be realities but I have to be ready for the labels and ugh...do there really
need to be labels and do I really have to identify as something?”

“I think, and correct me if I’m wrong, that you don’t owe anyone any label, or identifying tag or
anything. All Lexa really wants from you is for you to be able to identify, to yourself, in a way that
allows for a potential future in which the two of you are together. So you and she have both been using "maybe bi." And yeah, maybe you are bi. Even if you choose to not identify with a particular label there may still be a coming out process because people have questions and your parents and, ugh, society in general, and a label may help with that, but really this whole process is about you,” Octavia didn’t sound as sure as Clarke would have liked, but she did make sense.

“And about Lexa - to a degree,” Raven added and Octavia nodded her agreement.

“So I don’t have to say I’m bi?” she frowned.

“I think it might be helpful for you to have a way to label yourself, but really labels can be very overrated. Helpful at times - like Lexa is clinging to the "maybe bi" because "maybe bi" is hope. You can be a full on lesbian Clarke...you can be pansexual...any kind of sexual...I mean...I don’t know much about it...but it’s kinda like Bell and I. We’re born here but our dad was Filipino and our mom was Australian and really - we can say we’re American, Filipino, Australian, the Blake’s, Octavia, Bellamy...it’s up to us to self-identify. But sometimes...it’s helpful to provide certain labels to people, to clarify things. Saying I’m half Filipino will shut up anyone wanting to make shitty jokes about Filipino’s. And sometimes labels help us self-identify - you know, understand ourselves better,” Octavia explained.

“I mean you like boys, right? Sexually?” Raven asked and Clarke nodded. She did. Not in a while, but yes, she had enjoyed boys sexually.

“And girls?”

“Well yeah...clearly there’s something if I want to kiss and touch, enjoy sex and I have life fantasies about a girl...”

“Well, ok, so at the moment you’re a girl who likes guys and is exploring her...appreciation for girls - one in particular. Keep it simple until you’re ready to self-identify or choose a label, and only ever if you feel the need. Even if you never say bisexual but I like guys and girls,’ I’m pretty sure that would be ok,” Octavia shrugged a little, clearly figuring her thoughts out as she was speaking. Raven just nodded her agreement.

“Ok,” she agreed, her mind full to the brim. “Bisexual could be a helpful term I think. To help me understand my feelings, and I imagine labels would help if I talk to my parents about this.”

“And whenever you’re ready to use it, if you want to, we’ll be happy for you,” Raven told her.

“I just don’t get why everyone has gotta be something?” she mused with a pout. “I mean we’re all on some scale, right? And it’s a pretty epic and complicated scale, and what with quirks and kinks and all the rest of it thrown in - why does it matter what anyone’s into? I mean provided it’s consensual.”

“Well it can kinda help in situations such as yours - straight is pretty different from open to all,” Raven pointed out and Clarke felt a begrudging smile.

“Though if I’d never been labelled as straight in the first place, there wouldn’t be a problem either,” Clarke argued.

“Lets save the debate - you better reply. That text was Lexa baring her soul with her talk of life fantasies and self preservation,” Octavia nodded at the phone Clarke was clutching to her chest.

“Yeah, I know,” she agreed and looked at her phone. Clarke knew Lexa better than almost anyone and while she could be achingly vulnerable at times, usually it wasn’t on purpose - it was a look, a muttered phrase that unknowingly revealed past trauma, or when she fell asleep watching a movie
and curled in tight against Clarke’s side. Lexa didn’t knowingly make herself vulnerable often and certainly not to many people. She had done so when she told Clarke about her past - about foster care, being abandoned by her mother and the group home, when she’d kissed her, and now - sharing thoughts and desires that opened her up to potential hurt, sharing emotions that made her vulnerable. Clarke was careful as she composed her next text, because Lexa was nearly forgiven, that part was easy, but things still needed to be sorted and there was still hurt that needed resolution. However, it was important that she first meet Lexa’s show of vulnerability with one of her own.

Clarke - Ok, so that actually makes a lot of sense. I mean, especially knowing you. It’s very sweet too. It kind of clears up everything actually.

Clarke - I’ve thought of some of those things too.

Clarke - And as we’re finally being completely honest - going down on a girl - I don’t think it would be gross. Not any more.

Lexa - Clarke, what does that mean?

Clarke - It means you were stupid to sleep with another girl, especially if you do love me.

Lexa - I didn’t cheat on you, don’t make it sound like I did.

Clarke - No, but you hurt me. I said our relationship was more. You said it was more. I made a mistake and you sleep with someone.

Lexa - If I thought there was any real chance, any chance at all I wouldn’t have done that.

Clarke - Yeah, but I don’t get that. You must have known there was a chance?

Lexa - When I went to New York, I was really hurt. You told your friends I fingered you. You told them I was helping you explore stuff. ‘Explore stuff’ is not the same as ‘I have feelings for my best friends and we’re working out what that means. Oh and we had sex.’ You told me you tell them everything and so I was convinced that was the truth. Combine that with my whole self-preservation ethos and I was a bit of a mess. I know you said sorry, said it wasn’t true but I was really, really hurt. I felt like a fool.

Clarke felt her heart pound hard in her chest as she read Lexa’s words. Her anger, what was left of it, faded away and she forgave her friend. She hated that Lexa had slept with that girl, but she understood and it felt like they were finally making progress, that there might finally be a way forward.

Clarke - Ugh, shit, you’re right. If you’d belittled us to exploration I might have fucked someone else too.

Lexa - I hate fighting with you. I really hate it. I miss you so much.

Clarke - Sometimes I wish I’d never said anything.

Lexa - Don’t say that. Ok so this is messy at the moment, and we’re messing up lots but I do want to help you know who you are and I do want to explore our feelings together.

Lexa - I want to be brave and have the chance to be with you.

Clarke was surprised by the fresh flood of tears that Lexa’s words prompted.
“What the fuck? What happened?” Raven asked instantly, eyes wide.

“She said she wants to be brave and have the chance to be with me,” she mumbled as she swiped at the silent tears, relief rushing though her, the anxiety in her stomach lessening.

“That’s great, Clarke!” Octavia smiled widely.

“Text her back, text her back,” Raven encouraged.

Clarke - Is that you saying you’ll help me work out what this all means?

Lexa - Yes. But you have to promise, promise our friendship comes first. I’ve practically drowned myself in booze I’ve been so fucking sad. I feel like my heart has been ripped apart. I can’t lose you. Really I can’t.

Clarke - You really love me, huh?

Lexa – Yes, I do, but not just in that way. You’re my best friend. I’ve never had a friend like you, someone who makes me feel as safe as you do.

Clarke - If it all goes wrong between us, for whatever reason I promise you won’t lose me. I’m not saying it’ll be easy to get back to the way we are now, but I could never hate you Lexa.

Lexa - I do trust you Clarke. I’m sorry I hurt you.

Clarke - That’s ok. I’m sorry too. For everything that happened with Raven and O and for being so mad. Jealousy may have played a small role.

Lexa - Can I come over? Please

Clarke - You’re drunk and it’s too late to walk safely.

Lexa - Ok.

Clarke - I’ll come back to yours.

Lexa - Really?

Clarke - Lexa, you can’t lose me that easily.

Lexa - I’ll shower (again) so I’m not a drunken, snotty mess.
Starry eyed and drunk

Chapter Summary

Clarke's friends ask her all about girl and girl sex over dinner and lots of drinks. Clarke gets drunk and ends up singing Lexa's very lesbian version of Hakuna Matata. Lexa (who everyone is texting) is mortified.

Chapter Notes

This was one of my favourite Clarke POV's to write, however, Clarke's friends are super inappropriate, and Clarke, a little over excited and drunk, is a touch inappropriate too. However (yes again) I don't think anything asked or answered is out of the realm of what people do ask. Now you can find out why Clarke text Lexa about boobs and why she triple vagina'd her:

I love how people are still sending me comments - super motivating:):):)

Chapter Eleven

“Lexa is a total supporter of that particular theory - she’s always getting mad when people disrespect the importance of history,” Clarke told Bellamy earnestly, fully engaged in the conversation about the role of history within the cultural psyche. Raven snickered into her hand. “What’s so funny?” she abandoned Bellamy to stare at her friend.

“Just that every word out of your mouth is about Lexa,” she told her. “I mean it’s cute. Kinda gross, but nice to see you so loved up.”

“I’m not loved up,” Clarke protested, but it fell flat because she actually was. “She just has some interesting theories about history and we all know Bellamy does too…”

“She has a lot of interesting theories about music, makeup, performing, exercise, food, sex, newspapers, feminism, home furnishings, crosswords, life after death…”

“Fuck off,” Clarke swore with a pout.

“We don’t mind you talking about her all the time Clarke. We like her,” Octavia told her with a soft smile, only a hint of mocking.

“She’s just…” Clarke shut her eyes for a moment and thought about laughing conversations, pillow talk, soft kisses and heated ones, the magic moments lying in bed, skin on skin, Lexa’s lips on hers before they trailed to her neck, fingers tracking patterns on the soft skin of her stomach before they tracked lower and trailed between her legs, until she begged Lexa to sink them into her, and fuck… that moment when she did.

“Just what?” Bellamy asked and when she opened her eyes all of them were staring at her with
amused expressions.

“Amazing,” she admitted.

“You are a ridiculous puddle of mush,” Raven declared before returning to her phone, no one bugging her even though they normally banned phones on their nights altogether.

“It’s sweet Clarke…to see you like this,” Bellamy said as Octavia also began to text.

“I want to spend more time with her…I mean if she’s your girlfriend I should get to know her better…” Monty shrugged.

“Agreed,” Miller nudged her arm.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” Clarke flushed, “she’s my…”

“Fuck buddy?” Jasper laughed gregariously.

“No,” Clarke shook her head, glaring a little.

“Friend with benefits?” Monty offered.

“No…she’s like my best friend and more but an undefined more…”

“You’re dating,” Bellamy told her patronizingly.

“I’m not out you know…I think I need to be out to be dating,” Clarke’s brow furrowed and she clicked the home screen on her phone so she could stare at the picture of Lexa she had as her background and screensaver. Lexa was being a total goof in it, sniffing flowers and rolling her eyes, but fuck she was pretty and those eyes - they constantly slayed her.

“You’re not exactly in, either,” Miller said gently.

“Well no,” she ran her finger unthinkingly over the curve of Lexa’s face in the photo. She was so beautiful. “I’m working things through…”

“With the hottest girl on the planet!” Jasper joked, but Clarke just nodded in agreement,

“She’s so hot…so unbelievably hot…”

“Even I think she’s hot,” Miller smiled and Monty prodded his shoulder.

“Hey!”

“Not as hot as you of course,” Miller kissed his cheek.

“Aww look at our lil Griff, all starry eyed and obsessed with her phone!” Raven chortled.

“Says you who spent the last five minutes texting,” Clarke shoved her phone on the table.

“Your girl actually,” Raven waggled her eyebrows as she poured them all shots.

“Wait, what?” her head whipped to stare at her friend.

“Congratulating her on the total disintegration of your brain power via her sexual prowess!”

“My brain is just fine thank you very much,” Clarke glared.
“Sure, sure,” Octavia was smirking, “I saw you caressing the picture of her on your phone.”

“Oh fuck off,” Clarke muttered.

**XOXOXOXOXXXOXOXOXOXOXOXO**

Everyone was laughing and being stupid. Raven and Bellamy were flirting - as if the rest of them were dumb enough to not figure out they liked each other if they teased hard enough. They were currently ensconced in a childish drinking game, her and Octavia involved merely to deter suspicion.

“I can see your hand on Raven’s thigh Bell,” she filled in tipsily, smirking in response to Raven’s glare.

“I can see your brain on naked Lexa,” Raven sassed back, clearly annoyed that Clarke had noticed.

“So what if it is,” she shrugged, too drunk to care about discretion, “she looks good naked. Really good!”

“I’ll bet,” Bellamy grinned.

“Hey,” Clarke and Raven protested in unison before grinning at each other.

“Gonna deny it?” Bellamy challenged Raven with arched brows,

“Nah,” Raven shrugged and then turned to Clarke. “So, Clarke…”

“Yeah?”

“I think it’s time to tell us all about sex with a girl…” Raven had a loud voice - it was nearly always loud and the request seemed to immediately capture the attention of everyone in the room.

“I can tell you about sex with a girl,” Bellamy joked and Raven gave him a scathing look and clarified.

“Girl and girl sex.”

“Hmmm, interesting…please do share Clarke,” Jasper was practically salivating.

“Go look on the Internet,” she felt herself flush, despite her inebriation.

“The Internet either has jokey articles, lots of written descriptions or porn,” Raven shrugged.

“Lots of porn,” Jasper echoed.

“Sounds like you know!” Clarke volleyed back and Raven rolled her eyes,

“You’re my best friend Clarke - you start questioning your sexuality, you can bet your ass I’m gonna try and be informed!”

“That’s sweet,” Clarke smiled warmly. It really was.

“Has she gone down on you yet?” Raven was clearly encouraged.

“Raven!” Clarke blushed wildly.

“Sorry…” Raven looked chastised. “But has she?”
“Ah fuck it. We’re taking it slow,” Clarke was drunk enough that she felt a hint of the giggles at the expectant faces around her.

“So, finger fucking?” Raven asked knowledgeably.

“Don’t girls use their thighs too?” Octavia tilted her head to one side.

“Their thighs?” Jasper scoffed. “That doesn’t make any sense. How’s a thigh like a dick?”

“It’s not supposed to be like a dick,” Clarke smirked. “It’s supposed to be like a sexy ass thigh.”

“How is a thigh sexy?” Bellamy frowned.

“You saying I don’t have sexy thighs? You saying Raven doesn’t have sexy thighs?” Clarke admonished, taking the shot Raven gave her and downing it.

“Of course you both have gorgeous thighs…”

“Well….fuck…” Clarke trailed off as she realized what she was about to say.

“What? Tell us…” Octavia pouted slightly. Clarke closed her eyes for a second, the world spinning a little,

“Well when you’re rubbing against a beautiful thigh, or the thigh of someone you really like, it’s really fucking sexy. And really, really easy to get off…well for me anyway…and for Lexa…”

“Hmmm,” Raven looked thoughtful. “So, what about the myth of the many orgasms? Fact or faux?”

“Ooh good drinking game,” Octavia’s eyes widened. “If something is fact Clarke drinks, faux we drink!”

“It’s not Ask a Bisexual night you know!” Clarke muttered drunkenly.

“So you won’t play?” Octavia pouted.

“You admit you’re bisexual!” Raven’s mouth had dropped.

“No…I mean yeah but no…” Clarke grumbled tipsily. “I mean I probably am. But I’m not there on admitting it yet.”

“So can we play or not?” Jasper was rubbing his hands together enthusiastically and Monty punched his shoulder.

“Don’t be a dick.”

“I’m not. I’m just really interested in this - for Clarke,” Jasper defended.

“I’m gay and I’m interested,” Miller admitted.

“Oh for gods sake ok. But if I don’t know then we all drink,” Clarke clarified.

“Deal,” Raven nodded.

“Ok, shoot,” Clarke gave a nod of her head, the world tilting.

“Multiple orgasms?” Octavia asked immediately and Clarke downed her shot.
“More than with a guy? I mean any guy you’ve been with, can’t speak for them all obviously…” Raven asked and shot a look of amusement at Bellamy as Clarke downed her shot.

“So many,” she half sang and her friends laughed.

“Is it true lesbians are vegetarian?” Jasper asked and Bellamy widened his eyes in annoyance.

“Dumbass,” he muttered already reaching for a shot, the others following suit.

“I’d just heard…” Jasper began.

“Dude you sat next to Lexa as she ate a burger!” Bellamy shook his head despairingly.

“My dad used to call those animal rights protester dyk…”

“Stop there, seriously…stop there,” Clarke held up a hand and Jasper flushed.

“My dad’s an ass it’s true,” Jasper admitted.

“God some one change the subject,” Raven requested.

“Has Lexa tried to fist you? I heard that Lesbians do that?” Octavia burst out and everyone’s eyes widened as they stared at her. Octavia had to be drunk to be so blunt. Or at least Clarke figured she must be as she gaped at her friend.

“What the fuck is fisting?” Monty scowled slightly.

“Is that like one girl pushing her whole hand in the other and thrusting, cos that sounds painful,” Raven asked as if she honestly expected Clarke to have a clue.

“Err Lexa hasn’t told me about fisting… but I find it hard to imagine girls would do anything that was painful or unpleasant - sex is supposed to be nice, right? Everything Lexa does is nice. If it hurt that would kinda defeat the point… well unless you’re into the pleasure pain thing, I guess.”

“Everyone drink up,” Miller ordered. “There’s not consensus…”

“Actually you all drink and I don’t because Octavia said "I heard lesbians do that" and that’s a generalization right there. You can bet they don’t all… so it’s faux.”

“Girl argues soundly,” Miller agreed.

“Ask Lexa about it,” Octavia gave her a conspiratorial nod.

“Will do,” she agreed. “Any more?”

“I heard lesbians don’t like anything… you know in their hoo ha,” Raven tilted her head to the side, words slurred.

“A minute ago you were asking about fisting!” Clarke giggled. “Weirdo!”

“And clearly Clarke doesn’t mind,” Octavia rolled her eyes at Raven who was actually blushing.

“Ha no,” she agreed sheepishly.

“But Clarke’s bi,” Jasper pointed out.

“Probably bi,” Monty corrected.
“Well?” Bellamy asked eyeing her shot.

“Drink up guys,” Clarke smiled, “sexy Lexy likes my fingers. She likes them a lot,” Clarke thought of how she’d pulsed around them as she came and nearly moaned, missing her friends downing their shots.

“I’ll bet she does,” Jasper leered and Miller play punched him.

“I’m sure there are some lesbians, like there’s probably some heterosexual girls and bisexual girls, transsexual, pansexual and asexual and all types of sexual girls that don’t like penetration, guys too… but I think penetration can feel nice whatever your orientation. I don’t think that’s orientation dependent. And Lexa likes it. Doesn’t mean she needs a penis…just that she likes the feel of my fingers inside of her,” Clarke tried to explain.

“I bet she can find your g spot like a pro,” Raven looked decidedly jealous as Clarke downed a shot in response because that was definitely a fact.

“So do you guys, like, use a strap on? Isn’t that the best way to do it if you like penetration?” Bellamy asked the question so bluntly that Clarke felt a swell of giggles burst out.

“Does that mean yes or no?” Jasper asked.

“Oh my god,” Clarke clutched at her stomach. “Guys are so annoying…”

“Hey!” the boys in the room all protested.

“We can have amazing sex without a phallus for god’s sake! And no we don’t use a strap on. I don’t even know anything about them…I mean Lexa hasn’t told me anything about them yet. I mean I suppose we might, for something different, I think it would be extremely fun, but I can’t imagine it’s as nice as feeling your girlfriend wet against you…or your fingers in her, hers in you…” Clarke flushed as she realized the detail she’d just given.

“So who drinks?” Octavia asked.

“You lot!” Clarke chided, “Bell thinking we need a phallus to get off. Sex can be sex without a penis.”

“Were you not listening during the thigh and finger section?” Raven asked Bellamy irritably as they downed their shots.

“I’ve got one,” Miller looked embarrassed despite the fact that he must have been pretty drunk to ever ask.

Shoot,” Clarke nodded, trying to keep her head clear.

“Oral.”

“That’s not a question!” Clarke waggled her eyebrows.

“Lesbians are kinda into it, right? I mean it’s all about…you know…vaginas?” he looked almost apologetic about the question.

“Hmm,” Clarke’s brow furrowed. “I don’t know…I mean…I’m not entirely sure about vagina’s but I’m still sexually attracted to Lexa. I mean oral seems to be a big deal to Lexa…she says lesbians like vagina…but I don’t know…that was kinda when we were figuring out how to start all this and what
it all meant and… Hmmm….she said some lesbians aren’t into it. And maybe some like to give and
some like to get?” she squinted a little. “We haven’t done that yet like I said…It’s like…the thing I
worry about. I thought it might be gross…”

“Not gross,” Bellamy interrupted.

“Lexa says that too. She really, really likes it…”

“But not all lesbians?”

“No. That she told me.”

“Fuck I’m drunk,” Octavia acknowledged as they all downed their shot.

“Anal?” Jasper asked. “Girls aren’t really into that right? I mean they do it for guys?”


“You’ve done anal but not oral?” Raven punched her in the shoulder, but Clarke shook her head.

“Come on dude, there’s like nearly seven billion people on earth and you can bet your sweet ass that
some of the 3.5 billion women out there like anal, because women aren’t that fucking giving! And
I’m pretty sure there’s plenty of lesbians up for it too. Not that Lexa and I have talked about it yet.”

Would you?” Octavia asked.

“Fuck if I know,” Clarke shrugged. “Ooh, text from Lexa!” She zoned out her friends for a moment.

Lexa - I hope you’re having fun.

“Clarke’s such a dominator she’ll have to try a strap on just to feel in charge,” Raven was saying.
Clarke kicked at her as she text Lexa back.

Clarke - I’m a little drunk. Ok A LOT drunk.

Lexa - So dinner is going well?

“Oh come on - you’re telling me the commander’s not a top?” Octavia asked with a laugh. “Hmm,
not that I’m sure what a top is…”

“What is a top? We didn’t ask Clarke about tops? Clarke,” Raven kicked her leg as she hit send on
her message

Clarke - Yes. Everyone keeps asking questions about our sex life. A LOT of questions.

“We can help with that,” Miller said smoothly smiling at Monty. “Tops and bottoms are about who,
uh.. services who,” he explained succinctly and subtly.

“Well ok…but you’re guys…and there’s a clear servicer and a clear servicee - we’re talking girls…
they can service each other at the same time, right Clarke?”

Lexa - People can’t ever seem to get over lesbian sex - the fact that we can manage without a penis.
And happily.

“Right! Definitely at the same time,” she murmured drunkenly as she text Lexa.
Clarke - I’m not a lesbian Lexa, I’m bisexual.

She didn’t mean to write it but was too drunk to really care.

“So how do tops and bottoms work between two girls?” Raven asked.

“Is like the Butch one the top and the feminine one the bottom?” Bellamy frowned.

Lexa - Ok, people are very interested in the nuances of girl on girl sex.

Clarke - I wasn’t expecting so many…detailed…blunt questions. They want to know everything…

“For fucks sake Bell - who’s butch, me or Lexa?” Clarke growled.

“Well neither,” he frowned.

“So you saying we gotta lie side by fucking side?”

“Ok that was dumb,” Bellamy conceded. “So what’s it mean?”

“What do you think it means?” she ignored her friends debate to read Lexa’s text.

Lexa - You get used to it. Have they asked about strap ons yet?

Clarke - Yes! Bellamy did! Every one seemed very, very interested in the answer.

Lexa - Which was?

Clarke - Lexa hasn’t told me about strap ons yet. :)

Clarke - I want to know about strap ons.

Clarke - And fisting.

Clarke - What is fisting? It sounds intimidating.

Lexa - When you’re sober we can talk all about strap ons and fisting.

Clarke - And anal. That was Jasper.

Lexa - You have very nosy, slightly inappropriate, friends - what about the sanctity of what happens in the bedroom staying in the bedroom?

Clarke - Well to be fair with you and me it seems to happen everywhere - there is no bedroom!

Lexa - Haha

Clarke - And yeah, this is the friendship I have with these people. Far too close and slightly inappropriate.

“You guys are idiots,” Clarke interrupted the debate. “Clearly anyone can be a top and anyone can be a bottom, and you can even be both…it’s kinda who’s the leader or you know most dominant in bed.”

“So with you and Lexa?” Raven’s eyes were sparkling with interest.
“Well…we all know I like my sex and I’m an instigator,” Clarke smirked.

“So you’re the top?” Jasper clarified.

“I like being fucked too,” Clarke waggled her eyebrows. “You work it out.”

“She’s both,” Raven decided.

“You’re telling me you think Lexa lets Clarke take charge? The Commander?” Octavia challenged.

“Lexa can be a fucking pussy cat,” Clarke smiled utterly amused.

“So, when you say you like being fucked, you mean when you’re with guys? Because a girl can’t really fuck you, right? Well, unless she has a strap on?” Jasper looked confused.

“Seriously?” Clarke rolled her eyes and gestured for them to drink. “We fuck. That’s such a stereotype - all girls do is cuddle or gentle getting each other off - like hell that’s all we do! Loads of girls like it rough - sometimes or all the time - and that applies to all orientations. Girls can fuck other girls hard and fast, ok?”

“We got it Clarke, hard and fast,” Raven grinned wickedly. Clarke stuck her tongue out at them all and picked up her phone - fuck but she was horny with all the talk about sex and thinking about Lexa. Lexa fucking her hard and fast.

Lexa - Maybe we should start with oral before anal anyway?

Clarke’s mind changed track and she imagined Lexa kissing down her stomach lower and lower.

Clarke - Hmmm, yeah. I think about that a lot you know?

Lexa - You do?

Clarke - At the moment I tend to think of you between my legs, your hair tickling my thighs.

Lexa - I want to smell you and taste you so badly.

Clarke - Lexa…

Clarke clenched her thighs together needily, feeling her cheeks burn at the thought of the noises Lexa would make if she let her go down on her. Lexa was probably incredibly skilled with her tongue. She wondered whether it would be about pushing her tongue inside of her, or through her or what? The guys that had gone down on her had generally tried to emulate sex when they’d done it, all thrusting tongues…she could imagine Lexa doing that, but Lexa was so skilled…so incredibly careful. Lexa wouldn’t miss the opportunity to lick through her, to thoroughly explore her, to suck her clit, to make her whimper and come apart. Fuck. She swallowed. She wanted that. Soon. Just maybe not yet. She hesitated before texting, oblivious to what was occurring around her,

Clarke - What if I’m not quite ready for that?

Lexa - Not a problem. When I feel you coming around my fingers my whole body pretty much comes with you.

Clarke - When you lick your fingers I always come again.

Lexa - Fuck, I want to see you so badly. I want to fuck you so badly.
Clarke - Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Or so they say. I am not convinced there is any benefit to absence.

Lexa - I don’t know how I could be any fonder of you.

“Oh my god Clarke…you turn any redder and I might think you’re having an allergic reaction,” Raven began laughing.

“She’s nearly an Oompa Loompa!” Octavia teased.

“Clench those thighs Clarkey, clench them,” Raven coached.

“Shut the fuck up all of you! It’s your fault I’m thinking about sex.”


“There really are a lot of ways for two girls to have sex!” Bellamy mused with a loud laugh. “I mean we haven’t even talked about kinks!”

Clarke - Ok, my friends are ruining this moment by laughing at me, and I know Raven is texting you.

Lexa - She’s apparently my cheerleader. I think I better stop, Linc is looking all kinds of uncomfortable.

Clarke looked around the room drunkenly and saw Octavia curled over her phone, a blush on her cheeks.

Clarke - That’s because Octavia is texting him! Don’t be fooled!

Boobs,” Raven suddenly announced. “We fucking forgot to ask about boobs!”

“I’m still here you know. Ask a Bisexual hour is still on!”

“Well thank god for that,” Raven gave an exaggerated swipe of her brow.

“In my opinion, if you’re interested, boobs are the single greatest thing about a girl,” Bellamy stated, his eyes droopy from the booze. “In fact in the world.”

