Lexa has everything she ever wanted in life. She's rich, she's successful, she's the most known soccer player in the world, she's the national team captain, five times in a row winner of the golden ball, she lives in an amazing expensive huge mansion, she's the owner of a car collection that would make any museum jealous, she even possess a private jet.

But not everything has to do with money. Lexa also has the best, amazingly beautiful, and hot, girlfriend ever.

Yes. She has everything.

Until she doesn't.
Or the one Lexa gets back to her childhood town looking for herself after losing everything, only to find something (or someone) she didn't know she needed back in her life.

Notes

All right guys, here are the warnings:

1. This is my first Clexa work, don't be too harsh on me.
2. English is not my first language so please be patient with any typo or grammar mistake. (And let me know so I can fix it :))
3. I have no beta here so if you're up to, let me know (:)

I usually wrote about Hollstein, but after reading thousands of Clexa fics this idea just popped up in my head. Let me know if you're willing to give it a shot :

This is a Clexa work but know there are a few chapters involving Ranya as a side story but not focusing only on them, just because I love them!!! Just so you know.

I'll add tags as soon as the chapter will be up so there aren't hints about what's going on except of course Clexa is endgame.
Lexa has everything she ever wanted in life. She's rich, she's successful, she's the most known soccer player in the world, she's the national team captain, five times in a row winner of the golden ball, she lives in an amazing expensive huge mansion, she's the owner of a car collection that would make any museum jealous, she even possess a private jet.

But not everything has to do with money. Lexa also has the best, amazingly beautiful, and hot, girlfriend ever.

Yes. She has everything.

Until she doesn't.

Lexa's life has been a living hell the last three weeks. Since that day. The one she happily arrived at her home full of hope to surprise saying girlfriend just to find her in bed with one of her teammates.

No. Not just one of her teammates. Her friend for five years since she signed in with the TonDC Walkers. The stupid central defender, Ontari Queen.

After that everything else just collapsed like a dominoes chain. She refused to play next to a traitor, so the Walkers put a fight over the table. She was paying a gigantic penalty fee for not finishing the contract. But because she was in the middle of the season and leaving without an explanation the team also put a demand on her name.

Oh, but if that wasn't enough, the cherry on top is that now she’s being scolded by Indra, her manager for years and Lexa is ‘The commander’ the most powerful and frightening soccer player, her rivals shit on their pants at just one look from her; that’s until she wakened up with a lot of crazy knocks from a very, very mad Indra, then she is like a scared little kid.

“Are you even listening to me?!” Asks the angry manager. Lexa just nods, not actually paying any attention.

“You just have to be an idiot!!! How dared you to do that?! The less we needed was having the media calling you a soulless monster!!!”

“It wasn’t that bad” Mumbles the brunette earning a glared look from Indra.
“Oh, yeah?! Look!” The woman takes the tv remote to turn on the huge plasma in the living room.

Yesterday morning Lexa drove her Audi to the nearest liquor store, that has been her routine for the last weeks, drowning herself in alcohol to forget her awful life. But when she was paying, the cashier refused to sell her three bottles of whiskey, apparently because her credit card had been blocked. And that was so fucking incredible, she had money to use like napkins for the rest of her life, that had to be a damn mistake.

She called the bank for this, they were to going to hear a hell from her, but before she could reach her car the bank told her their accounts had been frozen as she was being investigated for tax fraud. Bullshit! Then it hit her, Costía! Like the smitten whipped girlfriend she was with the model she convinced Lexa, against every single word Indra had said, to let Ontari’s mother Nia Queen be her accountant, now she understood everything. Damn it!

Lexa was screaming at the top of her lungs, swearing, shouting curses to her ex-girlfriend when something poking her leg called for her attention, she turned around to see a little blonde girl wearing a Walkers jersey with her number while licking a melted ice cream cone. Lexa ran her sight from the blonde to the tiny and messy hand wrinkling her jeans.

“What in the hell you think you are doing?” Lexa spat startling the poor girl who started to cried immediately.

“SHUT UP!!!” Lexa was always a good worker under pressure, it seems just not when she was around kids.

Of course, the thing with being famous is that there are always people recording every single of her actions, stupid nosy people, and this time was no different, A Walkers fanatic had been recording the whole scene with his smartphone. As soon as he got to upload the video on the internet it was all over the media. Great!

“You were walking out from a liquor store at ten in the morning, ten in the morning for fuck sake!” Indra is now pacing vividly in the living room “You were shouting ‘Costia you fuckin raging stupid superficial slutty bitch’, and though I agree with you on that” the manager stops to look at her client for a second “you can’t say that in public!” She explains smacking the brunette on the shoulder “And then you just go and scream to some little girl wearing your jersey, she was your fan Lexa, she adored you, she was asking for a fucking autograph and her idol just shouted on her face!”

Lexa passes one hand through her hair before taking a huge breath. This can’t be happening.

Indra just plows on the couch in front of her client and she can see the regret on the soccer player’s face. She sighs calming herself.

“But, I know what you’d been through, Lexa. I really do. It’s just, this doesn’t help our fight” Indra cuts the brunette interruption and continues “Yes, ours! You don’t think I’m going to
abandon you because you now have no money to pay for my services”

Lexa gives her a sad smile in gratitude, Indra is like a mother to her, the one you don’t want to mess but she has always been by her side since she was a seventeen and was found by her.

“I don’t know what to do, Indra,” The soccer player says in a little voice, she hates to sound so lost.

“I have an idea. One I know you won’t like, but we need to take you out of this disaster, Lexa.” The strong woman rubs her forehead wondering the best way to say it “I’ve thought a lot and I truly believe you should take a break”

“No.” Lexa says firmly “No, I need to fight against Costia, Ontari and Nia. They can’t just live happily ever after while I lose everything and…”

“Lexa, hear me out. I’m not going to let that happen” Indra gets closer to her client to touch her knee in support “I’m not giving up on you and I’m not letting those snakes go away that easily, but you need time to heal, far from them, far from the media. And I know where you can go”

Lexa knows too.

“Oh, no, I can’t go back there”

“Yes, you can and you will”

“No, Indra, no. There’s no fucking way I would go back there and that’s my final word”

Two hours later a grumpy brunette and a very pleased manager are driving to their final destination.

Lexa rests her head on the window trying to glare Indra who is blatantly avoiding her. She starts thinking about the last time she travelled this road, she was seventeen, the same time she met her manager, she was only a teenager with big dreams who loved just to play soccer for the free feeling to be herself for once. How far was that girl from the woman she is now. How different was the reality of fame.

She snapped out from her thoughts when the vehicle stops and then she can see the house, that house. The same that was her home for so many years even if she wasn’t really living there.

“Uh… I thought we’re going to my parents’ house”

“Yeah, the one you let fall in ruins and sold for misery because you, and I quote, ‘have no time for trifles, Indra’” Says the manager rolling her eyes “Now come on, I need to get back soon before the
night falls” Indra goes out from the car and walks towards the little property.

“Here goes nothing” Lexa huffs before running after the other woman. But before she reaches her, the front door is open and she can see an older woman with a bright smile. The smile that said goodbye to her several years ago from that same porch.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t ‘The commander’ in the flesh” The honey brown-haired woman teases. “Welcome home, Alexandria Woods.”

Home, the soccer player thinks, she has not felt at home since leaving this old house. But it doesn’t feel like her home now either.

“Abby” Breaths Lexa with warm on her voice.

“Oh, so you do remember my name! I thought the glamour of the city and the richness had made you forget everything about this twopenny town” Abby mocks but she can’t avoid the sadness in her tone. She hasn’t had communication with Lexa since she was gone. Not even when they needed her the most.

“Right, well, I’m pretty sure you will have plenty of time to catch up, in the meantime we need to get your things from the car” Indra can see Abby’s face scrunching for her statement, one eyebrow raised “No that I don’t love the fresh air from the countryside but a few hours on the road is all a city girl could manage” She resumes.

“Oh! Sorry, I didn’t hear you were here and I was…” A blonde girl walks out from the house stopping by Abby’s side. A beautiful delicious hot bombshell girl, if you ask Lexa.

“Hey, I’m Lexa, Lexa Woods” The brunette offers her hand putting her charm to work. And yes, she’s still kind of mourning Costia, but this girl, those eyes, those lips, those breasts, shit. So her name should be doing it, right? She’s known in the whole world.

The girl laughs, melodiously, like angels chants all that crap the cheesy writers writes about.

“Hi, Lexa, it’s good to see you again,” The blonde says shaking the soccer player’s hand.

The brunette frowns when she hears the word ‘again’. When in the hell she met this gorgeous girl. Because if she had known this girl lived here in her hometown, she’d have never left. Never.

“Oh, don’t look so lost!” Abby interrupts the exchange noticing the bemused brunette “She was your number one fan here in Arkadia with the Grounders!”
“Oh, my g*d, mom!” The blond shrieks.

And ‘Oh, my g*d!’ indeed Lexa thinks. Her eyes widen like saucers.

“¿Little Clarke?” Asks an astonished brunette.

“Well, not so little anymore” The blonde responds with a shrug and a shy look.

“Yeah, I can see that” Lexa blurts out sweeping her eyes all over Clarke's tempting body making the girl’s cheeks lighting in red at the second.

Indra shoves her with her elbow in warning when she can see Abby’s glaring at her client. The less she needs now is having to look for another place for Lexa to live.

“I mean, yeah, no, you are now a young woman” Lexa stutters diverting her eyes from the blonde. As hard as it is. Seriously, Lexa?! She chastises herself.

“Yeah, I was just a stupid kid when you left” Clarke states with a melancholic smile.

Then blue meets green and the whole world around them just disappears.

“Okaaay,” Drawls Indra noting the heavy air around the four of them, not sexual tension she pleas inside, “I think that’s my cue to leave. Just get your things so I can hit the road. Lexa, come on” She drags the soccer player to the car’s trunk.

“Don’t even think about it!” The manager shout-whispers when Lexa is pulling out one of her suitcases.

“What are you talking about?” Questions the soccer player in a fake innocence.

Indra sighs again taking the bridge of her nose between her thumb and her index finger. “Look, I know Clarke is beautiful and all that, but you can’t fool around with her, you need to clear your head first” The woman touches Lexa’s arm to stop her from getting the second suitcase “Lexa, head over heart, love is weakness and Costia was the best example of that for you”

Ouch, yeah, thanks, Indra! Lexa thinks. But love? There’s no way she would do that, she had no intention of falling for Clarke. Just a little fun couldn’t hurt, right? She’ll be living here for a few weeks, a month or two top and then she could reclaim her life back. So, there’s no reason to think she could stay here for some girl, even if the girl would be this gorgeous blonde. There was no option for her to let another woman rule her life again, not ever again. Nope. Definitely not.
Lexa wakes up with a creeping feeling like if she has been observed. Not like a warm caring thing but like if she were an atypical animal that has to be excruciatingly examined.

Regardless she opens one eye to see a little blonde boy watching her with a scrunched up nose but nothing more than hope in those beautiful blue eyes.

The tiny blonde bending over the bed rim shyly waves to her almost like if he doesn't want to disturb her sleep. Which it was ruined by now.

"Uh..." Lexa recovers herself and doing a kind of push up she rises from the uncomfortable bed. She travelled a lot across the country with her team and all around the world next to Costia when she was off season and her girlfriend, ex-girlfriend, had to make a shooting for work. Ergo, she had slept in a lot of hotel rooms, some fancy, luxury and way beyond thousands of dollars per night. Some others not even close. But this is just like sleeping on the floor.
The blonde straightens up to look at her in awe, rushing immediately out of the room.

That was weird. Did she, did she just imagined a kid in her room? Could have her unconscious mind still been thinking about the little girl encounter? Yeah. That has to be, she was just dreaming again.

Lexa sits on the bed a few seconds trying to sweep the sleep off her eyes before going outside the room and heading to the kitchen. She remembers exactly where everything in the house is. She was there her whole adolescence, she stayed in that house more nights than in her own home or she should say her parents' because that house was never home. If it wasn't for Jake Griffin she had never known what a home meant.

The brunette opens the fridge and takes an orange juice jar to take a sip directly from it. There's a noise over the table and Lexa can see Clarke, beautiful Clarke with a messy bun wearing tight jeans and a light blue plain blouse. She's placing books in a backpack. The blonde freezes seeing the gorgeous woman in front of her glazing the perfect tan body making a not so subtle, not at all, pause in the middle of it.

Lexa catches the look and notices her tank top raised up on her stomach letting her abs on open sight for the young girl pleasure.

Smirking the brunette passes her free hand over her marked stomach like if she were offering a taste of them. And yes, there's nothing more Clarke would wish to do it so. Or that what’s her face is telling to Lexa.

"Good morning" Lexa breaks the silence with a hoarse voice making the blonde shudder a little. Maybe a lot. Good.

"Uh. Yeah. Good morning" Clarke says back turning around trying to hide her red cheeks after being caught. Too late.

The brunette is about to say something else when the little boy enters the room running with a soccer ball between his tiny hands. But when he notices the blonde woman he stops his steps and almost hide behind her. So, not so imaginary.

"Hi, honey. What's wrong?!" Asks Clarke bending a little to care his cheek.

The kid whispers something in her ear and the blonde smiles.

"Yes. Yes, she is"

The boy repeats the action.

"Why don't you ask her?" The girl says laughing.

Oh, that laugh that gives life to Lexa. Ever since Clarke was just as young as the child.

The blonde boy walks shyly towards the brunette before rising the soccer ball.

"Are you really Lexa Woods?" He says squinting his eyes as if he wants to reassure what the blonde girl just told him.

Lexa nods watching for a fraction of the time at Clarke who is smiling at the interaction.
"Would you be so kind to sign my soccer ball," Lexa stays in her place "Please" he rushes to finish. The soccer player looks at the old ball. She narrows her eyes to Clarke.

"Uh, I don't have a marker," she says a little apologetic.

"Oh, here." The blonde takes a black marker from her hair and giving it to the boy who runs and in a blink is again in front of the brunette. Clarke just returns to what she was doing.

"Thanks," mumbles Lexa and signing the ball up but in the middle of it, a gleam calls for her attention. Her sight diverts to Clarke who's shaking her head in order to get her blonde hair done now that she doesn't have the marker shovelling form to the bum. The warm light of the morning enlightens every shade of the blonde strays in her head.

Fuck Is all the soccer player could think of before her grip on the marker tightens much her sign is completely ruined. When Lexa returns her gaze to the ball there's an intelligible scrap on it.

"Oh, shit," She says looking apologetic at the boy.

"She said a bad word," The kid says laughing nervously a little behind his two hands over his mouth.

"Yes, yes she did" Clarke glares to the brunette like if she was about to murder her "And now she's going to apologize and never ever say that word again" she states.

"Uhm. Yeah. Sure. Sorry" Lexa waves nonchalant still mesmerized by the blonde and even more now that she has shown her dominating side.

“WOOW!” The kid takes the ball from Lexa's hands and runs to Clarke.

“Lexa Woods autographed my ball!” He jumps overly excited on the balls of his feet.

“That’s amazing baby!” Clarke tries to imitate his excitement ruffling his hair “Now take it to your room and get back here so we can go. It’s getting late.”

“But I want to show this to the kids at school!”

“Aden Jacob Griffin. Do as I say. You can’t take the ball to school”

Lexa’s eyes widen at the name and she feels stupid for the disappointing feeling in her guts. Ok, maybe she’s misunderstanding everything, as far she knows Clarke is barely 24 and although the soccer player is not a fan of children she can say the boy has almost six years that would mean she has only eighteen when she gave birth. Or this could just be her brother, yes, a slip between Aby and Jake...

“But mommy. Kids at school are not going to believe I really met ‘The Commander’”

Ok, not a brother. Clarke has a son. Damn way to turn her off.

“No mommy-me.”

Aden crosses his arms in front and pouts. Oh, yeah, that tactic always worked on Jake when little Clarke was so determined to have her way.

“Aden”
“Fine. I thought if they see the ball they would want to be my friends” He takes again the ball dragging his feet out from the kitchen.

“Hey, hey! Aden, you have friends. Monty and Maya are your friends”

“Yes, but the soccer team kids hate me. I suck! And they always pick me last” There’s the pout again.

Clarke sighs before kneeling in front of the boy.

“Ok. How about you leave the soccer ball in my car and then this afternoon we could take it to the training?”

“Yes!” He yells hugging Clarke before rushing to the exit.

“Adeeen. Your backpack!” The blonde shouts standing up and taking the said object from the table to put it over his shoulders.

The kid runs out again but in a second he’s back in the kitchen and goes to Lexa waving before screams a ‘Bye, Lexa. Thank you!’

“So the kid” Lexa asks as soon they’re alone trying to sound nonchalant. She fails.

“You wanna know if he's my son?” Clarke asks back raising one eyebrow defiantly.

“I mean, I'm not trying to pry. It's just you're pretty young for... That’

“That, as you called, is named Aden. He's six. And yes, Lexa, he's my son.”

“Oh, OK.” Mutters the soccer player frowning.

The vacuum feeling in her guts returns and she tells herself is because she can’t now achieve her plan to fuck Clarke. Not because she feels jealous of the person that could be with the blonde, or because the said person should have been pretty important if they have a kid together.

“What are you still doing here? You’re going to be late” Abby says entering the room. And Lexa’s thankful for the interruption. She doesn’t know what more to say to the blonde.

“Right!” Clarke kisses Abby’s cheek “Have a good day, Lexa” She waves at the soccer player and like that she’s out of the house.

“So?” Asks the older woman to Lexa.

“What?”

“You have met my grandchild I assume” Abby walks over the fridge to get some eggs and ham.

“Uh, yes. He’s... something” Lexa responds not knowing how to describe Aden. He seems a good boy indeed. It just happens that she wasn’t expecting Clarke to be a mom. At all. And there’s something else bothering her and she doesn’t know why this much.

“Is Clarke...?”

“Married?” Abby finishes her sentence. “G*d, no!” She snorts as if was the most stupid thing Lexa could ask.
“So…”

Abby gives a big breath before turning to glance Lexa resting her hips on the counter.

“This is not my story to tell. You could ask Clarke when she gets back this evening if you’re so desperate to know” She glares Lexa and the soccer player wants to say something but nothing comes from her mouth.

The older woman gives her back to Lexa again before mumbling “Or you could have come home when we needed you.”

There’s the last stab.

Lexa had never felt so small in her whole life. Abby’s right to be mad at her. They needed her. She and Clarke. But Jake needed her more. Not just the stupid amount of money to pay for his medical bills like she did. Nor the glamorous flower arrangement Costia picked for her and was sent to the funeral. She should have been there. Next to them. Next to him.

After all Jake did for her. He was like the father she actually had but was never around. He was family. ‘And family sticks together’ Jake had said that to her every time she was lost. But when Indra told her Jake was gone she couldn’t say goodbye to him. She didn’t know how to manage the lost. She couldn’t be strong enough to travel back to her hometown and seeing him in a cold coffin to never receive another warm smile from him ever again.

Lexa didn’t even flinch when her parents die in that aeroplane crash. But Jake's death hurt her like a punch in the stomach.

“I’m so sor…”

“It’s ok Lexa” Abby cuts her words and she can hear a sniff that breaks her heart even more. “I know you should have had more important things to do than coming back here.”

Lexa has lost her words again. She feels like that time when she was fourteen and trying to learn herself how to drive she had crushed her parent's car broking her left arm. The only ones that took care of her were Abby and Jake. Although at the beginning she was afraid of Abby reaction as soon as the woman arrived at the hospital room she hugged her in tears before calling her irresponsible and making her promise her that she would never do something stupid like that. Abby took her to drive lessons the next summer.

“Eat,” Abby says placing a plate with scrambled eggs and ham that Lexa doesn’t know how much time she zoned out but she hasn’t noticed she was done the cooking.

Ashamed, Lexa walks over the table a takes a seat. Abby serves another plate to herself and sits in front of her at the table after taking with her the fresh orange juice jar and two glasses from the counter.

“You know we have glasses, right?” The older woman asks glaring Lexa.

“Oh, yes.”

“Well, use them!” She says pouring the juice handing the glass to Lexa.

Yes. She’s that teenager again.

Abby starts to eat but stops when she sees the soccer player picking the ham to put it on a side. She
doesn’t have to say anything but raises an eyebrow for the brunette to explains herself.

“I, uh, I don’t eat cold cuts”

“Since when?” The older woman asks in annoyance.

“Cos…” Lexa stops herself “It’s the dietist team orders” She lies.

Abby just nods eating again “Well, you’re not on the team anymore and Arkadia doesn’t have those fancies smoothie’s cafes you’re used to going.”

“How do you know I…”

The older woman rolls her eyes.

“We’re a G*d’s forgotten town Lexa but we have internet and cable. Your early breakfasts with that model were all over the net.”

“Right” Lexa frowns. She remembers how those breakfasts began. Costia needed more exposure to get new modelling contracts so she begged Lexa to go out to those places so the paparazzi could capture them.

Abby notices the change in Lexa mood after she mentioned her ex-girlfriend. Yes, she does know that too, thanks to that trash gossip show she secretly watches sometimes. She decides to drop the topic.

They finish eating and she takes the dishes from the table. The brunette is just sitting there fidgeting with her finger not knowing what to do.

“We need to talk,” Abby says resting her hands on the chair backrest.

Not good, Lexa thinks. Not good at all seeing the hard look on the older woman’s face. The soccer player nods.

“You know you’re more than welcome here Lexa” Abby states with a big sigh “When Indra called me to say you needed a place to live and she explains everything that had happened to you I didn’t doubt in agree for you to coming back here. But you need to know that this is not a hotel or even your huge loft at the city.” Lexa tries to protest but Abby stops her raising a hand “We don’t have much after Jake died. We do as much as we can on the farm but we can’t do it all because, well, we need our jobs too.”

Lexa just nods. Oh! The fierce commander just nodding like a scolded puppy. The media would love to put this all around the world.

“You also know we’re happy to share what we have, but for us to be able to do that you need to help here.”

“I can work” Is the innocent reply.

Abby laughs.

“Is that so? And can you tell me what else besides kicking a ball you can do?”
“I…” Lexa stutters. Here’s the thing she is more ashamed of. Abby told her, she pointed out as soon as Indra put the TonDC Walkers’ contract papers on the table. ‘You should wait. Go to the university, play there and then you can choose any team you want’ But Lexa was already tired of waiting. Waiting for her parents to notices her. For running out from this small boring town. For living the life she wished. And the only one that warned her was Abby Griffin. Her parents didn’t even look at the papers when they signed.

“Look, Lexa. I’m not asking you to get out there and take a crappy job. All I need is for you to take care of the farm. There’s a lot of things to do here. The barn is falling down, the fields are almost useless, the house has a lot to fix.”

“I can do that”

“I know” Abby sighs not looking very convinced about it “And I know you did it when Jake was around but you haven’t work this hard in a lot of time”

Lexa scoffs. “I’ve trained every single day since I was gone.”

“Ok, great Commander” Abby states earning a roll eye from the brunette “I need to go to the clinic now, the farm is all yours” waving her goodbye before leaving the house.

This is a piece of cake, Lexa thinks.

“Let’s the work begging!” The brunette says to no one.
Some missing pieces.

Chapter Summary

This is all Clexa sharing good old memories and Clarke telling Lexa Aden’s story. Lexa makes a decision.

TW. Suicide. It’s just a mention but please careful.

Chapter Notes

Hey! Guys, just as I promised chapter three is here!

I’ve been told Lexa looks kind of a jerk and I agree completely with you! The thing is, please remember Lexa was at the top and she was treated like royalty because of her fame, she got a big head but now she’s going to be reminded how to be humble again and her real herself.

With this said, enjoy this chapter although please read the TW.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The work at the farm had been kicking Lexa’s ass. Not as easy as she thought it would be. Abby was right when she said there were a lot of things to do there. In her whole life training, this was the hardest workout.

Every day Aden is in her room at the first light in the morning to wake her up, and then she walks straight (prrrfit as if) to the field and the barn after taking some breakfast Abby cooks for them. She works like ten hours and by the end of the day, it seems like she did nothing at all.

The only thing that keeps her doing the work, besides the guilty feeling, is because every evening Clarke walks wherever she is to bring her a beer and they talk before Abby calls for dinner. Lexa thinks is stupid feel so much gratitude for a cheap beer and the blonde’s presence, but is not that bad.

Talking with Clarke has always been easy. Seems like the blonde never runs out of topics. But the favourites of Lexa are those when she recalls stories from her and Jake.
“Do you remember that time when we went camping?”

“How can I forget? You were so scared!”

“It was all your fault! You kept saying there were people living in the forest!” Clarke smacks Lexa’s forearm.

The brunette sneers sipping her beer.

“Dad was so proud of you when you scared those raccoons, tho. Poor little things” Clarke pouts.

“They tried to steal our food, Clarke” Lexa rolls her eyes.

“You were shouting like a barbarian, stick on hand like it was a sword and bonfire ashes all over your face. You looked crazy!”

“I’d say I looked hot” Lexa smirks.

“That too” Mumbles the blonde ducking her face before sipping her own beer and looking away.

***

“Ugh! This tastes worse than I remembered”

“What?! The big Commander has already forgotten those days when she got drunk with cheap beer?!”

“Well, it wasn’t like we had another option, Clarke”

“Oh! And TonDC has a lot of better options. I see. What could we be drinking right now if we were there?”

“Mmmm. Maybe ludicrously overpriced champagne” Lexa snorts and the blonde laughs freely.

“And where would you take me?”

“On a date?” The brunette asks wriggling her eyebrows. And Clarke laughs again shaking her head.

“I’d take you to Triku’s. That’s my favourite restaurant. Is not fancy at all but they have the best burgers you’d ever taste” Lexa smiles remembering the first time she walked in at Triku’s.

It was a few weeks after she had joined the team. The place was almost empty but still, it felt warm and cozy. Gustus was the owner and was thrilled when she said she was there to play for the team. He fed her for free the first months ‘You’re going to be a star, kiddo! Just don’t forget about us when you’re famous’. She didn’t. Gustus had even added a burger special called ‘The commander’ in her name. Pictures of them were all over the place. She came back every time she was offseason. Until she met Costia. ‘Lexa! You can’t be seen in a place like that. There are only drunks and bad people’.

***

“Where are we going?”
“It’s a secret”

“Oh, come on! Tell me”

“Nope”

“Lexa!”

“Stop whining we’re almost there”

“The back of the barn?”

“I found something this morning when I was cleaning the scrubs” The brunette smirks.

Clarke frowns but gasps as soon as she notices what Lexa means.

“Oh, my god!” She hides behind one of her hand. The other one holding up her beer.

The smirk on Lexa’s face gets wider and slowly reaches to the back door of the barn.

“I can’t believe it is still here” The blonde blushes and reaches to the door.

There, carving in the old red wood is a heart within the names ‘Clarke & Lexa’

“How is that we came here all those years and I didn’t notice?” The brunette asks.

Clarke fidgets with the bottle between her hands.

“I did it the night you left” She whispers.

“Oh” That’s all Lexa could say.

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“How was that you had The Commander name?”

“You don’t know?”

Clarke shakes her head sipping the beer.

“It was a very ancient ritual where the old ones said it was my right to be the head of this nation. I was sitting on a spears and branches throne and they all bowed before me…”

Clarke rolls her eyes and nudges Lexa’s shoulder.

Lexa laughs but suddenly she gets serious.

“It was Jake”

“He? How?”

“Do you know how Jake and I met?”

Clarke shakes her head again.

“I was ten at the time. All I wanted was to play soccer but my parents weren’t thrilled about it. ‘A young lady doesn’t play filthy games, Alexandria’” Lexa says imitating her father’s voice. She’s
trying to lighten the mood but the bitter tone is present. “Then, one day I was returning home from school and I saw the kids playing at the park. It was amazing. There were not only boys. Girls hit the ball like those players on the TV. There was a man with them. He was shouting orders, and praising the good plays. I came back every day after that just to see them training.”

The blonde smiles when she hears Lexa talking about Jake.

“One day, a girl hit the ball out of the field falling near me.” It’s Lexa’s turn to smile at the thought “It was the first time I had a ball so close to me. I didn’t even think when I started to run toward it and then I hit it back.”

“Jake was wide open mouthed and he called me but I got scared I did something wrong. So I ran away”

Clarke bursts in laugh holding her hands over her stomach.

“I didn’t return for over a week, but I missed the only thing that made me smile the afternoons after school. I decided I needed to go back there” Lexa sighs deeply “So when the training was over Jake came after me. He presented himself and told me if I liked to join the team. He told me I had future in the game and that he hadn’t looked a child hit the ball like that day”

Lexa smiles again remembering Jake’s honest face.

“I said to him that my parents wouldn’t ever allow me to play, but that didn’t stop him. He talked with my parents and gave them a speech about how soccer could give me more options to my life. They agreed as long as I was out of their sight.”

The blondes grips Lexa’s knee to reassure her.

“At the beginning, I was shy. I didn’t know any of the kids at the team. But when I set a foot on the field I knew that was my place. That was the thing I wanted to do my whole life. I wasn’t the captain at the time but I repeated every single order Jake was shouting and the team won the game”

Lexa’s chest is full of pride. She can even see a young braided brunette playing at the park.

“Jake hugged me when the game was over and told me I did amazing. I still can hear his words like it was yesterday” Lexa clears her throat to mimic Jake’s voice but to ease the knot of feelings too “ You were a true leader over there, Lexa. You were like a little Commander. You are The Commander”

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“You remember my fourteenth birthday?”

“The one a few weeks before I left?”

“Yeah, that one” Clarke blushes when Lexa smirks remembering exactly what the blonde means.

“I remember I was asked for a kiss” The brunette drawls smiling.

“Of course you have to remember that!” Clarke laughs.

“Hey! I could have gone to jail for kissing a kid”

“It wasn’t even a real kiss, Lexa!” The blonde glares at her playfully “It was barely a peak”
“Yeah, tell that to the police” Lexa teases.

“I was so sad. I knew that would be the last time I was going to see you so I had to take the chance” Clarke shrugs biting her bottom lip. And the brunette can’t help her gaze focus on those pink lips.

“But I’m here again” Lexa blurts out don’t even thinking about why she said that.

Clarke is about to say something but is interrupted by the ‘Dinner is ready’ Abby shouts.

Fuck! Lexa thinks.

A month has passed and Lexa is still getting used to her new life. Although every night she tells herself is just for a little time. Indra is doing her best effort to getting back her money and her properties but it seems a lot harder than they thought.

Tonight Lexa is painting the barn when she sees the old run down car Clarke drives. She stops to wave the blonde and she almost runs when she witnesses the young woman struggling with a sleeping Aden in her arms. Of course she runs.

She takes the tiny blonde from Clarke’s arms and carries him to his room. She puts him over the bed and Clarke tugs him in.

They go back to the barn after taking two beers from the fridge. Lexa can see Abby glares them suspiciously.

“Thank you, Lex. He’s getting heavier every day”

The brunette smiles at the old nickname but lets the slip pass.

“He’s not that heavy, Clarke”

“Well, maybe for you not. Because you can even carry me but I don’t have your muscles!” The blonde laughs.

“These babies are getting bigger since I arrived” Lexa smirks kissing her biceps.

Clarke rolls her eyes but mumbles something like ‘I can see that’ that makes Lexa’s smile wider.

“But I can still remember when he fit here” The blonde shows her forearm.

Lena scratches the back of her neck. There’s still the topic about Aden. The brunette hasn’t brought the subject with Clarke because honestly, she doesn’t want to make the blonde uncomfortable. Or maybe because she’s not ready to hear about Clarke’s love life. No. The blondes comfort. That’s it. So, here goes nothing.

“Uh, when, ah, how did you…”

“You want to know Aden’s story” Clarke states more than questions.

Lena nods.

“Did you remember my cousin Harper?” The blonde asks and Lena nods again but frowns.
She does remember the blonde. She was only two years older than Clarke. She was Abby’s dead sister’s daughter. And she was always teasing Clarke over her not so subtle crush on Lexa. She was funny and caring tho.

“A few years after you left, she fell in love with a boy. My uncle was nuts. The boy was a jock. He played football and he cheated on her with one of her best friends,” Clarke makes a pause to sip the beer “We told her he was no good, but she thought she could change him”

Lexa’s frown gets deeper.

“She ran away from her house and came to live with us. It was like having a sister, you know?” The blonde asks rhetorically but the soccer player still nods at her.

“My dad told her she was welcome here but she needed to stop seeing this guy. She agreed, or that was what we all thought” Clarke sighs “One day, my mom was at the clinic working when a nurse looked for her. Harper had been there beaten. She had a purple eye and two ribs broken.” The blonde voice croaks at the end of the statement.

Lexa takes her hand in hers to support her and show her she’s right there.

“It had been months of this guy hitting her and we didn’t even know!” Clarke shakes her head in disbelief “When the clinic made the respective tests it turned out that she was pregnant too. Six months. I felt so guilty she sometimes slept in my own bed and I didn’t notice”

“You couldn’t know, Clarke” Lexa tries to comfort her.

“But I should have!” The blonde spats but apologizes immediately. The brunette tells her it’s ok. She understands.

“We took care of her. She left the hospital and came home. My dad talked with Marcus, one of his oldest friends. He’s a lawyer and he put a restriction order to the guy so he couldn’t get close to her or the baby”

“When Aden was born she wanted to honour my dad’s help, that’s why he has his name too” Clarke smiles sadly “He was such a good baby and she was delightful to have him with her”

“We thought everything was ok but after a when Aden was one year old she became sad, she said she missed Aden’s father and sometimes she just disappeared for days. We thought she just was just having some time to herself to think. The truth is she was seeking for the guy”

“She learned he was married and having a baby with another girl. She was so desperate,” Clarke sniff and Lexa embraces her at the second.

Lexa rocks a little with the blonde in her arms. She doesn’t want to push Clarke more. She just lets the blonde cry on her chest.

After a few minutes when Clarke calms herself a little she rests her head on the brunette shoulder.

“She killed herself. She left a letter asking me to be for Aden the mother she couldn’t be. I was only eighteen but I couldn't say no, he is my son.” Clarke sobs.

Lexa goes stiff. How the hell that happened and she didn’t even know. Why Jake never told her about it. Why Abby didn’t look for her at the time. She could have done something. She could have prevented this from happening. She could have helped them.
The brunette scoff at herself. She’s been stupid. She left. She left the Griffins and she never looked back. When they tried to reach for her she just turned her back at them.

Lexa tightens her grip on the blonde. She needs to repairs this. Although she knows this is not directly her fault. The only thing on her mind is that she’s going to do anything to make this blonde happy. To make the things right for her to not feel sad ever again. It doesn’t really matter how. She just knows she has to.

After all the pain her little Clarke had been through she’d do anything to make her life better from now on.

Even when she’s gone again she needs to be sure Clarke, Abby and Aden will be ok.

Chapter End Notes

You asked a lot about this, so just to let this clear:

Clarke was 14 and Lexa 17 when she left. It's been ten years since that ergo now Lexa is 27 and Clarke is 24.