“Oh my god you guys are all…” Raven began but Clarke talked across her in her haste to agree with Bellamy,

“I completely agree. Boobs are so amazing. I swear to god that life feels better with a boob in my hand. Seriously. I used to hold my own boob for comfort but holding Lexa’s is like a million times better.”

“Really?” Raven arched a brow, somewhat skeptical.

“I swear. If you’re feeling stressed or sad or whatever, just hold your own and see.”

“Even I like boobs,” Monty shrugged.

“Me too,” Miller agreed. “Not sexually.”

“No,” Monty shook his head.
“Oh they turn me on,” Clarke shrugged easily. “A lot,” she picked up her phone.

Clarke - Boobs Lexa. How come I’m so into your boobs? Do you know how fabulous they are? I want to kiss them right now, it’s like I’m addicted to touching them.

Lexa - Well, personally I’m very into yours.

“What did you just sext?” Octavia scrambled closer. “I mean from one sexter to another.”

“I’m not sexting. I’m telling her how amazing her boobs are. How much I want to kiss them and how much I like touching them.”

“Clarke, you’re a very sexual person so I’m gonna assume it’s cos you’re a drunk ass bitch that you’re pretending that isn’t sexting.”

“Hmmmm, I really like turning Lexa on you know O,” Clarke mused.

“I like turning Lincoln on,” Octavia agreed.

“You know they’re practically brother and sister?”

“Yeah, I know,” Octavia nodded.

“So if we marry them it’d be like we were really family.”

“We’re already really family.”

“Yeah, I know,” Clarke slid an arm around her shoulders.

“Seriously Clarke? Two vagina’s not enough for you, you gotta add a third?” Raven quipped and Bellamy apparently found her incredibly amusing. Clarke smirked and grabbed her phone;

Clarke - Vagina, vagina, vagina

Lexa - What was that for? Its been a while since you triple vagina’d me?

Clarke - That’s my brain at the moment. All I’m thinking about baby. I’m drunk and so horny for you. Triple horny for you.

Lexa - Not just drunk and horny?

Clarke - For you my lover, for you. I have no interest in Bellamy’s penis, I assure you.

Clarke - Nor anyone else’s vagina. Just yours my love.

“When I was a young gay girl…” Clarke began singing, feeling all full of love and sexy intentions, hugging her phone to her chest in lieu of Lexa, thinking about Lexa and her sexy face, and how really penis’s…peni? were entirely overrated. “When she was a young gay girl…” she intoned in a deep voice.

“What are you singing Clarke?” Octavia was frowning at her, and rather drunkenly she put a hand on her heart and sang loudly and theatrically;

“When I was a young gay girl…”

“What the actual fuck?” Raven stared at her.
“Come on Monty…surely you know what to do?” Clarke stared at her buddy,

“When she was a young gay girl?” he asked with a frown, speaking the words as a question. Clarke nodded and continued with her theatrical performance;

“I found my gayness lacked a certain appeal

I could hear the comments after every reveal,” Clarke belted out deciding her voice wasn’t half bad.

“Nobody stop her, please, whatever happens I need to know the end of this,” Raven slapped a hand over Bellamy’s mouth and grabbed her phone.

Clarke grinned, “I’m a sensitive soul though I seem hard assed

And it hurt that no one ever gave lesbian facts

And oh, the shame

I was untamed

Thought that lovin’ girls was strange

But I was changed

And I felt lighthearted

How did I feel?”

“Oh my god I’m not sure I can cope…” Octavia was wheezing.

“Your girlfriend is a fucking genius,” Miller told her.

“The end, I need to hear the end,” Raven had tears on her face.

“Every time that I…hey! Clarke! Not in front of your friends. Oh sorry. Vajayjay vagina!

Ain’t no passing craze! It means no penis for the rest of my days, it’s my penis-free philosophy, vajayjay vagina!”

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god,” Raven wheezed, “I want to be gay so I can sing about my penis free philosophy.”

“Maybe it wouldn’t be so funny if we weren’t drunk?” Bellamy queried.

“It’s my penis free, philosophy…vajayjay vagina,” Clarke sang again, Octavia joining in as Clarke’s phone screen lit up.

“Teach us the words Clarke,” Octavia gripped her arm. “All of the words.”

“Now,” Monty agreed.

“Right now,” Raven nodded.

“Sure,” she smiled widely wondering whether that last shot had been a good idea.

Lexa - CLARKE stop singing!
Clarke - But they want to learn the words Lexa.

Lexa - No, no, no

Clarke - Yes, yes, yes…haha that sounds like me in bed with you my beautiful lover…
**Make it be**

Chapter Summary

Set after Clarke stared between Lexa's legs but didn't go down on her…but tested the waters (so to speak). This is before the camping trip and includes the rest stop scene.

Chapter Notes

I feel like this is a three in one on the requests. Clarke realizing she's in love, talking and thinking about being between Lexa's legs and the rest stop scene. I hope people like it… an all original scene coming next!(:)

The last bit is a little bit redundant and I'm sorry, but I had a bunch of requests for this scene:) It's not too long and like I said, all original scene next!

Love all the reviews on this. You're all the greatest!

“So you didn’t go down on her?” Raven clarified, looking somewhat confused, the three of them lounging around Clarke’s living room.

“No she did,” Octavia muttered, “weren’t you listening?”

“I’m sorry if I’m clarifying with the girl on girl sexpert here,” Raven shot Octavia a look of contempt and turned back to Clarke who could feel her cheeks burning,

“I’m not a ‘girl on girl sexpert,’” she huffed.

“Hands up if you’ve tasted a girl’s vagina and I mean one that wasn’t your own,” Raven half yelled and she and Octavia stared at Clarke pointedly.

“Hands up if you’re dating a girl,” Octavia grinned and again all eyes landed on Clarke.

“Fine, whatever, I’m just not an expert. And that was the problem!”

“Explain,” Raven ordered.

“So Lexa went down on me,” Clarke explained, trying not to feel embarrassed, but flushing all the same.

“And?”

“It was fucking amazing,” Clarke explained with a hint of hazy longing which became a grimace.

“Why is having your girlfriend going down on you in a fucking amazing way, a problem?” Raven frowned.
“One, she’s not my girlfriend, and two, when I go down on her, I want it to be fucking amazing too.”

“Didn’t you manage to make her come just from touching her boobs?” Octavia’s brow furrowed.

“Well yeah,” she couldn’t help but sound proud of that - she was insanely proud of that little fact, a small grin creeping over her face.

“Well surely you’re not lacking in know how.”

“And I think general enthusiasm helps,” Raven offered.

“Talk to Lexa, I mean you talk about everything. I’m pretty sure she’d give you some guidance,” Octavia suggested.

“She would, I know,” Clarke sighed, “but it’s a big deal between us, and I just…really want to be good at it.”

“So how does a girl taste?” Raven asked.

“You’ve never touched yourself and licked your finger?” Clarke asked, and both of her friends stared at her like she was mad.

“No,” Octavia shook her head with a giggle, Raven just made an X with her fingers, “Negative.”

“Well you should! I thought everyone would…I mean why wouldn’t you? A girl tastes good, really good,” she bit her lower lip and shut her eyes for a second remembering the clean, fresh taste of Lexa - it was sexy, good. “Well Lexa does.”

“Good is a terribly unhelpful adjective - poor description Clarke,” Raven huffed.

“Men should not complain,” she tilted her head to stare at them and then flounced to her kitchen to get snacks.

“My man doesn’t,” Octavia called after her.

“I don’t ever hear you screaming through the walls though,” Clarke yelled back smugly.

“He’s good,” Octavia defended.

“Lexa’s better!”

“We all know that your girlfriend is amazing in bed, you never shut up about it. Doesn’t mean everyone else is bad by default,” Octavia rolled her eyes as Clarke returned with an unopened bag of chips and a bowl.

“No one could ever be better than Lexa, and she’s not my girlfriend,” she insisted, even though it felt like she really was.

“Yeah, because you never slip up and call her that,” Raven rolled her eyes.

“Why exactly are you opposed to calling her your girlfriend?” Octavia asked.

“I haven’t…you know come out yet I guess,” Clarke curled into the corner of the couch, hugging
Lexa’s hoody to her body.

“I think all the sex you’re having with a girl is a pretty bold statement,” Raven gave her a look.

“No, it’s not,” Clarke shook her head. “It’s about self-identity. Well, that’s what Lexa...I mean I think it’s about making a declaration to myself, accepting me and who I am... And maybe sharing with her.”

“And what do you think?” Octavia ripped open the bag of chips and tipped them into a bowl, grabbing a huge handful.

“Me? I think I’m bisexual, or I’m sexually attracted to both males and females,” Clarke said it and then smiled because she’d said it and owned it and it felt...normal, natural. “And I think I’m in love with her.”

“Wow! Do you know how happy it would make her to be your girlfriend? She’s so desperate for you Clarke. She looks at you like a puppy, all big heart eyes. She’s so in love with you,” Octavia spoke carefully and Clarke knew that where Raven was all big, sometimes rushed statements, Octavia was more careful. Octavia had taken longer to warm to Lexa. Raven met Lexa’s brashness head on, whereas Octavia had been cautious, always well aware of the differences between Lexa’s interactions with Clarke, and Lexa’s interactions with everyone else. If Octavia was urging Clarke to take the final step it was because she thought Lexa made her happy. Which she did. Lexa made her insanely happy. She’d had plenty of relationships, casual and serious and despite the fact that Lexa was her first with a girl, it was easy, though never boring.

“I just…” Clarke hesitated. “I just…” she hesitated again.

“Just what?” Octavia asked.

“I can’t imagine telling my parents, like actually saying the words to them - introducing my girlfriend, having them meet Lexa.”

“Oh come on Clarke! Your mom and dad are the best,” Octavia pishposhed the concern and it immediately annoyed her. Octavia was pretty close with her mom and dad, but it wasn’t that simple. It was true that her parents were wonderful, but the thought of telling them that not only was she bi (they’d absolutely need a label, that she knew) but also hopelessly in love with a girl - it made her feel nauseous with anxiety. It was wrong that it did because it shouldn’t. She knew she should be proud and all of that stuff that Lexa was so good at, but it just didn’t always work like that. She was scared of their disappointment, even though she knew they shouldn’t be disappointed, because loving someone of the same gender shouldn’t be considered a disappointment - finding love full stop should never be considered that way, and yet she couldn’t shake the image of her mother shaking her head, tears in her eyes as she explained, ‘I’m just disappointed is all…’

“It’s not that I’m not proud to be with Lexa. I’m so proud every time I’m with her. I mean she’s gorgeous, and kind, a completely sappy dork,” she smiled as she remembered the heart between Lexa’s legs, “she’s so freaking talented, and sexy, and wonderful.”

“But?” Raven prompted.

“I bet my dad would be ok with it,” she pursed her lips, “I mean shocked and perhaps I’d hear the word "disappointed" from him in relation to grandchildren…”

“But that’s bullshit. You could have kids,” Octavia burst out and Clarke gave a wry chuckle.

“Believe me, I know. My dad would just say it’ll be more difficult and all that parental crap, but so
long as I’m happy. For my mom, I guess it’s just less conventional and my mom, despite her efforts to be a cool mom, can want things to be simple and conventional. I worry she’ll just be disappointed in general.”

“So you don’t think your dad will be a problem or your mom - not really - so what’s the problem?” Raven asked.

Clarke sighed wishing she could just transplant what she was trying to say into their heads, understand how awful it was to fear parental disappointment over who you intrinsically were as a person and over who you loved, not because of who they were, but their gender. Octavia who always seemed to get things, she was a huge fan of Clarke’s parents, Raven too, and they seriously thought they could do no wrong. They never had understood any of Clarke’s apprehension in relation to them, especially when it came to assumptions and expectations.

“So what is it?”

“Their assumptions. They’ve never once assumed I’d do anything other than marry a guy, than bring a guy home. They spent my teenage years joking about guys and fending them off, my dad particularly. All of that annoying dad crap that they pull with girls because you know, apparently we’re infinitely more fragile and vulnerable than boys. I’m pretty sure parents of boys worry just as much as parents of girls, but not according to my dad or mom,” she scowled.

“I’m sure they didn’t mean anything by it,” Octavia offered and Clarke knew she remembered the comments.

“No I’m sure they didn’t. But they have this image of me, and fucking girls, being in love with a girl, it just isn’t part of it.”

“They’re not going to be disappointed in you. In their ideal image of your future you’re happy Clarke, that’s it,” Octavia insisted.

“I just know they’re going to find it hard,” Clarke attempted. “Harder than they should.”

“I think you’re worrying about nothing,” Octavia insisted.

“Yeah, but it’s my thing to worry about. I have to find the words, and I just know they’re going to say something about how if I’m bi, if I like guys too, am I really sure about Lexa, you know…am I sure I want a gay relationship…”

They wouldn’t,” Raven actually brought a hand to her mouth in shock and Clarke appreciated it.

“Yeah, I think they would,” she caught Octavia’s eye, “they’ve liked the idea of me and Bell since we were kids, especially because they think we’ve dated.”

“They don’t know it was just sex,” Octavia reminded Raven.

“They let him stay over when they thought something was happening and they were so fucking thrilled. My mom was picking out a hat!”

“A hat?” Raven asked.

“For the wedding.”

“Oh,” Raven nodded in understanding. “Truth is Clarky, your parents don’t get to choose who you end up with and you’re not saying Lexa is it. You’re just saying she’s it for right now. Right?”
“Well I think so,” Clarke couldn’t see not being with Lexa which was both exhilarating and terrifying. Her heart beat painfully in her chest when she thought about not being with her and her stomach turned uncomfortably. “The idea of not being with her is awful. I would hate it.”

“Look, Lexa seems pretty thrilled with everything as is, so give it time, ok? Come out when you’re ready,” Raven shrugged.

“I’m just scared. I’m fine with my friends…I just…”

“Maybe tell Lexa. Deal with your parents another time?”

“Maybe,” Clarke nodded, thinking about Lexa’s face and how big her smile would be if she said the words - it would be beautiful. Lexa was patient with her but Clarke knew what she desperately wanted and she could understand it. Uncertainty, fear of loss - Clarke didn’t function well with those emotions either and there was nothing worse than waiting - it allowed room for demons. Just as she recognized that, she also knew that she couldn’t be rushed. Shouldn’t be, because this was her journey. She was close. Maybe camping. She could write some lyrics for Lexa to sing, or a poem. She rolled her eyes at herself because she was no poet…maybe a haiku - they were short and simple.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

Clarke was busy texting Lexa and she could tell something was up, because Lexa wasn’t being as jokey or warm as usual. She didn’t know what though. Perhaps it was because they wouldn’t be hanging out the day before she was in the studio. It wasn’t like Clarke didn’t want to - she really, really did. She wanted to be with Lexa as much as humanly possible. But she had her dad’s birthday.

Lexa - Is it a special birthday?

Clarke - No, but I haven’t seen them in months. They’re so busy. My mom is desperate to have me visit.

Clarke thought for a moment, wondering whether to invite Lexa. Maybe she would when they were camping. She wanted her there, that was an easy decision, but she knew she had to be ready to tell her parents and that meant being ready to tell Lexa. Heat blossomed in her belly at the thought. Both nervous and excited heat. Clarke knew she was bisexual - or that was the closest label to what she was. She knew it deep in her bones because Lexa was everything to her - mentally, physically and sexually. Her head flicked to them in a tent together, in a sleeping bag together, to sliding down Lexa’s body, to putting her mouth between her legs, to feeling Lexa’s thighs clamp on her head as she came. Clarke’s body pulsed needily with the thought, a throbbing beat igniting as heat and wetness spilled out. Yeah, she was bisexual, and she had to tell Lexa. Had to let Lexa know so that things between them were equalized. She had to tell Lexa because it would make her her girlfriend and she wanted Lexa to be her girlfriend when she told her parents. She looked back to her texts;

Lexa - That’s important.

Clarke - Bellamy and Octavia are coming up too. I think Raven too since she and my mom are close. They always celebrate my dad’s birthday with him, and as they’re off.

Clarke - It’s really lame. We eat cake, go for a walk and then play board games.

Lexa - I’m sure it’ll be fun.

Clarke - There’s usually a fight over who gets to be the car in Monopoly and a physical fight during Pictionary - it is fun.
Lexa - Are you coming over tonight?

Clarke - I don’t want to wake you up and I need to pack. I really need to pack.

Lexa - I thought you were done?

Clarke - I just said that to make sure you were:)

Clarke - You want to head over to my place and be a delicious surprise waiting in my bed?

Lexa - I’m already in bed. Sleepy.

Clarke couldn’t deny the flood of disappointment over Lexa not coming over to be in her bed with her. Lexa always made the effort.

Clarke - Ah, boo, I want you.

Lexa - I love you.

Clarke - I love you too. See you tomorrow. Sleep well gorgeous.

Clarke did love Lexa. Her heart pounded for her, beat out her name. She was starry eyed, in love with Lexa. She was unsure when it had happened, but with the thought of an empty bed that night she realized how much the girl meant to her, how utterly, hopelessly in love with her she was.

Lexa - You too xxxxx

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

Lexa was leaning her head on the car window, looking out of the window and away from Clarke, and Clarke was acutely aware of it. Acutely aware of Lexa’s body language and the negative vibe hovering around her. Something was wrong, really wrong. Something had been wrong since the previous day, she knew it had, because Lexa hadn’t come over to be with her, and when they’d picked her up she’d been stiff and unyielding to Clarke’s affectionate hugs and leading kisses. Clarke was beginning to feel sick, because Lexa was in her own world, withdrawn and almost cold with her and she hated it, hated it so much because she loved Lexa. Loved her so much.

“You ok?” Clarke reached across and squeezed her normally cool hand, surprised to find it hot and clammy.

“Tired,” Lexa shrugged dismissively without even looking at her, and the pounding in Clarke’s chest grew louder.

“Are you mad at me?” Clarke leaned closer, feeling tendrils of panic curl through her. Lexa stared out the window, expression tight as if she were just managing to hold it together, her beautiful green eyes fixed on the scenery.

“No,” Lexa shook her head, and Clarke wanted to wrap her arms around her and hold her because she looked so defeated, so heartbroken and she didn’t get what had happened.

“What happened? You seem so sad.”

“Just tired,” Lexa tried to smile but failed abysmally. Clarke couldn’t even manage a fake smile back, just stared at her with concern.
“Camping is going to be fun,” Clarke insisted softly, “a cozy tent just for you and me, campfires, your guitar and voice, and Lincoln has Bellamy’s canoe on the roof of his car.”

“I know,” Lexa said but her voice sounded all wrong, hollow and choked up and Clarke watched her swallow thickly and her eyes fill with tears that she was clearly holding back. Clarke wanted to protect her, make it all better. Lexa hurting was causing the most excruciating pain inside of her.

“Rae, can we stop for a restroom break?” she asked and Raven tsked at her.

“For fucks sake Clarke, what’s wrong with your bladder? We’re half an hour away, have you really gotta go so bad?”

“Yeah,” Clarke said and gave Raven a look in the mirror, eyes gesturing to Lexa’s stoic and distressed form.

Raven gave a curt nod, “Ok, ok. I could do with picking up some Cheesy Pleasers anyway,” she agreed and Clarke squeezed Lexa’s hand, hating that she didn’t squeeze back. The jeep rolled into the rest stop and Clarke watched, devastated, as Lexa bolted from the car without a word and disappeared into the gas station store.

“What’s up with the Commander?” Raven asked and Clarke bit her lip uncertainly.

“I don’t know. She’s so…fucking sad…”

“Go talk to her,” Bellamy urged.

“What if she doesn’t want to be with me anymore?” Clarke clutched at her stomach. “What if she’s realized she can’t be with me?”

“She’s ass over tits for you,” Raven rolled her eyes.

“Seriously Clarke, the girl is crazy for you. Maybe something happened?” Bellamy shrugged.

“No this is about me…” Clarke tightened her arms around herself.

“Go Clarke, sort it. We can take some time, ok?” Raven reassured, taking her hand and holding it for a moment. In a second Clarke was blundering through the store, looking for Lexa even though she knew, deep down, that Lexa was going to be in the bathroom, not looking at magazines as if everything was ok. She knocked on the grubby door.

“Lexa,” she called softly but Lexa didn’t answer. She knocked again and pleaded, “Lexa, please open the door…. Lexa…are you sick?” Clarke ached inside, everywhere. Fuck but she was really deeply in love with Lexa. The realization wasn’t new, but the weighty implication of it hit her hard and she felt a sudden desperation to solve whatever had happened before it was too late. Her brain felt foggy, as the feelings momentarily rendered her immobile, before she heard Lexa answer through her door,

“No,” her voice croaked from behind the door and it hurt Clarke to hear her sound that way.

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“No,” her voice croaked from behind the door and it hurt Clarke to hear her sound that way.
and pulled her through the store and around the back to the scrub land that was surrounded by dark forest.

“What’s the matter Lexa?” she stared at her, desperate for some resolution, desperate to help her.

“Nothing, it’s all good,” Lexa was trying so hard to be stoic, tilting her chin up in that way she had and staring over Clarke’s shoulder. She felt herself slump, because Lexa could hold onto her emotions pretty tight and she knew Raven would be keen to get going.

“Lexa,” her voice came out soft, gentle, and she felt her throat ache with her pent-up emotions, “I’m not mad, you don’t have to be ok. Tell me what’s wrong, ok? I hate seeing you like this.”

“You mean you hate that I’m ruining this trip?” Lexa met her eyes, all defiant, but Clarke just stared at her full of love because Lexa wasn’t ruining anything - she was clearly distraught.

“Stop being so over dramatic- you’re not ruining anything. You’re clearly upset.”

“Anya and I had a fight,” Lexa relented her shoulders drooping, and her eyes falling to the scrubland floor.

“A fight?”

“Yes,” she nodded. Clarke couldn’t see why Lexa would be this upset about a fight with Anya. Anya was always getting to her and it never upset her like this.

“What about?” she frowned.

“Just…you know, band stuff,” Lexa was still staring at the floor and Clarke knew it was all a load of crap.

“Don’t lie to me Lexa,” she stepped up close, her face right in front of Lexa’s, so that when she looked up their eyes locked.

“Fine, about you,” she admitted, but her eyes fell away and returned to the ground.

“Me?” Clarke felt her heart stutter, because if Anya didn’t like her she wouldn’t hold back from letting Lexa know about it. “Does she not like me? Is that it?”

“She likes you,” Lexa reassured, “she just doesn’t trust you.”

“Oh,” Clarke deflated and stared at the ground as well because not trusting her might even be worse than not liking her.

“As my girl…she doesn’t trust you, with what’s happening between us,” Lexa clarified and Clarke’s body grew so hot that she actually felt dizzy and worried she might faint.

For a few moments there was a tense silence and then she looked up and met Lexa’s eyes, “what about you?”

“You know how I feel,” Lexa sounded done and Clarke was terrified, unsure what might happen. She’d just realized that she was in love with her best friend. Heart stoppingly, forever in love and Lexa sounded resigned to unhappiness. It was all wrong.

“I know how you felt six weeks ago when we started this. I don’t know how you feel now,” Clarke aimed for a nonchalance she didn’t feel.
“I don’t really want to talk about my feelings in the scrub land around a rest stop,” Lexa began but that wasn’t good enough. Lexa wasn’t even telling her what this was all about. What had she done that was so wrong all of a sudden?

“And I don’t want to spend the rest of the journey feeling like I’ve done something wrong when I haven’t.”

“Haven’t you?” Lexa stared at her and Clarke’s eyes narrowed in question, “look I’m patient, I am. You know I would wait forever, but it’s hard. Why aren’t you my girlfriend? I want that. I feel like everyday my heart is under the guillotine and the rope holding the blade up is fraying, getting thinner over time because time isn’t clarifying anything, it’s just making the fact that you can’t or won’t admit what we are all the more obvious.”

“That’s not fair,” Clarke whispered overwhelmed by it all - the realization of the depth of her feelings and Lexa’s confrontation - it was all too much and her body was buzzing.

“But this isn’t fair either,” Lexa let out a deep sigh. “I couldn’t love you anymore if I tried. At least that’s what I think until you do something unexpected, or smile, or crack some stupid joke and then I do love you more. I just don’t know what you want. I don’t know what I need to do to have you want to be with me properly, in the open, no holding back.”

Clarke kicked at the dirt as her eyes filled with tears that she brushed away when they fell, “I just… sometimes I’m ready and then at others I need more time…”

“Time for what though? Are you still trying to decide if you’re bi? Are you still trying to decide if you can be with me? Because you’ve been with me in so many ways and it’s amazing. Is it not amazing for you? I don’t understand.”

“Of course it’s amazing,” Clarke stuttered - that was part of the problem - Clarke didn’t think she’d ever be in love with someone else the way she was with Lexa.

“I just don’t know what more you want, what you’re waiting for?”

“I’m scared,” Clarke admitted honestly, voice cracking, and a tear running over her cheek.

“Scared of being my girlfriend? Why?”

“Because I can’t imagine ever not being your girlfriend Lexa. And I never expected that I’d be with a girl, that I’d live my life gay,” Clarke burst out in a moment of unexpected honesty, expressing feelings she hadn’t even realized were bottled up inside of her - as she was filled with this tide of longing for her childhood - like a wave of nostalgia for all the things that were going to be different to how she expected, which was dumb really because she didn’t even want what she had as a child, but still the feeling was there all the same.

“What?” Lexa frowned, looking stunned.

“I’d have to tell my parents and…” she heaved in a breath.

“And live gay?” Lexa stared at her, skin pale except for two red blotches on her cheeks.

“Don’t be offended by that, please. I’m not trying to be offensive, I just…” Clarke began to explain.

“Being with me is a decision because being with me is being gay?” Lexa looked like she might hyperventilate or vomit, or perhaps both.
“You’re missing the point - I want to be with you Lexa,” she attempted.

“But you can’t quite commit because it means your life will be a gay life?” Lexa’s voice was low and gravelly with emotion.

“It would be easier…” she began but Lexa interrupted, voice fiery and pained;

“If you dare say it would be easier to be with a guy, I’m leaving now, and fuck the fact that we’re in the middle of nowhere.”

“Lexa…it would be easier…” Clarke wanted her to understand, but Lexa was staring at her horrified, like she didn’t know her at all.

“And even if you’re with a guy you’ll still be bisexual. We are who we are whether we accept it or not.”

“Then why are you always waiting for me to come out?”

“I’m waiting for you to accept who you are. It’s not going to change it fundamentally but how you feel is important. How you see yourself is important. How you’re willing to have others see you is important.”

“Lexa…” Clarke was ready to accept it to herself, especially when hiding it gained her nothing and only stood to lose her the person she cared about most.

“I get that it can be scary, I get that we’re all different and the reactions of the people around us effect how easy we find it to be honest, but if you actually want the easy life with a guy, go now. Get in the car with Raven and Bellamy and go because to me…this,” she gestured between them, “is worth a few difficulties. This is worth everything to me. Clearly you don’t feel the same,” Lexa said the words and her face faltered before she visibly began to crumple.

“Lex…” Clarke’s voice cracked, the tears pooling in her blue eyes spilling over.

“I’m not enough?” Lexa spoke the words aloud - and Clarke didn’t even know where they’d come from but she instantly understood the conclusion Lexa had drawn - that she wasn’t worth enough to Clarke, that she wouldn’t come out for her. “I’m not enough to come out for?” Clarke watched her suck in a breath after what felt like ages, her face red. She fell forward and gripped her thighs and Clarke felt like her heart was breaking as she watched the girl she loved fall apart because of her. She watched in horror as she sunk to the ground and in an instant she was ready, completely, and entirely ready. Ready to tell anyone and everyone that she was bisexual and that she was in love with a girl. She as ready because she loved this girl. Was in love with this girl and no stupid nostalgia, no pathetic concerns about the reactions of others, nothing was worth seeing her like this. Fuck, she couldn’t care less about living a gay life if she got to be as happy as she was with Lexa. In fact she relished the opportunity. It was a stupid notion anyway. She was stupid. Stupid to have hesitated when she knew how she felt. Stupid to hurt her best friend like this. Stupid to weigh up an easy life (and who the fuck could ever guarantee an easy life) for a life with the most amazing girl in the world by her side. She was glad she couldn’t see a future with anyone but Lexa. She didn’t want anyone but Lexa. Whatever her sexuality was, and she knew she was definitely attracted to both genders, the truth was none of it really mattered - what mattered was the fact that she was utterly in love with Lexa.

“Lexa,” Clarke dropped to the ground, hands smoothing over soft brown hair, over sun bronzed shoulders, over skin smooth and silky.
“Just go,” Lexa mumbled.

“Lexa,” Clarke continued moving her hands, kneeling before her, pushing her knees between the other girls so she was close.

“No,” the word was whispered on a ragged breath.

“Lexa, breathe for me, Lexa,” Clarke ran her fingers over her beautiful face, over arched cheekbones, sculptured eyebrows and beautiful plump lips. “Lexa,” Clarke gripped her face gently, “look at me,” she ordered and watery green eyes, stunning mossy green eyes that had always dumbfounded Clarke, locked onto hers.

“I…” Lexa panted.

“Lexa, I’m bisexual. I’m in love with you and I want to be your girlfriend. Ok?” She whispered.

“What?” Lexa’s lashes fluttered erratically over her eyes.

“I’m bisexual, in love with you and I want to be your girlfriend,” she repeated and shook her slightly, “breathe Lexa,” she shook her gently again, and she finally took in a lungful of air, then another, slowly, her eyes, filled with uncertainty, finally focusing on Clarke.

“Clarke?” the whisper was awful and Clarke wanted to kiss the doubt away.

“Maybe it would be easier to be with a guy but I don’t want a guy. I want you. I want to be your girlfriend. I want you to be mine. I’m coming out, self-identifying, whatever it is you need to know I’m serious,” she felt everything lighten as she said the words, she felt relief, utter, fucking relief to have said it, to be who she was and to be saying it, admitting it out loud to herself and this amazing girl.

“Huh?” Lexa stared at her, looking stunned. In fact she was looking at Clarke like she was the only thing in the universe she wanted and it made Clarke’s body burn in an extremely pleasant way, and her heart feel full and wonderful. Lexa’s mouth then dropped open and she gaped uncertainly.

“Lexa, I want to be with you properly. I want to be your girlfriend. To plan for things. Have ‘in a relationship with Lexa Woods’ on my Facebook page, boast all over my tumblr and Twitter that I’m yours and you’re mine. I’m nervous to tell my parents, fucking terrified in all honesty but I do want them to know who I am. I don’t want to hide who I am. I want this,” Clarke reached out and peeled Lexa’s stiff hand away from where it was gripping her middle, and she carefully, patiently threaded their fingers together.

“Clarke?” the name broke in half as it fell from Lexa’s lips, fat tears spilling from emerald eyes.

“I’m sorry ok? I should have said it before now. I knew, I was just…I don’t know, finding my courage? Which is stupid, because whether I’m with you or not, I’m in love with you and I’ll still be bisexual - like you said. And I want to be happy and you make me happy.”

“I do?”

“Yes,” Clarke sighed, and released Lexa’s hand, stepping up close and brushing her thumbs through tears, and pressing a small chaste kiss to her lips. “When I imagined telling you, you were always much happier than this,” she offered with a little smile.

“I’m happy…I just. Is this because I got upset? I don’t want to force you into….”
“Would you listen to yourself?” Clarke shook her head, “do you really not get how amazing you are?”

“I get how amazing you are,” Lexa shuffled closer to her and Clarke felt her body thrum with relief as their fronts smooshed together,

“You’re sweet, and funny, ridiculous and dorky. You’re kind, protective, and talented. You’re so fucking sexy and have this ridiculously tough exterior which is adorable because inside you’re mush. Mush for me and I love it. I’ve never been happier. This has nothing to do with you getting upset or anything…I mean don’t laugh or anything but…” she paused, her cheeks pink.

“Laugh?”

“I have been planning to do this for a while now…tell you…and I just…I needed time because it’s a lot, and I had to find my courage. I needed to feel ready.”

“What’s different?”

“I didn’t realize how much I was hurting you. That’s dumb and naive I know, but you’ve been happy. And you didn’t push. I thought I could take the time. I wanted to be confident enough to have a little coming out party - I had it all planned in my head.”

“You did?” Lexa was staring at her, her eyes practically morphing into hearts and it emboldened Clarke,

“Yeah, either back home or I thought about when we’re camping, around the campfire. I even started writing lyrics for you to sing, but it ended up as a haiku,” she blushed a little as she thought of the badly composed haiku she’d written in her head the previous night while falling asleep.

“Really?” Lexa looked so uncertain, so cautiously optimistic but her hands landed on Clarke’s hips and it felt like everything she wanted.

“Yeah. Lexa, I love you. The way you love me.”

“Fuck,” Lexa swore bluntly, her head resting against Clarke’s as she sucked in several deep breaths.

“I even knew exactly how we would celebrate after,” Clarke spoke in a soft voice, feeling a rush between her legs and a swoop in her stomach as she thought of her face between Lexa’s legs, as she thought of tasting her again, of making Lexa feel worshiped and adored.

“Yeah?” Lexa looked so beautiful, so hopeful.

“Yeah. I think you would have really liked it,” Clarke teased.

“We can pretend this never happened,” Lexa offered with a small smile. “You can do your haiku later and we can celebrate…”

“You really want to do that?” Clarke bit her lip and smiled when Lexa tugged her closer.

“No, hell no…But I want the fire, I want the poem and I want the celebration.”

“Hmmm,” Clarke brushed a kiss against her mouth, “OK. I’ll do it,” she kissed her again and then Lexa was pulling her close in a fierce hug.

“You guys good to get on the road?” Raven’s voice broke them apart and Lexa sighed looking happy and content. Clarke took her hand,
“Just having a moment with my girlfriend,” she said casually as if it weren’t a big deal. Bellamy and Raven’s ridiculously huge grins indicated that they knew it was.

“All good now?” Bellamy bumped his fist into Lexa’s bicep supportively as she walked past, and it didn’t even annoy her.

“All good,” Lexa agreed and Clarke smiled.
Chapter Summary

angel_v7 requested I didn’t skip the celebration of Clarke finally coming out. I did the first night and day from Lexa’s POV, so here is the second night from Clarke’s. We start with everyone sat round the campfire making s’mores.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who reviews or simply reads:) I do love comments - they’re kinda my motivation!

I have a small scene - it was an awesome scene - prompted by Recklessarrow who is awesome. However because I got rid of Clarke's bar job it makes no sense. I'm gonna post it on tumblr.

This is explicit and really kinda silly:)

Chapter Sixteen

“What is the matter with you?” Clarke was sat on the ground in front of Lexa who was sat behind her on a log. She swiveled around on the dirt because her girlfriend was making some distressed little squeaking noise. There was a perfectly good camping chair, in fact they each had one, that they could be sat in but the log allowed her to sit between Lexa’s strong, firm thighs, with her girlfriend’s arms tight around her waist - well that’s where they were when they weren’t toasting marshmallows.

“The marshmallow sticks to the roof of my mouth,” Lexa mumbled, frowning at the s’more Clarke had made for her that she’d just taken a large bite of. She was making a ridiculously displeased face as she tried to dislodge some of the marshmallow. In one hand she held the sticky treat, but Clarke watched as she pressed the thumb and index finger of her other hand together, apparently marveling at the tackiness the melted marshmallow had. “You eat it, you eat it,” she thrust the sticky mess at Clarke who gave her a grin, Lexa did look adorable after all, and gladly took it from her fingers and popped it in her mouth. “Ugh, the stick is everywhere. I preferred just drinking to this madness,” Lexa complained apparently unwilling to even lick the stick from her fingers. As well as never having gone camping, it turned out that Lexa had never eaten a s’more either.

“You would! And we’re still drinking,” Clarke rolled her eyes, the same absurdly smitten smile still on her face. “Do you want to try a plain marshmallow?”

“Absolutely not. I need to wash my hands Clarke,” Lexa whined softly.

Clarke giggled, “You know where the restrooms are,” she gestured into the inky abyss, loving Lexa’s scowl.

“I don’t want to go alone,” the pout was enough to have Clarke weakening. Her girlfriend was quite
simply amazing and she was utterly entwined around her little finger, not that she’d ever let Lexa know that. Well, not to what extent. But still, she wanted more than a pout.

“The bears and raccoons will keep you company, Commander,” she gave Lexa her best saucy look, throwing in a wink for good measure, and was not disappointed because the jawline on that girl when it tightened - fuck.

“Fine, I won’t bother washing them,” Lexa gave her a downright devious look and slid her sticky hands under Clarke’s shirt, pressing the pads of her fingers down and then pulling them off, demonstrating the marshmallow stickiness.

“Lexa, ugh...you’re annoying,” she stuck out her tongue and Lexa smiled that smile of hers, the truly happy, relaxed, everything is amazing smile and Clarke suddenly didn’t care about marshmallow on her tummy, Lexa could lick it off later, she just wanted to kiss her and tell her she loved her.

“What?” Apparently Lexa was expecting protest and a squirming girlfriend (God but Clarke loved that she was her girlfriend), but instead she was obviously just staring at her with hooded eyes as she marveled at her beauty and the utter luck that such a wonderful person existed, and that she had somehow managed to stumble upon her when she was desperate to pee at some party she should never have been at. Fuck - she was a little drunk, and sober her had known that they really needed to stop having celebratory sex and being an insular little twosome, but drunk Clarke wanted Lexa. Badly. She tilted her head back and waggled a finger. Lexa lowered her head and pressed their lips together, clearly thinking it was kissing time. Which it was, but she wanted more than kissing. She broke the kiss and using her hands pulled Lexa’s head closer so that her cute little ear was right next to her lips.

“Wanna go have a shower? Clean off the stick?” she whispered before sucking that perfect little ear lobe into her mouth. Even in the semi darkness she could see the slight flush on her girlfriend’s face. Yes, she had apparently decided to mentally think of Lexa only as her girlfriend, because she was. Hers. No one else’s. All hers. “You have extremely pretty ears Lexa,” she pressed a soft kiss to it. She heard a soft moan and smiled to herself.

“Hmm, yeah, ok, let’s go...” Lexa stood abruptly, apparently strong enough to push herself to standing and drag Clarke with her. Clarke giggled, because to be so strong and so sexy was utterly outrageous, then to throw in beautiful, talented, kind, mushy and wonderful...

“It’s kinda funny that you don’t like marshmallows when you are totally mushy just like one,” she teased and was rewarded with yet another pout. “Don’t even argue with me, I wanna go have shower sex. And I’ll win. You know I will.”

“Why will you win?” Lexa asked indignantly.

“Because you’re mush.”

“Are you saying I have no back bone?” Lexa’s hands found her hips, and she looked fierce. Instead of being worried, Clarke was just turned on.

“Oh you have an amazing backbone, regal as fuck, fierce, scary, indignant at times, and you’re not a pushover, nope, but you like to make me happy,” she gave Lexa her best sunny smile and Lexa melted like crayons in the sun on a hot summers day.

“You happy makes me happy.”

“And you happy makes me happy,” Clarke cooed.
“You two happy is painfully sappy,” Raven filled in from behind them.

“Makes them behave utterly dappy,” Octavia grinned.

“And all because Lexa complained the marshmallow made her fingers tacky,” Bellamy spoke theatrically and then grinned widely. Clarke watched Lexa shoot them all her fiercest, ‘fuck off’ glare.

“Watch out, watch out, Lexa’s gonna get scrappy!” Clarke couldn’t resist.

“Clarke,” her girlfriend protested and Clarke turned to give her a warning look, because if she knew what was good for her she’d finish her sentence wisely, “ugh, we need a shower, let’s make it snappy!” she deadpanned and clicked her fingers.

Clarke laughed with delight, “We’re off to the restroom but not for a crappie,” she winked at her friends gregariously.

“Uh oh, Clarke wants Lexa in her lappy,” Lincoln said with a cautious look at Lexa and after an elbow in the ribs from Octavia.

“If looks could kill, Lexa’s death stare would sure be zappy,” Raven warned.

“You really gonna go just cos you didn’t like the appy?” Octavia frowned, holding up her s’more and pointing to it.

“Don’t eat the marshmallows but stay and be rappy!” Bellamy nodded at her guitar.

“Ugh, but you’re all so yappy,” Lexa complained with faux annoyance and Clarke kissed her.

“I think you guys better go before you go and get slaphappy,” Raven waved them off and laughing they snagged their wash bag from the table, and their towels from the makeshift washing line Raven had rigged up (probably superior to most people’s permanent washing lines.) Clarke grabbed Lexa’s hand and then they were tripping into the darkness in the general direction of the restrooms.

“Lexa, thanks for that. It made me very...”

“Don’t you dare!” Lexa warned and Clarke was sure she’d have been giving her a stern look if she could have seen her in the darkness.

“Happy...” she whispered and then the breath was taken from her as Lexa somehow managed to scoop her up and throw her over her shoulder and begin tickling her mercilessly. “Oh my god,” she was howling with laughter, partly from the tickling but mostly at the situation, because Lexa was being a goof and she loved it.

“You better be planning on some seriously naughty shower sex for that shambolic, lyrically and intellectually inept rhyming session!” Lexa started smacking kisses all over her side which was somehow in her face, what with the weird fireman’s lift. Clarke reached down and shoved her hand down the back of Lexa’s shorts pinching her butt cheek,

“Fuck yeah I am, you’re so sexy,” she lightly bit some part of Lexa’s back, unsure what part due to the darkness and cause her girlfriend to squeal.

“Here we are, feel free to ravage me,” Lexa stated and Clarke giggled, bundling them both into the shower cubicle and slamming the door and locking it. “Can I just say how relieved I am that this shower block is so clean?”
“Not for long,” Clarke sassed back biting her lip at Lexa’s quizzical expression, “I plan on being really dirty,” she explained and reached forward and turned on the shower. “Now strip,” she ordered and stared expectantly at Lexa, who hesitated for a moment before peeling off her top, her bikini top, her shorts and bottoms, before kicking off her flip flops and stepping under the warm water. Clarke stared at her, finding herself once again gaping at the utter perfection of her girlfriend. The slightly paler ass, shining with water, those tanned legs, her back and fuck her tattoos. She began to fling off her clothing with a renewed desperation, frustrated as she got tangled in her top. “Lexa,” she mumbled and Lexa turned and laughed loudly before moving out of the warm spray to assist her. Lexa was dripping water all over her clothes but neither of them cared, especially when she began to press wet kisses to her neck and then lower, kissing her boobs, twirling her tongue over nipples and then down to her stomach. Clarke found a soft moan escape her, and rather than protesting she pushed Lexa lower. What the fuck was wrong with her?

“In the water,” Lexa ordered, and nabbed her bikini top from the hook where she’d hung it. Clarke momentarily wondered what it was for as she shimmied out of shorts and underwear, but then Lexa was on her knees, the material of the bikini protecting them from the tiles of the shower stand, and she was gripping at her ass and holy fuck, but her tongue was doing something sinful and wonderful. Her head hit the tiles, cold despite the warm water, and she had two fistfuls of dark hair as her hips bucked her closer to the warm mouth and Lexa’s tongue which was unspeakably skilled in the way it tortured her clit.

“Holly fucking crap,” she moaned, widening her legs as her body began to tighten and zing and travel way to fast towards the hedonistic feeling of bliss that Lexa’s mouth between her legs caused. The warm cascade of water just seemed to make everything feel more sensual, with the way the needles of spray hit her chest and her sensitive nipples. She looked down and groaned because Lexa was soaking wet, skin shining beautifully despite the crappy light of the shower block, a light that made her look almost ethereal, with her wet dark hair, a shiny curtain on her back, her beautiful face the picture of reverence as she sucked and licked with her eyes shut tight. Then Lexa pushed two fingers inside of her, curling them just so and Clarke felt her knees give out as she came, unexpectedly hard and fast, but Lexa had her, kept her upright, slowing her movements to ease her through it. “Fuck,” she tugged her girlfriend up, wrapping her arms around her and burying her face in her neck. “I’m the marshmallow, a melted one at that...”

“Hmmm,” Lexa murmured and kissed her, softly, tenderly. “You’re sweeter than a marshmallow...prettier too... And smarter...”

“I can barely stand...”

“It’s ok, you don’t have to...you know,” Lexa shrugged a little and Clarke realized she was saying Clarke didn’t need to get her off, that it was ok to cuddle. The rush of affection overwhelmed her a little, and she squeezed Lexa tighter and pressed sloppy kisses to her neck.

“Well, you do remember why we came here, right?”

“To have sex?” Lexa frowned, clearly thinking it was a trick question.

“Well, we actually came here because you smiled. That made me want to have sex...but yeah, the marshmallow stick on your hands...that was our cover, right?” she released her girlfriend and unzipped their wash bag (theirs) and pulled out the shampoo, conditioner and body wash Lexa had decanted into small manageable travel containers with neat labels. God Lexa was a total meticulous dork, but she loved her. She squirted some shampoo onto her hand and moved back in front of Lexa. “Can I wash you?” she asked and Lexa looked confused, and slightly bemused.

“Wash me?”
“Yeah. It’ll be nice.”

“But I can wash myself,” Lexa stated and Clarke wondered if Lexa had ever had anyone take care of her. The thought made her insides ache.

“But I want to,” she pressed a kiss to one fine cheekbone and then the other, and she brought her hand with the shampoo up and using both hands gently began to lather it through Lexa’s thick hair, being sure to rub her fingers firmly on her head.

“Hmm...” Lexa practically purred, her eyes falling shut and Clarke smiled to herself, making sure to gently rub every part of her scalp before pushing her more fully under the spray of water to rinse. She grabbed the conditioner as Lexa rinsed out the shampoo and squirted a generous amount onto her hand. “That felt lovely,” Lexa’s eyes were wide and wonderfully innocent.

“I’m not done,” she grinned, and gently rubbed the conditioner through the dark strands of hair. This time when Lexa rinsed, she followed her into the stream of water and kissed her, softly, gently, lovingly. When Lexa’s hands found her hips, she stepped away and grabbed the body wash, pouring a good amount into her hands and lathering it up. “Tie your hair up,” she told Lexa, who grabbed a hair tie from the wash bag and pulled the wet mass of her hair into a loose bun. Then Clarke was smoothing her hands up Lexa’s spine, down her arms and then back, curving them over her ass and down each leg, before returning to her spine, trailing the pads of her fingers up each notch, around each swirl of her tattoo, before turning her and kissing her. The kiss was deeper this time, more heated and Lexa’s hands were everywhere on her bare skin. But she stepped back again, and cleaned Lexa’s toned stomach, her ribs, before sliding her hands over firm, perfect breasts, her thumbs brushing the nipples far more times than necessary, as she squeezed and rubbed.

“Fuck,” Lexa’s soft curse was an utter aphrodisiac, and so she trailed her hands to soft thighs, running them up and down, up and down, before trailing her hand between Lexa’s legs. The soap was all gone by this point, so when Lexa groaned, her hips bucking slightly at the contact, she slid a finger through her, before sliding it into her, her thumb rubbing firmly on her clit. Lexa was more worked up than she’d realized. She was wet, not from water, it was a different kind of wet, slippery, slightly thicker and it coated her fingers. She added another finger and curled them, moving them in and out with more intent, a harder thrust in, and a faster movement out. Lexa’s hand found her boob and she squeezed it, rolling the nipple, all urging Clarke on. It was silly because she didn’t need the urging, Lexa turned her on, turning Lexa on turned her on. Lexa’s hand trailed down her boob and was heading between her legs, and even though the thought of those skilled fingers sliding inside of her had Clarke’s body clenching, she caught the hand and threaded their fingers together.

“I want to,” Lexa moaned, her hips driving into Clarke’s hand.

“Not this time,” Clarke kissed her, still pumping her fingers and using her thumb to torture her clit. She felt Lexa begin to tighten, her hips meeting every thrust and those sexy little whimpers and moans letting her know the girl was close, but instead of allowing it she stopped, pulled out her fingers and took her thumb away.

Lexa gasped, “Clarke...fuck...what?” she looked sweet and bewildered, her hips still moving. Clarke laughed softly and dropped to her knees, immediately capturing Lexa’s throbbing clit with her mouth, before sliding her fingers back inside of her. The noise from her girlfriend’s mouth was loud and sinful, and it made her own body throb, as she pulled out her fingers so she could push her mouth closer, so she could lick and taste and torture and create more of those noises. She remembered Lexa’s advice, but she didn’t want her to come too soon, she was having too much fun. It was only when the girl started to beg, began to clutch at her hair and bear down against her face that Clarke took pity, pushing her fingers back in and curling them, as her mouth and tongue sucked
and licked at her clit. Lexa came hard, her orgasm lasting as she practically shouted a stream of expletives, her hands tugging almost painfully on Clarke’s hair, but then she was melting, begging her to come up and hug her tight. Lexa held her close, face in her neck where she sniffed.

“Are you ok?” Clarke felt suddenly concerned because she was fairly convinced Lexa was crying.

“Hmmmm, yeah of course,” Lexa sniffed again without raising her head.

“I don’t believe you,” she pulled back and caught Lexa’s eye.

“I just...that was nice is all,” she admitted with a shrug, chin raising, as if to broker all discussion over whether or not she was upset.

“Hey...you don’t need to be brave for me,” she cupped Lexa’s face, tilting her chin back down.

“Was that too much?”

“No, I just...no one has ever...been so gentle and kind and you know washed me...taken care of me...”

“I didn’t think so,” she didn’t see much point in pretending that she hadn’t worked that out. “I plan to take care of you, you know? And I plan on being gentle and kind always...I mean yeah I’ll fuck you too, but you know...”

“I know,” Lexa sniffed again. “Are your knees ok?”

“My knees?” she frowned, “oh god, of course they’re fine,” she rolled her eyes. Trust Lexa to be worrying about her as she stood there sniffing. “I’m wonderful.”

“Me too.”

“And I was going for spectacular - rather than plain old wonderful,” she grinned as she kissed the corner of Lexa’s mouth.

“You know it was...fuck...amazing...” Lexa’s eyes shut briefly and Clarke chuckled, kissing her quickly before she grabbed the body wash and cleaned herself, watching Lexa’s eyes follow her hands.

“I’d let you do this for me, but this shower is getting colder and colder...”

“Hmmmm,” Lexa nodded but didn’t move her eyes from where Clarke’s hands were cleaning her boobs.

“Eyes up here sexy Lexy,” she teased and Lexa flushed a little and looked at her eyes. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

**XOXOXOXOXOXOXOX**

Clarke gripped Lexa’s hand tightly, the wash bag clutched in her left so she could swing it should the need arise. They had only wondered a short way back into the forest on their way out of the shower block before a noise had caught their attention. A noise Clarke didn’t like the sound of.

“We should have just stayed in the shower block,” Lexa was shaking in the cool night air, as they both tried to ascertain where the snuffling, snorting and crunching noise was coming from. Clarke was fairly certain it was a bear. It sounded too big and loud to be a raccoon. And she didn’t want to walk into it and yet she wanted her tent and her sleeping bag, and to warn the others.
“I think it’s that way,” she stated decisively, pointing to her right.

And what if you’re wrong?"

“I’ll protect you!”

“I thought you were joking about the bears.”

“We’re in the forest Lexa, of course I wasn’t joking.”

“I don’t want you to be eaten by a bear,” Lexa protested and stepped slightly in front of her, “I’ll protect you,” she wrestled the wash bag from her hand clearly planning to use it as a weapon.

Clarke rolled her eyes, “We’re not going to be eaten, because we’re going to run for it.”

“Ok,” Lexa nodded. “Let’s.”

“One, two, three,” she practically squeaked and hand in hand they began to run through the darkness. All was fine until the rough tug on her hand, which Lexa then released as she fell onto the ground with an "oomph." The crunching and snuffling was unfortunately rather closer than it had been, adding to the overall stress.

“Leave me,” Lexa yelled from the darkness behind her and she scoffed slightly, and found her inner warrior.

“No way,” she turned back and grabbed Lexa’s hand, pulling her to her feet. “Drama queen,” she tsked nonchalantly as they began to jog away from the noise and back towards the pitch bursting onto the others a couple of minutes later.

“Oh my god, what happened to you!” Raven asked as they stood panting in the light of the fire. Raven was pointing at Lexa, so Clarke turned to look at her realizing she was covered head to toe in dust. She grinned in amusement.

“Bear, bear...” Lexa panted, clearly still terrified. “There was a bear.”

“Meh, it won’t bother us, we’re too noisy,” Bellamy was dismissive, and Lexa looked positively enraged which just made Clarke begin to giggle, and giggle harder until she couldn’t stop.

“There’s a bear!” Lexa repeated. “We should hide in the cars or something.”

“He’s not gonna want to wrestle the lot of us,” Octavia shrugged, “just you apparently,” she gestured to the dust that covered Lexa.

“You’re all crazy, I’m hiding in the car,” she stalked to Ravens jeep and rather defiantly, considering her dustiness, got inside and slammed the door behind her. Clarke tried to take it all seriously but she couldn’t seem to stem the giggles, and clutched at her stomach, dropping onto her and Lexa’s log out of necessity.

“Was there really a bear?” Jasper asked, eyeing up the jeep where Lexa was sat visible in the interior light, her arms folded, head held defiantly.

“Well either that or a big raccoon,” she spluttered still giggling.

“Well at least you get another shower with Lexa,” Octavia offered brightly and that just increased her giggles.
“Not tonight. I think she’ll sleep in the car tonight,” she said and thought back on her girlfriends dramatic, ‘leave me’ and began to laugh more.

“I’ll go get her out,” Octavia smiled, grabbing a couple of beers and heading for the jeep.

Clarke felt a small seed of jealousy at that, which was stupid and ridiculous, but perhaps human. It stemmed her giggles, even though it was misplaced. Her friends clearly liked her girlfriend, that was great, and her girlfriend - she needed more people in the world to love and care for her. It was just that Octavia was pretty, beautiful really, and she hated the thought of Lexa finding other girls attractive, even though it was entirely irrational. She was fairly certain she’d chill out about it, but everything was so new, and she felt a little possessive of Lexa, she loved being Lexa’s everything, even though she knew the girl needed more than just her. Love was weird and confusing she decided. It wasn’t very rational and she’d always considered herself a very rational person. Now she was all emotion and not all of them were particularly nice. The urge to throw Octavia away from the jeep and climb in herself was quite real. She resisted, and instead plucked the marshmallow Bellamy had just toasted off the end of his stick and put it into her mouth. Dammit - now she’d have to brush her teeth again.
Clarke and her mom talk as Lexa picks raspberries and beans from the garden. This takes place later on the same day as Clarke's conversation with her father on his birthday, after she came out to her family.