I know it could seem a little unbelievable Clarke adopting Aden at eighteen because of some legal matters but in my country, you can do almost whatever you want legally at that age just bear with me.
It was Sunday. The only day Lexa had to rest well after all the work at the farm. The last few weekends the two Griffin women and Aden left the house to take the kid to his soccer game. And she was fine with that. There were no tiny fingers poking her eyelids to wake her up, no dishes noises from Abby cooking breakfast and much to her regret, there was no Clarke’s voice singing softly while she prepared her things for work. Lexa had learned too that the blonde woman worked as an art teacher at Arkadia’s Elementary School. Something the brunette found logical as she remembered very well how talented Clarkes was from those beautiful portraits of her she drew and all the posters that the blonde carried to each game to support her.

This was heaven. Or she thought.

The banging on her room’s door was making it hard for her to keep ignoring the noise.

Groaning in annoyance Lexa stands up from her bed to open the door. She knows it couldn’t be the kid, that little rascal has been sneaking into her room since day one and she didn't even know how. It has to be one of the two women.
It was indeed. Although not the one she hoped.

“Oh! Great, you’re awake already!” Abby states smirking like she wasn’t knocking for the last five minutes.

Lexa rolls her eyes and sits on the bed rim.

“To what I owe the pleasure of waking me up at this ungodly hour of the morning on a Sunday?” She asks rubbing away the last sleep from her eyes. And normally Lexa is an early bird, she frequently discussed with Costia because the model was always complaining about that. But hey, she had been working on that farm from the morning to the night, literally.

“We need your help,” Abby says shyly noticing the mess around the brunette's room.

Lexa sighs “And what do you need from me now?” She tries to be polite but g*d this is her only day of rest. Give her a break.

“Clarke’s car is not working and she’s losing it because we need to go now or Aden would miss his match”

The brunette raises one eyebrow and nods. Ugh! She still doesn’t know if it is the fact about Clarke been annoyed by the old machine or because Aden had been talking about this stupid game for the whole week, but she walks to one of her suitcases for clothes. She hasn’t unpacked in case Indra called saying she needed to go back to TonDC and gets her life back.

Lexa reaches to the front house to see a sad Aden crossed arms and pouting in the backseat. Clarke’s standing by his door trying to cheer him up.

“Hey! What’s wrong?” She asks trying to ease the atmosphere.

“This thing sucks!” Aden screams kicking the front seat.

“Aden!” Clarke scolds him and he apologizes immediately. This is the first outburst she witnesses from the little blonde.
And Lexa tries, she tries hard, but she just can’t help bursting into laughs. That’s until she can see the blonde glaring at her and she recomposes herself.

“Right,” She clears her throat “Uh, how about I take a look at this and you just go to the kitchen with your grandma, she’s calling a few moms to see if one of them can give you a ride”

Aden face lightens up immediately and runs inside the house.

Lexa goes to see the motor, she knows nothing about cars. That was the only thing she never learned from Jake. He was an expert to make this scrap metal to work. But he’s not here anymore and the brunette doesn’t even know what she was supposed to look in there.

Clarke walks slowly near to Lexa rubbing her arms.

“Hey, thank you for that”

“It was nothing” The brunette shrugs frowning at the pieces of metal in front of her.

“You don’t even know what’s wrong with it, right?” Clarke smirks resting her hips over the car.

“Uh, no,” Lexa says honestly and the blonde laughs hard. She knows she should be annoyed by the mock but the sound is ethereal and she thinks she would keep doing a fool of herself if that makes the blonde happy.

“Well, it seems we better pray for a miracle! Maybe Monty’s mom is not that far and could get him to the game”

“Yeah” Lexa drawls because really what else can she do to help them.

“Ugh! I hate seeing him that sad! He was waiting for this game for so long!” Is now Clarke the one pouting and Lexa finds adorable the resemblance to her son.
From the corner of her eye, the brunette notices a car on the road and without thinking she’s taking her tank top off.

“What… what are you doing?!” Clarke shouts out in surprise when she sees the soccer player running to the road only in her sports bra and old Walkers training shorts.

Lexa shakes her shirt and the car passes away, but it stops returning to the woman’s spot.

“Hello there, stud!” A beautiful smiling latina says resting her sunglasses on her bridge of the nose.

“Raven?” Clarke questions behind Lexa when she discovers who the driver is.

“Oh, my, my! Griffin!” The latina stops the car to hop out limping a little bit and gives a big hug to the blonde.

Lexa just frowns to the interaction. She’s definitely not jealous of the familiar closeness. Of course not.

“What are you doing here? I thought you never woke up before noon on a Sunday” Clarke teases.

“I was on my way to the town” Raven shrugs with a cheeky smile “When I saw this gorgeous specimen calling for my attention I knew I had to stop”

Lexa blushes a little, but she sees Clarke glaring at the girl only for a moment, then the frowning on her face vanishes to let a huge smile in exchange and she shakes her head.

“Well, I think you are our miracle”

Lexa is sitting in the middle of Aden and Abby in the backseat of Raven’s car because ‘Lexa you’re awake now anyway’ ‘I mean we could go to take breakfast after that, Lex’ ‘Oh, yes, I still need to get to know you, stud’ and ‘Yes, Lexa you have to come to my game, pretty please!’ a big pout involved. Or four.
This Raven girl tried to fix Clarke's car but it was useless. Apparently not even her ‘the best mechanic in the area’, as she named herself, could do anything for that piece of crap. Clarke hit her head for that.

“Now, can you tell me why are you driving to the town this early on a Sunday morning?” Clarke asks from the copilot’s seat. And Lexa makes that question to herself.

“Uh, I have some business to take care of” The latina waves nonchalantly.

“Uh, uh” The blonde’s not buying her shit “And those business don’t have anything to do with some coach from Aden’s team, right?” she smirks.

“Oh, hel..heck no!” Raven corrects herself when Clarke gives her a pointed look “Whatever you’re trying to suggest, it is not” Clarke smiles again not looking very convinced about the latina’s words.

The field on the park looks exactly like she remembers, still that little patch over the right corner of the end side. The trees at the back are bigger but still makes the place openly beautiful.

“So, how do you know Clarke?” Raven asks Lexa who’s sitting next to her far from the whole mess at the bleachers and the game.

That’s how Lexa knows why the latina was so adamant about staying alone with her. Even if she could see her struggling with her brace to sit down.

“Oh, I could ask the same” The soccer player tries to avoid the topic. She’s grateful that the Latina seems to be oblivious to who she is. There’s no attempt to have an autograph from her or a picture or question for her famous life.

“That’s simple and boring” The latina shrugs “Clarke and me met at the community college after I moved in here”
Lexa nods. She knows Abby struggled after Jake’s death. She wishes she had been in contact with them so she could have helped them with that. Maybe Clarke could have gone to a better university and have a higher quality of opportunities for her in life. Not that she wasn’t amazing now, but still she can’t help feel a pang in her chest.

“So?” Raven asks and rolls her eyes when Lexa looks lost “How is that I didn’t meet you before?. This whole town seems to know everything about every single person here.”

“I was gone for a while” The brunette responses trying to not give anything else.

“And?”

Lexa sighs “I lived in Arkadia in my childhood. That’s how I met Clarke, well, the Griffin family in fact”

“Oh! So you met Jake too” She asks curiously.

“I did”

"But I didn’t see you at his funeral”

This is irritating for Lexa. She doesn’t need someone else reminding her she was selfish and stupid. She already knows she was.

“I told you I was gone!” She spats to Raven who jumps a little from her harsh tone.

“Ok, ok, no need to go all violent here ¡Dios mío! ¡Pero qué mujer! Todo lo que tenías que hacer era decir que no quieres hablar de ello.” The latina mumbles a few more words in a language Lexa can’t understand.

“What was that?”

“What?”
“What you were saying?”

“Oh!” Raven fidgets with her shirt “I tent to do that without want it ok? I, I speak Spanish when I’m nervous or mad”

“Smart and beautiful,” Lexa says shyly. She doesn’t know why she said that. Maybe because she wanted to apologize to Raven, but she couldn’t just say the words.

“Oh, G*d! Flattering!” Raven fans herself “That maybe works with Clarke, but you need to work your ass a lot more here. Not that you really needed.” she jokes.

“I wish it did” Lexa whispers and she's shocked she said it aloud.

Raven is about to ask for that when a voice interrupts her.

“Lexa?”

The brunette turns to see a light brown girl

“Echo?!” Lexa stands up to greet the girl.

“So the rumours were true!” She gets closer and gives an awkward hug to the soccer player.

“What rumours?” Lexa can’t help to ask.

“That the big Commander is back”

“Not for too long” She states more to herself than for the other girl.
“Well, is good to see you here again anyway,” Echo says with a bright smile “But hey! Even if it is for a short time how about if you help the team!”

“No, I can’t”

“I mean, the coach is great but you can give an advice or two to the kids. They’ll gonna love it!”

The soccer player sees the latina watching and listening carefully the conversation like a hawk.

“No, Echo. I’m here taking a break from soccer” Lexa points out hopping the girl could get the hint she’s not there to play anymore. She doesn’t even know if she’s going to play ever again. She doesn't give too much to Raven either, it is easy for her that way.

“Look, the parents are so excited for you to be here and you can’t get mad at me for try ing ” Echo squeezes her shoulder pleading with her face “Uh, just think about it, ok? For old times” She shrugs with a smile.

“I will” She looks apologetically to Echo before saying goodbye. She knows there’s nothing that could change her mind tho.

Lexa sits and directs her gaze at the match again.

“So…” Raven drawls “The big commander, uh?” The latina bumps her shoulders.

Lexa rolls her eyes.

“I’m not going to ask what’s going on but,” The latina stops watching the surrounds “I was wondering why all the parents were staring at you, some of them frighten, I must say, and some others like they were about to fuck you with their eyes” She laughs lightly “Although the second kind is pretty obvious why” She winks.

The soccer player laughs shaking her head. She can see why Clarke made friends of this girl.
“What I’m still wondering is why Clarke is looking over here every five seconds frowning and tossing in her place, paying more attention to us than to her son’s game” She smirks.

Lexa rises her sight to find the blonde’s one and green meets blue in bliss.

The brunette can’t avoid the big smile spreading on her face and Clarke is doing the same from the bleachers as she waves to her. For a moment the whole crowd vanishes and there’s only this silent conversation between the two of them and she waves back.

Then Abby nudges at her daughter to let her know Aden failed a shoot. The blonde still jumps cheering at the top of her lungs for him to keep playing.

Lexa’s smile gets bigger. She remembers Little Clarke bouncing like that over the edge of her seat cheering for Lexa when she failed. (Not something recurrent tho) When she scored, she was worse. Even for every tiny move the brunette did on the field, Clarke was so infatuated that she shouted ‘Go, Lex, go!’ Non-stop.

“Oh, I see how it is. So the commander 'heart eyes' is whipped” Raven voice breaks the eminent tension.

Lexa punches lightly the latina forearm “That's not...” Then a whistle call for their attention.

“Go get the girl” Raven rolls her eyes standing up from her spot and cleaning her jeans and Lexa can see a little pain grin on her face that the latina tries to hide before disappearing between the crowd.

Lexa walks over to reach for Clarke, Abby and Aden who are talking with other parents.

The blonde kid is the first to notices her.

“Lexa!” He throws himself to her and she catches him up before he falls “Did you see I almost scored?!?” He asks excitedly bouncing on the ball of his feet.

She didn’t. She was distracted by Echo intervention, Raven talk and the sights she stole from the
“Uh, yeah, kid” She feels bad for lying but she knows she shouldn’t be saying she didn’t even know if they won or lose.

“Hey!” Clarke says smiling and that’s the last sane thought.

“Hey back to you” What the fuck! Her brain screams. She’s losing her game.

The blonde smiles shyly biting her bottom lip. G*d what Lexa would give to be the one doing that.

Aden looks at the both of them in confusion after shrugging and running over Maya and Monty when they say his name.

The couple just sees each other not knowing what more to say, but Clarke frowns and Lexa already knows there’s something on her mind.

“So, Echo” She drawls.

Oh, that. Lexa doesn’t want to get this wrong. It couldn’t be.

“Uhm, yeah, she wanted to say hi”

Clarke hums.

This is not Clarke being jealous. Nope. She knew Echo had a thing for her when they were teenagers and played on the team together. She even asked Lexa for a date once, but the brunette said no and Echo comprehended they were only friends. That didn’t stop the rest of the team from teasing her. Even Jake made a comment or two about it a few times. That’s how Clarke knew. But after all those years she still considered the girl just an old friend, kind of, since she hasn’t been in contact with anyone from her old team.

“She also wanted to know if I would train the team some time,” Holy mother of… Why would she
Clarke's face lightens up and her eyes are full of hope and joy.

“Oh, that would be amazing, Lex!” Clarke states.

“What would be amazing?” Abby asks as soon as she gets near.

“Lexa is going to train the guys!”

“I’m not…”

“Ah! The good old Commander returning to her roots!” Abby hugs Lexa. And since she arrived she hasn’t looked at the old woman that happy.

“What’s going on?” Raven asks reaching the cheerful group.

“Nothing”

“Lexa is going to train the team!” Abby rushes clapping in contentment.

“Is that so?” A deep voice growls behind Lexa.

The brunette goes stiff when she recognizes it immediately. She hasn’t heard that voice in ten years but she knows. Slowly she turns around to face her past.

“Anya?”

Before she can say anything else the blonde woman punches her in the face.
We have a deal.

Chapter Summary

Lexa ponders about the decisions she made.

Clexa talk and they make a deal.

TW: Mention of intersexphobia.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! As I promised, here's chapter 5. But remember chapter 6 would take a little more time to be up because this week the chapters were up earlier.

A/N: There's a mention of a G!P Character here. (It's not Lexa!) And I love her! :D

Thank you so much for all the love you have for this story.

Let me know what you think so far :)

“Lexa!”

“Anya!”

“What the!”

Everybody shouts at the same time.

Clarke rushes her way next to Lexa who’s laying on the floor still dizzy for the impact.

“I can’t believe you had the guts to come back here after all” Anya yells pointing menacingly to Lexa with her index finger. Raven puts one hand on her chest to stop her to come near to the brunette on the floor. It would be really funny for Lexa to see her amazon friend be content for this
little latina, it really would be if she weren’t afraid for her life.

“And I can’t believe you two are letting her get back to your lives so easily” Anya huffs pointing to the Griffin women now “This stupid town is being so ungrateful to my work” The blonde is breathing hardly “but fine, if that’s what they want, the team it’s all yours. G*#d knows you’re going to be gone in a blink of an eye again leaving all of them behind” Anya turns around walking away. “Like you always do” She whispers at the end.

“Are you ok?” Raven asks apologetically running after the blonde when Lexa nods.

“Are you though?” Abby kneels to take the brunette’s face measuring the damage. She runs a thumb over her eye socket and Lexa hisses.

Lexa is in real pain not like she’s dying or anything, but she can feel the left side of her face pounding. Abby says there’s nothing broken. At least not physically the soccer player thinks, there’s this thing about her pride when her butt flat on the field and do not forget about her relationship with her childhood best friend. Although that last was broken since she left.

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“Please, Lexa I need this!”

“Anya you’re amazing, you don’t need my help tomorrow,” Lexa says honestly to her best friend over the bleachers sipping the bottle of water in her hand.

“Lexa you already have a contract with them!” She says rolling her eyes “But if Indra sees that I’m half as good as you, she said she could take me with her too and we would be playing together for the Walkers!” Anya says excitedly like a kid in a candy shop before recomposes herself.

Lexa smiles. She knows how much the blonde wants to run away from this filthy place. She does too.

“Can you imagine us?” Anya asks watching absently to the forest direction “We’re going to live in TonDC! We’re going to be big soccer stars! No! Huge soccer stars!” She smiles at the night leaning on the bleachers with her two elbows “We’re going to have a mansion and one of those coupe cars, each! We’re going to hit the city and all the ladies are going to be at our feet!” She
The brunette laughs shaking her head “We’re going to be there to play, Anya”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever!” She waves her off “We’re going to play soccer and the ladies will love us!. The Commander and her second!” She slaps Lexa’s forearm with the back of her hand.

“You’re not my second, you’re Anya Forrest the best goalkeeper any team could ask for, you’re a true leader in and out the field” Lexa states and the blonde doesn’t miss the sincerity on her tone “And over all those amazing things, you are my best friend”

“Oh, there it is! The scary commander has a heart” Anya teases putting her two hands over her heart.

“Asshole!” The brunette bumps her shoulders together.

Yeah, she can totally see herself sharing a loft with Anya. After all, they’d lived together, the blonde is like a big sister for her. Even if Anya is just a few months older than her, she’s always walking around with such determination that Lexa sometimes thinks about her like her mentor. She was in a way though, she was the first kid that welcomed to the team and never let her down.

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The championship game day is madness. The Arkadia Grounders cheers are intense mainly lead it by the tiny blonde with braces wearing a green jersey, number 100 on her back. She may not be part of the team officially, but Jake has named her formally the Grounders #1 cheerleader (although the most of the cheers are addressed to Lexa) and she chose the number 100 because ‘Dad, it would be terrifying to the other teams! They’re going to believe there are 100 of us there!’ Lexa snorts when the blonde explains her idea but with a big pout, Clarke makes her change her mind.

The Mount Weather Reapers comes in their grey and red uniforms headed by Cage Wallace, he’s a scum but his father is the owner of the mines on their town financing the team behind, of course, that gives him a spot on the team. They are cheaters, the whole league knows, but because all Mr. Wallace connections no one dares to say anything.
The first half is a like a war, the Reapers defenders are tough, they have made more faults than the referee ventures to acknowledge. Jake is losing it, his kids (it doesn’t matter if all of them fight every time he calls them that, they’re perhaps a step closer to be adults but he has been training them since their cribs) are braves and strong but he can’t help to feel afraid for them.

At minute 20 Lexa kicks a ball from the corner of the goal area and she scores, she can hear the cheers on the bleacher, but above all that she can clearly hear the shout Clarke gives at the goal.

Ten minutes after when Cage fabricates a fault (Echo doesn’t even touch him) the referee whistles a free kick and when the ball is close to the penalty kick Wallace kicks Anya’s crotch making her losing the balance in pain and then he takes advantage to make the goal.

Anya growls rubbing her package. Everybody knows she’s intersex and no one has a problem with it, except for the bullies on Mount Weather. Wallace is celebrating the goal when Anya pushes him to the ground one hand still between her legs and everything goes down. Both teams players are defending their teammates and the referee has to intervene. He gives Anya a yellow card for a technical fault and Cage shrugs to him innocently when he asks why Anya acted the way she did and then he smirks to the goalkeeper when the referee turns around.

The rest of the first half goes smoothly as smooth as it can be with the elbows on the ribs and the shirts pulled, all from the Reapers without consequences.

Anya sits on the team bench and Lexa is next to her.

“Are you Ok?” She asks worriedly.

“Yeah, ‘The Impaler’ is intact” She grins when her best friend makes a grimace at the name. She knows how much Lexa hates the way she named her penis.

“Ok team! We got this” Jake applauds while Little Clarke is handing Gatorade bottles to the players. Not for Lexa though, she has this special water bottle that the teenager always takes to their games.

“Thanks,” Lexa says to Clarke when their fingers collide and the blonde blushes like a red tomato mumbling a ‘you’re welcome’ before rushing to help the others.
“G*d! You’re going to give her a heart attack” Anya sneers not really listen to what Jake is saying in order to motivate the team.

“Stop. She’s a kid”

“And she’s totally head over heels for you, Commander,” The blonde teases her smugly.

Lexa can’t help to observe over her shoulder to where Little Clarke is helping Abby, they’re fixing up Murphy from a cut on his shin. When her eyes pose on the teenager the pain cry that Murphy lets out makes Clarke fumble with the alcohol bottle on her hands.

Anya bursts into laughs and Jake calls for her attention glaring at the two of them.

“I hope you two are trying to figure it out how to win the championship”

“We are, coach” Lexa politely says.

Anya just rolls her eyes with a cocky smirk.

“Well, what are you still doing here? Go there! Win!” He shows a warm smile.

Before they make their way he smacks Anya in the back of her head saying ‘Head on the game’ and pats Lexa’s shoulder stopping her.

“Watch her” He states and Lexa doesn’t really need to be twice, Anya is like her own blood.

“I will”

“I mean it, Lexa” Jake gives a big sigh “She’s great, but she could be better if she didn’t lose her mind. Cage will try to play with her, so she needs to be focused and stay calm, another fault and she’s out. We won’t make it with ten players.”
Lexa stiffs. She can’t lose this game. She already has a contract with the Walkers, but Indra is here, she needs to win this game so she doesn’t have any doubt about her.

The brunette tries to give her best effort, but her worries for Anya unsettles her. She fails to shoot because she is more preoccupied to see how’s Anya doing at her back with Wallace presence near to the goalie.

At half of the second part Cage runs alone to the goal, there’s just Anya in front of him, he dribbles to the left but Anya is not buying it, but when the ball goes to the other side she stretches her leg to trip him. Lexa’s heart stops when Wallace face hit the field and cries like a pig asking for a penalty kick. The referee whistles and runs over there. Sames does Lexa.

The referee asks help to the linesman and he makes no attempt to give anything. They talk and he just warns Anya and at the second Cage is standing up and running to them shouting they’re being unfair. Forgotten is his supposed lesion.

Lexa is walking back to her spot when Wallace passes by her side mumbling swears towards her best friend and he states she’s going to fall down. The ‘I’m going to show that freak what a real man should be!’ Cage leaves out sick her.

She knows her entire attention should be on the game, but she can’t when her best friend is in danger, not just the game but her integrity. So Lexa does what she thinks is the best for them. That’s what a real leader should be doing, taking care of her whole team. She can feel the intense gaze of Indra from her spot on the bleachers and she knows is time for her to be The Commander on the field.

“Coach, we need a substitution” She rushes to the bench where Jake is and he sees her in confusion.

“What are you talking about?”

“Anya can’t risk the game. She’s not being reasonable and we can’t lose a player. Better to have our second goalie than being ten” She seriously states.

The referee approaches to see what’s taking so long for Lexa to come to the field.
“What’s going on here?”

_Lexa and Jake share a look._

“_We need a substitution_” Jake explains still bemused.

_Of course, Anya hasn’t forgiven her. As she stated when the substitution board showed her number and she walked out of the field. It was Lexa the one letting her down._

_Lexa was gone one month later to be a soccer star with the Walkers. Alone._

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“How’s your eye?” Lexa hears the blonde asking.

Lexa has been avoiding any interaction after the whole Anya debacle.

The ride back was awkward, to say the least. Raven had returned for them to take them to the Griffin’s farm. She didn’t say anything about the incident, but Lexa could still feel the glares the latina was giving her the whole way there from the rearview.

The brunette shrugs Clarke’s question, but the blonde hands her a frozen peas bag and she places it to her face mumbling a thank you.

The sunset over the farm is gorgeous, the oranges on the sky and the way the stars begin to show is something that has always been a mesmerizing sight for her.

“Are you ok?” The blonde tries again and Lexa wants to tell her to leave her alone. But the thing is that deep inside she doesn’t.

“How could I?” She whispers.
“Lexa give her time”

“She’s not wrong, you know?”

“About what?” The blonde sits next to her over the farm fence.

“I’m selfish. I took everything around me and turn them into nothing. I betrayed Anya for my convenience, but I did too with Jake when I dishonoured his memory and all he taught me when I was nothing but a neglected child.”

“Lexa…” The blonde interferes but Lexa shakes her head and throws the bag to the ground before going down from the fence and start pacing.

“He was like a father to me, Clarke! And I wasn’t even there when he needed me most! I was just so wrapped up in my little world of fame and money. Things that seem to don’t even matter now. Anya wasn’t the only one I turned my back on and let her down”

“What are you talking about?”

Lexa scoffs.

“Lexa, my dad was so proud of you” Clarke is wearing a frown “You want to know why Aden wanted you autograph so much?”

The brunette shrugs not looking at the blonde.

“My dad watched every single of your matches. Every Sunday he took his old Grounders jersey to cheer for you. He even gave Aden his first soccer jersey and guess what number was on it?”

That calls for the brunette’s attention and she turns around to face Clarke.

“The Commander’s number, the thirteen” She smiles at the thought “He still uses that number because my dad was always speaking of you to him”
“Why?”

“Are you kidding me?” Clarke looks at Lexa with disbelief. “He adored you. I know he loved me, but you were always his biggest pride. Every time you did that thing with the ball, you know, the one you do when you charge a free kick?”

“The bend it”

“Yeah,” She laughs. “He always pointed to the screen and puffed his chest to say ‘I taught her that’” Lexa can see Clarke’s eyes watering. “My mom rolled her eyes and gave him a kiss on his forehead saying ‘Of course you did, honey’” She finishes cleaning the small tears.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here,” Lexa says in defeat. She wants to say for you too but she bites her tongue.

“I know you are” The blonde smiles sympathetically. “And I’m sure he did too”

The following silence is not that heavy as Lexa thinks it could be. It’s reassuring to have someone by her side no words need it between.

“So?” Clarke asks after a few minutes.

“What?”

“Are you going to help the team?” She wears a huge smile bat her eyelashes dramatically.

“I don’t know, Clarke”

“Lexa, please” The blonde hops down the fence to face the soccer player. “Look I know you’re not going to stay here for much longer but, “ She stops in front of her biting her lip from a side “think about this as a way to honour my father’s legacy as you said. He taught you all you know about soccer, now you can teach Aden to play better”
“Anya is going to kill me” Lexa sighs and she can feel herself losing the battle, damn this girl and her smile “She wants nothing to do with me”

“She’ll come around, you two just need to talk and let things out” Clarke walks next to her “Besides I know someone who will kick her ass if she gets stubborn and childish” She smirks poking her with her elbow.

Lexa’s mind recalls immediately the way her best friend stopped when Raven glared at her and put her hand on her chest. Not even Lexa could refrain Anya from anything like that tiny latina did. That hope makes her smile a little.

“Is that a yes, Miss Woods?” Clarke’s smirk wider.

The soccer player rolls her eyes.

“She’s still going to kill me, you know?. She punched me today, Clarke!” She points her face with an exaggerated pout.

“Oh poor big baby, come here!” The blonde takes Lexa’s face and gives her a small kiss on her cheekbone.

“Better?” She asks shyly.

“Another one couldn’t hurt” Lexa teases and Clarke’s smacks her forearm.

“Seriously, Lex. They need you” Lexa doesn’t know if it is the nickname or Clarke wearing that damn pleading look.

The one she witnessed she gave to Jake to miss school for a whole week when Lexa went to her tryouts to TonDC with all the Griffins by her side. Of course, she wouldn’t stay at home while her parents went to the city and mostly because she needed to cheer for Lexa too.
“What would I win of this?” Lexa scratches her forehead. She doesn’t know why she’s even given an opportunity to teach some schoolers to play soccer. Maybe is because deep inside she stills wants to try to win her best friend over again. Maybe it is because she really wants to honour Jake’s memory. Maybe it has to be with the way Clarke is asking for her help.

“Their eternal love and grateful”

“I won millions just for one appearance on television” Lexa smirks.

The blonde rolls her eyes playfully.

“Well, we don’t have that amount of money here” Clarke pauses frowning “We don’t have money at all,” She says laughing “Think again”

Lexa purses her lips in thinking. There’s just one thing she wants. Even if she doesn’t know exactly why would she ask for this or if it could work. Yet...

“Go on a date with me” She blurts out.

Clarke’s eyes open like saucers.

“What?”

“Why not?” She shrugs trying to look away from the blond to hide her nervousness.

“Why would you even want that?” Clarke asks still bemused.

And honestly, she wants to know why too. It could be Raven’s words at the match messing with her brain or the way Clarke blushed every time their gazes linked. Or even the talk they had the other night about where she would take the blonde if they were at TonDC.

“I haven’t had a single night of fun since I got here” Lexa shrugs.
“Oh! Thank you for that” The blonde teases and stops her when the soccer player tries to explain better “But we could do that” Clarke’s eyes widen again “Not like on a date, I mean, we could hang out with Raven and Anya and have some drinks” She rushes to explain.

Lexa doesn’t want to feel disappointed by the proposition. She just wants to take Clarke out, just the two of them. Sure, it would be fun having a few drinks with the latina and her ex-best friend, not now tho, Anya stills hates her, but she wants to take Clarke on a date for sure.

‘For fuck sake just go for it, you’re not a fucking teenager with a crush!’ She chastises herself.

“Well, that’s my request” She dares Clarke with nothing but determination on her face.

Clarke bites down her lip squinting her eyes like is she was trying to find any sign to not trust in her. She doesn’t.

“How much longer will you stay?” She asks and Lexa frowns.

“I honestly don’t know. Why?”

“Uh, because a date is a big deal, Lexa” The blonde face goes smug “One training with the team is not enough and I'm not that easy to win.”

Lexa smiles at the challenge and she reminds the last night call from her manager.

“Indra said it wouldn’t be long, maybe for another month”

Clarke nods and her face shows the gears on her mind are working on her reply. Lexa feels her hands sweating. Much for not be the teenager with the crush.

“OK, here’s the thing” The blonde starts with a serious grin “The Grounders have three more games to win the championship. So,” She pauses as it does Lexa’s breathing “If you make them win said games to win the championship,” She draws carefully “We could go on a date”
Lexa nods absently absorbing the information.

“Do we have a deal, Miss Woods?” Clarke offering her hand to shake.

She can do this. She can totally do this for Clarke. Just three games. Three weeks and she could woo the blonde before she goes back. No, not woo her, more like give the blonde a properly goodbye before leaving. Maybe that’s the real reason she wants to do this so much. Yeah, that has to be. She promised herself to take care of Clarke and she can give her a good night out.

“You got yourself a deal, Miss Griffin” She replies shaking Clarke’s hand smugly.

Yes, this is a piece of cake.
Chapter Summary

Lexa first day training the kids. Or trying.

A bit of Clexa. Clarke gives some advice to Lexa.

Anyaa and Lexa talk. The soccer player knows what happened to her best friend when she was gone.

A little hope.

Chapter Notes

Chapter six is here.

A lot of feelings in this chapter. Not too much Clexa but it was necessary so that the blindfold fell from that useless stupid jerk.

As usual, thank you so much for the kudos and please let me know what you think. I promise more Clexa in the follow chapters *wink, wink*

This is a freaking nightmare.

Not only because Anya is still avoiding her. Clarke asked Raven to be present when they show up on Monday training. She knows the latina would be the only one who could stop Anya to attack Lexa again and the soccer player is very thankful for that. It was Raven indeed, the one who convinced Anya to go (more like dragged her) to the training and not leaving the team.

The blonde coach glares at Lexa the whole time but at last, she agrees to let her help them. Just after Raven takes her by her forearm far from them and threatens her she wouldn’t attend another match ever again if she didn’t accept Lexa on the team.
Lexa tries to talk to the blonde to know what are the kids doing this day but her former best friend just scoffs at her every single time.

She gives the kids a few directions but it seems Anya is just saying the opposite to make her angry. Which is kinda working. She can feel the frustration invading her slowly but she doesn’t want to make Anya feel like she’s winning this battle. She knows the blonde is right to be mad at her, she just wishes her ex-best friend could give her a chance to explain why she did it. Although she doesn’t know exactly what she would say or even if she’s worth of her forgiveness.

And like if that wasn’t exasperating enough, then is the team. The little rascals suck. Those kids couldn't even hit a ball straight if their lives depended on it. She wants to know what was Anya doing with them? This is not something the blonde would allow to any member of their former team, she would kill anyone who dares to risk her winnings. So why is she accepting this messy rebellion here.

Lexa can’t help to think she should have paid attention to yesterday’s match because they stink at playing soccer. And knowing that, she wouldn’t have accepted Clarke’s proposition. Maybe.

“Ugh! You shouldn’t take the ball with your hands at all Malia!” She screams in desperation when the girl picks the soccer ball in the middle of the field for the tenth time in the afternoon.

“Her name is Maya” She hears Clarke’s voice behind her trying to not laugh. Even though, of course, she does.

“Uh… yeah, that” She sighs embarrassed before plumbing defeated on the bench.

The whole team is working passes with Anya while Lexa is just yelling directions from afar to put some safe distance between them and let the blonde calm down a little bit.

Clarke walks to sit next to her. And again just the very closeness with the blonde makes her feel ease.

“Are you giving up already?” The blonde asks smirking.

“The Commander never lose s, Clarke. You cheated” She dares Clarke with a hard look.
Clarke raises her hands defensively “I don’t know what you’re talking about Lex”

Even if she’s a bit mad with the blonde for not warning her that the team was this bad, the nickname makes Lexa feel butterflies in her stomach like everytime Clarke calls her with so much warm in her raspy voice.

“You could have told me all they do is run in circles when they don’t have the ball or that this Donny kid is more interested in the little bugs over the field than in the game!”

Clarke barks out a laugh openly yet Lexa is glaring at her with a big pout and her arms crossed at her front not so different from Aden when he’s mad.

“Ok, first of all, his name is Monty no Donny, and they’re only kids Lexa, you can’t expect them to play like professionals!” The blonde says trying to hold back her laughter.

“I was a kid when I started to play soccer” She states proudly.

“You were ten, they’re only six” Clarke rolls her eyes.

“Still they stink”

“Lexa!” The blonde smacks her arm.

“Ugh, you work with kids everyday Clarke. I don’t even know how to talk to them” The pout on Lexa’s face is more pronounced and the blonde thinks is adorable to see this gorgeous always in command woman being crushed by a bunch of six years kids.

“Ok, look,” Clarke takes the soccer player’s hands in hers and Lexa focus on their hands together “first you have to learn their real names, they can’t know you’re talking to them if you keep saying random names,” she bites her lip to prevent another round of laughs and the soccer player rolls her eyes but she wears a smile this time “Then, Lex, you have to connect with them, get to know them, what they like, what they want; so you can motivate them through that” She finishes seriously.
And honestly Lexa is trying so hard to listen carefully what the blonde is saying but the circles her fingertips are doing over the back of her hand makes it difficult.

A cleared throat makes them jump apart.

“We need to talk,” Anya says completely serious and Lexa gives a big gulp before nodding. Even if she doesn’t want to do this right now, she knows they have to. This is what she has been waiting to do since she heard the blonde’s voice yesterday.

Clarke walks away saying she’s going to be with Aden and Monty who are chasing each other and the brunette knows she’s only giving them space.

Anya sighs deeply “Look, if you’re going to stick around we need to work things out” She sits next to her but tries to not get too close to Lexa and she’s not even looking at her. Lexa remembers their last talk right there, the night before the last game they played together.

Lexa only nods not knowing what more she can say ‘I’m sorry I was an ass? I’m sorry I blowed your only opportunity to leave this town? I’m sorry I let you down?’ It seems very poorly to what she did and she also thinks she needs her ex-best friend do all the talking because she doesn’t want to screw this tiny opportunity up again.

“We need to leave our drama out of the field” The blonde states frowning watching towards the woods deep in thought “The kids don’t deserve to be involved in our mess. So, although I’m still the head coach I could use your help with their technique”

The brunette’s mouth opens wide in surprise and before she can even say anything Anya continues.

“Don’t give me that look, I think I just threw up in my mouth for saying that out loud” Lexa chuckles a little but her shock ends when she can see the blonde’s shoulders relaxing. “This is my life now Lexa, I maybe don’t have millions or a huge amount of fans to cheer my name but I love these kids and they show me their respect every time we train and play. That’s enough for me.”

“Any I’m so…” She at least has to try.

“Don’t” Anya cuts her words and Lexa prefers to stop herself “I’m sorry for punch you” She mumbles still not looking at her “Even though you deserved it, it wasn’t right, my kids were there
and I shouldn’t have kick ed her idol’s ass” The blonde wears a superficial smirk and Lexa relaxes a bit more.

They keep watching the woods for a while until Anya herself is the one that breaks the silence.

“I was so mad at you Lex,” The brunette can feel the lump on her throat at the nickname, “I thought you stole my opportunity to get out from here” She sighs looking at Lexa for the first time “I went crazy when Indra said she couldn’t take me with you”

“I quit from soccer after that. I started to do stupid things, like drink ing a lot only feeling self pity for myself” She turns a little so Lexa can’t see the tears on her eyes, but it is impossible for the brunette not to notice how hard this is for the woman once she thought as her sister “I was deep screw, I was in jail for robbing at nineteen and I almost die by alcohol poisoning at twenty-one”

Lexa gasps and the world is crashing. I t’s a punch in the gut, a low blow. Where the hell was she when all of this happened? Self-absorbed by the flashes of some gala, toasting for her prizes that now worth nothing , buying stupid things like a new flat tv or some extremely overpriced new suit. All of that while her best friend was struggling and fighting for her life.

The brunette craves to comfort her friend, but stops her hand before she can reach to her. Her hand turns into a fist and she can feel the anger consuming her, she hates herself for been so oblivious about everything that happened to those who she loved. She could have lost Anya, forever, all for her stupid pride. She doesn’t make another attempt to touch her not to scare or make the blonde mad . She wants to know everything now. She needs to.

“I could have died if Jake fucking Griffin hadn’t saved my life again, like he did when he taught me to control my fury through soccer” Anya stares at the sky like she was looking for Jake in heaven and smiles “He took me in his house for a few months and offered me to work for him in exchange, I had to go to an AA group” The brunette can see her friend cleaning her tears away.

“That’s how I met Raven” Saying Lexa is shocked is an understatement, but Anya immediately shakes her head in denial “No, she wasn’t a useless drunk as me. She was there just helping the group”

Lexa nods again lost in words.

“You have seen her limp, right?” Anya asks rhetorically before continuing “Her mom was a drunk
ass like me, they’d moved to Arkadia to change their life, her mother promised she’d stop drinking but after a few months here she was literally living in the bar again. One night Raven drove to the town to get her out of there and they were driving back to their house when a truck hit them”

“Her mom didn’t make it and Raven was left with a serious injury on her left leg. She spent months in bed with no real expectations that she would walk again. But she worked her ass off so hard turning that hopeless diagnostic.”

The brunette puts her hand on Anya’s shoulder and unexpectedly she doesn’t brush off the gest.

“G*dd, Lexa. She’s so brave, she was my inspiration to keep going” The blonde sniffs “She went through so much pain and she’s still living her life like nothing happened. She smiles so brightly she makes the sun seems unnecessary. She kicked my ass when I was so weak” Anya pauses to let a playful snort “She still does”

Lexa wants to say she had witnessed that but she doesn’t want to ruin this little step to get closer to Anya again. And even if the blonde and she hadn’t been in touch in ages, she knows for the passion in the blonde’s words about the latina that there’s more than friendship in her heart for her.

“Have you told her?” Lexa asks with a little voice.

Anya turns to face her shocked. Then she shakes her head. Lexa still knows her like the palm of her hand. It’s not very hard to when she’s all mushy. Ugh!

“You should tell her, An” The slip hangs over the two of them but Lexa is relieved when Anya doesn’t spat at her for that.

“I can’t” She breaths in defeat “She’s the only thing left to me. I can’t lose her, she’s my best friend”

The pang in the brunette chest is like if someone put a dagger in her heart. She knows she can’t ask Anya to forget what she did, or to forgive her even, but she can’t avoid feeling hurt hearing her saying another person owns now the place she held for years. It was all her fault.

“You should go now” Anya breaks the awkward silence taking a deep breath “Your girlfriend is waiting for you” Anya sneers using the term she always did to addressed Clarke and for the first
time, “or maybe to punch me back if I touch you again” Lexa can recognize the Anya she knew resurfacing.

Lexa huffs a laugh shaking her head and holding her hands between her legs.

“I don’t know if we could ever be friends again” The blonde states seriously “but we can try to be civilized people for the good of the team” Anya stands up from the bench stretching a hand in front of Lexa.

The soccer player is stunned, but takes the hand slowly with a shy smile on her face.

“See you around, Commander” The blonde salutes her like old times before walking away.

Lexa rests back and she hasn’t noticed the tear falling until is running on her cheek. She notices Clarke stopping to chase the kids and offering a sweet smile. That gorgeous warm smile she always has for the brunette. The one that makes her feel like, even if it is hard to see it now, everything will be okay.

She’s still thinking about everything Anya just said. She has a lot more to do to get her best friend back and to fix everything she fucked up when she left.

This is a big call for her. She knows now that an apology is not enough.

She didn't only let down Anya in that match but in life. She did to Jake, Abby and Clarke too. She is not that stupid narcissist that make s decisions just thinking for herself. She is going to fight back to be that person who deserves to be in the life of everyone she once disappointed.

And with that little approach she had to Anya today, maybe, just maybe there’s a little hope between them. Maybe, just maybe, she can have Anya back. Maybe, just maybe, she could have two prizes from this bet.
The first assault

Chapter Summary

Lexa gets to know the kids.
Little Clexa fluff.
A slip.
Grounders first match with the help of Lexa.
Someone is jealous.
Lexa is playing with fire.

Chapter Notes

Chapter seven is here! :)

As always you’d been so great! I love to hear from you every chapter and I'm really glad you let me know if there’s something bothering you about the story so I can have the opportunity to clear up the plot and some characters’ developments.

Once again see you on Wednesday with the next chapter and please keep sending your questions and concerns.

Happy weekend!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just like Clarke suggested Lexa tried to learn things about the kids on the team the following days.

She learned Maya was actually Echo’s child. She learned her father died three years after she was born, apparently, he worked on a new mine, one of the Wallace Inc. and there was an accident that took his life. They were on the streets for a couple of months after his death but Echo worked her ass off to get a place where to live again. Of course, that weren’t Maya’s words, but Lexa’s interpretation.

She learned that that Monty kid was Aden’s best friend and he was more interested in nature than playing, but he was on the team because her father was one of that parent that lived through their
children and because he couldn’t play when he was the kid, he forces Monty to play. She learned the kid did it mostly because he wanted to make her mother Hanna proud. Such a big burden to a little innocent child.

She learned other kids’ names and lives, she talked to them but more important she listened to them. Suddenly communicate with the kids wasn't as hard as she thought it would be.

She learned too that they were fun, they said the most innocent things without really thinking too much in what they were saying, they had no filter and that made Lexa crack in laugh like she hadn't in years.

But the soccer player also learned something else, and she was a little taken back for the feeling. She learned it was hard to not start to care for them, all of them were earning a piece of her heart as soon as she bonded with them.

‘Just for a few weeks’ she replied the mantra in her mind every time the kids gave her a heart-melting hug for a welcome or a goodbye. This was not good. She couldn’t get attached to these kids, she was going to be gone soon and she knew that only could end badly. For the both of them. Mostly for her.

Lexa learned as well that Aden literally sucked at soccer. Not like the other kids, he was really bad at it. He couldn’t hit a beach ball. But of course, that didn’t cut down his eagerness to play. He fought for every ball and ran all around the field without direction but a lot of energy.

And what sucked, even more, is that she hadn’t the heart to tell him that. Or Clarke.

So, that’s how she ended here. After the training hours Lexa, Clarke and Aden had stayed every single day of the week on the field for a while playing more. She teaches him how to lead the ball, how to dribble, how to bend and hit the ball. Or at least she tried. She was glad Clarke stick around with them because if she hadn't been there she certainly would be screaming in frustration at the boy every two minutes.

“Oh, my g*d! Aden no! You have to hit the ball with the inside part of your foot so you can control it!” She replies for the twentieth time.

“Oh, I think that’s our cue to have a break” Clarke interferes when she sees her son sadly pouting and Lexa been so infuriated by the fails.
“Nooo, mom!” Aden whines.

“Baby boy you’d been hitting the ball for hours, you should rest a little and try again in a few minutes” Clarke tries again but the little blonde shakes his head and takes the ball to keep playing.

Lexa sees the scene in awe, Aden’s is nothing but determined as his mother. She remembers little Clarke rehearsing her cheers moves for hours while Jake and she were training the bend it shots.

“Well, I believe the break will be for just us,” Clarke says handing a water bottle to Lexa.

Lexa thanks her sitting on the grass. The blonde does the same.

“So” Clarke starts watching Aden trip a little before trying again “How is everything going with Anya?”

“Better I think” Lexa sighs “She’s been civil and the kids really love her so they do what I said after she nods it’s ok to do it” She chuckles.

“Well, that’s an improvement”

“Yeah, yeah it is” Lexa agrees smiling.

“She’s been their coach for years. She earned their respect and they truly adore her”

“She’s quite the coach,” Lexa says with a timid smile “I never thought Jake would've had such a hard rival for the job” She jokes “Although we were a lot better” The nostalgic tone is present.

Clarke smiles at that.

“So,” Lexa mimics Clarke way to break the silence “Are you ready for our date?” She teases.
The blonde rolls her eyes.

“So full of yourself” She hits Lexa shoulder “Are you that confident you can make them win the championship?”

“I won two World Cups, Clarke” Lexa smirks in response. “And, I’m the Commander” She finishes like if that were enough to say.

“Yeah” The art teacher giggles “But you don’t have the national team here” She nods in Aden’s direction and like if he was hearing her reply he trips with the ball again.

“Ugh! You could have fooled me” The brunette says rolling her eyes laying back and resting her head on her crossed arms.

Clarke laughs harder and Lexa can’t help the smile adorning her face going wider. Is amazing the butterflies she feels in her stomach every time she hears the blonde laughing so freely.

The art teacher leans back on her hands tangling her legs on the front. Lexa turns a little to see the blonde.

Lexa knows Clarke is beautiful, that has to be the understatement of the millennium. Ever since they were young. Even when her dentist told her she needed to wear braces.

But this version of Clarke, an older and mature Clarke, is endearing.

The sunset hits the soccer field warming up her blonde locks of hair and immediately she feels the itch on her hands for touching it. She tangled one hand in her own hair instead to avoid to do something really stupid.

This is ridiculous she thinks.

“Thanks for doing this” Clarke says shyly without taking her gaze from her son.
“Uh?”

“I know you’re doing it because ‘the Commander never loses, Clarke’” The blonde echoes in what she thinks is her best Lexa’s voice with a cheeky grin before continuing “but it means so much for him… and for me” She finishes seriously.

Lexa can see Clarke’s cheeks painting in red. She’s not sure, but she can feel her own lightening up too and the heat running from her neck to the tip of her ears.

“I would do anything for you” She can’t stop the words falling from her mouth in a whisper and the second they’re out she wants to take them back.

Clarke turns around in disbelief, her mouth gaping and her eyes wide opened.

“I did it!” The shout brings relief to Lexa. She stands up in a blink of an eye and rushes over Aden that’s bouncing on his feet.

“You did?!?” She asks trying to get away from the awkwardness between the blonde and her.

“Yeah! Look!”

Aden takes the ball again and runs with it near to his little foot for a few meters before shooting to the goal.

He shrugs shyly when the ball doesn’t even go near to it.

“You did it!” Lexa shouts raising her fists in the air. They still have to work on the final shot tho.

“Oh, my g*d!” Clarke says in awe and Aden runs over her to hug his mother.

“I’m like the Commander!” He states proudly in Clarke’s arms and both women burst into a laugh
at the irony leaving Lexa's slip in oblivion.

The Sunday arrives and Lexa feels like if she was the one playing again or more like the way she felt when she set her feet on the field for the first match she ever played. She’s fidgeting with the new Grounders jersey Anya cockily threat her she needed to use for the rest of the season if she wanted to stay with the team. The one displaying the words “Assistant Coach” on its back.

Fortunately Raven had fixed Clarke's car, declaring that there was no machine invented that could defeat Raven Reyes yet. Then the three Griffins and the soccer player make their way to Arkadia park together.

“You don’t have to be all nervous” Abby says from the copilot’s seat.

“I’m not” Replies Aden with a big smile swinging his legs in excitement.

“I wasn’t talking to you” The doctor mutters smugly leaving Aden frowning in confusion.

Clarke gives Lexa an encouraging smile for the rearview mirror and the brunette forgets the retort she was planning for Abby. She smiles back and there goes every little fussing feeling. Clarke is her rock, she can do this. She can make them win or she will stop calling herself the Commander.

With the new air of confidence, she walks over Anya and some of the kids that are already there.

“Leksa!” Shrieks Maya when she sees her and she chuckles because of the way the little girl always says her name.

“Hello, kids. Anya” She nods to the blonde and the coach nods back smirking when she witnesses what Lexa is wearing.

“Hello there,” Says Echo who’s taking some balls from a sack.

“Hi, Echo” Lexa replies with a smile getting near to help her.
“Thank you so much for doing this. It’s good to have you back here” She bumps her shoulder with Lexa’s.

“Well, little Maya needed someone to remind her she can’t take the ball with her hands” The brunette jokes.

“Yeah, she does” Echo chuckles shaking her head.

Lexa hands the last ball to a kid and when she turns around she can see Clarke talking with Raven on the bleachers. But she can also notice the glaring the blonde is giving to Echo.

Well, that’s very interesting… and advantageous. She smiles smugly.

“So, are you staying here?” Echo’s voice takes her attention.

“It seems I am,” She says still staring at the annoyed grin on Clarke’s face “for a few weeks more” she states.

“Oh, well, we can go out someday,” Echo says carefully “to catch up I mean” She rushes.

“Yeah, that would be wonderful,” Lexa says honestly squeezing Echo's forearm in reassurance while turning a little to see Clarke who frowns at the action.

“Great!” Echo beams.

“Alright team, get all around here” Anya claps and the kids immediately make a circle around her “The Valley Bandits are good. We have to be very careful with Tristan that’s their star player but,” She’s sure to look every kid in their eyes “you were born to do this” She states proudly.

Lexa almost feels like they’re sending the kids to the war but she knows how fierce Anya is and how serious she’s when it comes to soccer.

“Lexa, you want to say something?” The coach asks politely.
“Uh”

“Yeah, Lexa!” Echo says clapping gingerly and she feels overwhelmed.

Lexa is used to doing this, she was the captain of the Walkers and the National Team so that can't be that hard. Couldn't be?

She clears her throat before doing her thing “You, you are very good,” she starts a little thorny “you had been working on this the whole week. This is the day, blood must have blood” The little kid's eyes widen and Anya shakes her head displeased putting her palm over her face “Not literally!” She recomposes “I mean, play by play we’re going to take them down. Let's get on with it! It’s time!”

She claps stiffly but the blonde coach follows and the team cheer at that. Although the kids are a little baffled for the words.

“Come here. At three” Anya puts a hand in front and the team obey.

Lexa shifts on her feet not knowing what to do.

“Assistant coach” The complacent blonde grins.

Lexa wants to roll her eyes but refrains for the kids and walks over to put her hand over all of them.

“One, two, three, Grounders!” They all shout and the team walks to the field.

The first half it doesn’t go as badly as Lexa thought. The kids were close to scoring but the goalkeeper from the Bandits avoids it. It’s not the same for the Grounders, Caris their goalie can’t stop the ball with her hands when Tristan shots and now they’re losing for one goal.

At the halftime, the kids are on the bench drinking water and resting. Abby is close to them fixing some scratches but there’s nothing to worry about.
“We have to do something with Caris, she’s good but I think their coach now knows how to score and he’s going to send Tristan over her” Anya declares to Lexa and she lets out a humble smile because step by step the blonde seems to be more comfortable around her. At least the necessary to share her thoughts and ask for her opinion.

“We don’t have another goalkeeper, well Rivo but he is worse than her” The blonde whispers trying to not hurt the kid’s feelings “We need someone good with their hands”

Then a eureka thought strikes Lexa.

“Maya!” The brunette hits Anya chest with the back of her hand.

“What?”

“Maya, she loves to take the ball in her hands she only needs direction but we can try,” Lexa says excitedly.

Anya stares at the soccer player indecisive pursing her lips but when she notices the certitude on Lexa’s face she nods.

“We can try” She replies with a big sight.

Lexa talks with Maya and at the beginning, the kid is confused because ‘Leksa, you said I shouldn’t touch the ball with my hands’ but then Anya and Lexa explain to her that she can do it if she is on the small marked area. And Maya thinks about it as a game.

Half of the second part, Maya has stopped three shots from Tristan but they’re still losing.

“Shay shoot!” Lexa roars when the little girl is alone in front of the goalkeeper and the kid complies.

“Goal!” Anya screams jumping when the ball touches the back of the net.
“We have five minutes, we can do it,” The blonde coach says to Lexa smiling ecstatic and the brunette reciprocates with a single nod.

Aden, as usual, has not stopped running, he takes the ball just like Lexa taught him and he kicks the ball out from the goal box. The shoot goes deflected from the goal but in a miraculously moment the ball hits the back of Juel’s head diverting the shoot and making impossible for the goalkeeper to block it.

“YES!” Anya proclaims and without noticing she hugs Lexa who’s next to her and the soccer player stiffs at the touch.

When Anya acknowledge the action she withdraws her arms to her side tense as if Lexa was fire.

She recollects herself giving a stoically nod before she ruffles Juel’s hair bumping her fists with her.

The match is over and the kids are beyond elated like if they had eaten tons of candies. At last the team cheer for the other team before doing it for themselves.

The parents are no better they’re howling and roaring from the bleachers.

Lexa pats everyone's back before turning around to take the balls back to the sack. Her work for today is done here. Then someone clears her throat behind her.

“Congrats on the winning, Miss Woods,” Clarke says grinning rocking chastely in the ball of her feet. Lexa can't help to think she looks cute.

“Thank you very much, Miss Griffin” she jokes back.

“Seriously, you did it very well, Lex” The blonde bites her lip caressing Lexa's mighty bicep.

“They did it, Clarke” She states with an honest smile.
The blonde is about to say something else when Aden calls for her. Apologetically she points back with her thumb and walks away. Lexa doesn't want to feel disappointed by the loss of Clarke's touch but is hard not to.

Despite, Lexa hadn’t been so grateful to the inventor of the jeans like today. That blue piece of fabric really stands out the blonde assets.

She should be ashamed for staring at Clarke’s ass too much but G*d the way the blonde swings her hips must be considered a transgression.

The brunette is immersed in her nasty thoughts when a body blocks her line of view.

“Keep it in your pants, Commander, there are kids here” Anya smirks.

Lexa guilty ducks her red face.

“Well done, Lexa” Anya offers her hand and the brunette shakes her with a nod. Another step, she thinks when the coach walks away with a smile to receive a crushing hug from Raven.

After Aden says goodbye to every single of his teammates, Abby suggests they should have breakfast on the town to celebrate the victory.

She’s about to get in Clarke’s car when Maya calls for her.

“Leksa, Leksa! Goodbye” She screams running over Lexa to give her a big hug. The brunette awkwardly pats her back from her spot next to the back door.

“Hey! Good job ‘assistant coach’” Echo mocks squeezing her forearm and she hears a horn that makes them jump apart. Then she sees Clarke mouthing a ‘sorry’ from her driver’s seat not looking abashed at all.

“Are we still getting together this week?” The woman asks modestly.
“Yeah, of course,” Lexa smiles. She really wants to catch up with Echo, more now that she knows the girl had it bad. Or maybe, even more, when Clarke jealousy is so latent.

“Cool! How about Tuesday night? I could pick you up from the Griffins” Echo offers.

She nods and gets in the car after saying goodbye to her friend and the little girl. She hasn’t seen Clarke driving away so fast.

This has to be a good sign. Right?

Chapter End Notes

Please do not hate Lexa, she's trying to be a better person but one can't change from one day to another. She's not doing the whole Echo thing to piss Clarke but she's curious and her stupid ego is a big issue she needs to work on.

Anyway, let me know how do you feel about it! :)
On Tuesday night Lexa showers as soon as she arrives at the house after the afternoon training with Aden. Clarke has been a little distant and she knows why. She should have had said something, she wishes she hadn’t been so stupid and let Clarke think she’s interested in Echo as more than a good friend. But she’s an idiot, and she can’t do anything now, is not like they were together or even if she’s going to do something about it. She’s still going to go as soon as Indra calls and nothing would change that.

Although, she wants the blonde back acting like before she also wants to see Echo. Anya and she are still struggling with the awkwardness between them and Echo has been nothing but friendly.

Echo and Maya pick her up at six o’clock and they drive together to her modest house. It’s a small house with two rooms and a big saloon that shares the kitchen, the living-room and the dinner-room, but it still feels cosy. Lexa can’t help to think about her loft, it was almost four times bigger than this but it felt cold. She still felt alone even if it was full of useless objects. This, something completely precarious feels a lot more like a home than hers.
The dinner goes fine, they had spaghetti and some breaded chicken breast Echo cooked, they were delicious.

They chat lightly and very little because Maya is there the whole time and that little girl is a non-stopping talker taking the lead everytime they try to have a conversation. Lexa smiles because she remembers how Aden is when he babbles about what he did in school when they’re dining.

Maya tries to be awake but after they clean the table she can’t manage to keep her eyes open. Echo takes her to sleep and she returns to the table with a bottle of red wine.

“And how is the big Commander taking back the country life so far?” Echo asks pouring two glasses of wine.

“It was very hard actually” Lexa chuckles taking the glass Echo is handing to her.

“I can’t believe that. Not much has changed since you left”

“Well, that would be an understatement” Echo giggles “I didn’t have a kid and I was in love with you when you left” She sips her own glass.

Lexa's eyes widen and she coughs trying to not to spit.

“Oh, come on, Lexa! Don’t look so scared” The woman laughs, “I said I was, and now that I think about it, I perhaps was more infatuated than in love as a matter of fact” She states blatantly.

“Echo you know that…”

“I know! I’m not saying that I couldn’t have the hots for you now, because...” She waves around Lexa’s frame like saying ‘look at you’ before continuing “but, I understood that day and I do now. You and I are nothing but friends and that’s fine with me” Echo shrugs giving Lexa a genuine smile that the brunette reciprocates.
“Besides, I know for sure that you have another girl in your mind” Echo smirks.

“What are you talking about?” Lexa frowns.

“G*d, Lexa you can’t be serious”

The brunette tildes her head like a lost puppy and Echo chuckles. The holy glorious Commander is an oblivious asshole.

“I have eyes you know?” She continues rolling her eyes when Lexa seems still lost “I can see the way you look at Clarke”

Lexa frown goes deeper immediately ‘the way you look at Clarke’ resounds on her mind. And yes, she’s certainly attracted to the blonde, because who in this whole earth and galaxy wouldn’t. She’s beautiful and kind and smart and that fucking mole beside her mouth Lexa wants to kiss every time the art teacher smiles gives her life. Her hair is like a golden waterfall and yeah, she itches to touch it just from the sweet vanilla smell emanates from it. But she doesn’t have a specific way to look at her. Does she?

“She’s beautiful indeed” Echo cuts her train of thoughts and pours more wine to her glass “I can’t blame you”

Is really silly if Lexa thinks rationally about it, but she can’t avoid the pinch of jealous assaulting her just at the merely thought of someone else with Clarke.

“Oh, my g*d! You’re way more into her that I believed!” Her friend laughs again “Stop with the glaring I’m not going to steal her from you” she teases.

“That’s not,” Lexa shakes her head as if the movement could get rid the bitter feeling “We’re not even dating or something”

“But you want to,” Echo says and it’s more like a statement than a question.
Lexa asks herself the same. Yes, again her brain is screaming at her that she’s captivated by Clarke. She knows she wants to make her happy, as happy as she deserves it. She wants to take her on that date and really woo her. But this time, the idea of just having her way with the art teacher is gone. She doesn’t just want to have sex with her, she wants to take her hand every time they’re together, she wants to hug her when she’s worried for Aden, she wants to kiss her and be there for her and oh! … OH, SHIT!

“Well?”

“What?” Lexa asks still distracted for her, not so little, revelation.

“What are you waiting to make a move?”

“I don’t think is the right thing” Lexa mumbles sipping her drink. It is not, she’s going and she can’t do that to Clarke again. Not this time.

“Why?” Echo leans on.

“First, I don’t even know if she sees me like that” The brunette can feel the alcohol losing her tongue. She’s sure she wouldn’t be talking about this if she weren’t a little tipsy “And then, I’d be gone in a few weeks. What would be the point of starting something if I’ll leave her again” She sighs deeply glaring at the glass in her hand like if the object was offending her.

“Ok, first of all, that girl had been in love with you since she was a child” Echo rolls her eyes again. Lexa opens her mouth but the woman stops her “No, wait. It is true. But ok, we’re talking about the other thing” Echo pauses a little.

“And about your second reason” She sighs “Lexa, life is short. Tell me about it, I married the love of my life thinking that it’d last longer than it really did. I was so in love, we were so happy together, we had Maya and things couldn’t be better” The woman clears her throat when her voice cracks a bit. Lexa leans over the table to take her hand in a reassuring gesture.

“Then an accident took him from me” Echo breaths when she finally finds her voice.
“I’m so sorry,” Lexa says.

“I’m not saying this to get your pity” Her friend shakes her head.

“That’s not what I’m doing,” Lexa explains “I’m really sorry I wasn’t here for Maya and for you. I’m really sorry I wasn’t a good friend” She states frankly.

Echo smiles sadly before continuing “The thing is, life doesn’t give us a warning about what’s going to happen tomorrow. Only life will say.” She sighs “The only thing we could do is to hold onto those things and persons that make us happy”.

“For me is Maya of course. And for you, I can really say Clarke is the worth of trying” Echo turns her hand under Lexa’s to squeeze it returning the action.

“She is” Lexa whispers

“Then what’s stopping you?”

“I already told you” Lexa tries to argue “I’ll be gone in a few weeks.”

“You said that too much and I feel like is more to convince you than me” Echo smirks.

Lexa rolls her eyes resting her back again but the thing is her friend maybe is right.

They share some more stories from their childhood. Like when Anya convinced the team to ignore Murphy to made him believe he was a ghost. Or when Echo drag them to hiking to the mountain and Lexa was the only one able to keep her steps. And not forgetting about that times they played in the rain leaving them all bathed in mud but so full of joy because they won. They laugh at every single memory and Lexa feels like she was that unfettered teenager just having fun with her friend.

Echo tells her she’s a waitress on the Dropship the diner where Jake took the team for burgers and
milkshakes after every match, it didn’t matter if they lost or won. She also tells her she should go sometime. She will.

After two bottles of wine, they are drunk enough to drive and Echo offers Lexa her not so comfy couch and takes her the next morning to the Griffins’ farm. She agrees knowing is the smartest thing to do.

The next morning Lexa is awakened for a very delicious smell. Pancakes. Maya is delighted because she passes the whole breakfast talking about how tasty her mother cooks. The waitress drops her at the farm before taking Maya to school.

“I think we should do this again,” Echo says from the driver’s seat when she hugs Lexa goodbye.

“Yeah, we should. Before I go” The soccer player states and Echo shakes her head because her stupid friend is nothing but a stubborn asshole.

“More like If you go” Echo grins and is the turn of Lexa to shake her head getting off the car “Think about what we talked last night. Maybe is the only chance life is giving you. Do not waste it!” She finishes before starting the car and leave.

The brunette is still chuckling at Maya’s antics when she said ‘Goodbye, Leksa!’ from the back seat waving like a crazy when she’s carefully walking to her bedroom.

“What so funny?”

Lexa stops in her tracks and turns around.

Abby is leaning over her own bedroom door, arms crossed with a not so friendly look on her face.

Lexa gulps before she says “Uh, something I remembered”

“I thought I’ve told you this wasn’t a hotel, Alexandria”
Oh, not good. Her full name again.

“That’s not, I wasn’t,”

Abby cuts her off with a hand “I don’t care what you do with your private life, but be aware that you left us waiting for you”

“I’m sorry, it wasn’t my intention. Echo and I…”

“You’re not a teenager anymore, you don’t have to explain yourself, Lexa” The doctor tone changes and the name makes the brunette breath in relief “Just let us know you’re not coming back next time” As soon as she finishes Abby walks into her room.

Lexa sighs and begins to walk again.

“I hope you’re not too tired, there are still a lot of things to do in the farm!” Abby shouts from her room and Lexa gives a deep breath. Yeah, Abby is not going to let her live after that.

Later that afternoon Lexa is practising with the team. Anya is so wrapped with the new founded talent of Maya that she’s training her personally. ‘You know the chemistry from goalkeeper to goalkeeper’ she said to the brunette and honestly, Lexa is really happy that the blonde is been herself again around her.

As soon as the training is over Clarke calls for Aden. The little blonde walks to take his things and Lexa who’s picking some stuff to her private sessions with Aden frowns and runs towards her.

“Hey! Where are you going?” She’s taken back by the blonde’s action.

“We’re going home” Clarke states calmly and indifferent.

“Why? We need to practice Aden’s shots. He’s improving” The art teacher sighs.
“I don’t think that’s necessary, Lexa,” She says dryly and Lexa frown pronounces when she didn’t call her Lex.

“What, what are you talking about?” She demands.

“I believe we should call off the deal,” The blonde says with a little but firm voice.

“Sorry, What? Why?” Lexa is frustrated with herself for not knowing more words than why but she needs to know.

Clarke crosses her arms and takes a deep breath.

“I thought you wanted a date from the deal and you had one yesterday so…”

Oh, so Clarke thought she and Echo had a date. Well, she did act like it was a date and she indeed wanted to Clarke thinking more than she should but this was not what Lexa was looking for.

She thinks in Echo’s words ‘hold onto those persons who make you happy’ and Clarke does. It is time for her to stop to be an idiot or she can lose the blonde. It is time for her to stop letting her huge useless ego ruling her life and be honest. She needs to be honest with Clarke.

“Clarke, I didn’t have a date with Echo,” She says thoroughly.

The blonde shoulders relax a little but she’s still staring at the soccer player sceptical.

“Look, Echo only wanted to catch up.” The brunette gives one step carefully approaching to Clarke “And that’s all that we did. We had dinner with Maya and then we talked about when we were kids and Echo’s life and…” Lexa can’t be that blunt, no when not even her knows what her feelings for the blonde really mean “things” She prefers to avoid the topic for now.

“You didn’t come back last night” The art teacher mumbles and Lexa’s heart breaks a little more. This is definitely not what Lexa wanted. She promised she would do Clarke happy and she failed
again. Courage, Commander! She tells to herself.

“Yeah, only because well, we drank a lot. Echo didn’t want to drive like that and Maya was already asleep, so she told me I could sleep there” Clarke bites the side of her lip frowning “In her couch,” She rushes “Echo offered me her couch to sleep and she gave me a ride back this morning”

Clarke gaze links to Lexa’s.

“So, you and Echo didn’t...” She trails off.

“G*’d no, Clarke! She’s my friend, just a good friend,” She scratches the back of her head playing fool because well she feels ashamed she was the one giving Clarke another impression of her actions.

“We just talked and after all she had been through, I think she only wanted to vent a bit and recall some old stories for old good times sake”

The blonde nods taking in the new information when Aden arrives next to them with big puppy eyes. He’s not glad missing his personal training with the Commander.

“Well? Can we practice a little bit more today?” Lexa imitates Aden’s look and Clarke knows she lost.

Offering a hand Lexa drags her to the field again when Aden shouts a ‘Yeah!’ and runs to get the ball.

“You were jealous” Lexa teases in the middle of their path.

“Shut up, you big idiot” Clarke mutters shyly bumping their shoulders taking the care to not unlock their hands. “It was all your fault”

“I know,” Lexa smiles “And I’m sorry”
Clarke smiles brightly and nodding again. "You has to work more on that date, tho," She says smugly.

"Are our deal still on?" Lexa asks timidly and Clarke laughs.

"Yeah, yeah, it is” The blonde rolls her eyes although she’s smiling “Now go and make of my son a professional soccer player” The blonde pushing Lexa to the field.

The second game goes more smoothly than the first one. The Allies from the City of Light (what a weird name, Lexa always thought) were easier.

Although Lexa believes it has to be with the improvement the team has shown too. Aden is more relaxed, he runs only when he’s near to the ball trying to remember everything Lexa had taught. He still fails some shots but Anya and Lexa are giving him confident claps.

It’s in the last minute when some kid trips over Monty and he falls on his face. Lexa and Anya run to the kid but he tells them he’s okay, even when he has grass on his mouth. She admires his brave spirit.

The referee has awarded a free kick and they have the opportunity to win this match.

“Monty, this it’s your chance,” Anya says to the boy and he looks terrified as soon as his coach announces it.

“No, I can’t. I’m a bad shooter” He plaid.

Lexa kneels beside him gripping his shoulders.

“Hey, look at me,” She says when Monty only looks at her feet “You can do this” The kid shakes his head “Listen, uhm, what’s the most interesting thing in nature for you?” She asks casually.

Monty frowns but he responds “Spiders”
“They are, aren’t they?”

Monty smiles a little at that.

“What are the most amazing things about them?”

“Their spider webs”

“Have you seen a lot of them?”

He nods “In my grandma’s house. She pays me a quarter for every one I took down from the corner of her basement when we visited for Christmas” His smile gets bigger.

“Ok,” Weirdo Lexa thinks not in a bad way “Well, now imagine that you have to take down a web from the corner of the net but you have to use the ball to do it”

“What if I miss,” He asks fidgeting with the hem of his jersey.

“It doesn’t matter, Monty” She smiles approbatory to him “But you won’t” She finishes.

Monty walks over the ball and when the referee whistles he runs confidant and kicks the ball directly to the right corner of the net.

The cheers erupt and the boy rushes to the bleachers where his parents are waiting for him to hug him tightly. His father takes him in her arms and her mother kisses his head. Lexa smiles when the kid gives her a thumb up.

“What did you said to him?” Anya asks in disbelief.

“Every kid has their own motivation” She answers back using Clarke’s advice with a grin.
She stares to the spot on the bleachers where Clarke is shaking her head but still smiling at her.

Just one more match she tells herself with a smirk and yes, only life will say and the best thing is to hold onto those things that make you happy. That person that makes you happy.

If this is the only chance life is giving her, she's definitely not going to waste it.

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY!!!!!! Hahahahahaha

Step by step, ok? Step by step.
Considere this a fair warning.

Chapter Summary

Clexa fluff.
Lexa learns Karma is a bad thing.

Chapter Notes

Chapter nine and we have a little Clexa being Clexa.

Thanks for all the kudos and comments, it's really refreshing to hear what you have to say about this story and please comment more I'm glad to read from all of you.

Once again, step by step.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Anya’s relationship with Lexa has been getting better. She has stopped to grunt and growl every time the soccer player gives a direction to the kids. She talks with Lexa sometimes about the strategy for the next match and she even asks for her opinion about the plays and takes her advice about the kids’ technic.

Lexa notices that the blonde is more amicable and she seems happier, she’s more relaxed around her and even though she wouldn’t say they’re friends again, she knows they’re close to getting there. Sometime. She is happy to see Anya back, almost like the way she was before she left.