“So why her?” her mom asked, gesturing to where Lexa was harvesting broad beans and raspberries, one of her mom’s old wicker baskets on her arm as she assessed each berry and bean carefully, determining its readiness before plucking it from the stem or vine. She and her mom were sat on the back deck in the shade, swinging gently on the swing seat.

“I don’t know what you mean?” she was apprehensive about the question because she still felt shaky from the discussion with her father, from all the tension, from the awkward attempts her dad had made to get to know Lexa that had only gotten as far as they did because Lexa was trying so hard and being amazingly patient. Her stomach warmed when she thought of Lexa’s actions, because Clarke had been in relationships before where her boyfriend had said all the right things - that they loved and adored her. The difference with Lexa was that her girlfriend didn’t just say the words, but she made her feel them.

“I mean, what was it that attracted you to her in the first place? What is it about her?” her mom was giving her a smile and she realized that she’d been staring at Lexa as she continued her careful analysis of berry and bean. She blushed a little and looked away,

“She’s examining every single one to check it’s ripe and ready before she picks it,” she explained unnecessarily.

“Yes,” her mom nodded.

“You and I wouldn’t do that,” Clarke began and her mother laughed softly,

“And we’d be done twice as quick,” she pointed out.

“Yes, but there’d be unripe berries in our bowl and overripe ones rotting on the bush,” Clarke tried to
True,” her mom gave a concessionary nod.

“Lexa is careful...like she is with the berries...she’s careful like that in life. And she’s guarded,” Clarke attempted to explain, “she doesn’t trust the world will provide for her. She thinks she has to work for it. She doesn’t trust that the world will love and care for her, so she does everything in her power to love and care for the people who are important to her,” she trailed off because it was hard to find her point. “She treats everyone in her life carefully and without confidence that they will treat her that way in return. So she’s guarded yes, and she masks her emotions for sure but...”

“That sounds hard...like it might be hard for you?” her mom interrupted and Clarke laughed, “Well I was about to say that she’s like that for nearly everyone but me. Lexa is mush, mom. Like the best, most wonderful mush in the world. She’s this tough girl, hard and gritty and yet she’s soft and warm on the inside. She opens herself up to me - all the vulnerability, the kindness, the love and it’s like I’m in this cocoon of Lexa. All amazing and loving. God, I can’t explain it. She makes me laugh. She makes me happy. She’s interesting and intriguing and clever, so fucking clever, and just...everything in me responds to everything in her. It’s like she would do anything for me, literally anything, and yet she’s not a push over, she’s not weak...she’s strong and moral and yeah... You asked why her? Well, there’s not one thing about her to make it not her.”

“And when did you first realize you were into her? As more than friends?”

“She doesn’t know this,” Clarke bit her lip shyly, “but when she came out...about two weeks into our friendship...I got this feeling in my stomach, like this flash of hope I guess.”

“Hope? But you didn’t recognize it as attraction?”

“No,” she looked at her hands before staring back at Lexa, “I mean I always knew she was beautiful. Her body is amazing and her eyes...who has green eyes?” she looked at her mom who gave a little shrug, “but it took a little while longer for me to realize it was attraction...I guess when she did her Leap Year gig. When she performs she’s so sexy. So confident and she literally commands the stage...It took me a while longer again to actually accept that the attraction could go somewhere, should go somewhere.”

“I think we all assume that we know ourselves the best and yet we’re still learning who we are, aren’t we?”

“Yeah,” Clarke nodded and then flushed.

“What’s the blush for?” her mom asked with an affectionate smile.

“This morning...” Clarke began and her mom shook her head,

“I don’t want to hear about the sex,” she said and then became flustered, “I mean I don’t want to hear about sex between you and anyone. Not because she’s a girl...”

“It’s ok mom, I know that,” she laughed. “She does this thing...not a sex thing...she doesn’t even mean to do it. But I say something loving and she says something loving back, except it’s always so much more than what I say. And this morning she called me the love of her life,” she sighed happily and stared at Lexa, at her smooth tanned skin and those strong arms carefully selecting beans from the vine.

“She looks at you like you’re everything to her,” her mom admitted.
“Ex boyfriends have said stuff like that to me before. But the difference is I actually believe her. And I want to be the love of her life because I’m pretty sure she’s the love of mine.”

“Have you told her that?”

“No,” she admitted. “I just... I’m not as brave as she is. She thinks she’s lucky to have me, I know she does. She’s so thankful we’re together. Really though I’m the lucky one. It makes me sad that she doesn’t realize how much I love her, how much she means to me. But with Lexa I think saying it is one thing, but like she does for me I have to really make her feel it. And yet I never quite know how. She’s effortless...everything she does is like a demonstration of her love and affection.”

“You came out to your parents for her,” her mom pointed out but she shook her head because that wasn’t true.

“I came out to you guys for me. Because I wanted you to know the real me, and so I could introduce you to my girlfriend. I mean it’s wrapped up in her, but I did it for me.”

“Clarke, I know you, and there are probably a million things that you do that let her know how much you care,” her mom reassured and Clarke smiled because it was nice that her mom was supporting her relationship, especially with how things had initially gone the previous day.

“One day I’ll ask her to marry me, instead of her asking me - then she’ll know,” she spoke without a filter and then blushed when her mother’s head snapped to look at her.

“You think about marrying her?” her mom’s voice was slightly strained.

“I’m sorry,” she looked at her hands. “I know you...well, would rather a guy...well I’m not sorry, not really, because...she called me the love of her life. And I want her...but yeah...I mean...”

“It’s ok Clarke,” her mom’s hand landed on hers which were clutched anxiously twisting together in her lap. “I can understand why you think of marrying someone who makes you happy, someone who loves and cares for you. That is the person to marry. Especially if you find them interesting and they make you laugh. And the sex should be good too.”

“The sex is great,” Clarke admitted with a smirk at her mother.

“Unfortunately, I was walking by your door this morning and I am aware,” her mom smirked back.

“Hmm, yeah...I’m sorry for that now. I wasn’t then,” she giggled slightly.

“I am happy for you Clarke...that you have this relationship.”

“Me too,” she nodded and stood. “I’m gonna go...” she gestured to Lexa and her mom laughed.

“I’ll go get some cold drinks, ok?”

“Thanks,” she skipped down the deck stairs and headed for the vegetable garden. She plucked an unripe raspberry from the bush and sneaking up behind Lexa, wrapped her arms around her and plopped the raspberry in her basket.

“Hmmm,” Lexa responded to the hug first and then her eyes narrowed in on the berry. “Clarke that’s not ripe,” she chastised.

“It isn’t?” she swiveled around Lexa’s body so she was hugging her front and grinned at her.

“Huh,” she huffed her annoyance before swallowing it back, “It’s fine, it’ll ripen,” she tilted her chin
up. Clarke couldn’t help but giggle and kiss the point of her chin.

“I can just throw it away,” she offered.

“But that would waste it,” Lexa huffed again.

“Yeah?” She plucked one of Lexa’s ripe berries from the basket and stuck it on her finger, “eat me
Lexa, eat me,” she spoke in a silly voice, waggling her finger in front of Lexa.

“I’m not eating, I’m picking Clarke. Your mother asked me to do this,” she gestured to the garden
and Clarke knew Lexa desperately wanted the approval of her mother.

“I want to be in your mouth Lexa,” she bobbed her finger up and down, speaking in her silly berry
voice. “Abby likes you. You can play with Clarke now!” Lexa gave her a disapproving look before
suddenly bobbing her head forward and wrapping her lips around her finger and dragging the
raspberry off with her tongue. Lexa chewed and swallowed and then smiled brightly at her. Clarke
felt her stomach clench even as she laughed, and entwined her arms around her girlfriend’s neck.

“I love you,” she whispered into a soft kiss. “You have enough berries and beans, come and lie in
the hammock with me.”

“Won’t your parents mind?”

“If we lie in a hammock together?” she clarified with a smile. “I’m suggesting cuddles and
conversation not sex.”

“I know...I just...” Lexa flushed adorably and Clarke took her hand and led her into the house.

“Lexa’s done the picking,” she said and Abby nodded to a tray with cold lemonade.

“Thank you so much Lexa. Saves me a job. Why don’t you girls take a drink and go relax?”

“Lexa’s worried that if we lie in the hammock together it’ll upset you,” she told her mom.

“Clarke!” Lexa looked mortified.

“But I figured you’d be ok with me snuggling up with the love of my life for a little nap?”

“I’d be fine with that. Your dad’s gone out for his birthday golf game so you two are free to nap,”
Abby gave her a knowing look.

“See?” she gave Lexa a shit eating grin, but the girl was staring at her wide eyed. She dragged her
back outside and to the hammock strung between two trees. Carefully they got in, Clarke holding
Lexa in her arms. “You ok?” she asked after several minutes of silence.

“You called me the love of your life?”

“You called me the love of your life this morning,” she pointed out.

“You said it to your mom, though,” Lexa turned to face her gingerly in the somewhat unstable
hammock.

“That’s what we were talking about as you carefully inspected each and every raspberry before
picking it,” she giggled, “about why I love you, and how much I love you and how amazing you
are.”
“Really?” Lexa bit her lip and Clarke felt a furl of desire flow through her,

“You keep doing that and it’ll be sex in the hammock and believe me, this thing isn’t stable enough
to not flip over mid fuck...”

“Clarke,” Lexa’s voice was gruff and emotional and it suddenly occurred to Clarke that while this
weekend had been traumatic for her, it had also been tough on her girlfriend who had been
swallowing back her own emotions to support her.

“Lexa,” she kissed the tip of her nose, then each cheek, her forehead, her eyelids and her chin, before
pressing a soft kiss to her lips. “Thank you. For everything. For being here for me through this, for
taking a chance on me even when it was a huge risk to your own sanity...I just...I can’t imagine not
having you as my girlfriend, not being able to kiss you and fuck...I’ve gone sappy and ridiculously
sentimental...but I mean it...you are the love of my life...”

“Hmm,” Lexa didn’t answer but pressed her face against her neck, and held her tight.
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Lexa promised Clarke a pride palooza for pride weekend and the "gayest sex ever." Lexa tells Clarke she didn’t manage to organize anything and her girlfriend is miffed and decidedly pouty… AKA the scene nobody asked for:

Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who comments - they keep me editing - well really formatting which is a whole lot less fun than editing:-)

Only a few more chapters then it's all done and I'll work on my new fic:)

Chapter Twenty

“You don’t want to go meet up with your mom and dad at the concert?” Lexa asked.

“Nope,” Clarke shook her head wondering why she’d even ask - they had plans - very naked and special plans. Lexa had promised the gayest sex ever and after watching her girlfriend display her talent and sexiness for the last few hours she was more than ready for it.

“I mean I know it’s not the parade but you’d get to see your dad in the t-shirt? Lexa waggled her eyebrows and smiled.

“With that silly frown all over his face,” she rolled her eyes. “And I have photos. Lots. I don’t want a concert, or even post parade euphoria.”

“What do you want?” Lexa leaned in a little closer, and Clarke felt her breath hitch and a throb of desire roll through her.

“You promised me the gayest sex ever and surprises. I want the gayest sex ever,” she didn’t mean to pout but God did she want her gay sex. Lots of it. “And surprises,” she dropped her voice to a sultry husk.

“Uh, fuck, Clarke. I’ve been in the studio every day,” Lexa rushed out, her face flushing and filling with a look of dismay. Clarke felt her face fall, and was surprised by the sudden sting of tears. It was fine, of course it was, but she’d been really, really looking forward to it. She’d prepped and preened and put on extra sexy underwear. And it was her first pride out. And Lexa had promised. And with Lexa in the studio it had been hard to spend time with her girl.

“So, no rainbow sheets?” she felt her pout grow as Lexa winced and shook her head.

“Did you at least get Lincoln’s rainbow scarf?” She didn’t pull her lip back in, even when Lexa kissed it, a soft, tender, apologetic kiss.
“I’m sorry,” Lexa bumped her nose against hers in that sweet way she did that normally turned Clarke to putty, but fuck, she’d really, really been looking forward to the night and Lexa had promised it would be special. She hated herself for it, but she’d kind of expected more from her girlfriend and she felt let down. She tried to pull herself together and be rational - Lexa had been working extremely hard and coming to see her every night.

“It’s fine. I mean, there’s next year. Or a different city. It’s ok, you know,” she muttered begrudgingly.

“Shit Clarke, I’m really sorry,” Lexa looked utterly contrite as she took her hand. “I mean, didn’t you say any sex between us is gay because we’re both girls?”

“I don’t know,” such a cop out, she thought. She wanted celebration and rainbows and a goddamned fuss. “I really just thought… I guess I was really looking forward to tonight. And you know, the idea that you’d make it special and maybe it was just really unfair because you know… I know you’ve been working so hard and I don’t know when you would have sorted out anything, but fuck…”

“It can still be special,” Lexa reassured, but Clarke just felt flat and kind of depressed. “We’ll get take out and make cocktails and I’ll go down on you twice.”

“Yeah, ok,” well that was something. She enjoyed that a lot. Though Lexa always went down on her twice. And it wasn’t rainbow sheets, a pride party for two or new positions. “Sure.”

“You can be disappointed Clarke,” Lexa told her and it served to do two things - bring out her disappointment and endear Lexa to her, despite said disappointment.

“It’s just it was my first pride…you know when I’m proud and out and owning who I am,” she attempted.

“I promise it’ll still be special,” Lexa peppered her face with kisses and Clarke decided to go for what she wanted.

“Will you still do the uh…different positions?” She looked up at her from under fluttering lashes and Lexa grinned, apparently optimistic that she’d been forgiven.

“Like you could stop me,” Lexa kissed her nose and then her lips and the kiss quickly became heated - at least Lexa was horny and not just tired. “Let’s go home.”

“Yeah,” she nodded, sliding her hand into Lexa’s, still feeling the sting of disappointment.

**XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO**

“It was really nice of Raven to lend us her jeep for these two weeks,” Lexa said brightly.

“Hmmm,” Clarke couldn’t help it but she was feeling irritated, a feeling that had bubbled up to reside along side her disappointment at Lexa’s broken promise. After all, they hadn’t even been together for a year and Lexa was breaking a promise about something that was really important to her. If she’d known Lexa wasn’t planning a special pride celebration as promised she may have chosen to miss watching the band in the studio and gone with her parents to the parade. Deep down she knew she wouldn’t have, but it would have been nice to have had the choice. And Lexa had to know how important it was to her - she’d been going on about it for the last week.

“You ok?” Lexa shot her a look.

“Yeah fine… just gonna text Raven and O,” she sounded pissed off even to her own ears. Lexa just
nodded guiltily and fixed her eyes on the road ahead.

Clarke - I’m pissed off.

Octavia - What’s happened?

Raven - With the Commander? Really? Wow, I thought that would literally never happen.

Clarke - Shut up

Raven - What did she do? Give you only three orgasms instead of four?

Octavia - Rae, try being serious for once

Raven - I am! If she’s gonna get Clarke used to a certain level of care, she needs to maintain it, that’s all I’m saying

Clarke - Don’t you remember what tonight is?

Raven - I haven’t forgotten…remember your little rainbow wrapped gift

Clarke - No point opening it:(

Octavia - Why so sad?

Raven - Why not? I’m confused. I thought you had a whole "gayest sex ever" thing planned? A whole pride palooza?

Octavia – I’d think a rainbow wrapped gift…especially from Raven, would fit right in?

Clarke - Lexa didn’t do it

Raven - Specify what you mean by “it”?

Clarke - There’s no special pride day fiesta. There’s no palooza

Raven - come again?

Clarke - Lexa didn’t organize anything. She was too busy and I don’t know…forgot or something.

Octavia - Lexa forgot? Really?

Raven - WTF?

Clarke - I don’t know whether she forgot, or ran out of time or what - but yeah we’re getting take out instead

Raven – You’re pissed?

Clarke - Fuck, I know I should understand because she’s been working so hard but yeah. Where’s the effort? It’s like every other relationship I’ve ever had

Octavia - She has been coming to see you every night
Clarke - She promised me the gayest sex ever, O!

Raven - So have sex - problem solved. And don’t forget my gift. It may help!

Clarke - But you got me a gift because *you* knew how much tonight meant to me. How come you know and she doesn’t?

Octavia - Did you remind her?

Clarke - Duh. We’ve spoken about it loads. She knew.

Raven - Clearly she didn’t know.

Octavia - You can still have a nice night. Go have sex like Raven said - it’ll be totally gay

Clarke - I don’t know. I don’t feel like it anymore. I should just get her to drop me home.

Raven - Your parents are out at pride, I think given it’s your first pride as an out bisexual you really ought to celebrate

Clarke - I thought so too, though apparently my girlfriend didn’t think it was a big deal

Octavia - She’s done pride before - maybe she just didn’t realize quite how important it was to you?

Clarke - She has, *I* haven’t and she knows that

Raven - Don’t be too harsh Clarke…maybe just tell her how you feel. She loves you, you know?

Clarke - Yeah I know. Didn’t take long for the magic to fade though

Octavia - don’t be ridiculous

Raven - And don’t talk bullshit. She messed up. Let her redeem herself, ok?

Clarke - Ugh whatever. She knows I’m upset, so maybe if she’s all contrite and sweet I’ll feel better

Raven - I’m sure she’ll make it up to you

Octavia - She will. The girl wrote an entire album of songs for you - she’s hardly complacent about her love for you

Clarke - Well she wasn’t

Raven - Take a deep breath Clarke, ok?

Clarke - Sure. See you guys tomorrow.

“You ok?”

“Mmm,” Clarke put her phone away and looked at Lexa as she parked the car. It was so unfair that she always looked so damn good. She felt her libido click into hyper drive, and her eyes zeroed in on the plump bottom lip that Lexa was currently biting worriedly. Fuck. Her girlfriend was ridiculously hot and she had promised take out, going down on her twice and sex in new positions. Staying mad was one course of action and sex with her beautiful girlfriend the other. She sighed as her anger
evaporated. The disappointment was still there but the thought of Lexa’s face between her legs, Lexa’s apologetic and enthusiastic face, well that was a wonderful image. “I’m ok,” she reiterated and put her hand on Lexa’s strong thigh. Watching Lexa all day had been some sort of aphrodisiac she would have sworn because she was quite ready to ravage and be ravaged.

“I really am sorry,” Lexa’s breath hitched at the end of her apology when Clarke deliberately rubbed between her legs.

“You can make it up to me, ok?” She told her and Lexa nodded, legs widening slightly as she rubbed again.

“Fuck…lets go in and I’ll make it up to you right now.”

“Deal,” Clarke leaned across and kissed her hard on the mouth, both hating and loving the fact that she couldn’t stay away from the girl even when she was hurt and cross. She tried to muster up the anger of before but there was nothing, just a desire to be close with Lexa. They got out of the car, Lexa grabbing her two guitars and Clarke shoving her hand into the back pocket of Lexa’s jeans and pinching her butt slightly.

“I am sorry Clarke,” large green eyes fixed on hers, and she wilted like a flower in the desert.

“It’s ok. Though I’m holding you to twice,” she pouted.

“Twice it is,” Lexa agreed with a smirk as they waited for the elevator. They stood in silence, but Clarke pressed herself close to her girlfriend, one hand under her tank.

“I love you,” she whispered and Lexa looked at her surprised, brow furrowed.

“I love you too,” Lexa seemed uncertain, unsure of how to deal with Clarke’s easy going acceptance of her failure to provide the promised pride day celebration.

“Oh I’m extremely disappointed,” she felt her bottom lip protrude slightly as she thought about the missed opportunity, the crumbling of her lofty expectations. It stung, would sting for a long while.

“I am sorry,” Lexa pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“I know,” she leaned into the kiss, hand squeezing Lexa’s butt again from where it was in her back pocket. They travelled the rest of the elevator ride in that position until the doors opened on Lexa’s floor, and they headed down the hall.

Clarke watched Lexa fumble for her keys, putting her guitars down to do so. Then she smirked, looking like the cockiest shit to ever walk the planet and Clarke couldn’t decide if she was irritated or turned on. Lexa had every reason to be cocky - Clarke was planning to fuck her senseless, but she ought to be a bit more contrite after failing to follow through on plans that were really important to her girlfriend.

“What’s that smile for? All cocky and shit?” she asked, keeping her voice neutral.

“You’re just cute. And I’m just hoping that tonight is everything you wanted.”

“What do you mean?” she furrowed her brow wondering what Lexa was talking about when a sound she’d never heard escaped her girlfriend. A literal laugh of delight, a giggle that was girlish and pretty, magical and wonderful. Lexa pushed open the door and Clarke knew her jaw must have dropped because Lexa’s apartment looked like a dragon and a unicorn had made thousands of rainbow fire babies in it. There were rainbow streamers and paraphernalia everywhere and candles
were all over the place - all lit and flickering softly bathing the room in a warm glow.

“Holy fucking crap, Lexa - you lied!” she hit her arm.

“Of course I lied. Part of pride is the hiding the truth and then the utter joy of sharing it,” Lexa grinned impishly, as Clarke stared around in amazement at the effort that must have gone into setting the place up.

“This is the most epic fire hazard I’ve ever seen. How did you even?” she walked to the table where there was a rainbow cake with Happy Pride Clarke scrawled across it. There was even a vase with a rainbow assortment of flowers - everything from tulips to irises. There was a large rainbow box by the couch and music playing. Clarke listened hard, “Fuck is that Liza Minnelli playing?”

“You asked for the gayest sex I could manage,” Lexa shrugged, unable to stop smiling. Clarke realized that her cheeks were hurting from the smile on her own face.

“Oh my god,” she laughed loudly as she took a closer look at the rainbow confetti thrown everywhere and realized it was poor depictions of vaginas and boobs. It would be a nightmare to clean up which made Lexa’s careless distribution of it even sweeter.

“Ok, so you’re dressed all wrong,” Lexa tsked, and began shucking off her own black top, and pushing Clarke’s thin jacket off her shoulders. Clarke was extremely on board with getting naked, but Lexa was pulling flannel shirts out of the box by the couch. “Put this on,” she held out a flannel shirt and Clarke couldn’t help but grin in delight as she pushed her arms into the sleeves. Then Lexa was pulling on her own shirt which looked fucking good, before she was reaching back into her box of tricks and pulling out a rainbow assortment of pride beads for each of them. Clarke felt happy, so happy it was spilling out of her, as she giggled, very much looking forward to everything that was sure to follow. She absolutely had the best girlfriend ever and vowed to never doubt her again.
**It's all mellow**

Chapter Summary

So we jump forward nine months or so, to Clarke's decision to ask Lexa to live together. Clarke meets up with a friend to talk about it.

Chapter Notes

I hope you all enjoy this. I hope there aren't too many scenes - we're nearly at all new scenes like the proposal. You guys are amazing with the comments and I really appreciate it! Thanks :-x

See the end of the chapter for more notes

_Nine months or so later_

“Clarke!” Bellamy smiled widely and pulled her into a hug as she joined him at the table of a cute little restaurant not far from her place. “Taking time off from Lexaing to see me - I’m touched!” he held a hand to his heart dramatically.

She swatted him lightly, feeling her cheeks flush, “Oh shut up, I’m not that bad!”

“I didn’t say it was bad,” Bellamy gave her another one armed hug before they both sat down at the small table, “but you and I haven’t hung out alone since...well fuck...since the last time we fucked.”

“Bell,” she whacked him on the arm surprised at her own squeamish reaction. In honesty the notion of sex with anyone who wasn’t Lexa felt like an odd concept. It was hard to believe that just over a year earlier she’d never had sex with a girl and now she couldn’t imagine ever not having sex with her girl.

“Sorry, sorry...it’s just been a long time,” Bellamy could clearly see her reaction and found it amusing rather than offensive.

“And we still see each other all the time...” she rolled her eyes and took a seat at the table with him.

“As a group,” he pointed out. “Which is all good, don’t get me wrong...but you know...this is nice - just you and me. I’m glad you asked me for lunch.”

“I was uh...hoping to get your advice on something...” she began tentatively.

“Lexa?” his smirk was irritating even though he was right.

“Why do you think it’s about Lexa? I could be asking about anything! My mom, my dad, your sister and Lincoln...anything! You can’t just assume it’s about my girlfriend,” she pursed her lips and gave him a hard look, but he just laughed.
“Because you’re so ridiculously in love with her you always want to talk about her. I’m surprised you don’t prescribe your patients Lexa instead of medicine.”

“Well, actually...” she bit her lip sheepishly.

“You actually prescribed a patient Lexa?” Bellamy’s grin was blinding. “Oh my god Clarke!”

“I didn’t prescribe her exactly, just her music. You know, the teenager who I suggested it to...well yeah...he said it helped,” she offered defensively.

“I’m sure.”

“I’m not boring am I Bell? I get that you’re joking but I mean there are some people who can’t talk about anything other than their partner...”

“You mean some people like Lexa?” he teased.

“Shut up,” she hit him. “I’m being serious. I know we’re...you know, into each other. But are we boring?” she wrinkled her nose and he gave a small smile before answering her concern.

“Clarke...you’re this super smart medical student who also draws badass post-apocalyptic comics. You go to comic con, you go to gigs, hang out with your friends, and you’re funny and sassy. Your girlfriend is this amazing musician, who slays people with her music, and rides a motorbike, and can’t camp for crap. No neither of you are boring. You don’t only talk about each other even if we tease you that you do. You’re both intelligent, funny, interesting people. Your relationship is everyone else’s life goal. You’re like fucking Starksy and Hutch, Rose and Jack, Allie and Noah, Baby and Johnny, Lois Lane and Clark Kent, Mary Jane and Peter Parker, those two chicks from that cheerleader movie, fuck...where are all the epically happy lesbian couples?” he frowned and she gave him a shrug which said, ‘fucking shit isn’t it.’ “Ellen and Portia,” he yelled triumphantly, and she smiled because even though it wasn’t one portrayed in film or TV, it was in the media and they were happy, “but you’re all of those epic relationships on speed Clarke, because you’re so fucking sweet and sexy together that being around you is like wanting to hurl from eating too much cotton candy,” he nodded reassuringly and she found a giggle escape.

“I don’t know what to make of that,” she admitted.

“You’re not boring at all. Not when you’re together or apart. You’re fun and interesting and interested in others. You’re amazing together - people compare their happiness to yours because you’re where we all want to be. You’re just always together when you can be so I figure that when you’re not, I may be hearing about her...and it’s always fun to tease you...”

“Well yeah...ok,” Clarke conceded because she did want to talk about Lexa. She didn’t get to continue as the waitress appeared, chatting with them both and taking their orders, asking about their days and offering to take their picture because they looked so ‘cute together.’

“You didn’t point out that we’re not a couple?” Bellamy teased her when the waitress disappeared to put their order in.

“Meh, why burst her bubble...I mean I’ll tell her if you want her to know you’re available...” she shrugged a little dismissively.