The soccer player also witnesses the surprise stops Raven begins to do at the training, almost every day. She always has an excuse to do it ‘I was boring at home and came for a walk’ ‘I had to buy some part for a secret project’ ‘I was already at town anyway’. And every one of those times she brings Anya’s favourite smoothie, wild berries with a touch of lemon, Lexa still remembers that. Lexa knows now that they share an apartment not too far from the Griffins. Anya mentioned she was struggling with finding a place after the months she spent with the Griffin and it seemed Raven offered her to live with her because she could use the half of the rent and because that way she could still an eye on the blonde’s rehab.
Lexa thinks it’s amazing what the latina has done for Anya, but still believes it's an excuse from those two made to be near from each other, even if they don’t talk about their very palpable feelings.

The brunette can see the big smile Anya wears every time the latina shows up and the way she forgets about the team to only have eyes for the woman. She also spots how red her cheeks go when an oblivious Raven touches her or links her arm and leans her head on her shoulder.

And even though she had seen the Raven giving Clarke some friendly hugs when they met or when they say goodbye, Lexa has never seen her that touchy with the art teacher. She suspects Anya’s feelings are not one-sided, but she doesn’t want to push Anya away and risk the renew closeness by bringing up the subject.

She hopes and prays to the gods that someday those two stop being senseless blind and see how much they mean for the other. They have to.

Lexa truly believes Anya deserves to be completely happy and is obvious Raven Reyes is the only one that could do that. She remembers Anya having crushes on some girls when they were growing up, but she never gave herself to someone so much like she has seen the blonde worships the latina.

"Are you ready for the next match?" Clarke asks when they’re on their way to buy some supplies bringing Lexa back from her thoughts.

Abby told them she was too tired to carry the bags and Aden needed to rest from his hard training. So, with a ‘Lexa put that muscles to a better use than show them off’ she pushed them out of the house.

That led to Lexa and Clarke driving together to the supermarket in the town.

Thankfully for the soccer player, the blonde has returned to her cheerful self after they talked about Echo’s episode. She knows she screwed things up when she let Clarke think she was interested in her friend, she was about to lose her chance to have a date with the woman she’s really interested in just for being a stupid asshole.

She knows Clarke is not like any other woman she used to charm with a few smooth words and her
famous name. The blonde deserves better and if she needs to fight for just one date with her, she's going to do it with all her being.

"I think they're more than ready" Lexa grins thinking on the team.

The kids are fearless after their last encounter. They had trained hard the whole week. They seem to get better and better and although Lexa is still nervous about what that winning means, she still feels confident about them.

"The question is... Are you ready for our date?" She asks smugly trying to look bolder than she actually feels.

"Oh! You really are that sure, uh?" Clarke asks “Have you thought where you are going to take me?”

“Well, well, well, aren’t we a little eager Miss Griffin?” Lexa retorts with a smug smile.

“Hush, dork!” Clarke elbows the brunette with her own “I’m just curious” She shrugs trying to look nonchalant, but Lexa knows the topic was actually bothering her because otherwise, she wouldn’t be asking.

“Haven’t thought about that honestly” And it is true. Lexa has considered asking Anya about a fine place to take Clarke, but she knows the coach would give her a hard time if she figured it out about their date.

Clarke nods not taking her gaze from the road.

“I was just wondering if I should be buying something new to wear” She mumbles shyly.

“I’m certain that you’d look beautiful with anything, Clarke,” Lexa says a little hesitant not really wanting to make Clarke uncomfortable. The last time she said something like that Clarke was beyond dumbfounded.

But the pink on Clarke’s cheeks and coy smile tell her she did the right thing.
The rest of the way goes placidly silent and they're at the supermarket getting everything Abby wrote down on the list.

“You should cut Aden’s sugar intake out, Clarke” Lexa states seriously when the blonde takes two chocolate cereal boxes.

“These aren’t for him, he only eats oatmeal like his idol” She grins “These are mine” She replies with a cheeky smile dropping ceremoniously the packages in the cart.

Lexa had seen Aden eat the same oatmeal she did, but she never assumed it was for her.

“Anyway, you should…”

“Clarke Griffin,” A heavy voice says behind them.

“Finn! What a surprise!” Clarke smiles at the man politely and Lexa wants to make him suffer so much and so slowly as soon as she sees his eyes wandering over the blonde’s cleavage with so much hunger.

And yes, she has stolen a few glazings there too because well, she’s not blind and Clarke seems to be very proud of the girls as she should be. But at least she thinks she is being subtle about it. She hopes.

“A very nice surprise indeed” He purrs and Lexa rolls her eyes annoyed not noticing the (not so) little growl that leaves her throat.

“Uh, Oh! Lexa, this is Finn” Clarke announces when she hears the grunt. The brunette has to make a fake cough to disguise the displeased noise.

“Hello” She mumbles dryly and the man only gives her a disinterested nod. His eyes still glued all over the blonde’s body mischievously.
“Finn is the math teacher in Arkadia High” Clarke states breaking the intense and heavy tension between the soccer player and the guy.

While Lexa just thinks it's a match, a boring subject for a boring dude.

“Lexa is my… friend” Clarke trails off and the brunette doesn’t know why but the description feels empty and insufficient.

Stupid she thinks again. Because that is exactly what she is for Clarke. Even if it doesn’t feel enough when she word it.

“So, I was wondering if you gave a thought to what we talked last week in the teacher’s room?” He asks ignoring the whole introduction and even Lexa’s presence.

The soccer player clenches her fists when the man dares to care Clarke's arm. Yup, Karma is a bitch. She feels uncomfortable standing there so she just walks over the shelves where the oatmeal is, playing dumb. Although, she’s still listening intently to the conversation a few meters away from her.

“Uhm, yeah, yeah I did” The blonde blushes and that calls Lexa’s attention when she absently takes an oatmeal box. Is just Clarke flirting back? Is she interested in this disgusting asshole? Is Lexa better than him? Probably not and she’s still waiting to have a date with her. So why the blonde couldn't get attention from other people.

She's beautiful and smart and more than she could ever think a real person could be. It's obvious she's not the only one noticing that.

“Yeah? So, are we having a date? When do you want me to pick you up? Would the Dropship be nice?” The man says and Lexa’s grip on the box tightens.

The Dropship! Come on! Clarke deserves better than a greasy burger and an overly sweet milkshake. Even though she knows the blonde loves them since she was a child.

She doesn’t have a better option for their date tho.
“Uh, Finn I thought about it, yeah, and I feel very flattered…” Clarke smiles and she glances over Lexa who immediately turns her head trying to look aloof about the whole situation. Clarke smiles wider and gets distracted by that.

“Great!” The man shouts excitedly "I mean I’m so glad you finally accepted” He gives her a bold smile and Lexa clench her jaw. Finally? Had this guy asked Clarke on a date repeatedly? Is she going to say yes this time?

“I don’t” Clarke whispers apologetically.

“HA!” Lexa barks out taking the attention from the two of them and a few more buyers passing the aisle. Clarke is biting back the laugh while Finn is glaring at her.

“Errr. I just found the oatmeal brand I was looking for” She declares shaking the box in her hand.

The man faces Clarke again.

“Look, Finn. You’re a nice person and as I was saying, I feel flattered but I’m afraid I’m not interested”

“It’s because we’re both teachers? I can be very discreet, Clarke.” He lamely begs "We don’t have to take our relationship to the school” He gives a step invading the blonde's personal space and Lexa notices how tense she is getting.

"No, it's just not that" Clarke mumbles trying to step back but she's almost pressed on the shelves.

Oh, no, not on her watch.

“I’m sorry for intruding” The brunette walks over the shopping cart “but I think Clarke already told you she’s not interested.” She states calmly, or as much as she can, dropping the oatmeal box in the cart.

“Listen, you can be her friend” He expresses angry "but this is a conversation between Clarke and me. You don't have a say”
"Oh, but I do think I do when you're making her uncomfortable" She challenges back stepping between the two of them protecting Clarke.

"Again, this is a talk between Clarke and me" He grips the shopping cart with so much strength his knuckles go white.

Lexa does the same to show she's not backing at all. Because, yes, she's still an asshole trying to win the blonde's heart, uh, love? no, more like trust and yes, she has done something really stupid, but she promised herself she is going to protect the art teacher from now on. She didn't do it in the past, but she can do it now and she knows she will for the rest of her life.

Clarke poses a hand over Lexa's shoulder and she walks next to her more confident.

“There’s nothing more to say, Finn, I told you I’m not going to go on a date with you,” The art teacher says firmly getting closer to Lexa.

Finn frowns when Clarke touches the soccer player’s forearm and leaves with a ‘Your loss, princess’ in a sore loser tone shoving the cart to the shelves.

“Thanks, Lex” Clarke sighs retrieving her hand and Lexa boldly takes it hooking her arms around.

The timid smile the blonde gives her it's whort it.

They walk around in silence for a few aisles more picking some things on the list.

"I'm sorry for invading your privacy," Lexa says softly "I know I have no right to do it and I know you're very capable of taking care of yourself but,"

Clarke stops and Lexa does the same. She takes the soccer player hand in hers.

"I am," She smirks "but I'm glad you did. He's not a bad guy, but he's just persistent" She sighs.
Lexa nods walking next to Clarke again not really wanting to make a major issue of it. Maybe he would back out from now on.

"You were jealous" Clarke laughs bumping her shoulder with Lexa's copying her words about Echo.

"I was not," She says hesitantly. She wasn't. Right? Of course, she wanted to punch the guy to erase that stupid boyish smile and she didn't want him to touch Clarke, but it's just because no one should do it if they don't have her agreement. "I do not do jealous, Clarke" She glares at the woman stoically to hide her real feelings.

"Whatever you say, Commander!" Clarke laughs harder swaying her hips over the supermarket check-out.

This girl is going to be the death of her. And honestly, Lexa thinks, she would die happy. She can't avoid the smile on her face and shakes her head.

They pay not getting apart until they reach Clarke’s old vehicle.

“And.. you have a lot of date offers lately, I see,” Lexa jokes carrying some bags to the car’s trunk.

Clarke breathes deeply “Finn had been trying to for years now. I thought he would take the hint”

“Hey, hey, It’s ok, I was just teasing you” Lexa grabs her hand reassuringly.

The blonde smiles back.

“Besides, who would want to date that shaggy boy when you already have a date with a soccer star” Lexa nudges her lighting the ambient.

Clarke laughs shaking her head.

“I think you still have one game to win for that” She teases back.
“Oh, I see how it is. So, you were confident enough to think about buying new clothes but now I don’t have the right to brag about it”

“You can’t blame a girl for wanting to look good for her… uhm, a night out”

“Oh, and here I was thinking I was special” Lexa retorts putting the last bag in the trunk and she walks towards the passenger's seat after closing it.

But before she can give another step, Clarke takes her hand in hers turning her around with so much eagerness that she bumps into the blonde's space.

“You are very special to me, Lex” Clarke whispers bashfully.

From this short distance, Lexa can see the way the blue eyes lighten up in a deep ocean that the brunette is more than willing to let herself drown.

Clarke’s breath heavens and Lexa’s gaze diverts to those pink silky inviting lips and she can’t help to bite her own. Her pupils darken when she notices the blonde is staring at her pouty lips with the same hunger in her eyes.

If Lexa still had the millions she earned for so many years playing soccer waiting for her in her bank account, she would gladly give them away to have this ethereal being in front of her tonight with the light of the moon shining over them.

Lexa sees again to those beautiful blue eyes to corroborate if the blonde wants the same as her and Clarke closing her eyes leaning over is the only thing she needs to do the same.

As screwed as her life is, as usual, there’s a bright light breaking the spell in the dark parking lot.

A car leaving the supermarket cuts the magic.

A fucking stupid car takes the celestial moment with it.
Just great!

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know Lexa had it easy there, but as I named the chapter is a fair warning she's not the only one interested in Clarke. Also, I thought just because Lexa was childish and stupid about Echo, Clarke didn't have to act as she did. Maybe this is how Clarke is teaching her how to be a better person on her own. :)

And no, Clarke is not going easy on Lexa. ;)

See you next Wednesday! ;)

Let me read those thoughts of you!
Chapter Summary

Lexa is conflicted after the whole almost kiss. 
Anya and Lexa talks before the big game.

Chapter Notes

Whoa! We're in chapter 10 already.

Thank you so much for your support and for still being here. There's no Clexa in this but Ranya instead and I love them.

Next chapter is the championship match and we will see what happens. ;)

As usual, do not forget to leave your comments! Really guys! Don't be shy and let me know what you think!

The following days go as usual.

Lexa and Clarke avoid talking about the almost kiss at the supermarket parking lot.

It wasn’t that bad. Clarke had been a little more touchy than before. She reaches for Lexa’s hand at every chance she gets. She also leans over her when they’re sitting next to each other at the bleachers on the soccer field. And Lexa is fine with that. More than fine actually.

They haven’t talked about the whole kiss debacle and has had Lexa restless. She hasn’t been able to sleep well since that day after the shopping trip. That night Lexa laid awake in her bed wide open eyes because every time she tries to close them she could feel Clarke’s breath over her lips like a ghost haunting her. She knew the blonde was about to kiss her back but then what? Then she will be gone for good. That was always the plan. Take a break from soccer and town until Indra
could fix the fraud allegations and then she could return to her life. That was a good plan indeed, it was before she met Clarke again.

Even if she weren't playing for TonDC anymore, she would have to get back to her life, but then again what will be that life now?.

Indra said there weren't teams willing at the risk to sign a contract with her, not now that she was this kind of resented ex-girlfriend and an atrocious monster to the whole town back there. To the world even.

But she couldn’t just quit playing soccer. Soccer was her life, it's her life. Even if she hasn't played in months, she still loves it. Like Abby so eloquently said in their first talk, it's the only thing she is good at.

Lexa has arrived earlier to the park at Arkadia before the final match, she’s practising some shoots alone.

“Again! You have to be upright, Lexa. If you bend too much you’re not going to give the right direction to the shot”

“I’m trying, Coach” A fifteen Lexa grits her teeth.

“You’re not trying enough! Again!” Jake says desperately.

*Lexa shot hits the crossbar.*

“You’re thinking too much” The man rubs his forehead trying to set his anger.

“You are the one saying I should think about not bending, about to where I put my left foot, about to make my back going back. I can’t do all that at the same time without thinking!” She growls mad.

Jake and she had been practising this nonsense (at least for Lexa) for about three hours and she’s now exhausted and frustrated.
“Yes, yes. Because this shot is all about the technique but if you’re stiff like a trunk that doesn’t help!”

“Well, maybe I’m just not good enough!” She yells exasperatedly and hitting her sides before plopping on the ground.

She doesn’t hear anything for minutes, she better concentrates in the forms the clouds makes above have, the light orange tones the sunset starts to paint the sky, the autumn breeze cooling the sweat on her skin, her heartbeat slowly getting back to her usual rhythm.

There’s someone sitting near her, she hears the steps before a plop sound when they sit there. For Lexa is more than obvious that Jake is giving her space and now he’s going to talk to her calmly. Like he always approaches to her when they have a misunderstanding.

“That one looks like a cow” The little girl declares pointing a big white cloud with two tiny ones on the sides like horns. A young twelve year old Clarke is sitting next to her.

Lexa smiles. It’s so easy talking with Clarke, somehow the blonde always seems to know what to say to her to make her feel good and relax.

“That one is a fish” Lexa points another one.

Little Clarke scrunches her nose squinting her eyes and Lexa thinks is adorable.

“No, is more like a little dog, a puppy” She explains.

“What?! No way, look you can even see its tail right there”

“That’s not a fish tail,” The girl giggles “those are its ears and that is its nose”

Lexa glares at the said cloud trying to see what the blonde says and yep, that’s a fucking dog.
“Well, what you don’t know is that that dog’s name is Fish” She jokes with a smirk. No, the Commander doesn’t lose.

“Oh, G*d!” Clarke snorts “That doesn’t even make sense” She shakes her head laughing.

The brunette loves that sound, she loves to make Clarke laugh. It's so refreshing.

“Are you ok?” The blonde asks shyly after they keep playing to find forms in the sky.

Lexa sighs deeply “Yeah, I am. I’m just tired. I still don’t get how to make that shot”

“You’re the best player on the team, Lex” Lexa turns her head around to see the blonde sitting on the grass, her legs crossed at the front while she’s leaning back on the ball of her hands and wearing her distinctive ponytail “You’re the bestest” She ducks her face in embarrassment and her cheeks are all red. She looks even cuter, Lexa thinks.

“Thanks, but maybe I should just quit” The brunette rests her head back again.

“No way! Lex, you are the Commander!” Clarke says with so much determination in those baby blue eyes Lexa loves so much “There’s nothing you can’t do!”

Lexa wants to snort at that because apparently, she can do anything except for that stupid bend-thing.

“Come on!” Clarke stands up cleaning her hands before offering one to Lexa.

“What?”

“We’re going to keep practising ‘til you do it”

“Clarke…”
“Lexa, come on!” She shakes her hand for Lexa to take it.

Lexa does. They practice for two more hours while Jake just gives her some advice occasionally from afar with a big smile.

She nails it and that shot becomes her signature. All thanks to that stubborn little cute blonde.

“You’re going to break the net. They are old, you know?”

Lexa turns around to see Anya carrying the sack full of soccer balls. The brunette had bent the ball hitting exactly to the farthest corner of the goal with intensity.

“What’s wrong?” The blonde asks crossing her arms after dropping the sack on the ground.

“What makes you think there’s something wrong?”

Anya rises one of her eyebrows with a knowing face.

Lexa takes a deep breath. Anya knows her like anyone, even with those years apart between them her... friend? She can’t say if they are already there but whatever Anya is now for her, she still notices when something is bothering the soccer player.

“Everything is wrong” Lexa exhales.

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know what to do with myself. I’m stuck in this stupid town” Lexa sees the blonde eyebrow go even higher “Erm, don’t get me wrong the kids are amazing and it feels really good to have all of you around again”

“You mean having her around” Anya smirks with a knowing face.
Lexa gives her a little smile shaking her head.

“It does” She feels brave enough not to lie to Anya, she was always her confident and there’s no point in try to even “but really, not just her” Her smile goes bigger because it's true, she loves having all of them back. Miss Raven Reyes and Aden Griffin included although she just met them.

“So, what’s worrying you? I thought you would be delighted at the chance to go on a date with Clarke”

The brunette stares Anya in disbelief. What the hell!?

“How do you know that?” Lexa asks frowning.

The coach snorts. “Raven is her friend, remember?”

“Oh”

“Yeah, she, I mean, she is a very good friend but she can’t keep a gossip like this even if her life depended on that” Anya laughs “Look, she’s really a trusted friend but apparently Clarke has been a nervous wreck since we won the first game”

That peeks Lexa’s interest. Maybe she’s not the only one thinking too much about all of this. Is Clarke really that eager for their date? She already told her she was thinking about what to wear, but she didn’t want to presume it means more than a night out. It does for her, but she just doesn’t know why it does, that’s the frustrating thing about all of this. Ugh! This is a headache.

“And?” Anya asks when she sees the brunette lost in her thoughts.

“I am, excited for that” Lexa pauses.

“But?”

“What will happen after that?” The soccer player kicks the ground in frustration “I’ll be gone or I’d
like to think I could have my life back. I had a life An, a few months ago I had a life plan, all set and then everything just fell down! There is no team who want me and G*d it kills me to think maybe I’m not going back to play. What if I don’t set another foot on a soccer field ever again?!” Lexa tangles her hands in her hair.

“You are on a soccer field right now, Lexa” The blonde reasons.

“You know what I mean” She glares at her very entertained friend.

“Yeah, I know, better than anyone” The blonde says and Lexa is about to apologize again when Anya shakes her head a no “I blamed you for that for so long, I blamed you for taken my dream away, but I was mistaken, it wasn’t your fault, you did nothing wrong, that day you did what you had to, lead the team to a victory and I realized I was the one to blame for my own failure”

“I let you down,” Lexa says regretfully.

“Yeah, but not because of what you think. It took me years to understand that were my bad decisions the ones who took me away from what I wanted. Well, years and a very smart badass beautiful latina to do it so” Anya smiles yearning.

Raven and Anya are chilling on their new old-couch. They had been living together for a few months. They bought it this morning at a thrift shop, the only furniture they were able to pay. Even with some strange stains, it makes Anya happy that they are not sitting on the floor anymore. The brunette had to sell all of her things after her mother’s death and although Anya is so grateful with her for offering her apartment, it’s the little things like this that make her think they can have a home together. Like friends, of course.

They’re watching some dumb sci-fi movie about a bunch of obnoxious adolescents sent to the earth after a nuclear apocalypse. Lame! she thinks, but Raven is so excited about it that she can’t say no to her. As she would ever have the heart to say no to the latina wishes.

Is in the middle of the movie when the brunette rests her head on her shoulder and Anya gets nervous by the action. Although they are close, this kind of touch feels different for an unknown reason. A reason she wants to keep buried in her heart.

Any tries to look at the old screen in front of them but it’s so hard when she can smell the cinnamon spicy fragrance emanating from the latina burning her senses. She looks at Raven’s
profile or the little she can see from their position. Raven is nothing but beautiful. Her eyes widen when the group finds out there are people living on the earth and she giggles at some blunt banters. Anya smiles when she hears that dazzling sound.

“Are you done?” Raven asks without taking her gaze from the screen.

“W-what?” Anya stutters and she smacks herself on her mind.

“Are you done staring at me?” The latina tries again with a big cocky smile.

“I wasn’t...”

“Yeah, you were,” Raven says turning her head to look at her directly to her eyes but she’s still resting her head on her shoulder.

Anya ability to breath is gone. Those dove brown eyes are looking at her intently and with so much love... Love? Could someone so smart, gentle and breathtakingly gorgeous like Raven Reyes ever love someone so petty and broken as her? Of course not. Raven is only her friend. Those feelings need to stay buried, she shakes her head to get rid of those senseless thoughts.

“But it’s okay, I tend to have that effect on people” The brunette jokes and Anya rolls her eyes grateful she brakes the tension.

“Something is bothering you” Raven states returning her gaze to the movie.

“No, well, yeah, bills this month has been a pain in the ass” She lies, a little because well, she’s working part-time shift at the grocery store and that’s not enough to pay the rent and bills.

“I told you I could pay the rent for this month and wait until you’re doing better”

“No, I can’t let you do that” Anya frowns. It is enough what the brunette has done for her. Letting her stay at her house and sharing a few moments like this with her it’s all she needs.
Raven doesn’t say anything for a few minutes “Have you ever thought about playing soccer again?” she asks carefully looking at her from the corner of her eye.

Anya feels uncomfortable. She does still love soccer. She just doesn’t believe she has a chance anymore. She’s almost twenty-three now, no team would ever want an unshaped player.

“I know you don’t like to talk about it, but I think you should give it a try”

The blonde sighs “I’m too old for that” She really doesn’t want to talk about it.

“¡Ay, por favor!” Raven snorts smacking Anya’s stomach and she gulps when the brunette just rests her hand there. She knows now a few Spanish phrases after living with the latina. “You can beat any forward no matter how great they seem to be” She gives her a big smile.

Anya smiles back a little. Yeah, Raven Reyes is too good for her.

“I had my chance and someone took it down,” She says bitterly avoiding the brunettes staring.

The latina straights her position and seats facing her. As soon as Raven is gone she closes her eyes because she didn’t want to ruin their afternoon. But by the latina’s face, she just did.

“Could you cut that bullshit out?” The brunette clenches her jaw glaring at her.

“Well, she did” Anya opens her eyes with a challenging look.

“Stop! Did this friend of yours do some shitty things? Sí, maybe. She made her decision, but it was you who decided soccer wasn’t enough and quit!” Raven yells and Anya is sure she hasn’t seen her friend that mad.

“She left!” Anya barks out.

“Oh, you poor big baby!” Raven mocks “You could have done amazing things even if she wasn’t there with you! But all you did was let the anger drive your life. Grow up, Anya! ¡Crecer! She did
what she had to do to live her dream. What did you do instead? Uh? You were mad at her, at everyone around you, even at life! Well, I have a few words for you, señorita portero! Life gives a crap about what you think of it! Life just keeps throwing shit after shit and don’t stop until you make it stop!”

Raven is all red with anger. She doesn’t feel the tears falling from her eyes until they’re wetting her shirt. She sobs and cleans her nose with the back of her hand.

Anya just wants to hug her. To comfort her. Because she knows how much shit life had thrown at the latina for years. Maybe since she was born. She doesn’t tho, she’s too ashamed to be there in front of this brave woman whining about a stupid thing like her soccer career when Raven is the one who suffered her father’s abandonment, her mother’s alcoholism, her own almost death and all the doctor’s prognostics she wouldn’t walk again in the confines of a hospital bed. Alone. All by her own.

The blonde just sits there sitting on her spot not daring to look back at the brunette. She thinks Raven is right. Lexa did what she had to do at that game. Even if that meant risking their friendship. She believes she would have done the same if she had been in Lexa’s position.

The latina is right about her selfish decisions too. She gave up after a single match and she let her dream slip off her hands. She was the only one to blame for the path her life took. She was the one messing every other opportunity up.

Raven is barely sobbing but calms down a bit and Anya breaths deep. She doesn’t want to be another burden to the brunette.

“You know what makes me even madder?” The latina whispers and the blonde shakes her head slowly still looking at the floor.

“That you still think you’re not enough,” Raven mumbles with a hurt tone “And that’s the most idiotic thing you could ever do” She states staring at Anya with disbelief.

Anya lifts her gaze to see Raven gradually give her a sad smile. But yet it makes her smile back.

“Now come back here,” The brunette pats the space between them and Anya moves near “We still have to see if this ‘Heda’ girl wins the heart of the blondie” She rest her head on the blonde’s shoulder again.
They watch the movie for a few minutes more before Raven snuggles on her neck tired from crying. Even if she tries to deny what she hears, Anya knows the latina mumbles a ‘You’re more than enough for me’ before falling asleep.

Lexa doesn’t know what to say to the confession.

“The day I punched you it wasn’t because I was still mad at you for what happened at the match, but because when you left, I lost my best friend and with that, I lost my family too”

“I never thought you wanted to hear about me again” Lexa explains carefully.

“Ha, truth! I didn’t at the beginning” Anya chuckles “But then I missed you, so much” She finishes timid “And you weren’t here”

Lexa and Anya share a meaningful look. Even if the blonde said she did nothing wrong she understands now she did, not at the game but when she chose not to look for her friend after she left.

Lexa wants to reassure her friend to tell her she’s back now, but for how long?. This is turning into a fucking migraine.

“Listen I know how much you love your plans. You were always Miss uptight,” She grins “but then again the way I see it, life gifted you a better one,” Anya says after a few minutes in silence.

The brunette nods trying to take in her friend’s words. Words not far different from Echo’s a few days ago. And yes, Anya is her friend even if the blonde doesn’t feel the same about her.

“I’m going to deny it if you ever talk about this” Anya glares at Lexa but she can see the playfulness on her face “but I believe I’m grateful to you for doing what you did that day. If I had gone with you maybe I would never have fallen so low, but then I would not have met Raven either. Life takes some things but gives you others, maybe not the ones you want but what you really need” The blonde affirms securely squeezing her shoulder with an honest smile before nodding to the parking lot direction.
Clarke is walking with a big smile towards them while Aden runs stumbling with the same warm smile. Yeah, maybe just what I need. Lexa thinks.

“Get ready now, Commander, we have a date to win” Anya smirks.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, although Anya has ‘forgiven’ Lexa, they still have to figure it out how to be friends again.

Aren’t Ranya the cutest thing so far?! Ugh!

See you next Saturday ;)!
Lexa and Anya are two lovely puppies for Clarke Griffin and Raven Reyes. Lexa meets with someone from her past. Commander mode on. The last match for the championship and we’ll know if Lexa wins that date.

TW. A hint of interphobia.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 11.

This is it, guys! The final game.

Enjoy and once again thanks for everything. Please, read the notes at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa’s capacity to think properly vanishes when she sees what Clarke is wearing. She’s drooling at the most beautiful sight she had witnessed until now. There’s Clarke Griffin walking in all her glory, old Grounders jersey tied just above of her stomach leaving that lecherous plain abdomen on display, jeans like it was painted over the blonde’s skin and as if that wasn’t enough the way the V cut on her neck presents her cleavage makes Lexa’s mouth watering.

Anyas has to push her jaw up to close her mouth snickering at the dumbass brunette.

“Damn! You have to up your game if you want to impress Clarke on that date” The blonde chuckles.
“Lexa!” Aden shouts raising his hand to give her five.

The soccer player just puts her hand up so the kid can hit it, not taking her eyes from Clarke.

“Aden, could you take the balls out of the sack, please?” Anya asks him politely and he nods and rushes to do what his coach just asked.

“For fuck sake, you’re embarrassing even myself, put yourself together” The blonde growls at Lexa antics.

Lexa gives a big gulp before recomposing herself and clearing her dry throat.

“I’m fine, everything is fine I just…”

“Were daydreaming with Clarke” Anya interrupts her. “G*d you are a mushy puppy when it comes to her” The coach grumbles playfully.

“Yeah? How about you?” Lexa challenges back.

“What are you..” Anya words stay in her mouth when Lexa takes her head and turns it around towards the brunette walking behind Clarke.


Raven Reyes is attired in one old Anya’s coach Grounders shirt, ripped at the half of her plain tan abdomen. Short shorts that shouldn’t be considered clothes at all. She’s swaying her hips like her only purpose was to wake up The Impaler. As Anya feel a twitch in her pants, she knows the latina is fulfilling her mission.

“Who’s the puppy drooling now?” Lexa smirks.
Anya starts to cough and she tries to be subtle adjusting her long shorts to keep The Impaler raising unnoticed.

“Shut up, asshole” She growls annoyed.

“Are you two okay there?” Clarke asks with a smile when she reaches to them.

Both coaches nod eagerly to avoid more questions.

“Is your throat soaring again?” Raven asks worriedly.

Lexa smiles when she notices the caring tone of the latina’s voice. Anya is very lucky to have someone like her by her side.

Anya shakes her head still lost for words.

“You have been with her the whole week,” Clarke frowns “Are you sure you're not sick too?” Clarke questions and Lexa’s heart melt. She’s lucky too.

“No, we are just a little impatient for the game” The soccer player is happy she can still talk, unlike her friend.

“Aaaw! You’re cute when you’re nervous” Raven teases Anya who cheeks go red immediately.

“I’m anything but cute, Reyes”

“You’re cuter when you try to deny it” She shrugs and the blonde rolls her eyes.

Lexa laughs but her joy is interrupted when Clarke caresses her forearm.

“You are cute too” Clarke whispers in her ear.
“I am not!” Lexa shouts indignantly “I’m fierce, I’m the Commander”

Is the turn for Anya and Raven to laugh.

“We are here just to wish both of you good luck,” The latina says grinning and Clarke nods.

“We don’t need luck, we are the best” Anya glares at her.

“Well, if you are so sure, then you don’t need me kissing you good luck then” Raven defies shrugging.

Anya swallows hard while Lexa and Clarke share a look.

“Maybe a little luck can’t hurt” Anya mumbles shyly.

Raven gets close to her and gives her a lingering kiss on her pink cheek.

“Good luck, campeona,” She says before stepping back “Your turn” She glances at Clarke.

“Yeah, uhm, good luck, Commander” The blonde stutters before giving Lexa a quick hug.

“Oh, you can do it better!” Raven smacks her arm.

Clarke takes a big breath and she chastely kisses Lexa cheek. Hell, those lips pressed on her face is all the luck she needs.

“So! Our job here is done! See you after the game studs!” Raven grins taking Clarke with her.

“Well, we have a game to play,” Anya says still out of breath. “Oh, before I forget,” Anya walks
toward her backpack on the bench and throws a shirt to Lexa.

“What? Another ‘Assistant Coach’ shirt?” She raises one eyebrow.

Anya rolls her eyes “Wear it, you deserve it” The blonde leaves without another word to help Aden with the balls.

Lexa unwinds the shirt and she reads it… ‘Coach Commander’. Lexa shakes her head before getting changed her clothes.

Echo is the first mom, besides Clarke, to arrive. She said Maya drag her out of her bed first light in the morning. The kid was thrilled to be playing as the starting goalkeeper in the most important match of the season. She was a natural goalie according to Anya and Lexa agrees. The kid is more and more self-confident with the help of her coach and the soccer player smiles every time her friend’s face lightens up when Maya stops a shoot on their training.

Saying she is beyond anxious would be an understatement. Minute after minute Lexa’s worries get worse. Every hope she has was resting now on the tiny legs of those rascals who two weeks ago couldn’t even kick the ball properly.

And now they have to win a championship game. Great!

Lexa unconsciously growls while she’s pacing non-stop.

“Relax there, Commander” Echo says behind her and sits on the bench in front of her.

The brunette glares at her and the woman rolls her eyes.

“Oh, thank G*d your tamer is here” Smirking Echo points to the bleachers where Clarke is happily talking with Raven and Abby who just got there. She had a night shift at the clinic last night but even with dark bags under her eyes, she’s smiling wearing a green Grounders flag around her.

This is what real happiness should feel, those three women are angels on this earth and Lexa feels content to have them in her life now. Yes, this is her life now. Then the oasis in the desert vanishes
when the other team uproars explode.

Wearing their grey and red uniforms the Mount Weather Reapers arrive at the soccer field and then Lexa sees him. He’s still holding that douchey smirk on his face but he has less hair than the last time she saw him.

Cage Wallace is obnoxiously laughing with some other parents, mostly men at the front. The kids, boys all of them, look bigger for some six-year-old children. Steroids, she thinks but then again they are still kids.

She knew the Reapers would be their final rivals, but she wasn’t prepared to see Cage’s stupid face again.

“Yeah, he is their coach now,” Anya says behind her knowing exactly what she’s thinking. “Dante retired a few years ago and he’s the new boss at the mines.” She fills her in.

“Any kid we must watch?” She asks without stop glaring the man.

“Everyone,” Anya sighs, “Raven says there has to be something weird at those mines because those kids look like teenagers already” She jokes before nodding to one of the kids “Their goalkeeper even has a little moustache” the coach points to the kid scrunching her face.

“How can you be so calm?” Lexa faces her friend.

“Maybe because I’m not the one playing her love life in this” Anya smirks.

Lexa glares at her playfully “I least I have one” She replies with a challenge face.

Anya huffs in response but she ducks her face when she glances at the bleachers where Raven is waving to her.

The first half is a slaughter. Like a presage from the skies it has been raining since the players touched the field and truthful to their old dishonest way to play the Reapers have been making the game physical. Lexa reads very well the orders from their coach, go for the player not for the ball.
And as usual, the referees seem to be blind to see it.

They are losing 2-0 but what worries more to Lexa is the defeated look the Grounders wears when they rest on the grass around their bench at the half-time. Fortunately, the rain seems to stop at least.

“You’re are doing it great, guys,” Anya says trying to lift their spirits.

“We suck!” Aden whines with a sad look.

“You do not!” The blonde tries again “Look, I know they’re tough, but we can beat them. You can do it. We have been training for this match, so we’re not going to give up”

The team nods, but Lexa can still notice the grief on their faces.

“They already scored two times!” Monty says angrily.

“Yeah, I’m the worstest of the worstets goalkeepers ever!” Maya sighs disappointed.

“We haven’t even had one shot at the goal” Shay intervenes.

“I told you, we suck!” Aden says again pouting.