Bellamy frowned, “Nah, she’s not my type…I just, guess...well normally you correct people on stuff like that...”

“Oh, I’m just tired of corrections now. People drive me nuts. I talk about my girlfriend and they...
assume I mean my buddy. We ask for our picture and it’s assumed we’re best friends…not always but a lot. I’ve given up being pedantic.”

“But you’re always pedantic,” Bellamy scoffed, “with your constant actuallys.”

“It’s a heteronormative society…”

“Lexa phrase,” Bellamy coughed, making his childish response into a loser sneeze.

Clarke ignored him with a roll of her eyes, “and correcting everyone all the time is exhausting and they don’t need to know.”

“They’re the ones that do need to know!” Bellamy pointed out. “The ones that make those assumptions need educating.”

“Agreed,” Clarke admitted, “I guess I just don’t want to be in charge of their education. Not all the time. And why would that waitress assume anything other than this man and woman who hug and chat and meet for lunch are dating…”

“Fair. I bet Lexa never tires of educating,” Bellamy said and Clarke grinned at him.

“Actually, Anya is the one who’s big on calling out heteronormative society stuff. But she’s right. I’m here with a girl and everyone assumes she’s my friend, and if I’m here with a guy, he’s gotta be my date.”

“To be fair, neither of you look like lesbians…”

“Bellamy!” Clarke punched him in the arm - hard.

“What? You don’t!”

“That’s cos there’s no one way for a lesbian to look for fucks sake. We look like girls. You can’t make dumb assumptions based on appearance.”

“I’m sorry but with some lesbians I can just tell…”

“And maybe you’re right, sure, there are tells, but straight people don’t all have to look like you to look straight. So, stop with the stereotypes. I’ll tell you what definitely does make us look like lesbians? Or like we’re together - the fact that we’re holding hands, that we kiss. Lean in to each other when we talk. People choose not to see that though!” she huffed.

“Or they’re just awkward and don’t know what to say and don’t want to get it wrong,” he offered.

“Uh well they don’t have to say anything and do they get their interactions with straight couples wrong? I guess I just don’t think it’s that hard to work it out.”

“But you were just telling me not to make assumptions!” he teased and she flushed a little.

“Yeah - based on appearances. If the woman is sucking face with another woman or holding her hand you can make the assumption that they’re together or into each other. But only that she’s into that particular girl. I mean she might be bi, a lesbian, pan, trans…”

“I got it Clarke, it’s ok,” he reassured with a squeeze to her hand.

“I just would love it for Lexa to be acknowledged as my girlfriend every now and then when we’re all over each other. It’s only annoying because we’re sat here entirely platonically, but because we’re
a man and a woman everyone assumes we must be on a date.”

“Well I’m not your date. I’m Raven’s and you’re Lexa’s.”

“I know,” she sighed a little. “It didn’t bother me at first. I suppose it’s better than when someone feels the need to “say something,” you know negative stuff,” she shrugged.

“Some people suck Clarke. I’m not saying the waitress, but the negative people - they do. Don’t let them mar your happiness.”

“I don’t,” she answered honestly. “If I show anyone a picture of my girlfriend they can only ever be jealous. She’s beautiful, sexy, talented and all around amazing.”

“She is,” Bellamy nodded as he stretched out his legs and grabbed his water. “So, one year of doing a girl...level with me here Clarke. Do you miss...you know...” he tried to gesture his meaning.

“Penis?” she filled in with a loud laugh. Bellamy blushed but gave a concessionary shrug. “Sorry Bell...your lil guy and I may have had some fun once upon a time, but I don’t miss penis in the slightest. Raven gave us a rainbow phallus if we feel the need and you know...there’s always strap ons...” she winked as she watched his face get redder as he leaned across the table.

“Is this a rerun of Ask a bisexual night, you know, now you’re more...informed?” he teased.

“Oh, come on Bell - I know Raven’s told you everything I’ve ever told her and you don’t need to ask anything - you can’t embarrass me!”

“And you can’t embarrass me Griffin, with your causal talk of strap-ons. I’m dating Raven don’t forget!”

“Ha, yeah...” she grinned widely. “I forget sometimes... though you definitely blushed when I mentioned strap-ons -FYI.”

“Well ok,” he conceded.

“So how is it...living with a girl?” she changed the subject toward the direction she wanted it.

“Living with Raven is an experience. There’s fucking engine parts and grease everywhere,” he admitted, “and screws...these tiny fucking screws are always on the floor and if you step on one with bare feet it hurts like fuck. The coffee table is basically her workshop table, and she has at least three kitchen cabinets for parts...”

“And?” she smiled.

“And I love it. I had to make the rule that there was no engine or mechanical...stuff in our room. She banned history books as well. Which is good. Means we can focus on each other in there. And now I know better when to leave her alone and not interrupt her which is good. Our bedroom is a safe bet as she’s not concentrating on her stuff!”

“Yeah, don’t try and get kinky if she’s in 'the zone'...”

“Uh, yeah, no, I know that...now...”

“We’ve all learned that the hard way,” Clarke clarified with a chuckle.

“She’s amazing though. Doesn’t take any of my bullshit.”
“Raven doesn’t take anyone’s bullshit.”

“No, she doesn’t,” his smile at that pleased her. It was good that they were happy together.

“Do you argue more now that you live together?” she asked and Bellamy laughed,

“Uh yeah...we’ve always argued but now we definitely argue more. About the most stupid stuff too. Laundry. Washing up. Fucking vacuuming, and of course those damn tiny screws. Apparently if I leave the toilet seat up and she needs to pee in the night she sits down without checking and that’s...uh...not pleasant. She thinks you shouldn’t flush after you pee to save water. I think it makes the bathroom smell if you don’t. The grease from her clothes gets on mine and so I go into college to teach looking like a grease stained scruff bag. I’ll do her laundry, but she won’t do mine. Who cooks...you name it and we’ve fought about it,” his smile and dreamy expression said that he didn’t mind all that much.

“But you’re glad you, did it?”

“Her building was being torn down, and yeah...it was kind of thrust upon us in that way, but no, I don’t regret it at all. When I find those damn screws on the floor or in the couch it’s because she’s there with me. And the grease...it’s not so bad...just a reminder that my girlfriend is brilliant and amazing. I just tell my students that she’s a mechanic and I seem instantly more interesting in their eyes because she’s interesting, and smart and wonderful. I love living with her. I love waking up with her and going to sleep with her.”

“I want to ask Lexa if we can move in together,” she burst out. It was a badly timed confession, because the waitress appeared at that moment with their food, and she was a chatty one. Clarke felt tense as she awaited Bellamy’s opinion on her decision. Finally, the waitress left. “So? What do you think?”

“I think it makes a lot of sense. When was the last time you actually slept at your place?”

“Uh...” she frowned. “I don’t know.”

“Ok, when was the last time you slept without Lexa?”

“Months...fuck...I don’t know...she was at mine for Christmas...shit I don’t know...”

“Face it, you’re practically living together already. Do you guys fight?”

“Of course,” she flushed a little because they didn’t, not really. Bickered occasionally, but even then not much.

“Not so much?” Bellamy gave her a knowing grin.

“I mean we debate stuff and disagree and all that, but fighting? Not loads. I mean, yeah we argue about some stuff. I get grumpy and snappy sometimes and Lexa hates that. Gets all insecure and worried about it, and she doesn’t always tell me. I’m messy, as you know, and she walks around the place picking up my mess and making this silly ‘tsk’ noise,” she grinned a little as she demonstrated the noise.

“Haha, yeah I can imagine...”

“But she always looks so cute that I just...you know...mellow her out...”

“How’s that then, Clarke?” he teased and she tossed a fry at him.
“I don’t know about other stuff... I mean I wash and dry laundry and she puts it away. She cooks so I clean up. I mean I leave the pans some nights and she gets a little grumpy about that. But I don’t know...it’s more emotional stuff we argue about...you know...but then we talk. And they’re never really arguments...there’s no plate throwing or swearing...Lexa just...I don’t know...even when she’s mad she’s all in love...”

“I know what you mean. Like cross, but trying not to get mad. Like when we play Pictionary and she wants you to hurry the fuck up and draw, and you’re in artist mode... And she does that jaw in the air, eye rolling thing...and gets all sassy, but then is a total sap and compliments you on your picture...”


“So why are you even asking me when you’re practically living together and clearly compatible?”

“I don’t know...it’s just a big step, right?”

“Yeah, of course...but you’re practically doing it already...”

“Except my stuff is all in my place, not in hers...”

“But you’re not are you? You’re at hers the whole time. Where are your medical books?”

“Lexa’s.”

“Drawing stuff?”

“Lexa’s.”

“Clothes?”

“Split between the two. I have a bunch of stuff at her place though.”

“I think you two would be fine,” he shrugged.

“Does it kill the magic? You know...when you see the other person...warts and all?”

“Raven doesn’t have any warts and is lovely enough to love me in spite of mine...okay...can we not call them warts?” He scowled.

“Flaws? Personality quirks? Morning breath, that kind of thing?”

“Character quirks...yeah... Okay so she has some of those, that’s true...”

“We all do I guess. I mean there’s a reason I live alone - roommates drive me nuts!”

“Lexa wouldn’t be a roommate though.”

“No,” she smiled, “she’d be so much more than a roommate.”

“Exactly. And yeah, the initial magic goes...but there’s a new magic, a new intimacy and trust. You become close in a different way because the person sharing your bed becomes your family.”

“I want that,” she agreed, surprised at the swell of emotion that came with the admittance. “I want her forever, Bell.”
“So why don’t you just ask her to marry you?” he asked softly.

“Oh, I will…but you know…living together is the next step, right?”

“I think the next step is up to you guys. Plenty of people get married without living together,” he shrugged a little. Clarke considered it but it didn’t feel right, not with how busy she was. Lexa needed to see if she could deal with a doctor girlfriend and she needed to see how the absences were when Lexa was away. She hated Lexa being gone and Trikru had only done short trips, some of which she’d gone on as well, but there was talk of a world tour. A world tour scared her because she was absolutely reliant on having Lexa time. And yes there was FaceTime and messages, and all of that, but whenever they were apart it felt like she was suffocating and Lexa was air.

“I want to do one thing at a time…I don’t want to skip ahead…we’re heading to Australia at Christmas and I just…I feel like you know…I shouldn’t rush it.”

“You guys are going to Aus?” Bellamy was surprised.

“Oh, yeah…the band literally just booked a tour there for December. I have two weeks off that I’m going to head there for. We get to spend actual Christmas together,” she smiled weakly.

“But you’re worried about the two weeks before?” he chuckled.

“Bell when did I become so reliant on another person?” she pouted.

“When you fell in love,” he offered.

Clarke shrugged, “I don’t know. I thought I loved Finn but it wasn’t like this. I literally want to share everything with her. The stupid boring crap and the interesting stuff. My food comes out at some restaurant and I think I should show her how yummy it looks. I sent her the photo the waitress took, you know? I feel like…god…I feel pathetic, Bell.”

“There’s nothing pathetic about wanting to share things with your girlfriend,” Bellamy shrugged, “I sent Raven the picture too.”

“It’s more than that…sometimes I feel unhealthy because of course I go out without her, and have fun without her, I just prefer it when she’s there. I can be independent and so can she, but I’d rather not be.”

“I actually think that’s a good thing. And you’re too hard on yourself. You and Lexa have plenty of independent things you do. You’re at the hospital an awful lot, and she has to rehearse, and will be going off to do gigs - are you really so surprised that you want to spend time together when you can? I mean you’re in love with her and she’s your best friend.”

“Yeah ok…” she gave a sheepish smile because maybe they weren’t as pathetic as she feared. “And that’s why living together makes more sense…easier to have proximity. And I like proximity with her.”

“No kidding,” he rolled his eyes playfully and then took a sip of his beer that had arrived with the food. “So, ask her.”

“I thought I might ask her on our one year anniversary?” she couldn’t help but have it sound like a question.

“Good plan?”
“I just...do you think she’ll say yes?”

“You’re kidding right?” he gawped at her and then began to laugh.

“No, I just...you know she has her apartment as she likes it and maybe she doesn’t want to share.”

“I think she’d want to share with you,” Bellamy laughed a little more. “You’re like the walking embodiment of her dream come true - you know, literally everything she’s ever wanted. I think you’re good, Princess.”

“Really?” she knew Bellamy would be honest. It was kind of like asking Raven if you looked good in what you were wearing - she’d be brutal. The thing was, Octavia and Raven wouldn’t think before answering this kind of question whereas she could see Bellamy considering all aspects of the situation in the silence that stretched between them. History was a lot of examining evidence from every side and angle so he was good at it.

“She’s in love with you,” he summarized and she nodded, “and you love her. You’re both good for each other - caring, make each other laugh, debate crap, have your weird nerdy interests like superheroes and crosswords. I mean you’re a bit of a slob and she’s super neat, but she never seems terribly bothered by that and I’ve seen you remembering to use actual fucking coasters...so it seems like you’re willing to work on it. You want this relationship to progress right? I mean it’s your first relationship with a woman...are you happy never...you know, playing the field?”

“I don’t want to play the field,” she responded at once, slightly insulted.

“Don’t get stroppy, it’s a valid question. You’re a sexual person Clarke - no point trying to deny that with me. Maybe you think...”

“Bell, trust me, there is no need for me to play the field. Lexa is amazing in bed and anywhere else we fuck, and she’s open to...you know...being experimental and all that...”

“She know your kink?”

“I don’t have a kink,” she gave him a frown and stole one of his fries as hers were all gone.

“Uh, yeah you do.”

“What is it?”

“Tying your partner up,” he smirked and she laughed,

“Oh fuck, yeah, she knows all about that. And I even let her tie me up!”

“No way,” Bellamy began to laugh, “marry her...you clearly love her and trust her!”

“I do,” she nodded and her mind rumbled through memories of Lexa between her legs, her hands tied to her rather obliging headboard.

“Head out of the gutter,” Bellamy punched her arm softly.

“Sorry, sorry,” she bit her lip. “But yeah...I don’t need to play the field. Lexa is all good...great, amazing...fuck...” she clicked on her phone so the picture of her girlfriend appeared. “Hmmm.”

“Ok, you are a little pathetic,” Bellamy decided.

“Yeah, I think so.”
“Text her. I’m going to the restroom,” he stood with a laugh as she unlocked her phone.

Clarke - What time are you guys going to be done?

Lexa - Ugh it’s taking ages and the others want to do run through because Indra thinks they fucked up the wires. I have my clothes here but I won’t get a chance to see you before the show:(

Clarke - I could come down and bring you all dinner from that Greek deli you love, the one near my place? We could take it to the park across from you for a twenty-minute time out?

Lexa - Oh my god I love you! We were just going to order pizza...so you don’t have too..

Clarke - I want to see you! Even if you only love me for my food!

Lexa - I love everything about you! Including your generous heart that brings me and my friends Greek food. They all say you’re the best girlfriend ever FYI.

Clarke - Well don’t you forget it!

Lexa - I never would! You know that. God I miss you like crazy. That’s the main reason I want Greek food - because I want the delivery girl.

Clarke - well that can be arranged ;-)

Lexa - hmmm please. I feel so stressed

Clarke - This gig was supposed to be small:(

Lexa - I know. Sometimes things just fuck up and become difficult for no good reason. At least I have my lucky guitar so it won’t be all bad:)

Clarke - Yeah!

Lexa - And you’re coming? Then I’ll have my lucky you too.

Clarke - Of course I’m coming baby. All of us are!

Lexa - It’s you I care about.

Lexa - I do appreciate the others, but you know it’s you that I sing too!

Clarke - Sappy lil shit aren’t you?

Lexa - Fine - I’ll sing to one of my other adoring fans tonight...

Clarke - You calling me an adoring fan?

Lexa - well no...I wasn’t, but you are, right? ;-)

Clarke - I’m your number one fan and don’t you forget that either!

Lexa - It’s hard to forget it when you moan it into my pussy after every gig!

Clarke - Fuck! Lexa! You never say the P word!
Lexa - Yeah but it wouldn’t have been such an cool comeback if I’d said anything else :-x

Clarke - Yeah because you’re always *so* cool when I’m moaning it into your pussy.

Lexa - Clarke!

Clarke - You pussy me then I’m gonna pussy you!

Lexa - Who’s going first? Now I’m lost :-p

Clarke - hahaha

Clarke - And it’s always you first after you perform

Clarke - I find you insanely sexy on stage

Lexa - Why do you think I do all these dumb local gigs?

Clarke - You can pretend it’s all for the sex but I know you love doing them

Lexa - Maybe I do...but I love them more since you began rewarding me so enthusiastically post performance...It’s a Pavlovian response tbh - I perform and then my body expects the best sex in the world

Clarke - No pressure, huh!?

Lexa - Clarke you always exceed any expectation I may have for you and you don’t even try. You make me so happy. And you know my body can expects what it damn well likes, but you know I never expect anything - you don’t have to reward me with sex!

Clarke - It’s alright I was kidding - I can tell you have fun when we’re doing it so I’m not worried about *my* performance. And I adore your Pavlovian response. And you will indeed be getting lucky tonight. Guaranteed;)

Lexa - Hmmm.. I wish I could get lucky before I perform:( I could totally get behind tzatziki boobs...

Clarke - You want to get sexy with Greek food! Fucking hell Lexa!

Lexa - I could easily believe you’re Aphrodite! You’re my goddess

Clarke - You’re my cheeseball

Clarke - And I’m pretty sure Aphrodite didn’t have tzatziki on her tits

Lexa - Honestly Clarke, it’s not an exaggeration. When you’re naked and laid out before me, I swear to god, not that I believe in god, but I swear you’re the most beautiful thing in the world. You honestly look like a goddess!

Clarke - Well if you want to think that I’m not gonna argue

Lexa - You shouldn’t! I’ve never been more attracted to someone in my life. Still. After over a year of loving you. After nearly a year of having you.

Clarke - You’re making me feel all funny inside Lexa
Lexa - I wish I was making you feel funny inside

Clarke - Dirty girl - I was being emotional!

Lexa - I know :-x

Lexa - Howls Bellamy?

Clarke - He’s good. We haven’t hung out just he and I for over a year!

Lexa - Wow.

Lexa - Too much me?

Clarke - Never enough you!

Clarke - Times change right? He has Rae, I have you. O has Lincoln. You guys have won fucking Grammies. Life changes.

Lexa - So long as I have you, life can change all it wants! You’re not unhappy with things?

Clarke - Do I seem unhappy?

Lexa - No. But I should ask. You haven’t spent alone time with a friend for over a year because of me!

Clarke - We’re hanging out tonight at your gig and we were all at Copper Tank on Wednesday night, and he and O met me at the hospital for coffee on Monday. I do fine with seeing my friends.

Lexa - Ok.

Clarke - You’re happy? I should ask too!

Lexa - Happier than I have ever, ever been.

Clarke - Me too.

Lexa - Except when you leave your dirty clothes on the bathroom floor;)

Clarke - Don’t go there Lex!

Lexa - I was teasing

Clarke - It’s fine. You want me to stop dropping my clothes for you I will...

Lexa - Please, don’t stop

Clarke - Tell you what, I’ll drop all my clothes on the bathroom floor tonight and then sit on the cabinet and spread my legs for you.

Lexa - Deal

Clarke - Unless you’d rather I put my clothes in the wash basket first?
Lexa - Fuck the wash basket. Deal. Fuck - yes take your clothes off anywhere and everywhere. I don’t care. But please do.

Lexa - Well when it’s just you and I of course:)

Clarke - You’re cute!

Clarke – Bell’s back. I love you. Greek food for what time?

Lexa - 5.30?

Clarke - Ok baby

Lexa - I love you and thank you

Clarke hugged her phone to her chest for a moment and Bellamy laughed, “You both do that!” he told her.

“So I’m going to ask her. Easy decision. She’s the love of my life.”

“And you’re hers.”

“Yeah, I think so.”

Chapter End Notes

So there are a few parallels in this chapter to previous chapters. The thing is, Clarke’s has come a long way and she’s not the same girl she was a year or so earlier. I hope it’s not annoying:)
Clarke and Lexa are celebrating their one year anniversary with a picnic in the park. Clarke asks Lexa to move in. What was a wonderful, romantic picnic turns sour when Lexa gapes, apparently horrified instead of answering yes.

“I want to live with you Lexa. So I’m asking if you want to move in together?” she said at last, both nervous and excited. She stared at Lexa, who was still without a doubt the most beautiful girl she had ever seen, sat on the picnic blanket, in the sunny park. She’d expected surprise maybe, but really she was sure enough in her relationship with her girlfriend that she had expected happiness of some sort - maybe some apprehension or concerns, but Clarke had honestly expected Lexa to be thrilled, to throw her arms around her and shout "yes!" Instead the girl paled, and her breathing became noticeably heavier and she actually recoiled as though she’d been hit.

“I...” she frowned for a second, her eyes dropping to her hands. “Uh...” Clarke stared at her in horror because this wasn’t anything like what she’d expected and she didn’t know what to think, though she felt instantly shattered at the unexpected reaction from her girlfriend.

“It’s fine, ok, forget I asked...seriously,” she rushed out, knowing her face had fallen with her devastation. She tried to look unaffected but she knew she failed when Lexa said her name in an impassioned manner,

“Clarke!” But then nothing more came from Lexa’s lips and Clarke knew she had to leave, she knew she did before she began to wail her pain in the middle of a park. Maybe she’d misread their relationship. Maybe she’d been so blinded by her own love she’d missed signs from Lexa, things that said Lexa was less and less blinded by her. It was hard to believe that - Lexa was so wonderful, so infinitely kind and caring. And yet Clarke knew that she’d been busy with the end of the semester, the end of her degree, there was so much to do and she’d been stressed, and perhaps inconsiderate. But Lexa had said she was happy, she had. When Lexa had checked with her via text, she’d checked back and been reassured that Lexa was happy with their relationship. So why? They weren’t too young, they’d been together a long time, they were good together - better than good - and they were practically living together already. Lexa was still staring, unable to speak, but her face spoke a
thousand words - that she didn’t want to live with her was obvious. Lexa was clearly horrified at her suggestion but Clarke was hurt, devastated, and panicked that this relationship she had considered so incredibly strong, might actually be over - because if they weren’t on the same page there was a problem. Lexa reached a hand out to try and mollify her, her hand gripping the outside of Clarke’s, but she moved her hand out of Lexa’s grasp and began to pack the picnic stuff haphazardly away.

“It’s ok...I just thought...well never mind...I guess I thought wrong,” she didn’t even know why she was talking, her voice sounded awful - thick with tears. Lexa’s silence had spoken volumes. She picked up the notebook Lexa had given her - an amazing, intimate gift - and fiddled with it, her eyes wet with tears. Why give her the book? Was it a parting gift? Why act like she loved her so much if she didn’t want her? Her thoughts began to spiral, out of control.

“Clarke,” Lexa managed to say her name, but just saying her name wasn’t enough. Clarke couldn’t stay, not if this was a conversation about how to end it. About how Clarke had foolishly seen their relationship in a way that Lexa didn’t. She didn’t want that conversation and she was absolutely willing to run away from it. Lexa had to change her mind, and Clarke would do anything to make that happen. The thought of losing Lexa was too awful, and she knew she must be in shock because not once in the last year had she ever considered the notion that Lexa wasn’t as into the relationship as her.

“Look forget it ok?” she tried to look indifferent as she shoved things away, tried to hold it all together just long enough to get away. “Look, fuck...I’m going to go,” she managed to rasp.

“Don’t go,” Lexa grabbed her hand successfully, her cool fingers wrapping around hers, “please don’t,” Lexa wasn’t crying but she sounded on the brink of tears.

“You should have seen your face,” she sniffed as she tugged her hand away from her girlfriends. “I thought...I thought that we were there, and God...your face. It looked like I’d hit you...I have to go...” A tear escaped her eye and she sniffed, looking down for a moment, to try and not cry.

“Clarke,” Lexa said her name but still she just stood there uselessly, not saying anything to mend the situation and Clarke felt mortification curl through her at what must be her own obliviousness. She must have missed something.

“Forget it,” she muttered as she stood and swung her bag onto her back. “Just...forget it...I fuck...I’m an idiot and yeah...”

“Don’t leave,” Lexa said again. “Don’t...” she stood but it was too late and Clarke just shook her head slightly and walked off. She half expected Lexa to stop her, but her girlfriend just watched her walk away.

She began to cry in earnest with her back now to Lexa, and when she reached the children’s play park towards the western edge of the park she sat on a swing and tugged out her phone.

Clarke - Can one of you please come get me? Please?

Raven - Tell me where you are and I’ll be there as soon as I can.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

“Hey,” Raven sat beside her on the bench. She’d been forced to vacate the swing by some girl who kept asking her why she was crying. When the mom of the girl had come over to ‘check her out’ she’d moved to the bench, claiming - through tears - that she was ‘just fine.’ The woman had sat with her for a while until her daughter had come over crying after a fall and they’d left.
“Can we go?” she couldn’t look at Raven, she just sank into her warm side.

“What happened Clarke?”

“She...I...” her words weren’t working. How could she encapsulate what had happened? What had actually happened? “I don’t think she wants me anymore,” she breathed at length, the tears coming in fresh waves.

“Who?” Raven sounded ridiculously baffled - surely it was obvious.

“Lexa,” she brushed the tears from her eyes uselessly - more just kept taking their place.


“I don’t think so...I thought it was all fine but...she...she...”

“She what?”

“I asked if she wanted to move in together and she looked like I’d punched her,” she attempted.

“So she was surprised. I mean I don’t know why when you are practically living at her place, but she was probably just taken aback for a moment. What did she say after?”

“Nothing. Rae, she said nothing. She gaped and stammered and watched me leave.”

“You’re not joking? This isn’t some weird prank? Or a Joey Tribbiani fake out?”

“No,” Clarke stood and Raven got up and walked beside her. “She was surprised but it wasn’t in a good way. Fuck...I think she wants to break up with me,” she began to cry again. Raven took her arm and led her up the sidewalk and to her jeep. She opened the car door and helped her in.

“Where do you want to go?” Raven asked gently as she got in beside her. Clarke stared out at the sunny park, filled with children and parents, and people having fun. That had been her not long ago and now...now she was teetering on the edge of something life altering. She’d thought herself in love before Lexa. She’d been besotted with Finn, and there had even been a time (before they actually slept together) when she thought she might have loved Bellamy. But Lexa - Lexa had taken her concept of love and relationships and shaken it out then expanded it. Her love for Lexa was like a patchwork quilt. It had started as just one square of material, all one color and from there had expanded out into an intricate and colorful quilt of different feelings and emotions, of events and conversations. Lexa wasn’t a simple love even though loving her was simple. It was a complex, multidimensional experience that had shown her how wrong she had been when she’d considered herself in love before. She would die for Lexa. She would die without Lexa. Maybe not physically but inside her heart and her head. She only vaguely heard Raven on her phone.

“Hey...yeah...something happened...I’m not entirely sure. Can you grab Bell... Yeah...ok... I’m gonna head to Abby and Jakes, if you guys think that’s ok...sure... Yeah ok... Probably twenty minutes?...yeah...ok... Can you call them?...just say Clarke’s in a bad way... Sure...ok...” Raven hung up and Clarke stared at her uncertainly, before drawing her knees up to her chin and wrapping her arms around them.