Lexa turns to the bleachers and the worried frown on Clarke’s face is the push she needs to finally speak.

“We don’t suck” She clears her throat “We just need to be a little more... aggressive.”

“Can we punch them in the face?” Monty asks with his eyes open wide.
“Yeah, like the coach did with the Commander” Maya punches the air trying to imitate the movement.

Lexa and Anya groans at the same time. Lexa in embarrassment and the blonde because the kids still remember her beast mode on.

“No! You aren’t going to punch them” The blonde coach states seriously.

“Kick them in their shins?” Monty questions again a little too excited for Lexa’s delight.

“No, that’s not,” Lexa takes a deep breath, this is going to be a bit harder than she thought “We are not going to hit anyone. We need to play better, but we also need to make them know how strong we are”

“How are we supposed to do that? We are not strong. They look like my brother and he’s old like you” Juel replies innocently frowning and pointing the two coaches.

Any rolls eyes when she hears Echo laughing.

“As old as my mom?” Maya asks honestly scrunching her face making her mom groaning in response.

“Ok, ok” Lexa claps to get their attention back, she’s still smiling at the little girl unconscious sassiness “You are strong, we are strong; but not just because of how we look, our strength lives here” she points her head “and here” she puts one hand over her heart.

“If they see us weak they feel stronger, but” she pauses taking her time to look every kid at their eyes “if we show them we aren’t afraid of them, they are going to back down”

“Grounders are brave” Anya seconds her.

“But we don’t look scary” Shay points.
Lexa frowns and when she looks at the ground something pops on her mind.

“But we can make us scary” She kneels and takes a little bit of mud with two fingers before painting Aden’s face with it.

The blonde giggles and the kid's faces lighten up. Soon Anya and Echo are doing the same with every child.

“You too,” Aden says when they finish applying the mud on the kids. He takes mud and paints Lexa’s face like she did with him before.

Lexa smiles feeling the cold material between those tiny fingers and all around her eyes. His concentrated blue eyes remind her the ones she loves, yeah, loves to see every morning when they are having breakfast together or at any time, to be honest.

“Now they look like your little army, Commander” Anya snatches her attention and Lexa sees a similar mask on her friend’s face. Even Echo wears one.

She glances over the bleachers and the whole Grounders’ crew are wearing their own masks. Clarke, Raven and Abby included. She smiles at them and they do the same reassuringly.

“Are we ready for the second half?” She asks the kids and they roar animatedly.

Like in real war the kids walk confidently wearing their new looks and the Reapers seem threatened by that.

Lexa smirks to Cage who frowns disgusted by the stunt.

She doesn’t know if the mud has something ‘weird’ like Raven said but the Grounders play better, they own the ball most of the time and even Maya stops two shots.

Monty is running to the goal with the ball stick to his little feet and when he sees Shay running to the area he passes the ball and she kicks the ball after she dribbles a defender to score their first goal.
The park explodes and all the kids run to Lexa to salute her in respect.

Lexa glares at Cage when he smacks the defender head for missing Shay’s move. He’s a jackass, how can a parent let him be around of their kids. If that boy would be Aden she would go crazy if he laid a hand on him. But of course, Aden is not her son and she, she should be paying attention to the game instead of having stupid thoughts.

The reapers are ruthless, Cage screams like a madman, he asks for every touch on his kids to be a fault.

But when Shay takes the ball again in the middle of the field he yells to his defenders a kind of code, Lexa doesn’t know why until one of them slides tackling the little girl. She falls and in a blink of an eye, the soccer player is running towards her.

“Are you ok?” Lexa asks urgently when the hurt look on the girls face is telling her all she needs to know.

“My leg hurts” Shay pouts with tears in her eyes, she’s holding her knee and the soccer player can see a river of blood running through her small fingers.

Anya and Abby arrive soon and the doctor immediately takes care of the child with soothing words.

Before Lexa consciously knows it she’s walking towards an overjoyed Cage.

“What the fuck you think are you doing?” She shouts at the man.

“I have no idea what are you talking about?” He smirks defiant raising his two hands at the front with a fake innocence.

“They are kids, Wallace. You can’t send them to hurt other players!” She screams madly.
“Look, if your kids can’t stand a legal move then they don’t deserve to be here. Even more, this is all your fault for letting girls play with boys! They shouldn’t be playing in the same league if they are so fragile” He mocks “Like you didn’t have to so many years ago” He challenges “nor even that freak over there.” He mutters the end nodding at Anya who’s carrying Shay out of the field.

“Shut your fucking mouth!” Lexa growls.

“What?! You were the one who asked her substitution in that game after you saw she was a useless bitc..” Before he finishes that sentence Lexa’s fist connects with his face.

“Leave my family alone,” Lexa grabs him by the collar “If I see another scamp from or if you dare to even look at my kids, I’m going to make you suffer like the little rat you are”

He’s bleeding and whimpering.

“And you,” She aims to the shocked parents “you should think twice before keep letting this bastard mistreat and misguide your children”

She returns to the bench with a warning from the referee where Abby is comforting Shay who’s still shaking from the shock.

“Hey, are you ok?” She kneels to asks the little girl. Shay nods although she’s still sobbing.

“What happened with ‘we aren’t going to hit anyone’?” Anya smirks and Lexa throws her a pointed look.

“We need a substitution” Anya confirms her. Leaving the topic sure that Cage Wallace deserved it.

“Ankara can do it” She replies firmly.

“But I’m a defender I don’t know how to make a goal” The girl rushes in worry.

“Aden will have to be our centre-forward” Lexa states stoic.
“Me? But I can’t shoot right!” The tiny blonde bites his lip.

Lexa walks over him kneeling again to talk directly to him.

“Listen to me,” She puts her hands over his shoulders “You can do it, I know it, just like we had been practising ok?”

He is still a little uncertain.

“Hey, when I started to play soccer I was a little afraid to mess everything up too,” She explains carefully

“You were?” Aden asks amazed.

“Yeah,” She chuckles “but there were people by my side remembering me that I had to trust in myself”

Aden frowns.

“I had my team having my back and three special persons believing in my skills” She smiles longingly “And I’m sure one of them is right now in heaven cheering for you feeling very proud at you getting better from week to week” She gives a big gulp to relieve her dry throat.

“Grandpa Jake” Aden whispers smiling.

“Yeah,” She clears her throat to dissolve the lump “Another one is there” She points to Abby who’s watching them with a smile.

“Grandma” Aden giggles.

“And the most important is right over there” She nods to the bleachers where Clarke is rubbing her
hands and biting her bottom lip nervously.

“My mom?” Aden’s smile gets bigger.

“Uh-um. She was my number one fan but I’m positive she’s all yours now” She winks secretly at the giggling boy.

“So I know for sure when you’ll be about to shoot, they are going to be with you but even if you miss the shot they’re very proud of you baby boy” She finishes not noticing the slip of the pet name Clarke gives to him.

Lexa stands up and they walk to the field but Aden stops at the line.

“Would you?” He mumbles shyly.

“What?”

“Would you be proud of me even if I fail?” Aden says staring at her with those baby blue eyes wishful.

“Of course I will” She confirms with a smile, the same that he imitates before rushing to his new position.

With Cage out of the match, because he had to rest her head back so the bleeding stopped after Abby refused to treat him stating that Shay's injury was serious, which fortunately wasn’t true; the Reapers begin to play fairly.

The Grounders by their side seem to be more assertive and even Aden renewed his self-confident. He runs straight to every ball he can get and his passes go smoothly.

A few minutes before the end of the match, the whole park holds their breath when Juel, Aden and Monty run from the midfield to the goal with the ball on their feet. Juel passes the ball to Aden who lets the ball rolling tricking the defender who can’t see Monty behind him and then the boy kicks the ball to the corner scoring the tie.
Roars and cheers can be heard from the bleachers. Lexa and Anya are jumping together into a tight hug. But when they are aware of it they immediately release each other clearing their throats and shaking her hands awkwardly instead.

They still have to win this game. They can actually win.

Lexa feels her hands sweating. She can’t remember been so nerve wrecking in any match she played by herself. Not the finals with the Walkers, not the world cup matches.

The Reapers have the ball from the left side of the field, there’s a pass to the centre of the goal area and the forward hits the soccer ball with his head. Maya flies from her spot and with the very tips of her fingers diverts the shot.

Lexa can breathe again. The whole Arkadia town does.

The soccer player swears the time is going slowly and she can’t make her mind if that’s a good or a bad thing.

Then Ankara shoots one hell of a pass to Juel who’s running to get the ball, she takes it for a few meters and shoots to the goal but the goalie hits it with his fists and the rebound drops on Aden’s feet.

Lexa opens her eyes wide just as Aden’s. He’s about to shoot when a Reaper slides from behind tripping him.

The whistle resounds in every person present at the park and the referee is pointing to the penalty point.

Lexa and Anya are running again to see how’s Aden but when the boy stands up before they can reach him they sigh in relief.

“Aden, are you ok?” Lexa rushes to ask as soon as she’s close to him.
“Yeah,” He responses cleaning his uniform. A characteristically move for the preppy little boy.

“Do you want Juel charges the penalty?” She asks carefully. She doesn’t want him to think she doesn’t trust him, but she doesn’t know if he feels confident enough to take the chance.

When Aden shakes his head smiling she reciprocates the gesture and gives him a nod in reassurance.

“Remember, whatever happens, we are proud of you” She reaffirms after walking away with Anya who gives her two thumbs up to the tiny blonde.

Aden takes the ball in his hands, he puts the ball on the mark walking exactly three steps back. The goalie claps and roars to scare the boy. Aden sighs calmly before putting his hands on his waist, he’s resting a little on his left feet and suddenly he points to the right side of the goal.

Lexa’s eyes are like saucers. She recognizes the move, is the way she always kicks the penalties she charges. Every single time she puts her hands on her waist to smirk to the goalie before pointing the side where she is going to place the shoot and then she scores posing the ball precisely to where she pointed.

The soccer player feels her eyes watering. She’s overwhelmed because although she knows Aden was her fan, she remembers Clarke said that a baby Aden and Jake saw every single of her games. She can now picture them together cheering for her from Jake’s favourite armchair.

She can’t feel more proud of see this little boy growing up so much right before her eyes to make that very bold move. Even if Aden fails that shot, she hasn’t felt that happy in years.

The whistle sound brings her back to the reality and Aden runs kicking the ball, the goalie flies to the right side where he pointed before, but the shoot goes to the centre with delicacy rolling on the ground until the ball crosses the goal line.

The Grounders’ crew erupts in shouts and roars.

The referee glances to his watch and whistles the end of the game. Then Aden rushes his steps to Lexa who’s running back to him.
“I did it!” He screams when she catches him in her arms hugging him tightly.

“You did it, baby boy!” She whispers in his ear with happy tears running through her cheeks and a huge smile.

“We won!” Anya says behind them patting her shoulders before walking to the bleachers. Lexa doesn’t need to see who is she looking for.

The kids go crazy, is a pandemonium of joy. Parents are congratulating their kids. Others are filming the madness and taking thousands of pictures with their cell phones and cameras.

“I thought you were going to kick to the right,” She tells Aden putting him on the ground before cleaning her tears.

“I was, but then he would be stopping my shot” Aden shrugs and Lexa laughs to his bright logic. This darn cute brat is the smartest kid she’d ever known. And she loves him.

“You did it!” Clarke says as soon as she reaches to them.

“Mom! Did you see that?” Aden jumps to Clarke’s arms and she catches him.

“Yeah, baby boy, you are amazing!” She hugs him firmly “I’m very proud of you” She finishes peppering kisses all over his face.

Aden giggles and shares an accomplice look with the brunette. She gives him a wink that means a silent ‘I told you so’.

The boy wriggles from Clarke’s arms to run after Abby, Raven and Anya. They’re chatting and Lexa smiles when she sees the latina kissing shyly at Anya on her cheek. Obviously, her friend is a mess with a tomato for a face.

“Congratulations, Commander,” Clarke says when they are left alone.
“For the championship or for the date?” She’s very careful of punctuating the last word.

The blonde laughs freely “Both I think” She bites her lip.

“So, Miss Griffin” Lexa smirks “prepared yourself to be wooed by Lexa Woods”.

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Chapter End Notes

So... That happened. Hahaha.

Clarke and Lexa will have their date finally. And let's see what Lexa would have prepared for that.

I love to write these two stupids (Anya and Lexa) being a gay mess for their loved ones.

In other topics, I know this is a Clexa fic, but like some of you know I love Hollstein and Elise Bauman is nominated for the Audience Choice in Canada, so please if you are willing to help a fella Creampuff here, go to Vote for Elise

and vote for her, you can do it 100 times every day. This round ends on February 27th so we have just a few days. I and all the Creampuffs would be grateful whit you forever. Peace!

Back to Clexa and this story, there is a lot to come. Stay tuned and as usual, do not forget to comment on this chapter. How about Ranya? What do you think about Clexa progressive closiness? What's with the whole feelings thing with Aden and Lexa? Or just, whatever you wanted to say! :)

See you next Wednesday ;) !
Best things happen unexpectedly

Chapter Summary

Some little blonde brat is sick.
Lexa is trying to do the things right.
More bonding time for Aden and Lexa.
Lexa gets a reward.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 12 and nope, it's not the date one. Hahahaha I know you are waiting for that but this chapter needed to be done for the plot. And I love Aden and Lexa together.

I promise the next one is the date one ;) Prepare yourselves!

Once again thank you for all the kudos and hopefully, this one helps to reach the 500!

And as usual, do not forget to let me know what do you think about this chapter :)

Lexa slowly opens her eyes, there’s daylight already but something feels off. Groaning she rolls over the bed looking for the hour in the old alarm clock. 7:15 too late for a Monday morning.

This is the first time Aden hasn’t come to wake her up and for strange that sounds she misses his open wide blue eyes and his giggles when she grunts frowning between dreams when he pokes his side or eyelids to bring her back from dreamland.

Lexa sits on her bed rubbing her sleepy eyes, she wears soccer shorts and a training tank top to sleep now since she can’t help the little brat to burst into her room every morning.

She barefoot opens her door and walks to the hall where she can see Clarke laying on Aden’s bedroom door.

“Hey,” Lexa says making Clarke jump a little to the sound of her husky voice.

“Hey, Lex,” The blonde turns around and the soccer player notices her worried expression.

“Is something wrong?” She asks frowning getting closer to the blonde’s spot.

Clarke takes a big breath “Aden is sick” She replies embracing herself and rubbing her arms up and down.

“Oh,” Lexa’s shoulders fall feeling a little uneasy, she’s not sure what to do or say, it's not like she has experience in this kind of situations “Is he going to be okay?” The soccer player questions concerned wondering how bad could that be. Of course being sick sucks, she hates when her body fails to her and she has to stay in bed doing nothing.
She remembers the first time she got sick when she was in TonDC, how alone she felt, she didn’t have anyone that took care of her. Indra showed up on her door with a chicken soup and a plastic bag full of medicines but for a strong woman like her manager, it seems she couldn’t bare a little of vomit, so as soon as Lexa was throwing up on the toilet she was gone with gagging sounds. She still sent her a ‘get well soon’ card and a basket fruit as an apology.

“Yeah, it’s just a little case of flu, my mother said he just needs to rest” Clarke rests her shoulder over the wall of the hall sighing, “I think it was yesterday’s cold weather and the rain”

Lexa nods. It makes sense, they were playing in the rain for half of the match and then they stayed in the field for the rest of it. How couldn’t she notice it was a no suitable condition for children to play?. Even if Abby and Clarke took Aden inside the car to changed his clothes as soon as the medals and trophy were handed them, is clear that his little body couldn’t manage the low temperature.

Clarke drops her head on the wall and the brunette notices there’s more on her mind.

“Is anything else?”

“Well, I have to miss work today to take care of him but I have no days left for that, so they’re not going to pay me if I’m not going today and mom can’t just miss work”

Lexa knows that means trouble for the art teacher because now hers and Abby’s jobs are the only ones paying the bills. And even if the same doctor said there was no problem with her staying there, she’s still another mouth to provide. There’s just one thing she can do to relieve Clarke’s distress and to pay them back for all they have done for her since she arrived at their home.

“I can,” Lexa clears her throat pondering if she’s doing the right thing “I can take care of him” The soccer player offers an honest small smile.

“Really?” Clarke’s face lightens up and she pushes her body off the wall.

“Yeah, I mean, I’m here the whole day anyway,” Lexa shrugs like it was nothing, and like if she’s not terrified at the idea of being left alone with the boy. They had to share a few times together on their after-trainings times, but Clarke is always there. Even if she’s not near she’s still on the bench watching them prepared to intervene every time the brunette doesn’t know how to handle Aden “And if all he needs is to rest, I could keep an eye on him from time to time while I’m working on the field”

“Lex, that would be wonderful!” Clarke says biting her lower lip and shaking her head with a big smile. “And I know this is much to ask but, believe me if I had another option…”

The brunette is about to answer when Abby steps out of the boy’s room closing the door carefully behind her.

“She’s going to be fine,” She says hugging Clarke from a side kissing her forehead knowing how worried her daughter is when Aden gets sick “You should call the school to let them know you’re not going” The woman tilts her head to look at Clarke’s face.

The blonde and Lexa share a look and a smile.

“What?” Abby asks when she notices the gesture raising her perfectly delineated eyebrow.

“Lexa offered to take care of Aden while we go to work” Clarke lets out carefully smiling at the soccer player with so much adoration that makes Lexa feel happy but nervous at the same time.
She wants Clarke to look at her like that forever, but she’s now under the pressure to make this good.

“Did you?” The older woman questions squinting her eyes to the soccer player. She knows how stiff the brunette gets when Aden, or any other kid for the matter, is near to her and even if she now is more confident to talk to them and used to their antics this is not going to be easy for her.

“It’s no problem at all, that way you can go work and as far as he stays on his bedroom we’re going to be okay” Lexa states trying to look more convinced that she really feels.

“He’s worn out from the cold and he sleeps the whole day when he’s sick” Abby assures her. The older woman never mentions that Aden gets stubborn when it comes to taking his medicine or that he’s really needy when he’s sick. Just like her mother. But Lexa doesn’t need to know that now. She can’t wait to come back this afternoon to see how went for the brunette.

“Well, if you think you can handle a six-year-old I need to get going or the bus will leave me” The doctor gives a kiss on Clarke’s cheek and mumbles a thank you squeezing Lexa’s shoulder before leaving the house.

Lexa and Clarke make their way to the kitchen.

“I’m going to write you a list of his medicine schedule and some tips for that because he’s a little stubborn when he feels sick” The blonde has more mercy on Lexa’s soul letting her know that and takes a pen and a notebook to start writing everything she thinks Lexa is going to need “There’s peanut butter and jelly bean if he feels better and needs something to eat but he mostly needs liquids, so there’s apple juice on the fridge and water, he’s going to need to drink a lot of that to be hydrated” She writes something more “And he can watch cartoons, but just for a while I don’t like him to take advantage of this like if it were Holiday season, and…”

“Clarke” Lexa warns but the blonde still keeps going.

“He doesn’t like to be warm, but he can’t take her pyjama off, that’s a rule, Lexa. He’s going to be all pouty and whiny, but you need to set your foot down and let him know that you’re in charge here”

“Clarke” The soccer player tries again.

“Oh, and there’s no way he’s going to skip his medicines, he..”

“Clarke!” Lexa shouts cutting her words “It’s going to be okay” The soccer player says softly smiles taking the blonde’s wrists to stop her rambling “We’re going to be okay” She says positively. She hopes so.

Clarke relaxes a little her shoulders and nods closing her eyes “ I know, it’s just… he’s not used to be alone”

“He’s not going to be alone,” Lexa rolls her eyes feeling a bit offended by that “I’m going to be here” Lexa smiles again trying to sooth Clarke’s worries.

The art teacher takes a deep breath “Yeah, yeah I know. It’s just this is my first time leaving him sick without me or my mom” Clarke pouts and this is a good practice for Lexa. Set your foot down, Lexa.

“It's going to be okay. I’m here” She states firmly and Clarke nods smiling. Yeah, good practice.
“Thank you so much for this,” She puts her hand over Lexa’s and the brunette feels warm at the gently touch “I know you’re not a fan of kids and all that but,”

“Clarke, really, he is a good kid and you have nothing to thank me for” Lexa states seriously.

Clarke’s deep ocean blue eyes meet the green forest from Lexa’s and the time vanishes.

Lexa said it before, she’s going to do anything for Clarke from now on and if that includes taking care of the little brat for a day, she’s going to do it. Besides, that tiny blonde is not like any other kid in the world. When the blonde told her he was sick she felt a little weird rush to protect him from any hurt.

“I,” Clarke says with a little voice “I need to go” She finishes and Lexa doesn’t want to feel disappointed but honestly what else was she waiting to hear?

“Yes, of course, don’t be late” Lexa retires her hand from Clarke’s wrist but the blonde’s keep her there.

“I know you said I shouldn’t be thanking you but I don’t care,” Clarke bites her lip “Thanks, Lex, this is very sweet of you” And like that she steps in Lexa’s space to give her a lingering kiss on the cheek. “Bye,” She mumbles before rushing her way out.

Lexa just keeps right on her place touching with her fingertips the warm spot Clarke touched with her lips on her pink cheek. She lets out a growl when she hears Clarke’s car leaving.

She’s The Commander for fuck sake! She has fought hardcore battles on the field, she has disputed more challenges outside of it and yet just a subtle touch of the blonde's lips makes her feel her legs weakening. She’s just a lost case.

Sighing Lexa walks again to Aden’s room to be sure that he’s still asleep after she sallows fast her oatmeal and make a phone call she needs to do. When she does she runs to her bathroom to that cold shower she now need thanks to Clarke.

Lexa loves the water, she loves taking her sweet time under the fresh liquid washing her thoughts and sorrows. But not today, she needs to get ready and be alert in case Aden needs her. So she just showers as fast as she can and goes to his bedroom again.

Aden is awake this time wearing a frown.

“Hey, kiddo,” She says gently to not scare him.

“Lex” Aden breaths with a sore throat voice and Lexa melts at the sound of the nickname Clarke uses with her. He’s never this quiet. He’s always a bomb of excitement and joy. He must feel very bad.

The brunette walks and sits on the bed rim.

“Where’s my mom?” Aden asks pouting.

“She left for work” She declares cautiously, she doesn’t know if Aden is going to be okay with her taking care of him.

“And my granny?” He questions again and Lexa sees how hard is for him to swallow.

“She is at work too”
Aden nods slowly and his pout gets bigger.

“But I’m here to take care of you if that’s okay,” She says and smacks herself because what the hell? Even if Aden wouldn’t be fine with that there’s nothing she can do about it.

But then the tiny blonde smiles giving her another nod and she smiles back.

“Are you feeling better?” And then again is her stupid mouth. Ugh, useless soccer player with no knowledge of caring.

The kid makes a face letting her know he’s not that bad.

“Do you need something? I need to go to the fields and your mom said you can’t leave the room so if you need something just give me a shout”

Aden giggles throaty and then the penny drops.

“Oh, right! No, not shouting” Stupid Lexa, he’s sick!

“Can I have some apple juice, please?” Aden asks always politely and propper.

She smiles before standing up to make her way to the kitchen.

“Can I watch some cartoons?” She can barely hear his shy voice.

Ah, here there is, Clarke said something about cartoons but what was it?.

“Uhm, yeah, sure” She waves him off and Aden happily hops off the bed to turn on the old tv. Too fast for a sick almost dying boy. She bites her lip to prevent the smile, tough Lexa you need to be tough.

“But just for a while” She warns before leaving the room.

Lexa walks to the kitchen and pours some apple juice for the boy on his favourite green plastic glass. She doesn’t know how her brain managed to keep that information inside, but when she saw the cup she remembered he always uses to drink from it.

She takes a bottle of water for her and returns to the kid's room just to find an enthusiastic blonde on his knees in the middle of the bed singing at the same time that the tv show does.

The brunette smiles, even if she was a bit tricked by this smartass brat she loves to see him cheerful and beaming that looking him sad tucked in his bed.

“Thank you so much” Aden replies when she hands him the cup and his eyes shine when he notices is his favourite one.

“Move,” She says sitting on the bed again. He gladly does. “What are we watching?” She asks and Aden smile is wider.

“Steven Universe!” He shouts and Lexa glares at him squinting her eyes suspiciously. When Aden notices his split he takes his hands over his neck with a fake whine.

“You’re a little punk” She chuckles shaking her head. “You’re not that sick right?” She takes him by his side dragging him close to her.

“I took my chance” Aden shrugs innocently and she considers this is not the first time the kid made
This scam.

“I need to go to the fields then” She sips her bottle of water trying to get up from the bed.

“Nooo” Aden whines. “I really don’t. feel good” He gives her those big puppy eyes.

And Lexa sighs glaring at him. Sneaky little demon. She stays on his bed resting her back on the wooden headboard.

They watch a few more episodes of the cartoon and Lexa’s still confused by all the gems and aliens things on the show, but it doesn’t matter because Aden rambles and rambles explaining everything about it. The boy even tries to teach her every song they sing.

When Aden makes a grimace she notices they maybe have passed too many times watching the weird series. She looks at the clock on Aden's room and she panics.

“Oh my god! It’s almost noon!” She screams “Your mom is so going to kill me” She leaves the room in a blink of an eye.

Lexa enters the kitchen taking the medicine schedule Clarke gave her to realize Aden skipped his medicine time. He was supposed to take it at eleven and now are 11:45 and he must be feeling the sickness going back. She’s so bad at this. She should’ve never offered to do this. She’s going to get Aden dead or sicker at least.

“Aden you have to drink this” She hands him the syrup bottle.

The blonde shakes his head a no tenaciously not taking the bottle. His arms crossed at the front and pursing his lips tightly.

“Aden” She warns firmly.

“No!” He shouts before shaking his head again. “That thing tastes really bad!”

“I,” Lexa dismay grows. He’s not going to be easy on her. “I don't care!” She shouts again and Aden jumps startled.

Lexa rubs her forehead. No, no, she’s not going to lose the control. She is The Commander and she’s always in control. Not very well when she’s in front of the two Griffin blondes, she needs to work on that.

“I’m sorry, Aden” She starts with a kindly tone “I didn’t mean to shout,” Lexa sighs deep “Look you need to drink the syrup so you can get well soon” She pleas.

Aden moves his tight lips on a side thinking on Lexa’s words.

“You don’t want to miss school anymore right?” She asks and again that stupid adult reasoning is impractical. Think Lexa, think. What would a six-year-old want?!

“Oh, I mean, you would miss more days with your friends,” At that Aden’s eyes squint. A-ha! “And you wouldn’t be able to show the kids in your class the medal you won yesterday” She shrugs nonchalantly.

Aden’s eyes widen and bite his bottom lip.

“But whatever, if you want to stay here with me for a few more days, well, I really need the help with the fields and all that” She smirks when Aden's eyes open more.
“I could,” Aden swallows hard “I could take a sip” He mumbles.

“Would you baby boy?” She asks charmingly.

Aden nods eager and she relaxes a little. She tries to open the bottle but struggles with the stupid cap.

He giggles “It has a trick cap for children” He points almost rolling his eyes. Ugh, they need to keep him away from Raven sassy ass.

Lexa frowns and Aden chuckles. He asks her for the bottle and the boy pushes the cap before rolling it. Oh! That’s a thing. But she feels embarrassed to be defeated by a child’s medicine bottle.

She takes the bottle and pours the ten millimetres Clarke adamantly wrote on the list. Underlined.

Aden takes a deep breath before throwing the gooey medicine into his mouth and rushes to drink the rest of his apple juice to dissipate the yuk savour.

Lexa can breathe normally again. Hopping the hour skip from Aden’s schedule does not affect his health.

“All good?” She asks and Aden nods still drinking his juice with a disgusted face. Lexa chuckles.

“Well, no more cartoons for you” Lexa turns off the TV “And I still need to go to the fields” Aden’s shoulders fall. Oh, no this again.

“What?” She asks tilting her head.

“Can we play a game, please? I’m going to get bored if I can’t watch the cartoons anymore” He shows his bottom lip more pronounced that is need it.

Lexa rolls her eyes. Maybe is not Raven who should keep away from him.

“What game?” She says. And she knows she should be annoyed by being beaten for that rascal and his blackmailing skills. But honestly, he’s too adorable to say no to him.

“Yay! Have you ever played Uno?” He asks casually.

Yup, She needs to learn how to say no to that brat and how to perceive when he’s all poker face. This is easy, Lex he said. It’s just a game of colours and numbers, he said. Then the little blonde has been kicking her ass in that absurd card game. She’s so absorbed and determined to win at least one hand to the tiny mischievous croupier that she doesn’t notice Clarke leaning over the boy’s room door.

“Uh, sorry, Lexi” The small boy smirks with the new pet name not looking very sorry at all when he poses another wild draw four cards. How the hell is he getting all the good cards!

“You little piece of…” Lexa mumbles.

“Hey!” Clarke asks chuckling and Lexa ducks her head. Of course, of course, Clarke has heard her when she was about to say something inappropriate to Aden’s age.

“What are you up to?” The blonde says as if nothing had happened for Lexa’s relieve.

“Mom!” Aden shouts throwing herself at Clarke's arms and she catches him up peppering kisses all
over his face.

“Are you feeling better baby boy?” Clarke asks still worried and Lexa glares at Aden when he pouts a bit making an award-winning scene.

He nods “We are playing Uno!” Aden says excitedly “Do you want to play with us?” He asks eagerly.

“Oh, no!” Clarke snorts “I’m not near to you with that game. I’ve learned my lesson!” She laughs. And if Lexa wouldn’t love that sound so much she would be very mad at Clarke for letting that information out.

“I little warning would've been great” She grunts playfully and Clarke laughs again.

“Oh, Lex, are you losing?” She questions with a sorry face.

“I was playing, that little brat was cheating” She points at Aden because there’s no other explanation, right?

“I was not!” Aden shouts indignantly.

“You were too!” Lexa challenges back.

“I was not!” Aden says laughing.

Lexa can see Clarke's eyes brighten up at the action. She was so worried for Aden this morning that see him laughing and happy has to be all she wanted. Lexa smiles. This trickster and his mother are definitely going to be the death of her.

“Alright, kids! The game’s over” Clarke says gleefully and Aden shrugs stating that it’s okay because he won anyway.

“Did you two eat already?” The blonde asks and Lexa goes pale. If Clarke is here it has to be more than four o’clock and they haven’t had a bite of food.

“Uhm I.” Lexa stutters.

“I wasn’t hungry when Lexi asked me” Aden lies giving her a smile. Oh, he is so good.

“Oh, did you have a good time with Lexi?” Clarke asks very careful of point the new pet name and Lexa roll her eyes again. She’s not going to live this down anytime soon for sure.

“Lexi is the best!” Aden shouts throwing his arms in the air “I want her to take care of me every time I get sick!” He says fervently.

Clarke gaze melts at his request and Lexa feels a pang on her chest. Maybe this has been the only chance she got to do this.

“Let’s keep you this healthy tho” Clarke chuckles “Not sick for a long long time, baby boy” She states hugging her son tightly.

“So, I brought some chicken soup,” The blonde says and Lexa makes a grimace while Aden just shouts again a ‘Yay!’ Weirdo, Lexa thinks. What kid loves chicken soup for sickness.

“Is the one from Maya’s mom?” He asks and Clarke nods.
Lexa feels nervous at that. If Clarke brought Echo’s chicken soup to home that means they met this afternoon. That can’t be good. Well not for her plan at least.

“How can we have it now please mommy?” Aden pleads batting his eyelashes and Clarke puts him on the floor.

“Yeah, baby boy go to the kitchen and wait for us,” She says and Aden walks out the room following her orders. How does she do that look so easy? Maybe her six years of motherhood Lexa chastises herself.

“Hey,” Clarke calls for her attention and the soccer player lifts her gaze. Clarke looks tired but so beautiful as always.

“He’s better” Lexa assures her.

“I can see that” Clarke chuckles “Was he a good boy today?” She frowns biting her lip.

“Yeah, he was, just a little con artist when it comes to Uno” Lexa jokes and the blonde throws her head back laughing. She’s not going to rat out Aden’s trust. Not when he saved her about the missed meal time.

“Thanks again Lex,” Clarke wears that warm smile that gives her butterflies and another flutter feelings on her very well marked stomach.

“It was nothing really, he was a good boy indeed, he is,” She states honestly.

“I really hope he didn’t mean trouble” The blonde chuckles.

Oh, trouble, yeah, he was trouble with the medicine. She sighs.

“I need to tell you something” Lexa mumbles shyly. She is the one that’s going to be in trouble soon.

Clarke frowns and nods to let her continue.

“We were watching cartoons, you know, that show about gems and aliens in bright colours,” She babbles “And we lost track in time,” She murmurs ashamed looking at the bunch of Uno cards she’s still holding on her lap “So, before I knew it, it was almost noon and Aden hadn’t taken his medicine and then I ran to the kitchen and he didn’t want to drink the syrup but at the end he did, he did drink the whole ten millimeters, but it was an hour after his schedule so I hope that..”

Lexa rambling mouth stops when she feels Clarke’s hand caressing her jawline and taking her chin to make her look at her.

The art teacher is biting her lower lip to prevent to burst into a laugh but she still has that intense look in her glazed eyes.

“You are the most adorable thing when you’re so caring for his well-being” Clarke whispers, her thumb still making circles over Lexa’s jaw making her shiver.

“I’m not adorable, Clarke” Lexa growls bashfully.

The blonde chuckles “You are,” She states firmly and Lexa swears her gaze rests on her pouty lips before going back to her eyes “Thank you for caring so much for him”

Lexa shrugs trying to breathe again but the air in her lungs is gone when Clarke’s grip on her chin
tightens and she’s leaning in. The brunette smells the exquisite vanilla essence from the blonde’s hair and she feels her breath in her mouth. Without a warning, Clarke is closing the gap and giving her a gentle faintly peck on her lips.

Lexa has to close her eyes to cherish the warmly brief touch of this sublime celestial being in front of her. When she opens her eyes again Clarke is nowhere to be found and Lexa falls back in Aden’s bed to look the ceiling dreamily.

G*d, just as Anya said yesterday, she has to up her game for their date because she’s losing now and on the up and up she’s not sure anymore if she’s mad to lose this match if that means she’s going to lose herself in Clarke.

Chapter End Notes

So... that happened hahaha And yes Lexa is losing her game and her mind!

We will see what does she have prepared for their date in the next chapter.

Hint! A lot of fluff is coming.

See you next Saturday! ;)

First date. Part I

Chapter Summary

Clexa's date.

Chapter Notes

Ok, here's the thing, I wasn't so sure about this chapter but I didn't want to keeping you waiting. So, here you have the first part of the date and some Clexa sharing and awkward memories.

You did it! Thank you all for the kudos, this story is barely beginning and I really love that you like it so much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Is the tenth time Lexa smooths her clothes in front of the little mirror in her bedroom. Day by day her clothes has been filling the small closet in her bedroom and left behind the suitcases.

She’s wearing ripped black tight jeans and a plain loose white shirt. The autumn weather is a little cold, so she chooses to put her leather jacket on. Maybe is not the most elegant outfit for a date but she knows she looks hot on it and for now, is all that matters to her.

She wants this night to be perfect, mostly because Clarke deserves the better she can offer to her. Game up, Lexa.

The brunette smiles at her reflection in the mirror and after a few more mental pep talk she takes her sophisticated gold watch to put her on, noticing it is time.
Now or never Lexa thinks blowing the nerves of what is to come.

The brunette opens her bedroom door and walks to the next door in the hall. She cleans her fancy black balmoral’s with the back of her jeans before knocking the door.

She waits what she thinks is an eternity but is perhaps just because she’s too eager to see what Clarke is wearing after all the questioning from the blonde.

The door opens and the air in her lungs blows away when she sees the vision Clarke is in front of her.

The art teacher is wearing a bodycon red dress, her cleavage on display to Lexa’s watering mouth, the garment wraps around Clarke’s curves deliciously and some naked strips heels making her calves look marked.

The lump in Lexa’s throat tightens preventing the word to leave her mouth.

“Hey,” Clarke says biting her bottom lip.

Lexa has to clear her throat a couple of time before saying something back.

“Are you ready?” The brunette asks trying to not sound as nervous as she feels.

Clarke nods and Lexa offers her arm to lead her to the car.

She opens the vehicle door from the passenger and takes Clarke’s hand to help her to get in the car closing the door when she’s sure the blonde is comfortable in her seat. She hops around the machine to get in the driver’s seat.

“Are you sure you can do this?” Clarke asks smugly.

Lexa rolls her eyes starting the car “What is well learned is never forgotten, Clarke” the brunette replies placing her one hand on the lever and the other on the steering wheel.
She feels confident because yesterday Anya had borrowed Raven’s car to teach Lexa how to drive manual transmission again. Not that Clarke has to know that.

“Where are we going by the way?” The blonde asks biting her lip.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Lexa glances at her for a second with a smirk.

“I would love to!” Clarke giggles slapping Lexa’s bicep playfully “You had been all secretly this day, and you just drove me crazy because I don’t know if this” She waves to her outfit “is too much or too little for the place” She shyly mumbles looking down and fidgeting with her fingers.

“You look amazing, Clarke, you always do” Lexa gives her an honest smile and when Clarke looks at her with those beautiful baby blue eyes she’s lost in them.

A horn and flashing lights break staring and Lexa’s grip on the steering wheel tightens.

“Wow! Eyes on the road, Commander” Clarke laughs gingerly “I would like to survive to this night”

Lexa nods frowning focusing on their path.

“You look beautiful too, Lex” Clarke reacher for her forearm to give her a tender and short squeeze.

The brunette can’t help the warm rushing over her body at the contact. She relaxes a little and smiles again. Yes, that’s what Clarke presence always does to her.

“So, we are going to the town” The blonde takes her hand off Lexa and the brunette doesn’t want to feel disappointed by the lack of it. She does.

“Are you keep going with the guessing game?”
“Yes,” Clarke states firmly.

Lexa laughs to her boldness.

“There aren’t too many places for dinner here in Arkadia Clarke”

“Yes but I doubt you’re taking me to The Ark” She jokes.

The Ark was a bar of death were bikers still goes for drinks if Raven information were correct. She snuck one or two times in her teenage years when Anya drag her with her. Her best friend had a crush on one of the bartenders of the place. Fox she thinks was her name.

“Oh, now you had ruined the surprise!” Lexa teases back and Clarke rolls her eyes. Even if she doesn’t know where Lexa is driving them she does know the brunette is taking this too seriously. And even if she chastises herself every time she caught dreaming on this night she doesn’t want to feel her expectations of it getting too high.

The rest of the trip goes smoothly in silence.

“Is nice you know?” Clarke rolls the window down putting a hand out to feel the night breeze.

“What is?”

“This”

“We haven’t even had dinner, Clarke” Lexa tilts her head.

“No, it’s just…” Clarke purses her lips “I haven’t had a night out since a long time ago. Don’t get me wrong, I love Aden and I love to be a mom but sometimes is good to have time for myself and do some adulting things”

Lexa nods understandably. She knows it must have been hard for Clarke to be a mother to such a young age while studying her degree and then working hard to support her child. Although like the
blonde said Lexa knows she loves her son Clarke still deserves a little fun in her life. Lexa hopes her plan for their date could make Clarke feel that way.

“It was a good gesture from Abby to take care of him tonight”

“Yeah, she was a little reluctant at the beginning but I assured her it was just for dinner. He’s such a good boy anyway and she loves him” Clarke shrugs.

“We’re here” Lexa states feeling her nerves rising again.

“The Dropship?” Clarke asks squinting her eyes.

The diner is off. There isn’t a single light on in it.

Before Clarke has the chance to question Lexa for more the brunette hops off the car and rushes to open the blonde’s door.

“I thought The Dropship didn’t open on Wednesdays”

“They don’t” Lexa takes Clarke hand putting it on the crock of her arm after closing the car.

“So, what are we doing here?”

Lexa stops her steps “Do you trust me?” She asks sincerely and Clarke nods in a beat. The soccer player smiles feeling content with the response.

The brunette opens the diner door carefully and holds the door for Clarke to pass.

The art teacher gasp when she sees candles beautifully illuminating all around the place.

There’s a single table with two seats at the centre of the diner.
“Lex…” Clarke whispers with tears in her eyes.

“Come on” The brunette takes Clarke hand in hers and helps her with the chair.

Is nothing too fancy but the candles seem to make magic on their own.

Lexa sits on the other chair and Clarke speechless immediately reaches for her hands over the table.

“Do you like it?” The soccer player asks shyly.

“I love it!” Clarke squeals in delight.

Lexa chuckles.

“But how did you manage to arrange all of this” Clarke asks cleaning the tears from the corner of her eyes with the back of her hand.

“I maybe had a little help” Lexa smiles wider.

“Good evening, I’m Echo and I’m going to be your maitre” The woman walks with a plain white button up looking very different from her regular free appearance or her ridiculous waitress uniform.

Clarke giggles at the performance and Lexa rolls her eyes but she’s still smiling.

“Oh, hello Echo, I’m Clarke and she’s Lexa” Clarke gives her a simple nod “G*^d! I don’t know what should I order” Clarke follows her playfully.

“You should try our burgers, the best in town!”
“You are the only burgers place here” Lexa teases.

“Well, that could be why.” Echo brings a little notepad to take their orders.

“What do you suggest me?” Clarke puts her elbow on the table resting her chin on her hand.

“Oh, a hard commensal, I see. Well, we have the usual, cheeseburgers and fries or maybe a burger with cheese on top and fried potatoes strips”

Clarke laughs hard and Lexa snorts.

“But…” Echo begins a little uncertainty “we can also cook a sirloin burger filled with blue cheese, gouda cheese, caramelized onions, bacon and wheat germ; sweet potatoes fries as sider”

Lexa and Clarke are taken back and share a surprised look.

“Oh, wow! That sounds delicious and fancy actually. I think I’m having one of those but extra bacon for me”

“Great!” Echo nods frantically turning to see Lexa “ and for you ma’am. We have no salad here” Echo warns with a smirk.

Lexa gives her an annoyed glance.

“I’ll have the same but no bacon for me”

“What?” Clarke shouts “You are taking off the best of it”

Lexa shakes her head “And preventing a heart attack”
“Whatever! I want her bacon too” She smiles at Echo batting her eyelashes.

The woman chuckles and dismisses herself.

“So,” Lexa trails “is the date going well as far?” She asks precarious.

“Wonderful as far” Clarke smiles.

“Great”

The two women talks a little about everything and nothing at all. Like the hard work Lexa is still doing on the farm and how annoying is the tool shop employed named Drew.

Clarke shares about her classes and how much potential she sees on one girl.

“Enjoy your dinner, ladies” Echo places the two burgers and they do look exquisites. They look like one of those dishes from some ostentatious food Instagram profile.

Clarke takes her first bite and Lexa has to take her mind to somewhere else because the moan the blonde lets out is sinful.

“Oh. my. G*d!” Clarke says still chewing her food “This is the most amazing burger I’ve tasted!”

Echo smiles brighter from the corner of the diner.

“You have to try this!”

Lexa bites the burger and she agrees with Clarke, the food is tasteful.

“You should add this to the menu, Echo” Clarke takes a sweet potato fry “And this!”
“You really think so?”

“Yes! It’ll be refreshing and people would come here just for it. Right, Lex?”

“Yeah, this is pretty good, Echo” The brunette smiles at her blushing friend.

“Thanks, I’d been trying for the manager to give it a chance but he says is too pretentious for The Dropship” Echo shrugs.

“Well, he is being pretentiously stupid!” Clarke announces earning a laugh from the other woman.

“Oh, I’m with you there” Echo brings a wine bottle with her “and because you were so kind to try my dish I’m giving you this wine to pair with them, charge free” She pours two glasses.

“Damn! You should be the one owning this place”

“I was the one buying that bottle” Lexa huffs.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever Commander!” Echo waves her off “Anyway, your food is served and the wine is here so I’m going to leave now, Maya is at Monty’s house and I have to pick her up to put her to bed soon.”

Lexa and Clarke thanks her again. Echo takes her purse and walks towards the door.

“Oh, Lexa, the desert is in the fridge and please make sure you close well when you two leave. Although shitty, I’d like to have a job tomorrow”

She gives Lexa the key and stops after open the diner door.

“It was a pleasure to serve you, come back soon” Echo makes a flourish move “Oh, and Commander?”
Lexa faces her with a raised eyebrow sipping her wine.

“No sex is allowed here” Echo goes out closing the door behind her.

Lexa spills the wine looking like a deer caught in the headlights and takes the napkin to clean the mess she did.

When she turns to see Clarke, the blonde is a red tomato but says nothing. Not to agree or refuse the idea which makes Lexa feel safe.

“So, the candles…” Clarke trails off diverting the talk for the awkward moment they’d share.

“What about them?” Lexa says clearing her throat before giving another sip to her drink.

“How did you manage to get all of them?” When Clarke sees Lexa frowning she continues “I mean it looks gorgeous but these are way too different from the usuals they sell at the supermarket” The blonde shrugs.

“I… I like my candles,” Lexa says nonchalantly.

Clarke sips her wine and opens her eyes “Oh, G*d! That’s the package Indra sends every week, isn’t it?” she teases.

Lexa rolls her eyes. “Maybe” She mumbles.

Clarke laughs and Lexa can’t help the smile when she sees the blonde happiness. This is why she’s doing this. That’s all she wants, maybe just maybe, for the rest of her life. Making Clarke happy is the main reason she asked the blonde for the date. Well, perhaps, having a dinner with a beautiful girl like Clarke doesn’t hurt of course.

“So, would you say that I exceeded your expectations regarding this date?” Lexa asks smugly.

“I’d say you’re doing pretty well, Commander” Clarke mocks.
“Best date ever?” Lexa teases back.

Clarke chuckles “I haven’t had a date in ages” She states shaking her glass.

“How so?”

The blonde shrugs “Well, my first real date was when I was fifteen, do you remember Wells?”

Lexa frowns thinking back. She does remember him, he was Clarke’s best friend since elementary school. She hated him because she uses to notice how the boy saw the blonde in adoration. She nods.

“He asked me for a date a few days before my fifteenth birthday and he took me to a picnic at Arkadia Park. He was really sweet and nervous” The art teacher chuckles “and we kissed” Clarke ducks her face hiding it behind her glass.

“He was your first kiss?” She asks nonchalantly sipping her wine.

“Well, no,” Clarke bites her bottom lip “You know who my first kiss was” She mumbles pouring another glass of wine for her.

Lexa frowns thinking really hard if Clarke had ever mentioned her first kiss.

“It was you” The blonde rolls her gorgeous blue eyes when she notices Lexa doesn’t really know what she’s talking about.

“That kiss?” The soccer player snorts but even so she smiles brightly at the thought of Clarke counting that fast peck as her first kiss. “That was barely a kiss, Clarke,” She says smugly.

“I was a nerdy teenager kissing her crush!” Clarke hits Lexa’s bicep playfully “I have all right to brag about how Lexa The Commander Woods was my first kiss!” She shrugs.
And Lexa thinks she’s the one bragging about to be the blonde’s first kiss. She’s the one feeling honoured by the fact her lips were the first ones posing over those pink ones.

“And yours?” Clarke asks before she can say what’s on her mind.

“My what?” Lexa questions distractedly.

The blonde laughs “Who was your first kiss?” She claps her hands resting her cheek on them.

“Oh,” Lexa breaths. She hasn’t thought about that in ages.

“It was Echo?” Clarke purses her lips scrunching her nose a little. Lexa chuckles at that. The blonde is still jealous about that.

“No, I told you there was nothing between Echo and me” Lexa states firmly “Actually, my first kiss was really bad” She grins shaking her head.

“How so?” Clarke squints her eyes.

“I,” Lexa sighs “It was for a really bad reason and so wrong!” Lexa plays with the bottom of her glass really embarrassed at the memories.

“Come on!” The blonde stirs her hands to reach Lexa’s “I already told you mine!”

Lexa rolls her eyes pondering if she should tell her “It was Anya” She mumbles so quietly and fast that Clarke can’t hear.

“Who?!” She asks again with a smile.

“Anyah” The soccer player huffs and Clarke burst into laughs.
“Oh, my G*d! How did that even happen?!” Clarke is smiling like she was a kid on Christmas morning. Yeah, Lexa shouldn’t have said it.

“Ugh! Don’t remind me!” She shakes her shoulders in a fake disgusting shiver.

“Did you two date?” Clarke asks again with a teasing smile.

“G*d no! Never!” Lexa shakes her head vehemently “She’s like my sister, Clarke!” She states offended.

“So?”

Lexa takes a deep breath knowing the blonde is not going to drop the topic.

“We were twelve,” She rests back on her chair taking her glass in one hand before sipping the wine if she’s going to do this she needs liquid courage. Even is she withdraws one hand she turns up the other to start playing with Clarke’s fingers absently. “Anya had this unhealthy crush on Fox”

“She still has” Clarke giggles drinking more wine.

Lexa scoffs playfully “ Well, good to know,” Oh, this is solid gold! She’s so going to tease Anya next time she meets her. “Then one day after training Anya drags me to the forest near the field and she just blurts out ‘Hey, let’s kiss!’”

Clarke laugh is now unstoppable.

“Yeah, as forward as usual” Lexa’s eyes roll so hard is almost comical “I was like ‘What the hell Anya you’re my best friend!’” The soccer player is smiling honestly at the memory of the kids they were together “Apparently she heard a conversation between Fox and her friends about kissing” Lexa laughs deeply.

“And she thought Fox wanted to kiss her?”
“She just wanted to be prepared” Lexa grins shaking her head “Fox didn’t even notice us, but there she was wanted to be prepared to kiss her!” She says amusingly.

“And?” Clarke asks really entertained by the information.

“It was awful!” Lexa shakes by her laugh “She was sloppy and the kiss was really wet, not of the good kind. She heard the girls like it when there was tongue involved so I just stood there with my mouth been attacked by her drooling lips and then,” Lexa bites her lips about to explode in laughs “She bit me!”

“What?!” The blonde is beyond the laughter.

“She bit me, Clarke!” Lexa shouts amazed “She bit my bottom lip so hard I started to bleed, and I push her off me in that instant!” She finishes chuckling before drinking her wine again.

“Oh, my G*d!” Clarke lets her head fall back to laugh really hard. She can’t believe the always confident aloof blonde was that kind of teenager with no knowledge about to kiss. And then, Lexa, The Commander on the field and life, constantly stoic and determined was just a clueless kid about romantics antics. But it is cute, is so cute to think once in life Lexa was naive enough to let her best friend experiment with her.

“So, that was my gross first kiss experience” Lexa shrugs “I hope she wouldn’t kiss Fox like that if she ever did it” Lexa mocks.

“She didn’t,” Clarke shakes her head still wearing a huge smile, “I told you, she still has that awkward crush on Fox,”

“How do you know that?”

“We go out sometimes,” Clarke states with a smile “I mean, Raven and I went out a few times and of course she dragged Anya with her so she took care of us. To sum up, Anya was drooling for Fox the whole time.” The blonde rolls her eyes.

“We should do that” Lexa says focusing on their joined hands.
“What? Drool over Fox?” Clarke teases.

“Mockery is not a product of a strong mind, Clarke” Lexa warns her playfully and the blonde kicks her shin jokingly then Lexa smiles at her. For fuck sake Lexa, you can even be mad at her for ten seconds. Ugh, disgusting.

“I mean go out and watch Anya twitching when Fox is there”

“Yeah, we should do that,” Clarke smiles pursing her lips “before you go”

The smile on Lexa’s face is missed. She frowns, a few weeks ago she was asking to be pulled out of this dreadful place and then here she is talking about having fun with her friends and Clarke like if she were going to be here forever. Like if she weren’t to be gone soon.

Clarke notices the troublesome grin on Lexa’s face and she squeezes her hand to call for her attention.

“Hey, everything ok?”

“I,” Lexa frowns gets deeper. Is everything okay? Well, no. She doesn’t want to leave Clarke again, but she doesn’t want to stay at Arkadia her whole life either. What should she do? Even if life decided it for her and she stayed here, is not like she and Clarke are together.

“Tell me about your 'real' first kiss then,” Clarke says trying to dissipate the tension air

“What?” Lexa is taken back.

Clarke smiles at the adorable lost puppy face on Lexa and she nods her to answer her question.

L Lexa sighs deeply trying to take back her mind to their date instead of her last days At Arkadia.

“I think that was way better” Lexa sneers still playing with the art teacher’s soft fingers.
“Oh, yeah?” Clarke grins although she’s not sure she really wants to know “Someone I know?” It has to be, because between Lexa and Anya kiss, and Lexa’s departure there were almost five years, so her second kiss should have been in Arkadia. And in that little town, everyone knows each other.

“Yes, yes you do know her” Lexa states pouring another glass of wine.

Clarke nods slowly.

“It was you” Lexa smiles behind her glass attempting to hide her huge smug grin.

“What?” Clarke asks in shock.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, you'll know why Clarke was Lexa's 'first real' kiss and the rest of the night next chapter.

Let me know how you feel about the date as far! :)

Hope you like this chapter.

See you next Wednesday. ;)
Lexa loves her best friend, she really does. She just hates how much of a tease she can be when Clarke is around them. Why can’t she let the girl be?

“Anya, stop it” Lexa glares at the blonde.

“Stop what? The fun?” Anya wears a smug smile that makes the brunette want to punch her in the face, but that’s not something a friend do to another, right?. “Look, she’s even wearing makeup, all for the Commander” Anya sneers.

Lexa takes a big breath before sipping her soda “Let Clarke alone,” She states firmly “And she’s not wearing makeup just for me” Lexa frowns.
Clarke isn’t. Well, yes, she does know the little blonde has a crush on her. Is hard not noticing it when the teenager blushes when Lexa just dares to smile at her. But she’s a kid, she’s just infatuated with the fact that someone she likes gives her some attention. Because Lexa is a kind person and she’d never lead Clarke to something else. Besides, she loves cares for Clarke. She does. She’s Jake’s only daughter and they grew together in a sense with all the years Lexa has practically lived at the Griffins’ house. She was a very energetic six years old when she met her and since day one, Clarke was always attached to her.

And it would be a lie if Lexa said she doesn’t love having the blonde near of her. She wanted to protect her from the first time Clarke shyly took her hand to run away from the rain at Arkadia Park.

But that doesn’t mean she’s going to look at the little girl like something more than she is, she is her friend. A very dear goofy friend. That’s all.

Also, she’s almost an adult and Clarke is just a kid. And Jake would kill her for sure is she ever lay a hand on her sunshine. So, nope, there’s no reason to put her life in danger.

Is Clarke’s fourteenth birthday party. They are fooling around in the barn that Jake and Abby meticulously decorated for the event. There are a few friends from the blonde class. Even that smiling boy who’s always around her and that Lexa finds annoying for some weird reason she doesn’t know. Protection, she says in her mind every time the boy touches her or says something in Clarke’s ear and she giggles.

But part of the team is there too. Jake is too gentle to always invite them to Clarke’s parties. They are like a second family to him, and Abby is just happy to have them there too.

“Easy there, Commander” Anya bumps her shoulder with Lexa’s “I’m just messing with you”

“Good.” She nods “Because Clarke is just a good friend and if the coach hears you…”

“Hear what?” Jake hangs his arm around Lexa’s shoulders and she goes stiff at the touch.

“That Lexa here is a nervous wreck about the match” Anya blatantly lies and the brunette is glad for her best friend’s capacity to do that.
“Oh, Lex! You shouldn’t! You got this, kiddo!” Jake shakes her shoulders, that are more relaxed this time and she smiles at him. He’s such a good person, he has so much faith in her, even when Lexa herself doesn’t.

Lexa sighs “I’m not, we are the bests” She states confident and Jake laughs when Anya bumps her fist with her.

“Full of yourselves much, girls” He gives her a warm grin before rushing to help Abby with some food issues.

Lexa smiles when she sees the man kissing her wife on her forehead before taking the burgers tray to feed some hungry teenagers.

“Thanks for that” Lexa says honestly yo Anya and the blonde shrugs.

“It was nothing, we still need to win that game, so,” She says like if the soccer was the only thing she was worried about.

Lexa scoff at that.

“Oh, your girlfriend has a puppy” Anya mumbles smugly and the brunette glances where the blonde is. Not because Clarke is her girlfriend, but because she knows Anya loves to call her that.

Clarke is talking with some girls from her school and there’s the guy next to her. He’s smiling at something the blonde is rambling about and Lexa glares at him when he posses his hand in Clarke’s back.

“Come on,” Anya pushes herself from the barn wall she’s resting, “Echo said she and Murphy smuggled a few beers for us”

“They brought alcohol to Clarke’s party?!” Lexa half shouts half whispers eyeing to where Jake and Abby are now dancing like goofs to be awarded they can’t hear her.
Anya rolls her eyes “We’re not getting drunk, but this is a little bit too childish for us”

Lexa peeks over the spot Clarke is still talking with her friends. She can’t just barge there and steel the blonde from them, and from the boy’s claw that is a little too tight for Lexa’s like. She’s having fun and even if the blonde is not smiling for some terrible joke she’s always telling her, she still loves the way she shines when she laughs.

“Okay,” She huffs “But if the coach catch us, I’m so going to kick your ass”

Anya snorts “As if!” She pushes Lexa out of the barn “I’d like to see you trying, squid”

“Oh, my G*d! Would you stop calling me that?! I was eleven and I just had a normal fascination with marine life”

“I’d call it myself an obsession” Anya teases.

They drink only a few sips from the two beers bottles Murphy stole from his parent’s fridge. Having a two years older brother seems to have its advantages apparently.

“So, are you going to ask out Fox?” Echo challenges Anya.

“Yeah, the next time we achieve to sneak to The Ark again”

Everybody laugh. Lexa included. The blonde has been saying the same thing every time they go to the bar. Then when they are finally there, all that she does is trembling like a feather in the fall when Fox is near to them.

“Oh, come on, Anya! You can’t even speak properly to her!” Murphy taunts.

“She’s so hot, guys!” The blonde huffs “She makes the Impaler hard to be close to her. No pun intended” She smirks.

“Ugh! Fuck off!” Echo laughs with a scrunched up face.
Lexa shakes her head. Anya is nothing but pleased with her anatomy and even if Lexa hates how aloof she is, she’s happy her best friend is proud of herself. She’s too.

“Uhm, Lex?” Clarke’s voice stops the laughs, and Echo tries to hide the bottles at her feet.


“That was what I was to ask you about,” Clarke bites her lip “All of you were gone for a while and I know this is a boring party for you guys, but I’d really like you to be here with me”

Lexa sighs and she glares at her friends again. At least they really look ashamed to the worry on Clarke’s tone.

“We are having fun, Clarke,” Lexa tries to cheer her up “It’s just we were getting too hot at the barn and we needed some fresh air.” She says smiling at the blonde and there it is the pink on her cheeks again.

“Are you sure?” Clarke asks “You can go if you want” She shrugs and Lexa can notice her beautiful blue eyes dim a little.

“Yeah, let’s get back there” She states with determination. She’s not going to make Clarke sad on her birthday just because her friends are jackasses.

“Uh, yeah, let’s go to hit the piñata or whatever” Anya jokes playfully and even with her eyes rolling the blonde laughs.

“I’m not that young!” She pouts and Lexa can’t help to think is adorable. Just adorable.

“Well, we need to, uh, get rid of some garbage before heading back,” Echo says glancing suspiciously at her friends.

“You can throw away the beer bottles in the plastic bag on the back of the barn,” Clarke states
rolling her eyes “I’m not going to rat you out, guys” She nods.

“Oh, you’re the best blondie!” A relieved Murphy jumps down the fence and takes the bottles with Echo behind him.

“I’m going to make sure those assholes don’t get caught” Anya points to Echo and Murphy and when she’s at Clarke’s back she gives Lexa two thumbs up with a smirk.

The brunette rolls her eyes and wants to give her a middle finger but she holds back for the blonde’s sake.

“Are you really having fun?” Clarke asks hoping up on the fence.

“Yeah, we are,” Lexa replies.

“I mean you” The blonde worries her bottom lip pointing to Lexa.

“I am, Clarke” She smiles reassuringly.

Clarke nods but she makes no attempt to walk back to the barn so Lexa leans on the fence too.

“Are you having fun?” Lexa questions with a frown. Maybe she just ruined Clarke’s day.

“Yeah, so much fun” Clarke states honestly and that soothes Lexa’s worries. “Wells give me a huge teddy bear as a gift” She mumbles shyly.

That takes away the brunette’s smile. Well, shit, she doesn’t have a present for Clarke. She maybe could have swallowed her stupid pride and ask her parents for some money to buy something for the blonde.

“I’m sorry I didn’t get you anything” Lexa shifts a bit to face the girl.
“You don’t have to, Lex” Clarke gives her a warm smile and Lexa wants to kick herself for being so selfish.

“I’m going to,” She whispers “When I’ll be playing for the Walkers I’ll have money enough to buy you all the teddies from that shop at TonDC you liked it so much”

The young girl laughs and Lexa smiles timidly. She doesn’t know why she said that. She just knows she wanted to reassure the blonde she could do something nice for her too.

“I don’t need thousands of teddies” Clarke shakes her head.

“Oh,” Lexa frowns again “No, of course not. You already have the one your friend gave you” She affirms with a bitter tone.

“Wells is my best friend, he’s just being nice” The blonde shrugs.

“Yeah, I’m sure he is” What the freaking hell is happening to her?. It’s not like she’s jealous of a boy courting Clarke. She’s seventeen for fuck sake, Clarke is only fourteen, they’re nothing but friends.

“But,” Clarke trails off and Lexa turns her head up to immerse in those blue ocean eyes “There’s something you can give me as a present, if you still want to” She bites her lower lip nervously.

Lexa nods “Yes, of course, what is it?” And like that Clarke hops down the fence to stand right in front of her.

“Can I have a kiss?” She speaks softly.

“What?!” Lexa can’t believe what she just heard. This is not happening. Clarke Griffin is not asking her for a kiss. Clarke is not… Oh, my G*d! Clarke is leaning on her with her eyes closed.

“Clarke,” She chokes up.
“Please, Lex,” Clarke opens her eyes again and Lexa is a puddle in her hands “As a goodbye kiss?” She pleases.

And it hits her like a train. Clarke is asking for a goodbye kiss because she will be gone soon. She has a fixed contract with the Walkers already, she’s just about to leave Arkadia at last. To be a soccer player, to make her dream come true and even if her heart is breaking at the thought of leaving the only persons who always had her back, she needs to do this, not just for her; but for all those that had always believed in her.

She wants to tell Clarke that she’s not leaving forever but she doesn’t know that. The training with the team will be hard and she will be living five hours far away from her. From them.

“Just as a present kiss” She comes up with that to ease Clarke’s anguish. And actually, hers too.

Clarke smiles shyly and closes her eyes again raising her chin a little.

Lexa trembling takes the blonde sweet face and a gasp leaves Clarke’s mouth now barely open. She leans in possing her throbbing pouty lips over the girl’s. Sparks, flames and warm rivers run through her veins when she does it. It doesn’t have to be long, it doesn’t have to involve more actions but the mere touch makes Lexa think this is how she should have felt on her first kiss. That this is her first kiss.

“Wow!” Clarke shakes her head.

“No need to get it into your head” Lexa huffs a laugh.

“Wait,” Clarke places her elbows on the table and that takes everything in Lexa to not pout at the lost touch of their hands “How is that since Anya you didn’t kiss anyone else?”

Lexa sighs still smiling “I had no time, Clarke”

“What?”

“I was so focused on soccer to have time for girls and dating and all of those things”
“Oh, wow, like, okay. So, in theory, we were our first kiss” Clarke bites her bottom lip not really hiding her huge smile.

“Yes, it seems so” Lexa smiles back at the irony. Who had thought they treasure such a tender memory together without knowing what it really meant for the other.

“Well, it was a good kiss” Clarke teases.

Lexa scoffs “Barely a kiss” She rolls her eyes “But a good one” She nods sipping her glass.

And Clarke ducks her head with rosy cheeks.

“And then you turned out in this glorious stud hitting the city with her looks” Clarke taunts again.

The soccer player confusion is written it all over her face.

“You know, because of all of those different models, singers and actresses were seen leaving your building every other week?” Clarke explains and Lexa feels uneasy.

She knows where Clarke had all that information. Her life where all over the media, just like Abby said before.

She doesn’t feel ashamed, they were fun and they were always awarded that that was only a one night stand for Lexa, but even so, this is something she’s not proud of.

“I have never been a fan of dating” She tries to say as aloof as she can. And she leaves out the ‘I only dated Costia’ on her mind because that’s some dark place she doesn’t want to go over now.

“Oh,” Clarke breaths. Noticing the slight discomfort in Lexa’s tense body.

“What about you?” Lexa asks with her pressed lips “What about Wells? Did you two dated?”
Lexa tries for her voice to not sound too annoyed by the fact that Clarke dug in for his charm.

Clarke laughs at the innocent question and mostly because of how bothered Lexa looks “Uhm, yeah, we were together for a couple of years actually but then he left for College, he went to Harvard and we agreed to be just friends” She smiles shrugging.

Lexa is absorbing the information. Even if she doesn’t like to know other people having the love and attention from Clarke she still knows she has no right to feel bitter about it. She is happy at least there was someone taking care of her and loving her back then when she was not around. Wells was indeed a kind boy and if he cared for Clarke as much as she witnessed she is glad Clarke wasn’t alone.

“Then Aden came and I was at college, so between raising a baby and studying I didn’t have much time left to date even if my parents always helped me with him.” Clarke shrugs “I mean, I did have my share fair of… fun” She laughs and Lexa's chest wants to let out a growl but she doesn’t. Control yourself, asshole.

“But then I met a girl,” Clarke declares and the brunette nods curiously “Luna and me dated for a year and a half, she loved Aden and we were very close” She leaves details out and Lexa is grateful for that.

She bites her cheek to not grunt at the thought of someone else loving Clarke, or rather Clarke loving someone else. Because, yes, she already knows the blonde is an amazing human that deserves all the love in the world, she just wishes she could be the one… oh, no, no, no, stop right there, Lexa Woods.

“And what happened?” She asks to divert her stupid mind to going to that feelings thing.

Clarke shrugs “Life, I think” she makes a wry face “She took a job offer from Wallace at Mount Weather and she moved out. She asked me to follow her but I just couldn’t leave my mom and Aden was starting school so,” she lets fall her shoulders. “We did the distance dating but it didn’t work at the end” Clarke shrugs.

Lexa nods again. If this Luna girl went away when Aden was starting school it means that not much time has passed. Maybe Clarke is still in love with her, maybe she doesn’t want to pursue a relationship. But then again is that what Lexa is looking for here? or even so, is something Lexa can offer to her? She will be gone soon. She will be gone soon. She maybe will be gone soon. She still wants that, right?
“Do you still,” Lexa clears her dry throat “Do you still love her?”

Clarke purses her lips thinking on the question “I mean, I did,” She stars carefully “I think I did, I was in love with her and she was amazing with the whole Aden thing.” She affirms “That is something that not much people can do, dating a single mother can be a real issue for some people so, it was really admirable how she and Aden bonded when they met and how great she was with him whenever we were together”

Lexa knows how important Aden is for Clarke. And she knows too how hard should had been for Clarke to find someone willing to not only love her as a woman but as a mother and even more, to love Aden for himself. Hell! Eve she was a kind of a jerk when she knew the blonde had a son. She never thought she would be able to get involved with someone who had a child. She didn’t even think she could feel something for another woman ever again. Not after how weak she was when she was in love with Costia. And how bad that ended.

But caring for Aden is not that complicated, he is such a good boy, he’s adorable when he rambles about everything and he loves soccer! How can she not like him? Then again she’s leaving and even if the idea of leaving them hurts so much, is strange how strong the affection for them makes Lexa feel.

“I’m sure any person would be fortunate to be with you, Clarke” Lexa says with an honest smile and the blonde melts at the gentle tone on the soccer player’s voice “As much as they would be having that little brat around” Lexa teases earning a slap on her forearm from the blonde.

“You ass!” Clarke laughs “My son is not a brat! You’re more like a brat with all your cold cuts out of diet and your healthy oatmeal breakfasts” She jokes.

“I’m a very aware of my health, Clarke” The brunette scoffs.

“You take your that too seriously” Clarke rolls her eyes playfully.

“I think that works out fine for me” Lexa leans in her chair a little bit more lifting the white shirt she’s wearing to show Clarke what she means.

The art teacher’s eyebrows go up and her eyes widen at the sight. Damn it, Lexa, you still have it!
Clarke unconsciously wets her lips when she stares at the well-marked abdomen of Lexa. That stupid lickable and kissable six-pack in its whole glory takes her breath away.

“Yeh, yeah it does” She breaths not taking her eyes away from Lexa’s midriff.

Lexa smirks knowing very well the effect she has on Clarke but the grin is gone from her face when the blonde rise one of her eyebrow in challenge.

“But I don’t think I have a problem here” Clarke smugly says attentive to the soccer player’s reaction and she chuckles when Lexa’s jaw drops the moment she leans over the table so her cleavage is now on full display to the brunette’s hungry eyes.

Lexa has to swallow hard. Her mouth goes dry even if she’s drooling over the blonde’s assets. Uh-uh, not fair, Clarke. How low of the blonde to take advantage of Lexa’s weakness for the girls.

“No,” Lexa whispers “Not a problem at all” She awarded she’s blatantly staring at Clarke’s boobs and despite she knows she shouldn’t, the girls have this hypnotic power over her.

“Are you okay there?” Clarke breaks the enchantment leaning back on her chair chuckling.

Not so smug right now, uh Lexa?

“Yeah,” Lexa raps “I,” She swings the wine bottle that is now empty, “I think we are thirsty” She blurs out. And her eyes widen when the blonde laughs reading the implication of her statement “I mean, we were, the wine had run” She sets the bottle on the table.

“Yeah,” Clarke bites her soft lips and Lexa is still bewitched by the motion “The thirst was very real” She mumbles giggling and shaking her head.

Clarke helps Lexa to blow out the candles and the brunette insists on keeping them in a box to take them back to the farm. She laughs again and Lexa pretends to be mad at her glaring her but the blonde doesn’t refrain to call her a ‘clande nerd’.
When they step out of the diner, making sure to close well or Echo is going to kill them, Clarke rubs her arms around herself, the weather is colder than when they got there. Lexa takes her jacket off and puts her around the blonde.