“We’re going to pick up O and Bell and head to your parents, ok?”

“Ok,” she whispered, before resting her head on the car window.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO
Somehow Clarke found herself ensconced on her parent’s couch, her mother’s arm around her as she sniffed and tried to explain what had happened.

“Lexa said no?” Her mom was frowning and her dad had his worried face on.

“Why would she say no? She’s so obviously madly in love?” Jake perched on the arm of a chair, a definite no no, but her mom didn’t even scold him.

“Why would she say no? I don’t understand,” her mom was shaking her head and looking to her friends for answers.

“She didn’t say anything...just...just...sat there looking, looking like I’d suggested we go drown kittens,” Clarke felt fresh tears bubble out of her eyes.

“Oh baby,” her mom wrapped her in her arms. “I’m sure this is just a misunderstanding. Lexa loves you. She’s crazy about you.”

“Moms right kiddo. That girl would do anything for you!” her father reassured.

“What if you’re wrong?” she burst out, “what if...what if her feelings have changed? What if I’ve been too busy with school to notice? What if...what if she’s trying to work out if she still wants to be with me, while I...I foolishly suggest we live together?”

“Clarke she’s in love with you,” Octavia burst out. “I’m sorry but I just refuse to believe that she’s not. She looks at you like the world starts and stops with you.”

“Maybe that’s just attraction?” she sniffled.

“Pah,” Bellamy scoffed, “no way. There’s just no way.”

“Then why? I get that maybe she’s not ready...maybe she isn’t as sure as I am..”

“She is. Definitely,” her mom interrupted.

“Then why freak out like that? Why look so...so...” she tried to come up with a word that described Lexa in that moment, “horrified?”

“Maybe she thought you’d be upset if she said no?” Raven offered.

“Or if she just wasn’t ready?” Bellamy embellished.

“Maybe she’d planned some big romantic way to ask you, and was completely thrown when you asked first?” Octavia offered and everyone nodded at that.

“Why won’t you guys believe me, this wasn’t a good reaction. It wasn’t ‘oh shit I’m not ready,’ it was so much more. And why worry that no will upset me when saying nothing clearly devastated me?”
“I don’t know. But we’ll get to the bottom of this,” her mom reassured but she just began to cry again.

“But what if the bottom of this is that she doesn’t love me? Or want me anymore?”

“She wants you, Clarke,” Raven insisted.

“You don’t know that! I mean why else react like this?”

“She’s not had an easy life Clarke...maybe she has issues?” Octavia offered.

“About being happy?” Clarke scoffed and then crumpled, “unless I don’t make her happy?”

“Any fool can see that you do,” Bellamy told her. “I wouldn’t have encouraged you to ask when we talked if I didn’t think she was one hundred percent ready for it.”

“What if it’s an act? What if she’s been falling out of love with me slowly but surely? What if I haven’t been making her happy? What if I’ve been actively making her sad?” she felt light headed and knew she was beginning to hyperventilate.

“Smell the flowers Clarke,” her father urged, “then blow out the candles...deep breaths honey...”

“I don’t think you all get it. I love her and if she doesn’t want me...I don’t know what I’ll do...”

“She does want you,” Raven said.

“Then where is she? Why did she let me leave? Why didn’t she say anything?”

“She said nothing? She didn’t ask you to stay?” Octavia’s brow was furrowed.

“She did...yes she did,” she admitted, “but she sounded so hollow...so dutiful...I just...I don’t know what happened.”

“I’m going to make the tea, Clarke, ok? You guys just wait here and just take some deep breaths. One way or another this will all be sorted and we’re all going to be here for you,” her mom squeezed her arm and headed into the kitchen with her dad, muttering about finals and how it made no sense.

“I don’t understand,” she whispered to her friends.

“Neither do I, to be honest,” Octavia took Abby’s space on the couch. “I just think...that maybe if you’d spoken to her...”

“I couldn’t O, don’t you get it? What was I supposed to say? What if she doesn’t want to live with me? What if she doesn’t want me anymore? What if she doesn’t feel what I feel? What if this means more to me than her? Fuck. I’m so scared. I’m so fucking scared,” she grabbed a pillow and clutched it tightly to her chest, once again checking her phone. “And if she wants me...if she loves me...why...why hasn’t she contacted me?” her voice felt broken as it forced its way out around the lump in her throat.

“I don’t know Clarke, but you’ll never convince me she doesn’t want to be with you unless I hear her say it,” Octavia told her.

“Same here,” Raven shrugged.

“Gotta agree. I just...I feel bad,” Bellamy shook his head, “I feel like I told you this was a good idea...and maybe I missed something...”
“Shut up Bell,” Octavia glared at him. “You didn’t miss anything. There was nothing to fucking miss except Lexa making heart eyes at this one and missing her...”

“Maybe that’s the problem,” Clarke broke in, “maybe she’s sick of me never being there? Maybe she feels like it would be no fun to live with someone who works all the time and...”

“Maybe she should talk to you about that,” Octavia filled in, as Abby and Jake returned with a tray with a pot of tea, mugs, milk and sugar.

“Clarke, your dad and I have been talking...” her mom perched on the coffee table opposite her.

“And?” she flicked her eyes between her serious parents.

“And this isn’t Lexa. I’m sorry...I know you feel justified in your fears but...that girl loves you...we just don’t believe that the problem is how she feels about you. You need to talk to her Clarke, because there’s something wrong, we just don’t think it’s you.”

“Mom’s right. Running away is understandable but not how to solve problems.”

“I know,” she sighed, “I know...I get it...I just...I’m just so scared.”

“If there is something wrong, if this relationship is over, the only way you can hope to change that is by talking to her.”

“And what am I supposed to say? She hasn’t contacted me! She obviously doesn’t want to talk to me!”

“Let’s drink some tea and give it some time. Maybe she needs to talk to her people, yeah?” Octavia said and Clarke looked at her, phone in her hand. She knew that her friend would be texting Lincoln, and she was relieved to be honest. She needed to get this resolved because this dreadful anticipation of doom was torture.

“I shouldn’t have left,” she whispered. “I know I shouldn’t but I didn’t want to fall apart in front of her...I ran away because I was scared.”

XOXOXOXO

They all sat in silence and drank their tea, everyone tapping on their phones. She knew they were probably texting Lincoln or even Lexa, but she couldn’t care. Her love for Lexa wasn’t going to go anywhere and if Lexa decided she didn’t want her...the pain would be unbearable and was also not going to go anywhere. Despite her fears, she still couldn’t quite believe Lexa didn’t love her. That Lexa didn’t want her. The girl was tender and sweet with her, she laughed with her and would do anything to spend time together. It just didn’t seem likely and yet why had this all happened? The vibration of her phone on her lap caught her attention.

Lexa - We need to talk

“No, no, no, no, no,” she began to chant, her stomach churning at the surge of adrenalin in her system and typed rapidly.

Clarke - no no no no

She stood and ran up the stairs to her old room, not looking at Lexa’s new message until she was curled up in the corner of her bed.
Lexa - I love you and I still want to be with you, more than anything. There are just some things I haven’t shared that I should have. I’m sorry.

Secrets. She could deal with secrets. She knew there were some in Lexa's past because her girlfriend hated to talk about it, didn’t want Clarke to worry about her, to feel bad for her. But maybe it was her? She couldn’t assume that Lexa was being honest. Perhaps she was just buying time?

Clarke - You’re not going to end this? Please don’t. I can change.

Lexa - Don’t change. Not who you are - you’re perfect. There is no way I’m ending this. Never. Not ever.

Relief surged through her at the words followed by a kick of anger.

Clarke - Then what the fuck happened? I thought...fuck...I feel like an idiot Lexa.

Lexa - Why? I’m the idiot.

Clarke - I thought we were so definitely there. Ready

Lexa - We are.

Clarke - So what happened? Why am I crying at my parents’ house with my friends on our anniversary instead of in bed with you celebrating?

Lexa - Because I’m an idiot. Like I said.

Clarke - You are actually.

Lexa - Please can I come see you? Please?

Clarke - We should talk, right? :( 

Lexa - I’m in love with you and I do want to live with you. I want my entire life with you. I just have stuff I need to share. I’m scared.

Clarke - Scared? I’m not a secret bitch. It’s no secret that at PMT time I’m a feisty bitch, but God...you know me Lexa!

Lexa - That’s not why I’m scared. I need to speak to you. I can’t do it on text.

Clarke - You’ll come here?

Lexa - Yes.

Clarke - Are you upset? Calm? What’s you’re emotional state.

Lexa - I’m fucking distraught Clarke, how do you think I am?

Clarke - Then get Lincoln to drive you. I don’t want you hurt.

Lexa - Fuck, I love you.

Clarke - I’m so mad and hurt and I don’t know what else right now.
Lexa - I understand.

Clarke - But I do love you too. I wouldn’t be so mad, hurt and everything else if I didn’t.

Lexa - I’ll be there soon.

Clarke - Ok.

Clarke lowered her phone and wiped at her eyes, unsurprised to see Raven and Octavia on the end of her bed and Bellamy on the floor, even though she hadn’t heard them come in.

“What did she say?” Octavia asked and Clarke gave them her phone, watching as it was passed around from person to person.

“Well there’s a reason she freaked out,” Octavia said. “And she’s going to share it.”

“And she loves you and wants what you want.”

“What do you think the secret is?” Bellamy asked.

“I don’t care. I just want her here and in my arms. If she loves me and she wants me, I don’t care.”

“She hurt you. Aren’t you angry? You told her you’re angry,” Raven gave her a look.

“I was when I wrote it...I just, I think sometimes things can really fuck us up and Lexa has had the kind of fucked up life I don’t think we can even comprehend.”

“That’s true,” Raven’s brow pursed. Life hadn’t been easy on Raven either - easier in some ways than it had been on Lexa, but then again, Clarke thought, who was she to judge how hard someone’s life had been and in what ways it had affected them.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Clarke was beginning to feel fidgety and impatient. Lexa should be at her house soon and she was desperate to see her. The turmoil in her head was effecting her body - she kept crying, even though she no longer thought Lexa was ending their relationship. However, the thought of Lexa going through something so traumatic that it caused that reaction in her made her ache inside for her girlfriend. She wanted to hold her and keep her safe from the world that was far crueler than she liked. Her friends were talking in low voices, teasing each other, and trying to keep conversation light. Octavia and Raven were still beside her - one on either side now, and when she started to cry either one would tuck her into her side. When a knock sounded at the door, her heart rate spiked and everyone in the room looked at her.

“Come in,” she croaked and the door opened slowly. Lexa, her beautiful Lexa, was stood there looking broken. The too big hoody swamping her frame, the smudged mascara making her eyes dark. Her beautiful green eyes were rimmed with red and Clarke felt overwhelmed - with love and sorrow and fear for what her girl had gone through. Her heart had stuttered as the door opened and acting on instinct, she flew up from the bed and jumped onto her girlfriend, arms and legs wrapped tightly around her, as she buried her face in her neck. For a second Lexa seemed stunned, but then her arms wrapped around her, holding her up by her butt as they turned their faces into each other.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered finding Lexa's mouth and kissing her heatedly. She was sorry. Lexa had asked her not to go and she’d run. Run away from this beautiful girl and that wasn’t fair or right, not
when she’d made Lexa promise not to do that.

“No,” Lexa shook her head. “You’re mad at me. You have every right to be mad and hurt by me.”

“Yes, but I ran away. I yelled at you when you ran away. Remember? I said we’d argue but we had to stay and sort things out. You asked me to stay and I ran - because I was scared. Then I called you an idiot and that was just so unfair. I can’t tell you to be ready just because I am. I’m so sorry Lexa,” she leaned back a little so that she was staring into Lexa's eyes, which had filled up with fat tears which then spilled down her cheeks. Clarke didn’t really hear her friends make their excuses and leave, all she was really concerned with was Lexa, with tucking her in close to her side and understanding what had happened.

Clarke listened as Lexa spoke about Costia - the truth about a girl she had brushed over lightly in the early days as if she were nothing more than a causal fling and Clarke thought to be angry and hurt. Maybe they were the logical emotions associated with deceit, but Lexa not telling her hadn’t been about that. It wasn’t about hiding from Clarke, but was more about hiding from herself, more about self-doubt pulled from a traumatic experience. Clarke knew that some people might think Lexa's reaction was over the top but not her - she knew her girlfriend. The woman she loved had lost so much, had so little to hold on to and next to nothing to call her own, and she was sweet and kind, loving and generous, and of course she would feel guilty because she had given Costia an ultimatum that night. That Costia's death was different and unusual, tragic really, couldn’t have helped. That it was so unnecessary must have made it worse, but Nia - the girl who was probably so overwhelmed with guilt herself - blaming Lexa, playing into her fears, her kindness and her own isolation within the world - that must have embedded it into the fabric of who Lexa was. Clarke knew that Lexa had downplayed the beating she was given - for Nia to end up in prison it had to have been bad, and she now second guessed the scars she’d found on her girlfriend’s body. But she wouldn’t push. All she wanted to do was love and understand.

Eventually Lexa's story finished, and Clarke tried to help her. She desperately wanted her to stop blaming herself and take this opportunity to find happiness together. But the conversation wasn’t really about that, it was aboutLexa and wanting her to be in a position where she felt that she deserved this life she’d worked so hard for. Then the conversation flowed into living together, and Lexa's sincere affirmation of her desire to do that. Clarke felt peace fill her because she was relieved. Her happiness was tied up in Lexa and she could have accepted that Lexa wasn’t ready, would have done, but the open and honest sincerity from her girlfriend got rid of her insecurities and returned her to the lofty heights she’d been sailing since she and Lexa decided to make their relationship official. Clarke had spent a year been unashamedly secure in her relationship, in Lexa's feelings for her, and this episode had shaken her, but not much in the end.

“I just love you,” Lexa told her sloppily, staring at her with virtual hearts in her eyes, even as tears splashed down her cheeks.

“You’re crying because you love me?” She smiled brightly at the sappy girl.

“I’m crying because you love me back,” Lexa admitted with a shrug, and that summed up the whole event for Clarke, this girl who so deserved love had doubted that she was worth it because she’d had a life time of being abandoned and blamed when things went wrong. Clarke actually felt she better understood Lexa's apprehension when things had first started between them, because it made sense that Lexa expected heart break. She expected people to die and people to leave. She vowed in that moment to never, ever leave Lexa unless Lexa truly didn’t want her. She kissed her then, trying to convey everything in that one kiss.

“You know what Lexa?” she pulled back and looked at wet green eyes.
“What?” Lexa was looking at her like she was everything and it made her stomach clench deliciously.

“I’m gonna make love to you,” she told her, pressing another kiss against her lips before Lexa pulled back looking adorably confused. Clarke smiled widely and explained, “all that means is that each kiss means I love you, each touch of your skin means I care, each time I push my fingers into you means I want you, and each time I close my eyes it’s because I’m overwhelmed by how much you mean to me,” her eyes slid shut and she pressed her forehead against Lexa’s, who swallowed, her hand tightening on her thigh.

“What does it mean at other times?” Lexa asked, and Clarke swore she could hear the loud beat of the other girl’s heart. She chuckled self-deprecatingly at that, because she knew full well that she was hopelessly addicted to fucking,

“Oh, it means the same,” she admitted with a small blush, “but I’m usually very...all about the sex,” she wasn’t embarrassed about this, “I love fucking you Lexa. I love you fucking me. I like it hot and heated, and fast and hard, and fuck...I like it every which way. Which you know,” Clarke dropped a kiss on her nose and then smiled. “I just wanna go slow today. I know what each touch and kiss means. Maybe you do too. But today I want you to feel it. I feel like you have never had anyone worship you slowly.”

“Clarke,” Lexa’s eyes filled with tears and Clarke couldn’t help but smile at that and brush away the moisture from under one eye,

“That response just proves it to me,” she pressed a soft kiss next to her eye, then on her cheek, then by the corner of her mouth, before she pressed their lips together. She wanted to kiss Lexa forever, to show her that she was worthy, and wonderful, that she deserved to be worshiped. The kiss may have been slow, but it was close, intimate, and fucking sexy. She slid closer on Lexa’s lap, and winding her arms around Lexa’s strong shoulders just gave herself over to kissing the girl she hoped would be with her forever.
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Clarke meets up with Raven and Octavia for drinks and talks about living with Lexa and an argument they had. Then Clarke has an argument with Lexa, the same one again, about washing up - they make up. Then Lexa is behaving weirdly in the middle of the night. Two more and we’re done!

Chapter Notes

Yep, two in one night.

“Soooo,” Raven gave her a very searching look as they sat down at the bar in Copper Tank.

“Sooooo?” she mimicked.

“Girls,” Kane appeared behind the bar and grinned at her specifically. “It’s good to see you Clarke. It feels like its been months!”

“Well, I did spend most of the summer in here but residency kinda kiboshes that kinda fun,” she rolled her eyes.

“Well I’ve missed you,” Kane nodded wryly, making Raven laugh. It was true that Copper Tank had a thriving business thanks to local fans who knew Trikru frequented the establishment. “It’s a shame you never made it past one shift here too.”

“She’s a better doctor than barkeep,” Raven told him.

“So your residency started, huh? Going well? And I hope that’s that why I haven’t seen you in here, so much?” Kane chuckled, clearly amused, “I was worried you’d taken my threat to ban you and your girl from the stock room seriously and gone elsewhere.” She felt herself flushing at his tease and chose to ignore it.

“Residency is intense and that’s a massive understatement.”

“Don’t listen to her. She and sexy Lexy have been holed up in domestic bliss for the last three months - they only leave the apartment for food and work,” Raven teased and Kane laughed loudly.

“And drinks with annoying friends,” she rolled her eyes.

“You moved in together?” he said and she nodded.

“Back in the summer.”

“Congratulations Clarke! This drink is on the house - it’s nice to see you so happy,” he gave her a nod and moved off down the bar.
“Soooo,” Raven drawled out the word, eyeing her.

“Spit it out.”

“How’s it all going? It’s been two fucking weeks since we’ve spent any proper time together.”

“I know, I know. I’m sorry. It’s so crazy at the moment.”

“So tell me the gossip?”

“It’s fucking tough, Rae, I feel like I’m walking on egg shells all the time and...”

“What?” Raven scowled looking confused.

“Seriously, I swear the one nurse, Michelle, has got it out for me, and everything I say - she blows up for no reason to the chief. And fuck, but I’m tired. If it wasn’t for Lexa I don’t know what I’d do.”

“I’m not interested in your residency Clarke,” Raven gave her scathing look, “give me the dirt on living with Lexa - you’ve had enough time for some serious bickering by now!”

“Residency is this huge thing in my life!” Clarke did her best to look offended.

“And we’ll get around to talking about it, once I know all of the Commanders quirks, details of the arguments and the making up,” she winked, as Octavia approached the bar out of breath. She promptly swatted Raven around the back of her head.

“Ow,” her friend clutched her head dramatically.

“You don’t dig for dirt and gossip before I get here.”

“No fear O, there isn’t any,” Clarke shrugged and drank her beer.

“Bullshit,” Raven gave her a knowing smirk and Octavia laughed, as they moved to a table.

“I’m with Rae.”

“Ok so we did argue the other night,” she admitted to her eager friends.

“Do tell,” the way Raven rubbed her hands together gleefully which was a little off putting.

“Don’t look so fucking thrilled,” Octavia chastised.

“Oh come on - they’re so fucking perfect...” Raven defended.

“We’re not perfect,” she protested.

“Apparently not,” Raven waited expectantly. “And I want the making up too.”

“Ok, so we were chilling out. It was my first evening off in three days and I was so tired. Lexa was super sweet and ran me a bath and made this delicious lasagna which we were going to eat on the couch with the Avengers movie.”

“This sounds awful Clarke, just awful,” Raven spoke dramatically.

“It was going to be the perfect evening, but somehow we got onto Ghost.”

“Ghost? I don’t understand?” Octavia sipped at her beer Kane had subtly brought over. “Lexa thinks
ghosts are real? Or a particular ghost is real?"

“No, nothing like that. Ghost the movie,” Clarke explained. “Demi Moore, Patrick Swayze and Whoopi Goldberg.”

“Never seen it,” Raven shook her head.

“Well that’s what Lexa said,” she tsked and gave a shake of her head.

“Oh my god...are we actually about to sit here and listen to an argument you guys had about some crappy movie no one’s even watched?” Raven’s eyes widened.

“Well I haven’t finished,” she gave Raven a pointed look.

“Did you argue about Ghost?” Raven asked, Octavia snickering as Clarke nodded in the affirmative. “Lame.”

“Try again,” Octavia told her.

“But she didn’t believe me that Whoopi won an Oscar for it!”

“Wait, what?” Octavia put a hand over Raven’s protesting mouth, when it looked like she was about to press for more interesting gossip.

“She won the Oscar for best supporting actress!” Clarke clarified.

“Whoopi Goldberg has an Oscar?” Octavia sat back, clearly surprised and Clarke let out a huff.

“She’s an amazing actress, why wouldn’t she?”

“Well...because she’s...I don’t know...she’s usually in comedies...”

“She was in The Color Purple,” Clarke pointed out with a pout. “And Ghost wasn’t a comedy.”

“What was it?” Octavia asked, hand still over Raven’s mouth.

“More of a drama I guess,” she summarized. “Patrick gets murdered and Demi is devastated. Whoopi is the clairvoyant who Patrick uses to get in touch with Demi from the ‘other side,’” she explained enthusiastically.

“I’m sorry, but nope. No way they gave an Oscar to anybody in a movie that sounds as lame as that,” Octavia shook her head.

“That’s what Lexa said,” she grinned because finally someone got it.

“And didn’t you just google it and prove it to her?” Raven snarked having finally yanked Octavia’s hand away, which Octavia wiped on her jeans before pulling out her phone.

“Well yes,” she admitted as Octavia furiously tapped away on her phone.

“Oh my god, she’s not lying,” Octavia sounded way too surprised, just like Lexa had.

“That’s what Lexa said and in that exact tone!” she explained.

“And you what? Got mad? Got offended?”

“Well no. I told her she can’t diss a movie she’s never seen.”
“Ooh, you gonna break up?” Raven muttered sarcastically, with a dramatic double hand flutter.

“Ah fuck off,” Clarke flicked her. “We argued about washing up the other day as well.”

“Now that’s the shit I’m talking about. She get all snarky cos you didn’t do the washing up?” Raven rubbed her hands together gleefully and Clarke bit her lip and shook her head.

“Er…not exactly...”

“Then what?” Raven sat back defeated.

“I got cross at her,” she explained.

“But why? Doesn’t Lexa do all the washing up?”

“Well yeah - that’s what we argued about - what we’ve argued about a few times.”

“You had an argument because your girlfriend did the washing up. Fuck you and your problems,” Raven scoffed.

“Sometimes her perfection makes me feel...less than perfect. Sometimes she needs to leave things for me, let me take care of her...”

“Well I get that,” Octavia nodded, “a partner can do too much sometimes, right? It can make you feel inadequate...”

“Exactly. She’s always so on it, and I’m a fucking whirl winding gong show...”

“Well yeah, you are - not your fault, true...but you know that’s why she’s on it,” Raven was staring at her like she was mad.

“Huh?”

“Everyone’s been telling her residency is going to be a shit storm...” Raven began.

Clarke interrupted, “Everyone?”

“Your parents, your dad especially, you, even us...she’s just doing her absolute best to make it easier for you. She’s sweet like that.”

“That’s true,” she blushed a little when she thought of how caring Lexa was. “She’s finding a cleaner for us.”

“For fucks sake...don’t moan about that girl, unless it’s because she’s hurt you...or too demanding in bed, or you know, genuinely irritating,” Raven told her.

“Hmmm,” Clarke couldn’t help but smile, “she’s kind of amazing.”

“Yeah, she is,” Octavia punched her arm. “But you’re allowed to vent at us. Ignore Rae. Even the people we love and adore annoy us sometimes for no good reason, and it’s important you have people who will one, take your side, and two, know that you still love the person to pieces even if you want to vent.”

“Thanks O,” she smiled at her friend and grinned at Raven’s officious nodding. “I don’t really have much dirt to be honest. I’m sure we’re going to argue...you know...but really it’s the best decision I ever made...”
“To live with Lexa?”

“Yeah, that. To try something with her...all of it. Lexa in general.”

“Yeah I agree,” Raven smiled. “She makes you happy.”

“Yeah.”

“And she got you that fucking awesome moped.”

“Yeah. Best birthday present ever,” Clarke smirked. “And you know...there are little things. We are human you know? I drive her nuts because I don’t put my dirty clothes in the laundry basket and she drives me nuts because she always shuts doors way too loudly and for a girl that can dance so well, she’s fucking clumsy let me tell you.”

“Well it is good to know you’re human and not some crazy AI’s.”

“We’re human,” she stated, even though the things that were annoying weren’t all that annoying. “Now tell me about you guys. How are things with Bell and Lincoln?”

“Well not perfect,” Raven admitted, “he drives me nuts...” Clarke laughed.

“Why are we arguing about this again?” Lexa huffed, hands on hips and jaw tight. Clarke tried really hard to find her inner calm, to remember why Lexa kept doing these sorts of things, but she was tired and her frustration got the better of her.

“Because I said I was going to wash up and you swooped in and did it before I could. You don’t need to do everything, you know?”

“But you didn’t wash up, did you? You went to shower!” Lexa defended herself, gesturing to the draining board full of gleaming pots and pans.

“That didn’t mean you had to go and do it for me. You cooked! I can pull my weight you know?”

“But I don’t mind. I know you’re exhausted. Why can’t I look after you?”

“Maybe I want to look after you, Lexa? Maybe I don’t want to feel guilty all the time and inadequate because you’re doing everything,” Clarke sighed and took a deep breath. “Look, I just hate you doing everything - it’s not fair and I want our relationship to be equal.”

“But I don’t do everything!” Lexa scoffed, a little haughty and Clarke sighed because she clearly didn’t get it.

“I know you don’t mind, God, I get that. I believe you don’t mind too. And Lexa, it’s super sweet that you want to take care of me, but I love you. I want to take care of you too...and sometimes all I have to do that demonstrates that is the fucking washing up.”

“But that’s not true,” Lexa shook her head, green eyes wide. Clarke tsked softly in disagreement and then looked at her. When she did she felt her stomach tighten, because her girlfriend looked so sweet and innocent in that moment, eyes wide and sincere, hands curled round the sleeves of a too big hoody, “it really isn’t true Clarke. You...you hug me every night in bed, and doodle me little sketches on your notepad at the hospital and then send them to me...even just that - texting me whenever you
can means so much. You ask me about my music, my day, and you listen to what I’ve been working on, give your opinion. You sit curled up into me whenever you can, drawing patterns on my skin even if you’re dozing. You make me laugh, like literally giggle through a shit scary episode of the Walking Dead - no one else makes me giggle.”

“And that’s enough?” her voice cracked a little, all her frustration oozing out of her because Lexa was adorable and sweet and it was so fucking obvious she loved her.

“Yes,” Lexa answered simply and sincerely. Clarke felt a different kind of energy take the place of her frustration, a far pleasanter energy that often followed her angrier emotions.