“Thank you,” Clarke says shyly.

“Is nothing” Lexa shrugs and she offers her hand to lead her to the old car.

The ride back is comfortable although they don’t talk too much. Just some glances between them that end in goofy smiles and chuckles.

Lexa feels like if they were back at the time before she left. Could this be how the could have been if she had stayed at Arkadia? Who knows.

They reach to the house and Lexa opens the car’s door for the blonde. They walk to the house but then Clarke stops a few steps before they get to the door.

“Thank you again,” She says timidly “Not just for the jacket, Lex” Clarke caresses her arm “For the dinner, for sharing your precious candles with me” She jokes earning a roll eye from the soccer player “for the talking and everything you did tonight. It was, it was the best date ever” She smiles chastely.

“So, worth it” Lexa bites her lip “You are worth it” She breaths.

Clarke looks surprised but Lexa observes the blonde gaze over her pouty lips and she does the same.

“Lex…”

“You deserve this and so much more Clarke. I’d do it again and again if that, if you, if we…” Lexa doesn’t know what is what she really wants to imply.

She knows she wants to do this again, she knows how much she wants for the blonde to feel loved and worshipped. But mostly she wants to be the one to be there for Clarke to do that. Just her and no one else.
“Lex, I…” Clarke’s breath hitches when Lexa tucks her hair behind her ear caressing her jaw slowly and tentatively. The blonde closes her eyes melting at the gentle touch.

“I haven’t said it as much as I wanted, Clarke, but you look beautiful tonight. You are beautiful” Clarke leans on Lexa's fingers and forgetting of whatever she was about to say.

Lexa doesn’t stop caressing her cheek and taking her every single detail about Clarke’s face. The little frown on her forehead, the smoothness of her skin, the little freckle on top of those delicious and appetizing pink lips that does not cause anything other than wanting to kiss her until her body could not anymore.

The brunette twirls her hand and runs her thumb carefully over Clarke’s bottom lip making her shiver. Lexa smiles kindly because she’s sure it has nothing to do with the cold weather. She can’t believe how good it feels to be the one affecting the art teacher like that. Not in a sexual way but with just a tender brush.

When Clarke opens her eyes Lexa notices her dilated pupils and the baby blue of them are darker dragging her in a warm vortex.

Lexa tilts her head leaning on meticulously to see in the blonde a sign to stop her movement.

She does not.

Clarke closes her eyes again and with a little move, she assures Lexa that she wants the same.

Lexa complies.

When their lips crash Lexa world does too. Kissing Clarke is at the same time everything she thought and anything she could expect to be. The kiss is lazy and gentle. The taste of Clarke's lips is the sweetest nectar she had ever tasted. Like a G*d’s ambrosia that drives the mortals insane. And that’s exactly what it does to her. But unmistakably she doesn’t want to be sane anymore.

Lexa has always been a reasonable person. She believes in logic and facts. Science and reality. That flies out the window when she hears the weak moan Clarke releases when she bites her lip asking
for entrance and the blonde's tongue invading her mouth.

The brunettes hand on the nape of Clarke tightens and the blonde shudders again. Lexa is sure her knees bend a little.

Is just when neither of the can’t breath that they apart leaving their foreheads resting together.

“Wow” Clarke whispers and Lexa chuckles in agreement.

She opens her eyes and Clarke is seeing her with so much adoration in her eyes that Lexa’s heartbeat speeds up.

“I can’t” The blonde apologetically mumbles like if she isn’t sure of what she is saying and Lexa isn’t too. The brunette heart stops every movement.

“What?” She asks in disbelieve.

Clarke leans back and Lexa is already missing her warm.

“I’m so sorry, but this can’t be” The blonde blinks like trying to make sense.

She looks at Lexa with torment in her eyes and the brunette’s sight it clouds with tears that she tries with everything to keep the inside.

“Why not?” Lexa asks achingly and she chastises herself on her mind. She sounds like a fragile little girl and not like the strong woman she is now. Isn’t she?

“I, Lex, you’d be gone in a few weeks, days maybe. I can’t risk having my heart broken at that”

“But I can,” Clarke puts a finger to her lips to stop her.
“Do not make promises you can not keep” She sobs.

“Clarke,” Lexa tries one more time.

The blonde sighs “What makes you think we can do this?”.

Love, is the first thought in Lexa’s mind. But she is not entirely sure about it. The same fear on Clarke's words is the one a few days she just had confess to Anya. The same one is always on her mind.

Clarke smiles sadly “That’s what I thought so.”

The art teacher begins to walks again but she stops her.

“Give us a try,” Lexa pleads.

“Us, as you say, it’s not just you and me,” Clarke says and Lexa frowns. The blonde takes her hands in hers “This” She waves between the two of them “It has to be with another person too, one that adores you so, so much that if whatever is happening between us fails he’s going to be affected just like we’d be”

It hits her, like a freaking cold water bucket. It punches her in the face, almost like Anya’s blow. It scares her just like the feelings she’s having for Clarke.

Lexa's shoulders fall in defeat.

She can’t hurt Aden. She can’t hurt Clarke again. She can’t let down the two blondes that make her life meaning so much more than just surviving.

“Aden loves you” And Lexa has to bite her tongue to avoid to ask if she does too because it is stupid to “And even if he knows you’re going soon now, you leaving us it will break his heart. I’m her mother and I can’t let that to happen again”
Lexa wishes to argue but what more can she say that doesn’t lead them to the same spot in this conversation. She knows from the talk in The Dropship that Clarke and Aden already lived a relationship break up with Luna. She knows Clarke is impending for that to happening one more time.

Even if she’s now doubting about to her own wishes to leave. She can be sure she can offer what Clarke needs. And if there’s nothing, no one, here for her she doesn’t have any reason to stay anymore.

“Thank you for a wonderful night, Lex” Clarke smiles sadly before turning around to get in in the house.

Lexa sits on the steps on the porch, she doesn’t know how much time has passed since the blonde was gone but she sighs defeated, her chest aching and a few tears threatening on her eyes.

She hasn’t done this in years but she needs it now. She needs him now.

She glances to the stars in the sky before closing her eyes to pray.

“Just give me a hint,” She begs with a cracking voice “What should I do?” She asks Jake.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, Clexa is endgame! Do not worry your beautiful and bright minds.

There are left eleven or so chapters in this story so be patient.

And again please tell me how you felt about this whole mess!
See you on Saturday! ;)

The next days pass painfully slowly. Lexa and Clarke avoid each other. With the season over
Clarke and Aden arrive home as soon as school is over, but the blonde woman has never come to
the fields where Lexa is working hard the whole day to distract herself and to not think about how
bitter is now to be around Clarke and not be able to be with her.

Lexa doesn’t know if Clarke has said something to Abby because the doctor is a little too harsh on
her when she speaks or is always watching her like a hawk every time she and her daughter are in
the same room. She also knows even if Clarke hasn’t mentioned something about the date or the
kiss or their kind of an argument, it not that hard to anyone in the house to notice the tension on the
air between them.
But when the Sunday arrives and she refuses to go out at town with the Griffins for breakfast, earning a big pout from Aden, Lexa repeats herself, like a thousand times, she’s taking the right choice when she reached for the house phone to make the call.

Jake is taking too much time to give a response, or maybe he’s still mad at her for being an asshole with them for so long. Or maybe, she thinks sometimes, maybe that’s the sign, maybe the whole silence to her request is the answer she was looking for. The thing is, she’s not happy about it.

“We already went through this Lexa” Indra sighs deeply “There aren’t contract offers for you”

“But you can do it, I know you can make it happen, Indra. I need to leave Arkadia as soon as possible” She says clenching her hand on the phone.

“What did you do?” Indra asks in a serious tone.

Lexa rolls her eyes even if she knows her manager can’t see her.

“I didn’t do anything! It’s just… this town is driving me crazy!”

“Uh-uh. So it has nothing to do with certain blonde we know?” The older woman states with an annoyed voice.

“I don’t know what you’re trying to imply here”

“Of course you don’t” Indra exhales again “Look, Lexa, I’m doing my best to fight Costia and the Queens but they tied up every thread of their plan very well. I had found something though”

Lexa’s grip on the telephone tightens.

“And what is that?”

“Because the Walkers gave you your first car as a gift for the first championship and as a clause in your contract they couldn’t retain it anymore”
“They’re giving Nightblood back to me?” She asks hopefully.

Indra chuckles at her enthusiasm for having back her car.

“Yes,” She trails off “I had actually signed its ride to Arkadia”

“Indra, I swear to G*d, if you let some inept driving Nightblood, I’ll make the rest of your life a hell.”

The manager scoffs “As if I had a deathwish. No, Lexa, they’ll be towing Nightblood there”

Lexa beams pleased for the information. It is the first good new she heard after the whole mess. Not just Costia’s and all that, but her date with Clarke. She’s having her baby back, her baby! to run and drive all around and hit the town.

“Please do not have a wet dream with your car while we speak” Indra warns in disgust after her silence.

“Shut up” Lexa mumbles embarrassed.

“Anyway, it would take just one or two days to get there because of the paperwork but I haven’t heard the properly ‘Thank you so much Indra, I owe you my life’” The woman teases.

Lexa rolls her eyes again.

“Yeah, thank you for doing your job” She bites back. And even if she doesn’t want to admit it out loud she is indeed grateful to her manager.

“Please just don’t run over anyone or crash Nightblood. I don’t need to deal with anything else” Indra sighs pleading.

“I would never crash my baby” Lexa states.
“Ugh, you’re the worst. Not killing someone should be your first priority”

“Someone told me to not make promises I couldn’t keep” She frowns after the sentence leaves her mouth. It should be a joke but it tastes sour.

“Well, she must be a very wise one” Lexa can hear Indra’s smugness over the phone.

“I didn’t say…”

“It was not necessary. Anyway I still have to do some things here so I hope to have back Nightblood could be enough for now”

“Yes, it is,” Lexa says content.

“Also, we need to talk about some legal issues. Your accounts are still frozen,” Indra sighs “You haven’t formally being accused but if these accusations for fraud proceed, you need to come back at TonDC for a while and confront the ISR.” Indra stops when Lexa let’s out a growl “I’m doing my best to prevent that, Lexa, but I’m not a lawyer so, please have that in mind.”

“No, no, I understand completely,” Lexa says frowning “I suppose there’s no lawyer willing to work in my case now that I don’t have money to pay them”

“Well, we can look for someone but I don’t trust anyone enough in this town to not be connected or to be bribed for the Queens. So,"

“Yeah, I see,” Lexa huffs.

“There’s another thing” Indra drawls.

“Oh, great, more good news” Lexa rolls her eyes.
“Costia,” Indra begins carefully and Lexa bites the inner of her cheek to not grunt loudly at the name “She went to the apartment to pick her things up.”

There’s a silence that Lexa knows Indra is doing purposely to let her know she’s not going to like what she’s about to say.

“She and Ontari are living together now, they are going to get marry in a few months according to the news on the media.”

Fuck this shit! She hasn’t been in contact with any kind of media to not hear or read anything about what they said about her, or Costia’s new relationship, but it makes sense now; it makes sense that those had everything set up and she was only the lamb on the slaughterhouse. She was stupid, she was the pawn of the Queens’ game. And she lost the match.

And it’s not like she feels jealous for Costia anymore. She hasn’t thought in the brunette in months, there’s only one woman filling her mind and heart since she arrived at Arkadia, but that doesn’t mean she can’t feel hurt for her blackness of intuition and how weak she was because what she thought it was love. Now she does know it wasn’t. Because even if Costia and she were together for a few years, she didn’t feel how Clarke makes her feel.

“How did she manage to do that? I thought my things couldn’t be touched by anyone until the confirmation about the allegation on my name”

“That’s what I’m telling you,” The manager states “We can’t trust in anyone here, the authorities are on their side”

Lexa feels defeated “I see,” It’s the only thing she can say.

“But, hey! You’re having Nightblood back.” Indra tries after a heavy silence on the line “You can now woo Cla... uhm, every woman in Arkadia”.

“Yeah,” Lexa replies with a deep breath. There’s only one woman she would like to woo, and not just that. She really wants to have a chance with the blonde but she already did her mind. Shouldn’t she do hers too? Clarke doesn’t want anything more than a friendship with her, maybe not even that if the blonde’s wishes are so clear and loud when she’s blatantly avoiding her.
Indra says goodbye after a promise to send another set of candles. ‘I’m going to be poor by the end of the year if you’re keeping this obsession with them’ She jokes before she ends the call.

It takes three agonizing days for Nightblood to arrive to the farm.

Lexa observes very carefully the car before glare the town driver for a little scratch that she is sure it wasn’t there on her matte black Lamborghini Aventador. Because if there’s something she would never do, is to risk her baby to be near to something sharp.

She signs the delivery form and shoves the clipboard on the huge man chest ignoring the ‘bitch’ the man whispers when she refuses to give him a tip. She doesn’t have money to, but even if she did, that bastard didn’t earn it.

Lexa is trying to get the scratch smooth, more like caressing Nightblood actually, when Clarke’s car parks next to her in the garage. Now that Clarke is ignoring her presence, the blonde goes to the clinic to pick Abby up. Another big excuse to not be alone with Lexa.

“What is this?” Abby asks as soon as she gets out of Clarke’s old car.

“This is Nightblood, Nightblood this is Abby” Lexa gestures like if she were introducing to a very important person.

Abby rolls her eyes and smacks her arm breathing a ‘Dork!’ between chuckles.

“Wow! That car is so cool!!” Aden screams running towards the vehicle, but before the kid could get to touch it Lexa is in front of him.

“Oh, ah, ah. You do not touch Nightblood with your dirty hands”

Aden frowns staring at his tiny hands confused.

“Can I least have a ride with you?” Aden smiles toothly with big puppy eyes.
“Uhm,"

“I don’t think so” Clarke intervenes curtly hoping off the car “That thing seems very dangerous”

Lexa scoff “Nightblood isn’t dangerous” She closes her eyes when she hears her own sentence. “Not as it sounds” She mumbles.

“And I happens to be a very good driver as you can recall” Lexa glances at the blonde with a smug smile.

And yes, she knows this is silly but she hasn’t had an average talk with Clarke in days, she’s going to enjoy this normality even if it’s based on having an argument with her. Like when you’re a kid and you don’t know how to call the attention of the schoolmate you like, you just pull their hair or kick them to make them look at you. She doubts she ever should have that conversation with Aden, what kind of advice can she give him.

“What I recall is that we almost crashed” Clarke crosses her arms glaring at Lexa playfully. But even if it’s kind of embarrassing by the way Abby is watching her and Aden little giggles the small smile on the blonde’s face gives Lexa hope. Of what, she doesn’t know.

The brunette smirks too because she wants to say it was because Clarke looked so damn hot that she was distracted. But then the raised eyebrow Clarke wears as a warn makes her stop herself.

“Can I mommy please?” Aden saves Lexa.

“Aden,” Clarke drawls.

“Pretty please!” He claps his hands in front looking like a little sweet innocent angel. Not that he wasn’t.

Clarke sighs deeply “Only if Lexa allows it” now giving a cautious look at Lexa for her to decline.

Aden turns to face Lexa with those huge baby blue eyes, the ones she could never deny anything.
Blonde hair and blue eyes it seems to make it impossible for the soccer player.

“Sure” She shrugs and Clarke is tonight.

“Yaaaay!” Aden jumps to Lexa’s arms and the brunette caught him.

“Just get back before dinner” Abby instructs leaving a mouth open Clarke.

She helps Aden hop up before putting him the seatbelt.

When she sits on the leather seat she melts in it. She wants to squeal like a teenager in front of her crush. But she is a grown up adult in front of her crush indeed. That’s enough to make her restraint.

Lexa drives slower than she wishes she could but Aden is with her so she can’t actually speed up at the top. How did that even happen? When did she become this softy for the kid’s safety?

“Where should we be going?” She asks Aden.

She doesn’t think well this. Where the hell could they go? Arkadia is not that big.

“For an ice cream, duh!” Aden states like if it was the most logical choice and she nods. Yes, an ice cream sounds good.

They go to the Ice Nation, which for Lexa is the most stupid name for an ice cream shop.

Aden asks for a cherry vanilla cone and Lexa chooses a dark chocolate one. She has a few bucks after she asked Anya for some money for her date with Clarke, that’s how she managed to buy that wine bottle they shared. Lexa can’t help to think in that night like a sour memory, Clarke and she was having fun, she accomplished to know more about the blonde’s life and they spilt some of their secrets.

Clarke made her feel like she was that teenager again, having a nice life with no dilemmas on her mind, a free spirit just eating delicious food with the woman she lo… Lexa, don’t.
She and Aden sit outside the establishment eating their ice creams cones. She chuckles when she sees Aden’s tiny legs are swinging rhythmically at the same time he licks his ice cream ball.

“Aden?” Lexa hears someone calling for the boy and she turns her head fast to face the said person.

“Luna!” Aden hops of his seat stumbling and runs to give the curly brown haired girl a messy hug.

Lexa frowns when she recognizes the name as the one Clarke said on their date night when they were talking about her ex-lovers. She also observes how kind the girl is with the kid. She kneels to hug him back and doesn’t get mad when Aden’s cone dirts her hair. She just laughs when he apologizes shyly.

“What are you doing here? Is your mom with you?” The woman asks looking around and Lexa bites back a scoff.

“No! I’m with Lexi” Aden says making Luna frown and Lexa rolls her eyes. She needs to get him get rid of that absurd pet name.

The boy takes Luna hand and drags her until they’re in front of each other. Great.

“Hey,” Luna says somehow apprehensive “I’m Luna” She offers her hand.

Lexa gives her a tight fake smile shaking her hand.

“I’m Lexa”

“You’re Lexi?” The woman teases and Lexa urges to stop the eye roll. Just fucking great.

“Well, I am more like The Commander” She declares defiantly.
“Wait,” Luna squints her eyes “Are you Lexa Woods?” She asks squinting her eyes and watching the brunette up and down.

Lexa smiles smugly. Finally, someone recognizes her as the soccer star she is, but then again, she’s not sure if she’s too glad that it has to be exactly Clarke’s ex-girlfriend. The one the blonde admitted a few nights ago she loved her. The one that evidently Aden still loves so much.

“Yes, yes I am,” She says proudly. It was about time her name would be useful to intimidate someone. Especially the one who had a relationship with Clarke, something that was denied to her. Not that she wanted that. Right? Because yes, she was pinning (not that anyone needs to know about it) over the blonde’s rejection but she’s very aware that she can’t offer that to Clarke. She’s not even sure how much time left to her in Arkadia.

Luna stares at her again from head to toe nodding mostly to herself and Lexa rises one eyebrow. The glances fight breaks when another girl calls for Luna.

“Well, I should get going”

Aden pouts and the girl kneels again.

“Hey, what’s wrong honey?” She questions sweetly.

Lexa feels uncomfortable at the closeness they seem to have. Even if Luna hadn’t been in the Griffins’ life for so long. Well, a year and some, from the information the blonde gave her. But it stills hurt how happy Aden looked when he saw the woman.

“You said we would hang out sometimes and I haven’t seen you in a long time” Aden lets his body fall down sadly and his cone is dripping by now.

“Aaaw, baby boy” Lexa fist clench around her own cone when she hears the pet name Clarke always uses with Aden. That’s too familiar, that feels almost like an invasion of her fam… Well no, of course, it isn’t because Clarke and Aden are not her family. They mean a lot for her and she cares too much for them but it’s no like Aden is going to miss her like he does with Luna. “I promise I will be in your next season first match ok? I heard you won the cup!” She cheers him up.

“Yees! Lexi taught me how to kick the ball and I even scored a penalty” He puffs his chest
prideful. Lexa licks her ice cream to hide her smug smile. She’s proud of him and of herself too.

“Wow! That sounds amazing!” She says before other girl calls her again “I really have to go now but I’d be paying a visit to the champion so you can show me your medal ok?” She smiles honestly.

Aden just nods before giving her a hug again and saying goodbye.

“It was a pleasure” Luna says with an honest smile to Lexa, who wants to punch her on the face.

“Likewise” Lexa says dryly.

After the awkward encounter, Aden and the brunette finish their cones before the ride back to the farm.

It seems that give Aden a sugary ice cream before dinner wasn’t allowed. Oops! The blonde is more energetic than ever, as soon as they park on the front of the house, the kid unlocks his seatbelt and runs inside. Lexa rushes her steps behind him, he’s so going to give her a heart attack sometime.

When she reaches the living room there are Clarke, Abby and a bearded man unfamiliar for Lexa sitting and talking nicely. Lexa stops her track and Aden jumps to the man’s lap.

“Kane!” He screams like a mad kid and Lexa closes her eyes when Clarke glares at her.

“Aden!” The man hugs him tightly “Wow, you’re getting bigger and bigger every time I see you” He chuckles caressing his back.

“Aden, I told you, you can't call Marcus, Kane” Clarke says with a serious tone even if she’s smiling.

“But granny does” He frowns.
“Yes, because we are adults” Abby states.

“I’m sorry,” The blonde kid ducks his head “Hello, Marcus,” He says with a proper voice.

Lexa laughs dragging their attention to her again. She clears her throat when Clarke glare is back on her face.

“Uhm, hello” Lexa nods and the man makes a grin to greet her. “I’m Lexa...” She clears her dry throat from the blonde’s harsh stare.

“Lexa Woods” The man nods politely still smiling and Lexa feels exposed, not like in a bad way but she’s not sure if Luna and now this Kane guy saying her name like that were a good sign or not.

“We have ice cream!” The kid says and Lexa sighs when Clarke looks at her like she was about to kill her.

“Before dinner?” Clarke asks still glaring at Lexa.

“Just one cone!” Aden replies before the soccer player could say anything.

“Ok, ok, lets dinner now” Abby intervenes trying to avoid more trouble for the brunette.

They have dinner and Aden eats his vegetables even if he’s hyper yet. That makes Lexa feel more relaxed. And Clarke looks calmer when does it.

After that, the blonde excuses herself to put Aden to bed and the blonde kid hugs Abby, Kane and Lexa wishing them goodnight.

“So, how was having your ride back?” Abby asks when she and Kane are cleaning the table.

“It was good” Lexa wants to forget about her encounter with Luna.
Abby nods and Marcus faces her leaning on the sink although he’s drying the dishes that the doctor hands him.

“Abby told me you had a few issues with the ISR” He states with a frown “How are those allegations on your name going?”

Of course, Abby had talked to him about that. She learned that Marcus Kane is that Jake’s good friend who helped them with the whole legal matters about Harper and baby Aden.

“Indra,” Lexa sighs “My manager is working on that”

“Are they accusing you formally?” Marcus asks showing real interest in what Lexa has to say and even if she doesn’t feel easy to talk about that, Kane has this honest grin on his face that makes her trust him.

“They haven’t but Indra says they could do that soon” Lexa breaths and Marcus nods.

“Hey, how about you tell your manager to give me a call and I can have a look on that” Kane says still rubbing the dishes with a cloth.

Lexa squints her eyes and Abby turns her head to give her an almost imperceptible nod. That little gesture is a good sign for the soccer player, she knows Abby would never risk her safety and if the doctor and Jake were confident enough of this man to handle their legal issues, then she can trust him too.

“Yeah, I can do that,” She says thankfully.

Kane gives her his card and lets her know she can tell Indra to give him a call before he says goodbye and Abby offers to lead him to his car.

Lexa stays in her seat for a moment before picking the trash. That’s now her life. She had never worry about what happened with the garbage from a meal, but since she was on the Griffins’ farm she had used to do that kind of chores. That’s the least she can do to help the women that kindly opened the doors of their house for her.
The brunette takes the black plastic bag and knots it before walking outside the house.

The garbage bag falls from her hand when she notices Abigail Griffin kissing the bearded man in a more than friendly way.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think.

Sorry, this was supposed to happen but I'm not in my best place rn.

Thanks for being so patient with the whole computer crash.
Lexa looks like a deer caught in the headlights. Abby releases Kane at the plop sound. Marcus doesn’t look very different from the soccer player shocked face.

“I, uhm,” Says Lexa glancing at her feet “I was just throwing the garbage out” She bends to pick the thing that fell from the plastic bag.

“Do you want me?” Kane asks the doctor who shakes her head in response.

“No, you better go” She gives him an apologetic look. “I can handle this”
Marcus nods squeezing Abby’s wrist in reassurance and the honey blonde woman smiles back.

“Goodnight Lexa,” Kane says carefully.

“Night” Lexa mumbles still not taking her sight out from the garbage around her feet.

The car leaves the garage and then Abby walks slowly to Lexa’s spot.

“Do you need help?”

“No, no, I’m fine” Lexa shakes her head although she’s not. It’s not really her place to feel bad about what she witnessed but she can’t help to feel uneasy. Abby is like a mother to her, Jake was like a father and that means that this discovery was like finding her own mom kissing a man she shouldn’t.

“Lexa,” Abby begins when Lexa is still avoiding to look at her at all “I know this was not what you expected to find when you were coming here”

No kidding! Lexa thinks, but she doesn’t make any attempt to say something. It’s not like she’s in the position to question Abby about her life.

Abby sighs “Look,” The woman takes Lexa’s wrist to stop her and waits until the soccer player lifts her head “I know this is confusing for you”

“Abby, no, you don’t have to,” Lexa frowns.

“No, I don’t” The doctor interrupts her “but I feel like I owe you an explanation”

“I’m not the one you owe that explanation,” Lexa bites back and she closes her eyes when Abby looks hurt by that statement “I didn’t mean,”

“You’re right, kind of,” Abby’s grips around Lexa’s hand loses a bit “Clarke and Aden don’t know about it either” The woman takes a deep breath “I have to tell them soon tho, but I never find the
“Did Jake…” Lexa stops the words because she is sure she doesn’t want to hear it.

“G*dd, no!” Abby stands up and starts to pace “I would never!” She glares at Lexa.

The brunette nods feeling relieved and ashamed for even insinuate something like that.

“Hey, I’m sorry,” She stands up when she finally takes everything inside the plastic bag “It wasn’t my intention to assume that you were cheating on him”

“Well, I can understand where that comes from” Abby sighs again “but know that I loved Jake, I still love him,” She gives her a sad smile “Kane and I, it’s a different story”

“Again, you have nothing to explain to me” Lexa gives her a little smile.

“I want to,” Abby stops when Lexa shakes her head again “No, listen, I need to because I need to tell someone about this,” She says almost like a plea.

“Let’s go back inside” Lexa offers taking the bag to the dumpster.

Abby smiles grateful and nods before walking behind her and following back to the kitchen.

“Do you want a beer?” Abby asks opening the fridge and taking two beer bottles while leaving Lexa stunned. She had never seen the doctor taking more alcohol than a glass of wine every once in a while when they had dinner. But even more, it’s awestruck that she was offering booze to her. She doesn’t know is she must feel happy that Abby is recognizing she’s an adult now or frightened that she thinks the brunette needs alcohol to what she’s about to hear.

Abby takes a seat on the kitchen’s table and Lexa just leans over the sink, she believes she can be seated while this conversation develops.

“I’ll start from the beginning,” Abby says before taking a sip “Kane and I met when we were
children"

Oh, well, that’s new, Lexa thinks and she realizes from this point the little she knows about the woman she adores like a mother.

“We were best friends for so long, and although we never really date there was this… spark between us all the time” Abby smiles at the thought.

“Then at college,” She pauses with a yearning look to the bottle between her hands, “Kane told me about this super smart roommate he had” She chuckles and Lexa’s heart burst in happiness knowing she was talking about Jake.

“Jake was everything Kane wasn’t,” She laughs “He was a jock” Abby states and Lexa’s jaw falls, she would never think that about her coach “Yes, yes, even if you can’t believe it,” Abby continues with a big smile reading Lexa’s face “He was first of his class, he was a soccer player with a full scholarship, he was the great catch with the ladies, he was a free soul and I hated him” She shouts the last part between laughs.

“Really?” Lexa asks beaming.

“Yes,” Abby chuckles “He walked on the campus like he owned it and like if every single person around him doesn’t deserve him” The doctor shakes her head in disbelief.

“What happened?” Lexa asks again taking the chair in front of her turning it around to seat backwards.

“This woman happened,” Abby jokes waving around her and Lexa laughs “He believed there wasn’t a girl who couldn’t resist him,” She sips her beer “I taught him there was one, me” She gives one nod proudly.

“He tried to enrapture me with his charm,” She snickers “You know he was so handsome, yes, with those blue eyes, long blonde hair and that charismatic smile;” Abby states with a longing smile “but then he realized that wasn’t enough to make me fall for him”

“How did he win you over?” Lexa asks like a kid hearing an old tale.
“He changed,” Abby says with a sigh “Or maybe not,”

“We bumped a lot with Kane being his roommate and I hanging around with them,” Abby continues when Lexa looks lost “I began to met his true himself,” She smiles exhaling “I started to noticed the little things that made him, Jake Griffin. Like how loyal he was to his teammates in and out the field, or how hard he passed his weekends studying, he was a nerd” She laughs freely at her own stunt “I learned he earned that scholarship on his own, his parents didn’t have any money to send him to college and he was an only child to support the big expectations on his shoulders”

Lexa smiles at Abby’s passion when she speaks about his late husband. Even if he’s not around anymore, she can’t sense the unconditional love for him.

“He was caring and loving,” Abby tilts her head “He wanted to be successful not only for himself but for his parents to be proud of him and to be able to help them. He did.” Abby smiles with tears in her eyes.

“I started to fall for him,” She cleans her watering eyes, “He asked me to be his girlfriend on the second year championship game" The smile is back on her face.

“Did he even were a professional player?” Lexa asks carefully.

Abby shakes her head.

“Why? What happened?” Lexa can’t help the question.

“Well, Clarke did” She chuckles and Lexa nods with her mouth making a big ‘O’ “I was at the last year of my residency and he didn’t want me to quit on my dream to become a doctor. He had a few offers but he was always sure his place was next to us” She states.

“He found a work as an engineer back here at Arkadia and I found mine at the clinic, everything worked out at the end”

Lexa nods remembering how loved Jake was for everyone in this town. He still is.
“So, after his… departure” Abby gulps and Lexa drinks from her beer to ease the lump in her throat “Kane came back to the town to have an eye on us” She smiles and although is a warm grin is not as bright as when she was talking about Jake.

“He’s a decent man, Lexa” She sighs “And I have feelings for him” She admits “He knows that Jake is my big love tho,” The doctor affirms “but he’s been around and I..”

Lexa reaches for Abby’s hand to give her a small squeeze in reassurance. There’s nothing more to say, she doesn’t want for Abby to feel like she needs to explain more.

“You need to tell Clarke,” She says instead.

“I know,” Abby takes a big breath “It’s just, she still misses Jake and I don’t want to make her feel like I’m forgetting him or replacing him”

Lexa nods understanding. She did kinda the same. It’s hard to believe Clarke wouldn’t.

“She’s more resilient than you think” Lexa states sympathetically.

“You know,” Abby begins resting her hand over Lexa’s “I see so much of Jake on both of you”

Lexa smiles proudly at that but she shakes her head too. She has nothing of Jake in her, he was a true angel, he was the most caring person she met, he was warm and really everything good in this world existed. And yes, she sees that on Clarke, but not, there’s no way she has that.

“See,” Abby chuckles “you and Clarke are as stubborn as him” She laughs when Lexa huffs.

“Every time I see you fighting for what you love I see him” She gives her a warm smile.

“I’m nothing like him” Lexa mumbles rising her head to avoid the tears in her eyes to fall.
“And every time I see Clarke giving herself to the ones she loves I see him too” The doctor express.

Lexa doesn’t find words to say that she has witnessed that. She does when she notices how Clarke helps with chores in the house so her mother doesn’t have to worry about that when she comes after a tiring shift at the clinic. She does when she perceives the frown on her face when Raven tries to hide how much pain she’s feeling on her leg. She does when she catches her always asking Anya how’s she doing and not just concerning to her daily routine. She does when she detects all the little thing she does for Aden to be a happy boy.

She does when she looks at her with that kindly gentle stare, when she talks to her with that big smile, when she touches her fondly and when she makes those small actions to make her feel at home. She’s sure whenever Clarke is, that place must feel like home.

Not that Lexa should count herself between those ‘love ones’ Abby was talking about. No. It’s just Clarke’s nature to make everyone feel like that. like Jake did.

“That’s why you should take care of her,” Abby says taking her back from her thoughts

“What?” Lexa whispers.

“Clarke makes her decisions always thinking on the other's behalf, but she habitually forgets about her own happiness” Abby declares patting Lexa’s hand still between hers.

“Abby,” Lexa sighs “I’ll be gone soon,” She says probably more confident than she feels.

“That’s not what I’m talking about” The doctor waves her statement of “I have Kane, and I know Clarke holds onto Aden and that’s great, but she needs someone to really love her by her side” She squints her eyes to look carefully to the soccer player’s reaction.

“I, I don’t,”

“Well, you care for her” Abby states more than questions.
“I do,” Lexa replies faster than she plans to do “I do” She repeats.

“Then show her how much” The older woman smiles at her.

“I tried,” The brunette says with a sad tone.

“Oh, Lexa! Haven’t you heard anything I said before?” She asks with a playful annoyed voice “Clarke is stubborn as hell,” She chuckles “And I thought you were the Commander that doesn’t take a no for an answer,” She smirks.

Lexa rolls her eyes shaking her head “Is not that,” She says shyly. She never thought she would have romantic tips from Abby Griffin, a lot less about her own daughter. “I don’t want to make her feel like I’m being pushy about it. She made her mind”

“Did you?” Abby asks.

“Did I what?” It’s Abby turn to roll her eyes.

“Did you made your mind already?” She asks and Lexa is uncertain if the doctor is talking about Clarke, or she leaving or not Arkadia, or even what she’s going to do with her life from now on.

“I don’t know what to do,” The soccer player says honestly.

“Oh, then you have a lot to think about, little one” Abby affirms with an encouraging smile and Lexa smiles back at the old pet name. Abby didn’t use it often, but when she did, Lexa felt that motherly tone that always makes her feel full. This time is not different.

“It will work?” She asks then like any kid would ask their parent.

“It did with me,” Abby smiles playing with the band on her ring finger. Lexa grins when she notices for the first time that the older woman has not got rid of Jake's wedding ring.

“I’m heading to bed,” The doctor says patting her forearm and standing up. “Are you ok?”
Lexa nods “I’m just taking the bottles to the dumpster before going to bed too” she offers.

Abby responds with the same action before walking around the table next to her.

“You took big decisions when you were nothing but a teenager, Lexa,” She says “And even if I was not thrilled about some of them,” She chuckles “You did very well, don’t start to doubt yourself now” She gives her a kiss on the head before saying goodnight and turning off the lights to walk out of the kitchen.

Lexa throws the bottles in the dumpster and returns to the kitchen, she just sits there in the dark room letting all the information sink. Maybe Abby is right, maybe she can’t let the chance of being with Clarke just slip away from her hands, even if that chance is a small as it looks like now.

Clarke is worth of every endeavour she has to deal with for the little hope to be with her.

“For fuck sake!” Clarke screams when she enters the room and turns the lights on noticing Lexa is sitting on the kitchen’s table.

“Uhm, sorry,” Lexa says giggling for the scared look on the blonde’s face.

“I thought you were a thief!” Clarke glares at her “What are even you doing here at this time?”