“Well,” she stepped a little closer to Lexa, still unable to fathom how one person could be quite so gorgeous. And be hers. All hers. “seeing as I’m all clean, and the washing up is all done, how about I put that scrap of energy I still have to good use?” she purred and Lexa’s brow pursed for a second, before she gasped out an “oh” sound when Clarke stepped into her personal space, pressing her tight against the kitchen counter, hands smoothing appreciatively over her slim hips covered only by a small pair of pajama shorts. The soft whimper that escaped her girlfriend sent a surge of energy through her and she began to devour her - there wasn’t really a better word for it. It wasn’t what she’d intended but the girl was a fucking goddess and hers, and she was horny and tired, and the thought of Lexa’s smooth skin on hers, her fingers in her, the thought of the way her goddamn eyes fell shut when she came...it was enough to bring a moan to her lips as she pulled and tugged at Lexa’s clothes, managing to pull the hoody off of her.

“Clarke,” Lexa hummed her name into her neck, hoisting herself onto the sideboard at Clarke’s insistence. Clarke moaned her approval as Lexa’s lean legs wrapped around her and her cool hands pushed her sleep shorts off of her and tugged her tank off her. Lexa’s greedy hands were at once grasping at her chest, rolling, flicking, palming. Somehow she was naked and Lexa was wrapped around her, bottoms on and tank tucked up under her arms exposing her pretty boobs as she eagerly kissed, licked and stroked her. It wasn’t long before Lexa’s hand was trailing fire down her side and dipping between her legs where she was embarrassingly wet. She moaned into the kiss but pushed Lexa’s hand away, despite the fact that she wanted it there so badly.

“No,” she kissed her girlfriends pout, moving her hands to the edge of Lexa’s pajama shorts and pulling them, until she was dragging them off of long legs, and settling herself back between Lexa’s legs. It was annoying that the counter was so high, too high. She wanted to feel Lexa against her, to rub together, but the counter was a few inches too high for that. Instead, she tugged her girlfriend’s ass to the edge and dropped her mouth between her thighs, loving the sexy gasp she released and the way her thighs tightened around her head, as she licked the delicious taste of turned on Lexa into her mouth. Giving Lexa oral was insanely gratifying - the girl became super vocal, and the feeling of her hands tugging at her hair as she sucked and licked, drove Clarke wild. Of course she already felt wild. It had been too long, even though by most people’s standards it hadn’t been long at all, and she needed to have Lexa lose it, needed the sound of her coming in her ears, needed to feel her push into her face, feel her wet for her, and hear her gasp her name as she came.

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“Fuck, Clarke.” Lexa was already moaning loudly, her hips canting forward towards her mouth. Clarke toyed with the idea of using her fingers, but wanted to make the girl fall apart with her mouth, wanted every last taste and smell. She slid one hand up Lexa’s body to grab at a perfect boob, nipple hard and jutting against the fabric of her tank which had slipped back down. She moaned her appreciation at the feel of it in her hand, even as she sighed at the feel of Lexa’s firm ass in her other hand, which she kneaded and squeezed until Lexa was chanting her name, until Lexa’s thighs clamped around her ears and she pretty much screamed her release. She changed her ministrations just slightly then, softened them, helped Lexa through her orgasm, did what she could to draw it out, before raising her head to kiss her, to let her taste herself in their kiss.
Lexa hummed her appreciation, but Clarke wasn’t done with her. She pulled her around her waist and awkwardly shuffled them through to the dining room, where she sat Lexa on the dining table - a much better height for what she wanted. Lexa’s eyes were oozing adoration, and she looked thoroughly fucked in exactly the right way. Clarke kissed her, pushing her body back between Lexa’s legs and fuck but everything rubbed just right - so much amazing cross contamination which was absolutely what she wanted and needed. She wanted to be inside Lexa sometimes.

“Oh fuck,” Lexa dropped an arm to the table to hold herself in position as Clarke thrust against her, rubbing close and hard and driving herself insane in the process.

“You feel so good,” she hissed. “Like better than anything else ever. God I love you...”

“I love you,” Lexa panted, teeth nipping her shoulder, her neck, dragging her earlobe into her perfect hot mouth.

“I love how wet you are. I love feeling you sliding against me. I love coming like this,” she began to swivel her hips slightly with each move, the effect on them both instantaneous.

“I’m gonna come soon if you do that,” Lexa’s feet dug into her ass, keeping them tight together.

“Come with me...please,” she begged, moaning as Lexa began to palm her boobs, to brush over her hard nipples. She absolutely loved Lexa playing with her chest. “Yeah... fuck...do that,” she growled, rubbing them together harder and faster, knowing she was close and able to tell that Lexa was there too from her rushed little pants, the drop of her jaw and the soft noises coming from her.

“I’m gonna,” she whimpered, eyes closing.

“Me too baby.” she squeezed Lexa’s ass as she lost control of her hips, and they moved together frantically, before they both moaned out their release into a kiss that was wet and messy and wonderful.

“God, I love you,” Lexa tugged her close, green eyes glassy and full of emotion.

“I’m sorry I’m crap and tired and overwhelmed at the moment,” she melted into Lexa’s embrace, sniffing her delicious scent indulgently.

“You’re not crap, not at all. You’re amazing and I’m in total awe of you.”

“Why?” Clarke stepped away and pulled them onto the couch naked, draping a blanket over them, and pulling Lexa onto her chest.

“Why? Because you’re amazing. I know you’re exhausted but what an amazing reason - you’re learning how to heal people Clarke! You’re actually healing them, helping them. That’s the most amazing thing in the world. And you come home to me. And we talk and cuddle and so what if you fall asleep on me. I love it. Then you’ll wow me by dressing up all sexy and taking me out, or letting me take you out. I love everything about living with you.”

“I threw a wobbly over you doing the washing up...” Clarke laughed at herself.

“Yeah...but you see...that’s where I’m kinda selfish...”

“How is you doing the washing up selfish?”

“Well...I know how tired you are and I love how you make time for me, for us really. I think it’s amazing that you do. But I’m like this ridiculous horn dog for you - fuck I can admit it. I don’t care if
we don’t have sex, but it doesn’t mean I don’t really, really desire you. You’re the sexiest girl in the world to me, and fuck...if I do the washing up maybe...well maybe...” Lexa flushed an adorable pink,

“I’ll have energy to fuck you?”

“Yeah,” she flushed, “or to let me fuck you. And there’s no pressure. Like I know that this is exhaustion like no other...I do...but if it’s a choice between sex or washing up, I choose sex. If it’s a choice between you drooling on my shoulder and washing up, it’s you drooling on my shoulder. It’s you every time.”

“You’re like the sweetest, most romantic girl on earth,” her heart beat harder, and her stomach gave a flip as she realized how much she wanted Lexa - forever. Her parents had a good marriage, a great one by most people’s standards, and she’d mentioned marrying Lexa before, but in that moment she understood quite how much she wanted it and needed it. She swallowed back unexpected tears and kissed Lexa’s neck. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Lexa whispered and Clarke allowed her eyes to close as she imagined all the ways she might propose.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Clarke woke in the middle of the night a few weeks later though she wasn’t really sure why. She kept her eyes shut, willing herself back to sleep but became aware of Lexa shifting around on her side of the bed. Lexa wasn’t always the best sleeper, despite the fact that she’d thoroughly tired her out, despite the fact that it was - she squinted at the clock - four in the morning. Keeping her eyes shut she turned in the bed and wrapped her arm around Lexa’s slim waist and tugged, nestling close. It was so much easier to fall back to sleep when she was lying close to her girlfriend.

The shuffling ceased as she hugged and she basked in joy over the fact that she clearly helped Lexa relax too. She was almost asleep again when Lexa began moving again, just slightly, but enough to demonstrate that she was clearly still awake. She was on the brink of voicing a complaint when the girl picked up her hand, the left one splayed on the girl’s tights abs, and she felt something wrap around her finger. It took her a second to realize it was some kind of string. It took her longer to get why Lexa was doing what she was doing than it should have. The string slid around her finger, her ring finger and was pulled tightish and then she felt the slight tug of a knot, Lexa’s quiet breathing not quite as even as normal. Then ever so carefully Lexa waggled the string off her finger. If she hadn’t already been awake she was pretty sure she wouldn’t have felt it.

Then there was a slight shuffling noise, the sound of her beside table drawer opening and closing, and then Lexa was turning on her side and pushing her ass into her stomach and holding the hand she had just measured. The softest, little hum of satisfaction that escaped her made Clarke smile, because it was so fricking cute. Of course she now had to make up her mind on exactly how she wanted to propose and put the plan in action or else Lexa was going to beat her to it.
If you want to be happy for the rest of your life...

Chapter Summary

...make your favourite girl in all the world your wife. Clarke asks Lexa to marry her...

Chapter Notes

So here it is. I hope it is ok. I'm kinda nervous about it. I really wanted it to be classy and traditional but not too much of a cliche and not too cheesy. Tough order for a proposal where you generally gush a lot (I guess.)

Thanks to everyone for the reviews (I love to get them) and the follows and favourites! You can find me on tumblr if you like as well.

Two parts left:) :) :) 

“So, I’m going to ask Lexa to marry me,” Clarke informed Raven and Octavia.

“You’re what?” Octavia stared at her, apparently stunned.

“Excuse me?” Raven managed less shock though her mouth was gaping a little.

“Lexa is so totally planning to ask me and I plan on stealing her thunder!” she explained.

“What, huh...uh...come again now?” Raven mumbled.

“Oh my god! I can’t wait to plan your wedding!” Octavia clapped her hands ignoring the more pertinent matter of the proposal.

“She has to say yes first you know,” Clarke reminded them, “and I think I might like planning our wedding.”

“Pah, you’ll be far too busy. I’ll do it,” Octavia smirked.

“Woah, man, hold up there O. Clarkey needs to tell us exactly why she thinks Lexa is going to propose?”

“Well for one, she’s been super secretive about the new song she’s writing...”

“Probably because it’s about strap on sex,” Raven rolled her eyes and Clarke felt her cheeks burn red.

“No, that particular song has already been written,” she stuck out her tongue and Raven cackled.
“Wow, ok! God I love that you’re in a relationship where your partner gets all secretive and your conclusion is she’s asking you to marry her!” Raven smiled fondly at her. “And that she writes songs about everything from strap on sex to you painting her fucking toenails.”

“Well, to be honest, the main reason I think she’s planning to ask is because I woke up in the middle of the night with her measuring my ring finger,” she grinned.

“And you pretended you were still asleep?” Octavia asked, apparently scandalized.

“Of course. Because now I know and she doesn’t know I know,” she waggled her eyebrows theatrically.

“So why don’t you let her propose? I bet she’d go all out? She’s so extra about you - just fucking extra in general. Besides which, she’s a total marshmallow in bad girl clothing and their ain’t no way that girl wouldn’t go OTT. Especially given she’s ass over tits for you,” Raven kicked Clarke’s feet softly.

“Because Lexa is a girl who deserves to know that the person she wants to spend her life with wants it enough to ask first!”

“And you don’t?” Raven gave her a look.

“Lexa has lost a lot of people. Her mom walked out on her, she never had anyone growing up. I want her to feel it in every atom of her being how much I want her! How much I want her forever.”

“So why are you asking only when you realize she’s about to?” Octavia asked with a small shrug and Clarke gave a sigh.

“I would have asked that girl to marry me when I asked her to move in. I toyed with the idea but I decided I wanted to live with her before I marry her, because you know...what if she hated living with me?”

“Ah don’t be coy Clarkey, you wanted to take the commander for a trial run, huh?” Raven’s lip quirked up in amusement.

“Honey we’ve been round that track so many times we’re both permanently dizzy,” she blew her friend an air kiss, grinning as Raven and Octavia laughed, “I was pretty sure I’d be happy with the girl, but I wanted the girl to be sure she’d be happy with me. Lexa’s a loner and loners don’t always share their space well.”

“Clearly it went well if she’s measuring your ring finger in your sleep?” Octavia grinned.

“Lexa is a loner that wants to snuggle and cuddle, to read books cocooned on the couch together, play her music with me in the room doing my own crap. Lexa is a loner who wants to be near me as much as is humanly possible,” Clarke had a dreamy smile on her face.

“Well yeah...she’s a shit loner,” Raven agreed.

“How’s that work for you Clarke? It’s no secret you like your space?” Octavia asked.

“Not from Lexa. Proximity is good with her. She’s like the sweetest person in the world about me doing the things that make me happy. If I wanted to go out every night without her she’d smile and tell me to have fun. Ok, that’s not what I mean, because you know we both want to spend as much time together as possible...it’s just that she’s happy for us to be together doing our own thing, you know? And the truth is I don’t want space from her. I love being cocooned in duvets with her, lying
on her while we watch TV, giggling in bed together after we’ve...well you know...

“Wow, you’re doing it in beds now? That’s progress! I thought only cupboards, kitchens, gym bathrooms and stockrooms were good enough for your bare ass?”

“Oh babe,” she gave a saucy little smile, “we’ve done it on pretty much every surface in our apartment - of course the bed gets a turn. Our favorite is the...”

“I don’t want to know. I’ll never sit down in your place again,” Raven mock shivered.

“You better never come for dinner either,” Clarke whispered and Octavia giggled.

“You’re gross. You and the future Mrs. Griffin are both gross, gross, gross.”

“We’ll probably hyphenate but thanks, we do pride ourselves on being the grossest.”

“And you succeed,” Octavia gave a solemn bob of her head.

“So, the question is, how do I propose?”

“How?” Raven gave her a blank look. “Hmmm. On one knee?”

“Cute, but I kinda wanted to make it special,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Well what have you thought of so far?”

“Well you know the usual I guess,” she felt an unexpected blush on her cheeks.

“The usual being?” Raven prompted.

“Candle lit dinner, by the lake camping, the bar where we first kissed, nothing too big and showy, and definitely not public, I’m too shy for that, but you know...”

“Why don’t you dress up as Commander Lexa and Sky-girl Clarke and drop to one knee and swear fealty to her?” Raven grinned, apparently pleased with her suggestion.

“What the fuck is fealty?” Clarke scowled, secretly liking the idea a little.

“Devotion, loyalty, faithfulness. Lexa used it in conversation one day and I said the same thing to her,” Raven explained. “I mean what kina girl has fealty as a word for use in regular bar talk?”

“Hmm, it’s not bad,” Clarke conceded. “But I want more, and is feel a bit silly.”

“Ok let’s Google it,” Octavia grabbed her iPad, “the ten best ways to propose,” she typed and hit go. “Ok, ok. Candlelit dinner, park picnic, where you first met...boring boring boring.”

“Not boring O, just not for Clarkey. Try another site,” Raven elbowed her, reading over her shoulder, “ok , 21 best ways to propose. Ok I like the whole write it somewhere unexpected. Like on the bathroom mirror so when she gets out of the shower, the message is there.”

“Ooh that’s cute. Or the beach, or with chalk on the sidewalk,” Octavia enthused.

“I got it,” Clarke grinned suddenly, as their suggestions and a surprise she was already working on for Lexa, came together.

“Ok, what?”
“Not telling,” she smiled widely, “but I’m gonna have to go.”

“Where are you going?”

“Garden center and an art store. It’s gonna take a bit of organizing but Lexa has a meeting next week. I’m gonna make sure that’s my day off so I can set it all up for then.”

“Can we come?” Octavia eyed Raven.

“Sure,” she laughed.

**XOXO**

“So why do you even want to get married?” Octavia asked.

“Yeah you always used to say marriage is overrated.”

“And it still is in a way. The thing is, it’s about saying to that person they’re the most important person in the world to you...”

“You can do that without marriage,” Raven interrupted with a roll of her eyes.

“And I wasn’t done,” Clarke pointed out, “as I was about to say, which is absolutely possible without marriage, but the marriage is kinda like the declaration to the world, that you’re a united force, each other’s protectors. And yeah, maybe you don’t need it, but in a world where we couldn’t even legally marry until recently, in a world where in most countries we still can’t, in a world where people still call my girlfriend my friend, in a world where Lexa legally has no one, I want to be hers. And I want her to be mine. I’ll call her my girlfriend forever, but fuck, I want to be old and grey and on a porch somewhere, covered by a soft afghan blanket with my wife at my side. It’s not going to change anything per say. Not really. But at the same time it’ll kind of change everything.”

“That’s sweet,” Raven sniffed and bumped a fist into her shoulder.

“I totally respect not getting married too, I just...for me...for Lexa, I want this.”

“And that’s fealty,” Octavia sighed with a soft smile on her face.

“Yes,” Raven agreed as she turned into the garden center.

“So what are we getting? Now you’ve got your mysterious paint.”

“Flowers. We’re ordering lots of them. And pots to plant them in. I want all the prettiest plants with the prettiest flowers, that are flowering right now. Lexa loves flowers.”

“Aye aye cap,” Raven saluted.

**XOXO**

“Sexy Lexy,” Clarke called as Lexa opened the front door, a smile crossing her face at the sight of Clarke in nothing but a tank and pajama shorts on the couch. Clarke saw Lexa’s pretty eyes rove across her, as she hung up her bag and kicked off her converse.

“Hands,” she waved them in the air and disappeared into the kitchen to wash them. Clarke found her at the sink, and slid her arms around her from behind, pressing up against her and kissing her neck.

“I missed you,” she whispered.
“I know. I hate that I had to go to this dumb meeting when you had a day off. The record company could tell I was pissed, but Bob insisted he couldn’t manage any other day until next month.”

“You had this meeting planned for months,” Clarke giggled as Lexa turned in her arms, “the hospital just didn’t listen when I requested to work today instead of tomorrow. Bastards.”

“Total bastards,” Lexa agreed, giving her ‘eyes’ of gloriously naughty intent. Clarke felt her stomach tighten as Lexa’s wet hands slid under her tank. She didn’t care that they were wet, the weather was hot enough for that. Lexa smirked at her, as if expecting a squeal and when she received none, moved her hands up to cup her naked breasts. Clarke mewled softly which Lexa took as the go ahead to further this kitchen escapade, brushing thumbs across her nipples and nuzzling her neck, back curving to press into her. Clarke loved Lexa like this - soft and needy, wanting her, and asking with the push of her body for her to take control.

Normally Clarke would take control - scoop Lexa up, carry her through to the couch and ravish her, or given the spring heat the shower had definite potential, though the shower washed her taste away, so maybe the bed? There were toys beside the bed and Lexa was looking all kinds of gorgeous, and Clarke was feeling kinda kinky. She shook her head, because she was getting distracted. Lexa was obviously in the mood for loving and in the absence of Clarke taking control, she was apparently willing to take things to the next level herself, her wet hands abandoning Clarke’s boobs and tracking down to the waistband of her pajama shorts.

“Arrived home feeling amorous?” She teased and Lexa answered by sliding her hands down the back of her pajama’s and smoothing them over her bum. Clarke was torn - she had her big proposal all planned and ready, but if Lexa was going to take charge she was inclined to let her, because she did so love relinquishing control from time to time.

“I’ve missed you,” Lexa hummed into her neck, squeezing her ass and smoothing her fingers down the curve.

“Hmm, and me you...”

“You had fun today?” Lexa’s voice was low as she then spread the elastic of Clarke’s pajama shorts preparing to push them off.

“Yes, lots,” she sighed as her shorts fell to the floor and then gave herself a stern mental talking to. They could have sex after. They could have amazing sex after, but the sun was setting and the timing was perfect and Lexa clearly wasn’t so tired she wouldn’t enjoy things. After they could have sex for the rest of their lives. She reminded herself that she didn’t actually know whether or not Lexa’s meeting had really run late - perhaps she’d been organizing her own proposal? “Lexa, wait,” Clarke caught the hand that was trailing up her inner thigh and swallowed back the raging disappointment that she’d have to wait for those fingers to do their magic thing.

“Wait?” Lexa was blinking, her pupils so wide they nearly obliterated the green as she stared at Clarke in that lust drunk manner she had. “Why?” the latter came out a little whiny and that made Clarke smile as she bent to retrieve her shorts, pulling them up.

“I have a surprise for you,” she explained.

“The best surprise would be you naked and on all fours while I fuck you from behind,” she growled, hand once again sneaking under Clarke’s shorts, bottom up this time.

“Oh fuck, yeah, please,” she faltered, her eyes fluttering shut. She moaned as Lexa’s fingers brushed through the wetness between her thighs. “Fuck no, no,” at the first no, Lexa withdrew her hand...
faster than lightening, pouting her disappointment. Clarke giggled, “after baby, after.”

“After what?” she pouted.

“After I show you your gift. Sunset is the perfect time, it’ll look best.”

“A gift?” the shy smile was captivating.

“Yeah, for you. You’ve survived nearly six months of residency me. You’ve been amazing. So yes, a gift.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“What kind of gift looks better at sunset?” Lexa asked, still looking shy as she slipped her hand into Clarke’s and allowed her to lead her to the glass double doors that opened onto the balcony. The curtains that Clarke had pulled across, were burning like fire from the setting sun.

“You’ll see,” Clarke grinned. “Now close your eyes, Commander.”

“Really Clarke?” Lexa gave her a look but she nodded, and so smiling that big gorgeous all is good with the world smile, she stood with her eyes shut tight. Clarke pulled back the curtains and let out a sigh of happiness because it all looked perfect, everything glowing with the warm radiance of the setting sun. She slid open the patio doors. They were the fancy kind that disappeared entirely into the walls and left the space fully open. It was too early for mosquitos, so she ignored the pullout net and stepped outside, tugging Lexa with her. She felt like she was burning up with nerves, which was strange because she’d never been surer of anything in her life. Perhaps it was more a nervous anticipation, of everything going right, of it being what Lexa deserved, because she thought Lexa deserved the best. She didn’t strive for perfection, she had long since recognized that aiming for perfection would destroy her, but she did strive to make it something that meant something, that would mean something in years to come, not because it was grand or perfect in general, but because it demonstrated to Lexa that she loved her, and that it was as perfect as possible for them. “Can I open my eyes yet?” Lexa sounded amused.

“Yes,” she squeezed the hand in hers and Lexa’s beautiful green eyes opened, blinking a couple of times at the brightness before focusing on the cacophony of color all over her large balcony.

“Oh my god,” she practically squealed, a squeal of joy with a gasp of surprise. Clarke loved the noise. “You planted me a garden of flowers?” She turned away from the flowers to look at her, then flicked back to the flowers, then back to her, and then back to the flowers. “You did all this today?”

“Raven, O and Bell helped.”

“There’s so many! And the pots are gorgeous and oh my god, I love it. I love it,” her left hand trailed over petals of blue, pink, orange, yellow, red, and even green. “It’s a beautiful rainbow flower garden,” she sighed happily. “Oh I could live out here,” she blinked several times, eyes glassy, and Clarke felt a surge of gooey, loving, affection for her emotional girlfriend who then turned and caught her in the tightest hug. “This is so amazing. It’s so pretty and smells so good and it’s just perfect.”

“I may have been planning the garden for a while, but I wanted it to be a surprise, so I had to wait for a day I was off and when you had to work,” Clarke explained into Lexa’s neck, where she was still being held. Lexa released her, only to kiss her, and then kiss her again, before they were holding hands and moving around the garden.
It may have only been a balcony, but Lexa was well off and her balcony had always looked like it ate Clarke’s old one for breakfast. It was thankfully large enough for all the pots, planters and hanging baskets, the barbecue, table and chair set and two comfy sun loungers. It faced south westerly which made for beautiful sunsets and had tasteful wooden railings and a warm sand colored stone floor. Lexa gripped her hand and led her from pot to pot, complimenting her choice of flowers and giving cute little facts, such as, “did you know hydrangeas have different color flowers depending on the soil they grow in and how much aluminum is in it and that’s why you can have different color flowers on the same bush? It’s all about the Ph of the soil.” Clarke did know, but she acted like it was all new information because Lexa was so excited telling her all about it.

“So Lexa, you wanna water your new garden? I got you a watering can,” she gestured to the outdoor tap, where a watering can sat, and Lexa, the cute little dork, squealed again while nodding eagerly and immediately set to lifting the watering can Clarke had already filled. “Start with the hanging basket,” Clarke suggested, and Lexa laughed,

“But then it’ll drip all over me while I water the rest.”

“So?” Clarke arched a sultry brow, “you know I like you wet,” she ladled on the insinuation and Lexa giggled, the best sound of all Lexa’s sounds. Well, except for the way she said her name, and her cute little sex noises, and her voice when she sang, and her voice when she was over excited, and her laugh. Clarke shook her head to get rid of her runaway thoughts, and watched Lexa wink, and stride with sass to the hanging basket and pour in the water, standing on the little stool Clarke had placed there. “They said that one needs lots of water, a whole watering can full,” she informed her.

Lexa looked back at her, “I’m gonna be soaked.”

“Absolutely you are by the time I’m done with you,” she teased and Lexa rolled her eyes and focused on her job. Clarke focused on the spectacle of Lexa’s top and jeans getting wetter and wetter, watching her shake and jitter from the cold water spilled over from the basket and hit her and the stone flooring of the balcony. Lexa looked fucking sexy, outrageously so, and she snuck her phone off the table where she’d left it earlier and snapped a few pictures - her beautiful girl surrounded by flowers, wet clothes and gorgeous hair, miraculously dry, and falling in a shower of soft waves. Clarke looked to the concrete where her painting had appeared, the water making the design magically appear in all its glory - a collage of flowers and five syllables, seven syllables and another five, posed as a question. She snapped a picture of it, relieved that magic paint had worked, and then snapped another of Lexa stepping down from the stool, oblivious to the message at her feet. She was about to walk back to the tap, had half turned even, when she saw it, her back going ramrod straight and the watering can falling from her hand. She gasped and her hands covered her mouth as she stared at the words. Clarke was ready with the ring in her hand. It was a simple ring, a ring that suited Lexa, expensive but not outrageous. It cost what she had, but she’d have chosen the same ring with twice as much money spend. It was a ring from her to the girl she loved.

Lexa turned to look at her and she was already on her knees, holding the ring out.

“Clarke?” her voice cracked and a tear was sliding down her cheek. Clarke couldn’t ever abide tears from Lexa’s eyes, they made her ache inside, and so she jumped up and gathered the girl in her arms, kissing her face all over.

“Lexa, I love you,” she whispered. “Please marry me?”

“Yes,” the word was pressed into a fierce kiss, one that surprised her, one that was slightly salty from Lexa’s tears and yet was perfect. “Yes,” she said again and Clarke couldn’t help but laugh,

“Yeah?”
“Yeah,” Lexa kissed her again, and again and again. “I can’t believe you did this. I can’t…”

“Well I love you. A forever kind of love and I want you to be my family Lexa. I want you to marry me because then it’s you and I together, unified. And it’s romantic - and you deserve romance. I love you so much I want to declare to the world that I am yours and you are mine.”

“I was going to ask you…I have a ring…and…” Lexa swiped at her eyes, and clung onto her.

“I may have realized that,” Clarke didn’t want to lie.

Lexa looked like she was hanging between two emotions, “That’s not why you…”

“Lexa, let me tell you when I planned to ask you to marry me, ok?”

“They sank onto one of the sun loungers together, Lexa lying alongside her, head on her chest as Clarke played with her hair, threading her fingers through the silky strands. It was intimate and so lovely. They were both smiling like idiots, and Lexa kept pressing into her as if she wanted to be closer, ever closer. Clarke loved it. Loved her.

“Remember that trip we took…it was the weekend I came out to my parents,” she spoke into the quiet night, “you were picking raspberries and beans the next day in the garden, and being so sweet about it and my mom asked me, ‘why her?’”

“What did you say?” Lexa craned her neck so she could meet her eyes.

“Oh, I told her a bunch of things. That you’re a careful person, that you don’t expect the world to provide you a happy ever after and so you make your own, that you love and care for the people important to you so hard. I told my mom you’re guarded with people - but not with me. That with me you’re mush, that you give me everything and would do anything for me. God, I told her that when you came out to me just two weeks into our friendship I felt hope - hope for something I didn’t even understand back then. I told my mom I’m attracted to you, that you’re sexy, and wonderful in bed. But really it was about how much fun we have, how sweet and funny and interesting you are and about how you make me feel all the wonderful things you say about me are true. And then I told her that one day you’d know that you mean as much to me as you make me trust I mean to you because I would propose to you.”

“Really?” Lexa looked stunned, shuffling up the lounger so their faces were side by side. Once there a big smile wrote itself across her features.

“Yes. I talked to Bell about proposing instead of asking to move in, but I thought you better see how you found living with a sleep deprived, trainee Doctor zombie.”

“I love living with Doctor Zombie,” Lexa kissed her boob through her shirt.

“I was trying to come up with a proposal I was happy with…that wasn’t too much and wasn’t too little, just enough. Not cliché and not without tradition when I woke up in the middle of the night to you measuring my finger.”

“You woke up?” Lexa looked peeved but then sighed, “I thought you might have done. Dammit. I was so fucking proud of my stealthiness.”

“I know,” she grinned, “you gave this little hum of satisfaction which was just so fucking adorable,” she leant forward and kissed her for a bit.

“Your proposal was perfect, you know?” Lexa gazed at the ring on her finger. “My ring is perfect.
My garden is perfect and you...you’re the most perfect thing of all. And I’m going to do my proposal because I really, really wanted to propose to you Clarke. I wanted to ask you because...god, I feel like I lived this whole life before you, but only started living when we met. Fuck that sounds like a line, but honestly - you’re special Clarke. Really, fucking special and you make me a better person.”

“Lexa, I don’t,” Clarke carded her fingers through soft dark hair. “When I decided that I wanted to propose to you it was because I wanted you to know that you are the best person I know. You’re special. So special I want to spend my entire life with you. That’s all I want.”

“Granted,” Lexa smiled, her shy smile, the smile that said she trusted Clarke, that she’d fight her default insecurity to believe that she was special like Clarke said.

“I want a house with you Lexa - a big homey one with comfy couches, bright throws and a fireplace. And I want a cabin by a lake, like the one we dreamed up on that first camping trip. And children, at least two, and a dog, a cute husky dog we get as a puppy and train together. And I want to grow old with you, and have you make jokes about my saggy boobs and my grey hair, but love me and want me anyway. I want us to binge watch shows as old ladies, hustle kids in pool halls together because they think two old women can’t possibly play pool. I want to listen to you play me songs from a cozy porch swing. I want to be with you until I stop breathing, Lexa.”

“Me too,” they kissed softly before Lexa pulled back, “But when we move from this place we’re going to have to replace the floor of the balcony because I’m taking that section of stone with us,” she pointed to Clarke’s haiku - they were tradition after all - and then kissed her, “and now, I’m gonna take you inside but I’m not gonna fuck you. I’m gonna make love to you and baby, you’re gonna come so hard, so fucking hard and so good,” she pressed a kiss to her lips and then pulled back. “Shit, that was meant to sound way more romantic than it actually did.”

“It sounded very romantic Lexa,” Clarke giggled, and smiled at Lexa who sat and stared at the stone, where the words were already fading as the water evaporated. Clarke knew she might be crap at poetry but it didn’t matter because she was marrying a lyrical genius. She was marrying Lexa, the love of her life - her best friend. She watched the words fade and then Lexa was kissing her.

I love you Lexa, 
So would you please marry me? 
Be my family
“Morning beautiful,” Lexa’s voice roused her from her sleep of the dead and she swiped hair from her eyes and opened them to see the girl in question stood leaning casually against the doorframe, looking like a goddess, dressed only in a loose t-shirt. She had a tray in her hands bearing coffee and what looked like bowls of breakfast, making the vision perfect.

“What time is it?” she yawned and stretched in a deliberately feline manner because she knew it turned her girlfr...no, her fiancé on.

“It’s ten. I checked your schedule and you’re not on until noon,” Lexa told her and she began to fret,

“I know, but I had to go pick up that package my mom sent and the laces on my converse snapped so I was going to go buy some more...” Clarke felt a knot of stress thread through her. She’d proposed two days ago and they had celebrated a lot. She’d worked the following day only to arrive home to a proposal from Lexa. Lexa who had already bought the ring, and had written, recorded and produced a single just for her called ‘won’t you marry me?’ It was an absolutely beautiful song that literally blew her away. She’d shared a snippet on Instagram and sent the Internet crazy. After Lexa sang to her, a live version, and she’d accepted, that had obviously resulted in a second round of celebration, before she’d sunk, deliciously sated, into their amazing bed, wrapped around the girl of her dreams, and fallen into the deepest sleep of her life she was sure.

“Done and done,” Lexa winked at her. “The package is in the living room and the laces are in your converse.”

“Oh,” she smiled because the girl of her dreams apparently planned on making her dreams come true no matter how mundane. “Then come a little closer with that coffee, baby,” she gave a saucy little wink and when the cover dropped to expose her chest she didn’t bother covering back up.

“And fruit salad, yoghurt, granola and chocolate chips just the way you like it,” Lexa smiled, placing the tray down on her bedside table and crawling onto the bed beside her, passing her the coffee first.
and then her breakfast.

“Is this the kinda pampering I can expect as your wife?” she teased, as if Lexa didn’t often do this for her.

“Indeed,” Lexa smiled, as she took her breakfast, their fingers brushing before she looked into the bowl.

“Lexa?” she stared at the letters uncomprehendingly, the carefully chocolate chipped message, ‘will you marry me?’ “Did I not already answer this question?”

“Well, you stole my thunder, Griffin.”

“You mean cos I got there first?” she smirked.

“Yeah. I mean, I love that you asked me first, really love it, and how you asked me, but I have wanted to propose to you practically from the second we met and goddammit but I had a hundred ways thought up of how to do so.”

“Yesterday was perfect.”

“I’m going to make everyday perfect until we’re married,” there was a look of fierce determination on her face.

“You can’t propose every day Lexa,” she scoffed.

“Yes I can,” Lexa tilted her chin up, the embodiment of defiance.

“Is that supposed to be a threat?” Clarke giggled, taking the chocolate chip dot from the question mark and popping it in her mouth.

“It’s my revenge. You will always have proposed first sweetheart, but I’m going to propose in so many different ways so that you know just how much I love you.”

“You have a weak grasp of the concept of revenge,” she pressed a chocolatey kiss to her girlfriend’s lips. “But you go for it baby. I plan to enjoy your revenge. A lot.”

“It’s my plan for us both to enjoy it,” Lexa arched her brows. “So?”

“So?”

“I asked a question. One it is customary to answer.”

“You did?” She stared at her girl confused, watching as Lexa’s green eyes fell to the bowl. “Ah, that question.”

“That question.”

“Hmmm...yeah, I think I’ll marry you,” she put the bowl on her beside table and drew Lexa to her for a kiss, her eyes looking at the beautiful, one of a kind, ring that now adorned her left hand.

“Well, I believe that calls for a celebration,” Lexa mumbled into the kiss.

“Oh but revenge is sweet,” Clarke giggled at Lexa’s roaming hands and heated kisses.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO
Clarke woke up ensconced in her childhood bed, feeling not as well rested as she would have liked, but she didn’t really care, not when the sun was shining on what promised to be a beautiful day. It was hot, so she kicked off the covers and rubbed the head of the puppy at her side - one of Lexa’s many, many ingenious methods of proposing had been the selection of Gus, the cutest husky puppy either of them had ever seen. He was still a little puppy really, and to start with had only let them sleep when curled up on the bed beside Clarke. This had thrilled Lexa who claimed he would protect her from danger when she couldn’t. Clarke kept trying to point out that they would have to retrain him soon because one, he was going to get bigger, a lot bigger and two, he was already preventing them from having sex in their bed because he did this cute little head tilt thing and watched. After he tried to get involved on one extremely awkward occasion, Lexa had agreed a basket outside their room was the way to go. Of course she hadn’t spent last night with Lexa and so she’d snuck the puppy into her bed feeling horribly lonely.

A gentle tap at the door, resulted in a soft puppy growl from Gus.

“Come in,” she called, rubbing his soft head and grinning at his adorable yawn and wagging tail.

“Hey honey,” Abby poked her head around the corner, two mugs of coffee in her hands, bringing them over and putting them beside Clarke’s bed. “How did you sleep?”

“Badly. I missed Lexa.”

“It gets like that. At first I couldn’t sleep because of your dad’s snores and now I can’t sleep without them.”

“Lexa doesn’t snore,” she smiled whimsically, thinking of the green-eyed girl, a small sigh escaping.

“No I’m sure,” Abby rolled her eyes with a smile. “She did ask me to give you this,” Abby handed over a thick envelope which Clarke grabbed and eagerly opened.

“Oh my god,” she gasped, her skin blanching.

“Are you ok? What is it?” Abby sounded slightly frantic and Clarke didn’t blame her - she could only manage to gape at the contents of the envelope, with a stunned expression and given it was the morning of her wedding, Abby probably assumed it was bad news.

She clutched the papers to her chest, heart pounding, unable to believe it.

“Clarke, so help me but if you don’t tell me what just happened I will scream,” Abby shook her.

“Lexa asked me to marry her,” she began to smile, and then laughed.

“As she does every day,” Abby rolled her eyes at what she probably deemed extravagant romanticism.

“She bought one of the brownstones near the hospital that I’ve been mooning after for so long...she actually bought it...and look...she painted the words on the living room wall inside?” she shoved the papers at her mother, that included several pictures of the place, including the mural on the living room wall.

She does realize she doesn’t need to keep asking?” Abby smirked at the hearts and the ‘will you marry me?’ decorating the wall in a beautiful living room with wooden floors, high ceilings and large sash windows. The fact that the photo was in the realtor’s official house details made Clarke
grin because it meant Lexa made them print up the details with her message after she’d already bought the place. Then again Lexa didn’t have to do much to convince people to assist her. Her daily proposals were a point of much discussion amongst her fans, who considered her the epitome of romantic and cool and every flattering phrase under the sun. Much like she considered Lexa to be all these things. “I mean, your wedding is today,” Abby sounded a little exasperated.

“It’s a thing,” Clarke shrugged, tapping the home button of her phone so a picture of her and Lexa canoodling appeared, thumb brushing across her girlfriend’s face, “it’s extremely romantic.”

“One house, a lake side mansion, a puppy, a car and a long vacation, to name but a few of the many ways she’s proposed is extravagant Clarke, not romantic. I’ve heard Raven use the word Lextra and I’m beginning to think I know exactly what she means.”

“She’s not ‘Lextra,’ she just likes to let me know I’m loved.”

“Really? And how many rings do you have now? How many songs? Houses?”

“You be sure to tell her to stop taking care of me mom, perfect day for it,” Clarke teased, pulling her phone to her ear after hitting call.

“Clarke,” Lexa sounded bright and cheerful, and answered so promptly she had to have been waiting for the call. “You called!”

“Well I thought you might be wanting my answer,” she flirted.

“I guess, sure...why not.”

“So that’s a...”

“That’s a yes, I’ll marry you.”

“Well it’s a relief to hear you accept my proposal,” Lexa feigned gravitas.

“Hmm, shocking I’m sure,” she found herself giggling.

“You happy?”

“You bought us a house! One of the ones I’ve wanted. Yeah, I’m pretty damn happy.”

“It’s a corner lot so only one lot of potentially noisy neighbors. But it’s near the hospital and I can get the basement sound proofed so we don’t always have to rehearse at Indra’s.”

“I love it. I love you. Thank you. I can’t actually believe you did that!”

“Anything for you. And for me. I mean, we both wanted a yard for Gus and more space and it’s nearer the hospital so less travel time, and all those features we love. It is beautiful.”

“You know what Lexa? All I’ve really wanted since meeting you, is you!”

“Aww, baby...is that part of your vows?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know, cheeky!”

“Yes,” Lexa’s breathing could be heard through the phone. “I missed you last night. I can’t sleep
very well without your boob as my pillow and my arm wrapped round you.”

“Me either,” she glanced at her mom, but she was pulling her wedding dress out of the closet and fluffing the bag it was in. “I really, really think we should always sleep together.”


“Well, I definitely am the more pathetic of the two of us, but he misses you.”

“Good. You’re really truly happy about the house?”

“I’m thrilled Lexa. You’re the sweetest girl on the entire planet and you’re mine.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t get to do my last proposal in person and then kiss you all over when you said yes,” she sighed.

“Don’t worry. You’re going to have plenty of opportunity to kiss me all over later when I’m your wife,” she tried to cover her mouth so her mom didn’t hear, but Abby’s arched brow and pointed look told her she had been unsuccessful. “Well we’re getting married mom, it’s good we still have a healthy sex life!”

“Huh?” Lexa sounded cute and confused.

“My mom is with me.”

“You’re talking about me kissing you all over in front of your mom? *Clarke,*” she whined a little.

“Lexa, don’t worry, I’m going to kiss you all over too,” she smirked, deliberately misunderstanding her girlfriend’s whiny tone. Abby’s eyebrows rose even higher.

“Clarke, fuck...your mom doesn’t need to hear about us having sex. I don’t want her to have a picture of my head between your thighs as she walks you up the aisle!”

“She won’t,” Clarke clenched at the thought, “I will though.”

“Clarke! It’s our wedding! It’s supposed to be romantic,” Lexa laughed.

“It’ll be very romantic. But it can be two things at once you know?”

“Yeah, true,” the sigh down the phone was beautifully contented.

“I can’t wait to be Dr. Griffin-Woods!”

“I can’t wait to be Lexa Griffin-Woods,” Lexa agreed dreamily.

“Ugh, stop being cute or I’m going to fuck tradition and come find you,” she was the whiny one now, as she felt a sudden need for proximity to her girlfriend.

“Oh no you’re not,” Abby plucked the phone from her hand.

“But we just got engaged!” Clarke defended but Abby just rolled her eyes, “For the two hundredth time,” she scoffed, putting the phone to her ear. “Lexa, I’m sorry, but you’re going to have to go. Clarke has to be primped and preened and you will next see her at the end of the aisle in... about seven hours times... I know...yes...I’m sure... Lexa... Yeah... Don’t be silly... I love you too... Yes... Well I’ll be texting Jake to tell him no more calls and to keep you away from your
phone... Ok,” her mom ended the call, and pocketed her phone.

“It was actually my 245th proposal and the last one ever,” Clarke snifled a little, suddenly emotional.

“Well I’m pretty sure she’s going to go extra big for anniversaries,” her mom rolled her eyes.

“It’s just been...loads of fun, and romantic getting engaged every day,” Clarke gave a sad smile.

“And celebrating apparently,” her mom gave her a pointed look to which she just grinned,

“Oh the celebrating is the best,” she sighed a little. “I know it seems silly but we’re getting married. Two years before we got engaged we couldn’t have gotten married because it wasn’t legal. Obviously it’s more than that. I love Lexa. I know you know that, I know everyone knows that, but she’s something more than just special to me, like...not the other half of my soul exactly, but like the right person for my soul.”

“Like a soul mate?” Abby smirked.

“Kind of. She’s just someone who makes me exponentially happier. With her, everything falls into place. I can be sad when I’m with her, but not because of her. Meeting Lexa was like...I don’t know, like being opened up to a whole new world of food after eating a really restricted diet my whole life...”

“You mean like when you were a kid and you only ate plain food and nothing mixed together?”

“Yeah, exactly. Me before Lexa, was like my food taste as a kid. I was happy with it, it was ok and not unhealthy, but then Lexa came along. And she took the food on my plate and created something spectacular. She mixed, and merged and then added new stuff, her stuff and God, now that plate of plain foods all separated would be terrible and boring. It’s like we blend together perfectly. We make not one perfect dish but hundreds of perfect dishes. We’re more interesting, prettier, happier, more delicious. More sustaining.”

“That’s a rather wordy way of saying soulmate,” her mom grinned at her. “And I think maybe you’re hungry,” she teased. Clarke laughed,

“Lexa is my soulmate. And my best friend. And my lover. And basically my everything.”

“Well good. Because this wedding is to celebrate that.”

There was a bashing at the door, before Octavia and Raven stumbled in and curled up on Clarke’s bed, clearly still sleepy. Raven scooping the puppy onto her lap and tickled his tummy.

“What’s new?” Raven smiled blearily at them.

“I’m getting married,” Clarke winked with a big smile.

“We know sweetie, we’re your bridesmaids,” Octavia pulled her closer on the bed and snuggled into her.

“I mean Lexa asked me to marry her!”

“The last proposal!” Raven shouted and Clarke winced.

“How?” Octavia sat up and Clarke passed Octavia the house details, so they could huddle together and read them.
“Holy fucking shitballs!” Raven declared.

“I’ll go make coffee,” Abby told them with a grimace at Raven’s loud choice of words.

“You look really beautiful,” Lexa told her. They were snuggled together on a bench, surrounded by flowers, a little ways away from the music blasting from in the marquee. It was nice to have fresh air and enjoy the waning sun, but the nicest thing was having her new wife to herself after the whirlwind of the day.

“You look really...really fucking hot,” she smirked and Lexa laughed. It was true though. Seeing Lexa in a suit, jacket discarded so the black suspenders were on display against the visible swell of her chest, in her fitted crisp white shirt - it was an incredible turn on. It drove Clarke fucking wild.

“Come here Mrs. Griffin,” she tugged the black skinny tie, until Lexa’s mouth was pressed against hers and gave her the dirtiest kiss to ensure her wife knew exactly what her wedding outfit did to her. She wasn’t expecting Lexa’s kiss to be equally dirty in return, but her wife’s hand was eagerly pushing away flounce and layers, as she attempted to make it under her skirt.

“What the fuck is wrong with this dress?” Lexa growled in frustration. “I want to touch you and your wedding dress is blocking me.”

“Do you hate the dress, Lexa?” she giggled.

“I love the dress, I love you in the dress. You look edible in the dress. I want to eat you in the dress,” Lexa spoke heatedly, eyes devouring her in a way that set a beat between her thighs. “Well eat you out,” she clarified with a rakish charm, eyes desperate.

“You wanna be between my legs and under all this flounce?” Clarke picked up on the kink.

“Fuck yeah,” Lexa actually whimpered and Clarke clenched her legs together. A crunch of feet and a voice alerted her to someone’s approach.

“Fuck someone’s coming,” Clarke hissed, grabbing Lexa’s hand from where it was buried in ruffles and put it on her waist, curling into her wife and pressing warm romantic kisses to her neck, instead of the heated, dirty kisses they’d been sharing moments earlier. “Talk about something. It might be my granny or some relative.”

“I can’t believe your mom allowed the cocktail sausages to go through on the menu choices,” Lexa garbled and Clarke locked eyes with her and mouthed, “Really?” to which Lexa merely shrugged.

“I thought for sure she’d go taco’s instead,” she smirked devilishly.

“Aw come on Lexy, I know it’s you who’s always wanting tacos,” Clarke grinned.

“I know you’d have been happy with either - cocktail sausages ok, tacos ok, you’re that kinda girl, but me? I’m a taco girl,” Lexa playfully held out her hands and pretended to be weighing up tacos and cocktail sausages.

“I think I’m off cocktail sausages for life baby. A taco has so much more variety,” she smiled angelically. “So many more ways to eat it. It’s more exciting, more multifaceted...it has layers...”

“Oh agreed,” Lexa nodded.
“I mean cocktail sausages have their merit, but you can enjoy all the perks of a cocktail sausage without the... without the...” she trailed off as she tried to find the right word.

“Pork?” Lexa filled in and she giggled.

“Yeah, like a vegetarian cocktail sausage in a taco... it would probably be delicious,” she knew Lexa got exactly what the vegetarian sausage was a euphemism for because her pupils were blown, and her fingers were digging into her.

“Very,” Lexa hugged her tight. “Can we sneak off? No one’s here?”

“I’m here you dorks, and I have the cutest goddamn photos of you talking about food, because what else would you talk about on your wedding day but fucking cocktail sausages and tacos... and oh,” Raven began to laugh, “you weren’t talking about food at all you dirty hoes.”

“We thought you might be Clarke’s granny.”

“She’s drunk and dancing inappropriately with my boyfriend.”

“She always did love Bell,” Clarke snickered.

“Why don’t you guys escape for a quickie?” Raven suggested. “They’re gonna want you to cut the cake and do the f’ing speeches soon.”

“I need a room with a table or bed and like fifteen minutes,” Lexa wasn’t messing around and Clarke felt a delicious swoop and flutter at the can-do will-do attitude.

“Clarke’s room, idiot,” Raven rolled her eyes and pulled out her phone to take more pictures. “Sorry but you look like you’re in some fucking magazine photo shoot.”

“If they try and do anything other than get drunk, stall them. This is our wedding and we wanna have sex,” Lexa was so authoritative that Clarke moaned softly in her ear because she wanted it. “Ok then,” Lexa stood and turned, scooping Clarke into her strong arms.

“Have fun,” Raven laughed at them and Clarke waved over Lexa’s shoulder, watching her friend take more pictures.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Lexa was impatient, demanding and in total control because she’d lost control. Used to being the instigator and the more dominant one in bed, Clarke was loving every second of her wife’s loss of control to her rampant desire. They were a mess on the bed, kissing heatedly as Lexa tried to shove the skirt of her dress up.

“Pull it up before I tear it,” she ordered and Clarke flushed with arousal at the tone, gathering her skirts and pulling them up and around her waist. Lexa was lowering her head underneath them in less than half a second, her hot mouth burning around her clit even though her sexy lace underwear was in the way. “This is so fucking hot,” Lexa moaned into lace and Clarke felt her body tremble. “Fuck,” then Lexa’s fingers were tugging them down and peeling them off. Clarke widened her legs instinctively, hips rising in anticipation of Lexa’s mouth, which found her wet heat moments later. It was a lot like their first time. Lexa had been crazy for her then, had kissed and licked with such abandon and enthusiasm that Clarke had been a stuttering mess. This was no different. Her mouth was eager, sucking, licking, tongue swiping at her clit, then surging inside of her. She didn’t know what to expect. There was no rhythm, no technique per say, just her wife’s utter desperation to taste her, smell her, be close to her, to push her tongue into her then suck parts of her into her mouth.
“Lexa,” she cried out her name as Lexa pressed her lips around her clit, before surging down to thrust her tongue back inside of her, hands squeezing at her thighs, at her ass, not holding her steady but helping her thrust closer to her face. She felt a smile against her skin and then two fingers slid inside of her and Lexa moved her mouth back to her clit, sealing it around the sensitive bundle. Her tongue toyed with it and her fingers thrust as erratically as her hips were moving against the bed, but they were so skilled, so long and able to reach where she needed them that she was screaming Lexa’s name as her body locked those digits inside of her and she pulsed around them, coming spectacularly in a ridiculously short amount of time. Marriage turned her on it seemed. Or Lexa. Definitely Lexa. A whimper from her wife pulled her out of her post-megaorgasmic haze.

“Clarke please,” Lexa looked up at her, eyes dark, mouth covered with her come and she knew what she was asking.

“Take them off,” she nodded and giggled because she’d never seen Lexa undress so quickly, sliding the suspended straps from her shoulders and dropping her pants and underwear, before crawling back to her and clamping their mouths together. Clarke mewled at the taste of herself on Lexa’s lips. But it was the taste of Lexa she really wanted. “Up,” she broke the kiss.

“Up?”

“Sit on my face,” she told her wife who immediately flushed and started to scramble eagerly up her body, which was so cute and funny that the first thing she did was giggle into her delicious wet warmth.

“That’s not kind,” Lexa met her eyes with faux indignation. Clarke responded by attacking her clit with her tongue and Lexa’s head dropped back. “Fuck that’s more than kind,” she moaned, and her hips thrust forward. Clarke’s hands found her hips to help her move but not too much, as she sucked and licked, thumbs swooping circles on her lean thighs. She loved Lexa on her face. Loved how she always lost control and needed her hands to hold her and stop her thrusting into her face too hard. Loved how loud she became, how she swore and leaned back to caress her breasts, not for her pleasure, but because Lexa found her boobs such a turn on that playing with them made her come harder. And Lexa, she was gonna come fucking hard because she was wet and needy, and she’d already lost control, swearing, whimpering and tugging on Clarke’s nipples, while palming her breasts through the bodice of her wedding dress.

“Fuck, fucking goddamn, Clarke...” Lexa wailed as she broke free of Clarke’s hands and drove down onto her face as she came, wet flooding over Clarke’s face as she gave herself over to the feel of Lexa bearing down hard on top of her mouth, hips shaking.

“Baby,” she mumbled into her soft folds and Lexa shook, “can’t breathe,” she mumbled and poked her with her tongue. Lexa moaned but lifted.

“Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. I loved that you did that. God I’m so turned on by it,” she told her truthfully as Lexa shimmied down her and curled into her side before collapsing in a heap of languid limbs.

“Yeah? I didn’t hurt you?”

“You mean when your soft, gorgeous lady parts crashed into my mouth as you came all over my face?” she smirked and Lexa kissed her.

“Lady parts, Clarke? Really?” Lexa teased, nuzzling her neck.
“Well it’s a bit of a mouthful to say vagina and vulva, don’t cha think? And not all that sexy.”

“Is cunt too crass?” Lexa squinted.

“For our wedding day, I think so,” she bit her lip.

“Pussy?”

“Whatever we call it, the result is the same. I love you pressed tight into my mouth and feeling you lose control. If we didn’t have cake to cut and speeches to give I’d want more sex.”

“Yeah?” Lexa’s beautiful bright smile was everything in that moment.

“Yeah.”

“I’m so, so happy we’re married Clarke.”

“Me too. But...”

“But?” The smile fell from Lexa’s face.

“Don’t be insane Lexa. Not that kind of but. Never that kinda but. It’s a but we aught to clean ourselves up so we’re not sparkling like some goddamned vampires in the rest of the wedding pictures,” she winked and Lexa flushed before giggling, a sweet and magical sound,

“Yeah, ok,” she pushed Clarke’s skirts down, “you don’t need to put that sexy thong back on, right?”

“No,” she grinned as Lexa jumped off the bed and grabbed her underwear from the floor before stuffing it in her pants pocket, then pulling her own underwear on.

“Very romantic,” she stood and flounced out her skirt, watching Lexa kneel to straighten them, before standing and allowing her to straighten the suspenders and tie for her.

“Well I try to be romantic, you know?” Lexa pressed a kiss to her lips. “Ok, wet wash cloth, make up and cake.”

“Hmm I’m hungry!”

“But you just ate,” Lexa gave her a shit eating grin.

“Very well sweetie, but I want my cake.”

“Come on then Dr. Woods.”

“Ok Mrs. Griffin.”

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