“I was… thinking” Lexa shrugs.

“In the dark, very smart” The blonde spats and Lexa rolls her eyes. This is going to be harder than she thought.

“I can’t think when you’re glaring at me at every second we’re together,” Lexa fights back with a smirk.

Clarke’s shoulders fall and she looks really sorry.
“Lexa, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean,” Clarke says pursing her lips on the side.

“No,” Lexa sighs, “I’m the one who’s sorry, I understand,” She shakes her head.

“No, you don’t” Clarke gives her a small smile. One step at a time. “I don’t want to be mean to you, it’s just, this is hard” The blonde pouts still smiling.

Ugh! How does she do that! Lexa nods really getting the meaning of Clarke’s words.

“Just,” Clarke begins carefully rubbing her hands up and down on her arms “do you think we could maybe be friends again?” She asks not looking very convinced of her statement.

Lexa rises one of her eyebrows. Friends? She asks herself. Can she do that? Well, she has to, is another step on the stairway to win Clarke. A stairway to heaven, indeed.

“We could do that” She nods.

“Great,” Clarke says even if she still doesn’t sound to be satisfied with that. Just like Lexa. “I’m taking a glass of water and heading back to my room” She affirms walking towards the fridge.

The brunette waits for her and the two of them walks together to their respective bedrooms.

“Goodnight, friend” Lexa teases when they reach Clarke’s door.

The blonde rolls her eyes although she’s smiling. She smacks Lexa’s upper arm.

“Goodnight, Lex,” She smiles before entering her room.

Lexa gives herself a hive five when she hears Clarke calling her again for the nickname she gave her years ago. It feels right. It feels almost like if they were going to be okay again.
The brunette takes her clothes off and change before laying on her bed. Yes, she still has a lot to think about, a lot to make her mind of, but the only sure thing on her head is that she’s going to show Clarke how much she lo… she cares for her.

Too much has passed this night to add another thing to think about. Just show her how much she means to her. Then she has to find out what does the L word coming every time she’s around Clarke means.

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Chapter End Notes

Yes, she's back on the game. Well, kind of.

Let me know what you think about Abby talk with Lexa.

Do Clarke and Lexa keep her promise to be friends? I don't think so! Do you?!

See you next Saturday! ;)

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Follow your dreams, they know the way.

Chapter Summary

Lexa has an enlightening dream.
Lexa has a surprise for Clarke.
Lexa has a resolution.

Chapter Notes

Once again sorry for the delay. I'm still struggling without my computer 😔 Hoping this week I'm getting a new one. Yay! screams my soul. Buuu! Cries my bank account.

Anyway! Here are 5,000 of feelings but I'm pretty sure you're going to like this one. 😊

It's almost all Clexa!!! Yay! I did plot and Clexa, Yay for me!!!

I sound like a stripped disk but, thank you thank you thank you for the kudos and reviews! I'm sorry I wasn't able to reply every single of them like I used to, adulting is hard you guys! Ugh! Still, keep letting me know what you think of this chapter!

Without more to say! Let the weeping and fluffiness runway begin!

Just a reminder that the italic means a dream and that English is not my first language so there are surely a lot of typos and mistakes. Sorry in advance!

Love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa sees around her beaming although she’s a wreck. She hopes Clarke would like this. Even if
something inside her tells her she can’t be entirely sure and that’s making her go crazy. She fidgets with her fingers and reorders one of the canvases once again like she has been doing it the whole afternoon.

She looks around again to see if there’s something else out of its place and her gaze lingers with one trophy in particular. The one that brought her here for the first time two weeks ago. After she had that awkward but revealing dream.

*Lexa has won her first championship with the Grounders. She was chosen the Most Valuable Player in the league and she got a medal for fair play. That should be the happiest day in her short life, it would if only her parents would make an appearance on the park that noon. They didn’t.*

Now she’s sitting on the curb of the parking lot waiting for them. She hopes they’re just late for her. She prays they only forgot about the match’s time but remember they have a daughter waiting for them at the park. She looks around trying to see if there’s a sign of the black fancy car of her father arriving to give her a hug for her winning. It has been almost half an hour and she’s still waiting. They must be here any minute now. They have to.

“Hey, kiddo” Jake Griffin voice startles her “Everything’s ok?” He asks sitting next to her.

“Yeah,” Lexa lies. She knows that her coach knows her parents aren’t the bests but she doesn’t want to upset him again with her pity life “I’m just waiting for my parents” she says like if she needs to reassure him that they haven’t forgotten her.

Jake nods with a frown “I was hoping they would be here for the match” the blonde coach whispers more than himself than for Lexa to hears. “But hey! Maybe they just got caught up with something at work” He changes his mood when he notices Lexa’s shoulders fall.

The girl grip around her two trophies tightens and that worries the coach. She’s an amazing girl, how can be a parent be so neglectful of this wonderful, talented girl when all she does is playing the sport she loves and waiting for them to be there with her. For her.

“Listen, Abby, Little Clarke and I are going to eat some burgers at The Dropship, why don’t you come with us, uh?” He asks kindly.

Lexa’s tears are threatening and the girl just shakes her head not being able to talk without her voice going to break. She’s stronger than this. It’s not like if this was the first time her parents
forgot about she even existed in their life. She’s sure by now it wouldn’t be the last either.

“No,” Lexa says with a little voice “I’m fine, coach, they’re going to come for me soon” She tries to look confident. A tiny hope inside her prays they still love her, they maybe care for her at least.

“Uhm, Well, if you’re sure,” He sighs watching his car where a happy six-year-old Clarke is babbling with her mother and he smiles “We could wait in the car until they’re here” He offers honestly and Lexa bites the inside of her cheek. Why can’t she have a parent like him? Why can’t she have a family like the Griffins? Caring, loving and supporting.

“No, It’s okay, coach,” She swallows the lump in her throat and gives him a little smile.

Jake nods slowly still frowning. He gives her a pat on her shoulder but doesn’t say goodbye.

Lexa thinks the blonde man has had enough of her misery and finally give himself up. That’s what she knows, that’s what she believes her parents did since the day she was born. Just they just gave up on her because she’s not worth it. It’s better this way. There’s no one bothering for her.

She just stays there a bit more watching again the main street to look after that stupid black car that seems to be nowhere around.

“Lex!” Lexa turns around to see Little Clarke running after her tumbling a little with her small legs.

“Hey, Little Clarke,” She says frowning. She really thought they were gone by now.

“My dad is taking us to the Dopsheep!” Clarke smile broadly with two lost teeth and Lexa smiles at her failed pronunciation “We’re having burgers and milshakies” She says earning a laugh from Lexa that makes her giggle.

“Go have fun” Lexa gives an only nod still smiling at her.

“No, silly!” Clarke giggles again “You’re coming with us” She swings in the ball of her feet with her two hands at her back.
“I can’t,” Lexa frowns shaking her head “That’s your family time” She states seriously. She can’t just burst into their lives because she doesn’t have anyone else.

“Well, you are family too,” Little Clarke says seriously “My dad always says that family sticks together so you’re coming with us!” She almost glares at Lexa and the brunette thinks is adorable how Clarke can’t even look mad but tries to.

“My parents are coming for me,” Lexa lies again maybe more to herself than to Clarke.

“He said we could go to your parents’ work to ask them for their permission” She frowns not sure if that is the word she heard “or something” She mumbles shyly.

Lexa laughs deeply and Clarke joins her.

“So, are you coming?” Little Clarke bat her eyelashes and Lexa knows she can’t say no to that puppy face. She can’t say no to the blonde. Period.

She nods and Clarke screams a ‘Yay!’ They are walking towards the car when raindrops start falling. Then the blonde takes Lexa’s hand to run and the brunette swears she feels electricity when she does. Maybe it’s because of the moist weather. She learned at the school there’s electricity in the air when the rain falls on the earth. That has to be.

“Oh, good you decided to come with us,” Abby says with a warm smile from the passenger seat and she smirks to Jake who gives her a grin in return.

“Seatbelts, girls,” The man says before starting the car.

A few minutes after they’re outside Lexa’s parents work. She doesn’t know what they really do, all she knows is that it’s important and they almost live in that office’s building when they’re not travelling around the world.

“Wait here,” Jake says and Lexa wants to go with him, but she obeys when Abby shakes her head “I’ll be back in a minute,” He says giving her wife a stern look. Lexa notices the doctor woman sigh and takes his forearm to pull him to her. She kisses him on his cheek whispering a ‘Please
don’t be too harsh’ that doesn’t go unheard for Lexa.

Minutes seem like hours to the brunette. Abby turns on the music and she starts to sing calming her nerves but still she doesn’t feel like this is going to be good for her when she gets home.

“Wow! This is awesam” Little Clarke shouts taking Lexa’s MVP’s trophy in her tiny hands.

“Yeah,” Lexa says shyly seeing Abby watching the interaction between them on the rearview.

“M-o-t-s- V-a-b-l-e P-l-a-y-a-r” Clarke tries to read and Lexa and Abby chuckle.

“Most Valuable Player, Honey” Abby intervenes with a soft voice “It means that Lexa is the best player in the league and all around Arkadia” She winks back at the brunette who ducks her head. No one has ever praised her skills, at least anyone besides Jake. It feels really good to hear this from the woman. Maybe it has to be that she’s a mother and she wishes so hard to hear it from her own mom even if it’s just for one time.

“You’re the best, Lex!” Clarke swings her legs on her seat happily. “I bet your parents are going to put it on their fridge like my dad does with my draws” The smile on her face gets bigger.

But Lexa can only frown. No, she doesn’t think they would. They probably are going to throwing to the trash can or merely look at it with a nonchalant look.

Abby notices the worry on her face.

“Maybe we could put it in our living room if that’s okay with Lexa,” She asks kindly.

“Really?” She asks eagerly with tears in her eyes.

“Yeah!” Clarke shouts “Next to my dad’s” She nods earnestly.

When Jake comes back they tell him their plans and he gladly agrees to that. Since that day every single of her trophies were on display on a shelf, that Jake himself put, on their living room. So
every time she came to their house she could see her achievements. She had never felt happier, finally, she had a family that was proud of her.

Lexa is sitting on the Griffin’s couch, there’s a soccer match on the tv screen, she can hear the cheers and the sportscasters talking but there’s no one else there with her. She sees the trophies’ shelf full of prizes. But there is one that brights more than the others. It’s almost like is it were on fire and the shine is near to get her blind.

“Come on Lexa, you can do it!” She hears Jake’s shouting.

Lexa turns her head and there he is. Jake Griffin sitting in his favourite armchair, old Grounder’s jersey and a Walkers’ scarf around his neck. That’s one of the few things she gifted him after she signed with the TonDC team.

Jake throws his arms in front glaring at the tv screen. She recognizes the match, it’s her first World Cup final. She was so frustrated because the team were losing for one goal at the end of the first half and then she couldn’t score for the most of the second half.

Lexa recognizes herself taking the ball to charge a free kick. A teammate pats her back and she nods. She sees her watching the sky and smiling on the screen. She remembers thinking in them. It feels like centuries ago when she still felt like if they were there on the bleachers cheering for her. She runs and hits the ball with all her strength and goes directly over the barrier to the corner scoring to win.

“Yes!” Jake beams “I knew you'd do it, Commander!” He screams like a madman. He’s smiling and raising his fist on the air.

“I taught her that!” He shouts over his shoulder and Lexa can hear Abby’s voice coming from another room, maybe the kitchen, screaming back ‘I know you did, honey’ She smiles at that.

She’s sure she’s dreaming now because she never got the chance to see how happy Jake was for her. She did only when Clarke told her this was how he spent his Sundays and she feels full to be witnessing this even if it’s just from a dream.

“You did it” Jake whispers with tears in his eyes. “I told you, you were exceptional” He turns his face to see her directly to her watering eyes. “Hi, Lexa,” He says warmly and Lexa's eyes widen.
“Coach?” She asks. Her voice cracking at the end.

“It’s been years. Uh?” He asks again with a big smile. Lexa can only nod ashamed.

“Oh, don’t give me that look, I knew you were busy” He nods to the tv that displays Lexa taking the World Cup in her hands.

“I should have come back sooner,” She sobs.

“Well, you didn’t know I was going to die,” He teases but Lexa only chokes at that. “Hey, hey, it’s okay” He reaches for her hand but doesn’t touch it.

“It’s not,” She weeps again “I knew you were sick, I knew I should have been here but I was a coward” The tears now runs over her cheeks like wild rivers.

“It doesn’t matter anymore,” He says kindly “The past is in the past and the only thing that matters is that you’re here now” He smiles at her.

“But I fail on you,” She spats to herself “You give me everything and I just turned my back on you” She sobs.

“And you give me a lot of happiness, Kiddo,” He says brightly “You made me proud and you still do” He states.

“How can you be proud of what I become?” She shakes her head in defeat.

“Just because you lost your path a few years doesn’t mean you aren’t my Lexa” He smiles again. “You’ll always be that gentle, sweet, caring girl, stubborn like me,” He shakes his head laughing and Lexa sobs a laugh too “but loving and protecting their loved ones”

Lexa smiles abroad, she remembers the talk with Abby. Maybe that’s just her head messing with her memories and her wishes to hear him say that.
“You are now the woman that I always wanted for you to be” He continues “Now is the time for you to be truly happy”

“I don’t know how anymore” She whispers.

“Tell me something,” He waits until Lexa is glancing at him “Were you happy when you were playing?” He asks and she nods. “Were you happy at TonDC?” He asks again and she shakes her head surprising her. She hadn’t questioned that. Yes, she was happy playing soccer but TonDC was never home, she felt empty in that place and that emptiness was only merely satisfied, or she thought so when she was with Costia. She never felt complete but the woman was a distraction to not feel alone anymore.

“Are you ready to know what real happiness is?”

Lexa shrugs. She doesn’t know if she is. But mostly, she is not sure if she deserves it. Not after what she did to her family.

“Well, you do deserve it,” Jake says and Lexa curses her mind because the dream-item can read her thoughts too.

“What should I do?” She asks him like she did nights ago after her date with Clarke.

“I only can tell you to look around and see” Jake smiles.

“You’re not helping” She mumbles and Jakes throws his head back laughing really hard.

“I know, I know,” He offers “But that’s what I’m able to tell you,” He lifts his index finger to the trophies self “Look around and see” He repeats.

Lexa turns her face to the prizes and there’s her first MVP trophy shining again she squints her eyes to avoid the brightness and the last thing she sees is Jake’s warm smile.

Lexa had opened her eyes to met a smiling Aden waking her up for the day. The same day she asked timidly to Abby where the trophies were and a stunned doctor said they were on this stage of
That same day Lexa discovered that there were a lot of Jake’s things there next to art supplies and canvases, some of them already painted, some other still blank. She spent the following two weeks getting everything clean and settle for this night.

She still isn’t confident enough that Clarke would love to see Jake’s things again without crying her departure or feeling sad. But she is only hoping the blonde like at least having this place neat for her art.

Lexa blows some air before heading to the kitchen where Clarke, Aden and Abby are waiting for her to have dinner.

“Hey, I was just about to go looking for you?” Clarke smiles when she enters the room.

This is something that has been filling her heart since the day they talked and agree to be friends again. Clarke is back to be nice to her, not glaring at all, and she even doesn’t cringe when she’s near to her or when they’re alone together. They had talked a few nights after dinner with a beer in hand and they said goodnights in front of their bedrooms.

“I was just,” Lexa points back with her thumb out of the fields “doing a few things out there” She bites back her smile.

“Oh, well, nice from you to honour us with your presence” Abby teases her walking with a pot of chicken casserole and Lexa rolls her eyes but she grins.

Clarke smiles at the interaction and even Aden snorts a bit.

“Would you,” Lexa nervousness comes back when she leans on Clarke to whisper in her ear “Would you come out with me after dinner?” She asks clearing her dry throat.

“Oh, okay, yeah,” Clarke nods with a confused grin on her face.

They have dinner together and Lexa is getting more and more used to the conversation on the table.
Clarke talks about her students, Aden about his friends, she even knows their names by now; and Abby growls about the incompetence of her residents but gloats when she speaks about to be able to help Mrs Martin, an old woman who sometimes took care of Clarke when she was a kid, with her arthritis pain.

“I’ll just take Aden to bed and I’ll be back” Clarke says when she carries an almost asleep Aden and goes out of the kitchen.

Lexa nods in response and Abby is there with a raised eyebrow.

“So,” Abby drawls getting back to wash the dishes and Lexa rolls her eyes again taking the cloth to dry them.

“So, what?” She asks nonchalantly.

“You are really going to show her how much you… care” Abby says and Lexa catches the way she teases her again at the end of her sentence.

“I’m just going to show her something at the barn”

“Oh, your big project that I was not able to look at” The woman jokes.

A week ago Lexa almost misses dinner and Abby is looking for her at the barn, she hears grunt noises and she gets curious. She walks to the stage and Lexa almost makes her jump from there to avoid to look at the place.

“It’s a surprise” Lexa mumbles shyly remembering how crazy she got that night.

“Oh, I see,” Abby nods scrubbing the pot “A surprise only for Clarke’s eyes to see” She teases with a laugh.

Lexa growls playfully glaring at the older woman.
“I’m ready,” Clarke says when she reaches to the kitchen and Lexa glances frowning to the dishes still on the sink.

“I can finish this alone” Abby declares wavering over the mess “Go,” She bumps her hip with Lexa’s and the brunette smiles back.

Lexa leads Clarke to walk out the house “Wait,” She says when they’re almost at the door and she goes back to the kitchen.

Abby is confused when she sees Lexa is back, the soccer player gets near and kisses the side of her head with a ‘thank you’ before leaving a tearing happy Abby cleaning the dishes.

“You drive me crazy when you don’t tell me where are we going,” Clarke huffs amusingly.

“You’re bad with surprises, Clarke” Lexa shakes her head.

“Oh, so you have a surprise for me?” She beams and Lexa snorts.

When they get to the door of the barn Lexa stops her tracks.

“Do you trust me?” She asks again like she does every time she has something for Clarke and the blonde nods again in a blink of an eye biting her bottom lip.

Lexa smiles again. Clarke trusts her even when she has failed to her. Perfection is not even a near concept of what Clarke is.

“Close your eyes,” Lexa says and Clarke squints her eyes before comply “I’m trusting you back, Clarke” She states jokingly but hoping the blonde is really closing her eyes. She wants to totally surprise her.

“You’re not going to kill me, right?” Clarke taunts and Lexa rolls her eyes again even if the blonde can’t see her.
“So much for you trusting me” She jokes back and the blonde laughs “Are you ready?” She asks and Clarke makes a grin before nodding again.

“Ok, you need to hear my voice and don’t make questions,” She opens the barn door “Just follow my orders ok?” She takes Clarke hands in hers and pulls her a bit to make her walk towards her.

Clarke starts with small steps but Lexa’s voice is always letting her know that she’s not going to let her fall or even release her at all. That smooth voice in command makes her shiver. What if that’s how she sounds when she’s...

“Here we are,” Lexa says taking her not so innocent thoughts and Clarke doesn’t know if she’s grateful or disappointed.

“You can open your eyes,” Lexa says softly and Clarke can notice she’s nervous from her tone. She thinks the soccer player is cute when she sounds fragile and lets her crack that solid wall she builded around herself for protection.

Clarke opens her eyes and she takes a step back, she almost falls but Lexa is there to hold her.

“Lex,” She whispers looking around. The stage of the barn that has been a storage since her father’s death looks now like a sanctuary to Jake’s memory.

There is a corner where are his pictures, his jerseys hanging on the wall, a few trophies and next to them Lexa’s displaying shining like the first time she got them.

On the other side of the place there’s a table with drawing supplies, her old drawing supplies, settle up like if they were new from the shop. There are a few more of her works on the walls and a small lamp on the desk.

Some of the canvases she knows are done have sheets covering them and in the middle of the room, there is a blank canvas on an easel and all her paints next to it. Ready to be taken for her to do her art again.

Clarke doesn’t know when she started to cry but she feels now her cheeks wet.

“I,” Lexa's voice drags her out of her thoughts “I’m sorry, Clarke, I didn’t mean,” Lexa can’t finish
her sentence because Clarke jumps into her arms making her stumble a little but she catches her from her hips avoiding for them to fall.

“You did this for me?” She asks on Lexa’s neck and the brunette trembles for the feeling of her lips over her skin.

“I thought you deserve a place only for you and your art” She whispers shyly.

And Clarke laughs still crying, but now Lexa knows those are happy tears, she prays they are.

“Lex, you’re amazing” Clarke mumbles and Lexa breaths again until she feels the blonde snuggling and kissing lightly her pulse.

“I hope it was okay to,” Lexa clears her throat trying to sound not as the wreck she is now “put Jake’s thing out there”

“It is,” Clarke chuckles and nodding again still not losing her grip on Lexa’s neck. Not that Lexa is complaining about it.

“And I put mines there,” She says not noticing she’s rubbing her thumbs on Clarke’s skin absently “But, just because, those are his too” She finishes apprehensively.

Clarke finally lift off her head to see directly to Lexa’s green shining eyes. They’re like a calm forest and deep like the mountains calling for her to get lost in them. She can’t help glancing a second her pouty lips and wets her own in response.

“This is the best surprise someone has given to me” Clarke states honestly and Lexa gifts her with that smile she wonders is only for her.

“I didn’t know if you wanted your old works to be on display so I covered them but you can show them to me,” Lexa frowns “If you want to” She rushes to finish. She doesn’t want to step over Clarke’s wishes.

“Of course,” She takes Lexa’s hand and walks around the place. She takes off a sheet from one
canvas “I made this one for Harper when I knew she was expecting Aden”

There is a young lioness with a lion cub resting his forehead on her neck. The lioness has her eyes closed and she almost looks like she’s smiling. She looks so calm and in peace, Lexa smiles sadly thinking that should have been Harper’s reality and not how she ended. But she believes life takes its course, as ironic as it sounds, and Clarke’s been Aden’s mother was her destiny from the beginning. Maybe there are hints of the both of them in that painting and Lexa heart aches for the blonde love.

“It’s beautiful Clarke,” She can’t take her eyes from it. She doesn’t notice Clarke looking at her with adoration in her gaze. “Like you”, She whispers and Clarke ducks her head biting her lip.

“Smooth, Commander,” She teases and Lexa laughs.

“I’m being honest, Clarke,” She stares at the blonde. She can see those big bright eyes like blue diamonds that no money on earth could ever be possible to pay their value.

“Have I ever told you that I love how you say my name?” Clarke whispers smiling.

“How do I say your name, Clarke?” Lexa teases with a smooth voice and Clarke has to close her eyes to enjoy the sound.

“You click the ‘K’ in a way that no one does” She murmurs like if they were two teenagers to be about get caught for her mother if they make a noise. “And I love it”

Lexa’s heart is about to explode with joy.

“You want to see another one?” Clarke asks fidgeting with the hem of her shirt and Lexa nods.

She shows Lexa a few more paintings before they reach to a big canvas and Clarke stops in front of it.

“We can stop if you wish” Lexa offers when she notices Clarke hesitation.
“No it’s okay, I just haven't look at this for so long,” She smiles but she doesn’t fully. She takes the sheet off.

There's Jake Griffin, wearing his old Grounders’ Jersey and the walkers’ scarf looking at them with that warm honest smile on his face.

“This one was a few weeks before he was sick,” Clarke sighs but she’s not taking her gaze away from her father. “He said he wanted me to make a paint of him to everyone remember him like this. Sometimes I think he already knew.”

“He was always ahead of us,” Lexa says with a small smile.

“He was,” Clarke smiles back “You know what he said to me when he was at the hospital?” She asks and Lexa shakes her head.

“He said, ‘Tell Lexa she deserves to be happy’,” Clarke yearns “I told him I didn’t have contact with you, but he shaked his head and said ‘You’ll show her the goal, you’ve always done it’,” The blonde chuckles “My mom told me that maybe it was the pain drugs and he was messing some old memories,” She takes Lexa’s hand “But now I think he always knew you were going to be back to us” Clarke smiles sincerely.

Lexa doesn’t know what to say. She did ask for Jake’s advice, is this his response to her prayers?

“I think you had enough art for today” Clarke says and Lexa is grateful she drops the topic.

“There’s still one canvas covered,” Lexa points with her head to the back of the room.

“Oh, that one,” Clarke blushes.

“Is still okay if you don’t want to,”

“No, no, just,” Clarke walks to the covered painting “just don’t be a jerk,” Clarke taunts chuckling.
Lexa snorts “Why would I be…” The words stay on her throat when Clarkes uncovers the canvas.

Two green eyes in the middle of a forest, the dark trunks of the trees seems are around them like if they were leaking from them making a mask around the vivid verdant stoic eyes. The foliage has almost every tone of green but it makes it look like a pattern of classic soccer balls. The look is so intense but at the same time compassionate and Lexa can’t take her gaze from it.

“I did it after you left,” Clarke whispers “I wanted to be able to remember your eyes even when you weren’t here”

“Clarke,” Lexa mix emotions can be savoured from the tone of her voice. “You are very talented,” She says looking back to the blonde who’s bright red.

“Why? Because I was able to capture the real beauty that your eyes are?” She teases Lexa.

“No,” Lexa shakes her head, “Because you made me think I was her” She nods to the painting.

“That’s you, Lex,” Clarke grins “When you’re not being a jerk” She giggles.

Lexa scoffs playfully “I’m sorry for those weeks when I recently arrived here,” She says genuinely.

“Well, you’re learning how to be your true self,” Clarke bumps her shoulders “And I’m glad you’re back,”

Lexa doesn’t pry more. She’s not sure if the blonde means she coming back to Arkadia or she being who once she was and lost her direction.

They turn off the lights before getting back to the house, on the way Clarke hooks her arms and Lexa can’t erase the smile on her face. For once she did it right. And the most amazing of this is that even if Clarke would never give her a chance to be more than friends, she will comply every one of her wishes to make her this happy again. Not just for her winning her over, but just for the little joys, she can give to the blonde. If Clarke is happy, damn would be her feelings for her. She’d do it over and over again.
“He was right, you know?” Clarke says when they reach to their bedrooms and Lexa frowns confusedly “You deserve to be happy, Lex” She finishes with a broad smile and a kiss on her cheek.

Lexa just nods but smiles back at her, she wishes goodnight at Clarke waiting until the blonde gets into her room before she does the same.

Leaning over the inside side of her door she sighs before thinking in Clarke’s last sentence. Maybe Jake was right. Maybe, she does deserve to be happy. And maybe, like he said too, Clarke was the only one that could show her the goal.

Chapter End Notes

Aren’t they beautiful together?
You guys can rest, there will be more Clexa every single following chapter!!!!
Again I want to know what you think!
See you on Wednesday! ;)
You change your life by changing your heart.

Chapter Summary

Lexa is happy with Clarke and Aden. 
Clarke finds some news. 
Lexa is adulting hard.

Chapter Notes

Again sorry this was up on Thursday and not Wednesday. Anyway, enjoy it :) 
Give me a few thoughts!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A few days have passed since Lexa’s surprise for Clarke. Since that day, the blonde has returned early with Aden to paint and work on her art. She sits next to the window where she can see the soccer player teach the boy some facts around the farm. The fields are growing and even if Lexa’s not a huge fan of farming she learned some things from Jake. They maybe have one and a half month more before the winter hit Arkadia and they have to harvest all.

Lexa is more patient with Aden, she is getting used to hearing all his rambling about schoolmates and homework. After they finish there, Lexa and he train a little more. She’s sure Aden could turn out a good player if he keeps working as hard as he does now.

On Saturday after breakfast, the boy and Lexa are playing when Aden shouts for her mother to join them.

“So, he inherited it from you,” Lexa smirks when Clarke shoots the ball completely far from when she should.
“Shut up, you jerk!” Clarke chuckles at the brunette’s taunt “Not everyone has to be talented in sports” She sticks her tongue out.

“Maybe,” Lexa smiles “but not everyone is the daughter and the friend of such soccer stars” She teases her again.

Clarke laughing bumps her shoulder against Lexa’s.

“Mom really stinks at soccer!” Aden shouts running with the ball on his hands and Clarke pouts.

“Okay, okay,” Lexa claps her hands “Why don’t you choose another game we could play without kicking your mother’s bum” She tickles Aden and Clarke’s heart melts.

“How ‘bout the princess and the commander,” Aden says between laughs.

“What kind of game is that?” Clarke asks.

“You’re the princess and Lexi is the commander who fights with me for your freedom,” Aden states getting serious.

“Oh, no, there’s no way I could just stay here while Lexa fights!” Clarke whines “I want to fight too,”

“Fineeee” Aden gives her a smile.

Aden growls as hard as he could and Lexa bites the inside of her cheek to not laugh. Clarke smacks her forearm but she purses her lips to avoid it too.

The tiny blonde runs after them until Clarke can’t run anymore so he hugs her from her legs and she falls. Lexa screams a war shout and lifts Aden over her shoulders to free the art teacher with a roar.

Aden shrieks but accepts his defeat.
“Now you have to kiss!” Aden states recovering his breath.

“What?!” Lexa and Clarke ask in disbelief at the same time.

Aden rolls her eyes, “That’s how the story goes,” he says smiling “the princess kisses the hero because she saved her”

“Oh, well, we don’t have…” Lexa tries to ease the frown between Clarke’s eyebrows. But before she can finish Clarke kisses her on the cheek, very, very close from the corner of her mouth and the soccer player has to close her eyes to enjoy the feeling.

When Lexa opens her eyes Clarke is still very close to her face and she’s biting her lower lip glancing over Lexa’s pouty mouth. The brunette wants to say something but Abby screams for them. It’s meal time.

Aden runs in front of them and Lexa and Clarke walk closer but not really touching each other. Lexa can see a dark blue car parking in their garage and she recognizes it, it’s Marcus Kane vehicle.

“What’s he doing here?” Lexa points with her chin to the car.

“My mom said he wanted to talk with us,” Clarke purses her lips on the side “I don’t know why tho,” She shrugs.

Lexa is not sure if she’s grateful of him taking care of this conversation or annoyed that Abby is not the one talking with Clarke first. The blonde seems really oblivious about the status of the relationship her mother has with this guy and what she does know is that she’s not going to take it too well, even if she eventually is going to support them.

They reach the dinner-room and they sit, although Marcus tries Clarke as a daughter this is not going to be easy for them and Lexa can feel it on the air, actually, everyone can.

“How are Octavia and Bellamy?” Clarke asks breaking the awkwardness.
“Great!” Kane nods taking another bite of his food “They love Polis U”

“I can’t believe they’re already in College,” Abby says softly, “It was just a few years when you showed up here saying you were going to adopt them”

“Yeah,” He chuckles “It’s hard to see them all grown-ups” He cleans his mouth with the napkin.

“I’m happy for them,” Clarke offers “I miss O, tho” She smiles.

“Oh!, and they miss you too,” He smiles back “especially Bell, I must say” He grins with a wink.

Lexa feels out of the conversation but the last sentence calls her attention. She raises one of her eyebrows to look at a blushing Clarke.

“Marcus, you know we’re just friends” She declares and Lexa's jaw clenches and she focuses on the food on her plate, just playing with it because suddenly she lost her appetite.

“Are they going to be back for winter break?” Abby intervenes and Lexa knows that she’s doing it in her favour. G*d bless Abigail Griffin.

“I’m still not sure,” Kane replies “They want me to go there and visit them so they can show me the campus and the city” He smiles adoringly to the doctor.

“It’s a shame,” Clarke says squeezing Lexa’s hand to call for her attention “You’re gonna love O, she is a big fan of you,” She smiles at Lexa and the soccer player pays back with a small grin, despite the fact that she thinks this Bell guy seems to be fan of the blonde and that doesn’t feel good at all.

“Oh! That reminds me,” Kane cleans his hands and runs out of the room leaving everyone dumbfounded.

Abby shrugs when Clarke asks her silently about the abrupt departure.
“She is going to kill me if I don’t take this with me next time I’m seeing her,” He unfolds a National team jersey with the number 13 and Commander wrote on its back “Do you think you can sign it for her?” He asks sheepishly.

Lexa nods slowly “Yeah, I can do that,” She’s looking around to see how she can comply but Kane waves her off.

“Don’t worry we can do it after we finish our meal” He smiles honestly.

When they do, Aden asks to watch some cartoons and Clarke agrees to leave the adults to talk freely.

“So, you wanted to talk with us?” Clarke questions and Lexa looks at Abby who’s sipping her glass avoiding her gaze.

“Yes,” Marcus nods “I have a few things to say,” He clears his throat “First, Lexa, Indra called me”

“Did she?” Lexa says a little annoyed that he prefers to talk about that and not going for the big issue there.

Kane nods again “She was relieved that I wasn’t from the TonDC. It seems Nia Queen is very known there for making hoaxes to get away with her will” Lexa wants to scoff at that. What better example that herself being betrayed by her own girlfriend.

“She sent me all the information about your case,” He continues “And I know this must be uncomfortable for you, but I need to know your version of this” He requests carefully.

“What do you need to know?” She sounds annoyed and Clarke caresses her forearm trying to relax her “I was tricked for the woman I thought loved me while she slept with the one I believed was my best friend, all to steal my money” She spats.

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t trying to…” Marcus really looks ashamed and Lexa sigh shaking her head.
“No,” She sighs "I’m the one who’s sorry, you’re only trying to help even if I don’t have money to pay you for your services now” The features on her face softens.

“Do you remember something about Ontari? Or even Nia, that could help us?” He asks cautiously.

“They had a very close relationship,” She starts thinking on the few occasions they met “although, Ontari was always talking about how she had to prove her how good she was, like if that was her only purpose to play soccer or do anything on her life;”

“Do you think Nia control her?”

“She controlled every aspect of her life,” She nods “I remember one time when Ontari failed one penalty in the first match of the season, she called her only to tell her she was a failure and she would never be enough and that she will follow his steps” She finishes leaning on the table. She hadn’t thought about that in so long. It was a breakpoint toOntari she was sad for the rest of the week and she trained harder those days.

“Who is he?” Marcus asks interestedly.

“I don’t know,” Lexa declares, “Ontari never talked more than necessary about her family,” She frowns in anger. The soccer player comes to realize she didn’t know who she thought it was her friend. She just thought the brunette was not one of those people who shared everything about her past life. Just like she didn’t talk about her neglectful parents or the almost adoptive family she left behind back in Arkadia in order to become a soccer star.

“Hey, don’t push yourself,” Kane gives her a smile “I’m going to tell my guys that they have to look more for Nia’s past and maybe we could find something”

Lexa smiles appreciatively at him. He’s a good guy indeed and even if she’s still uneasy to see Abby with another man, she’s thankful Marcus Kane wants to make her as happy as Jake did when he was alive.

“Thank you, Kane,” Lexa gives him a nod “I really value your help”

Marcus shakes his head “No, Lexa, you don’t have to thank me,” He gives her a trustworthy smile “You are family and family,”
“Sticks together,” She finishes remembering Jake’s mantra. The man nods smiling and she knows wherever Jake is now, he’s taking care of his family even if he’s not there physically.

“I will pay you as soon as I have my money back.” She says and even she is surprised that she doesn’t mention to get her life back or about to leave Arkadia for TonDC. What’s going on with her?

“No, don’t worry.” He states “I know how important you are for them.” He smiles at Clarke and Abby that smiles back at him nodding. Lexa’s heart is full. “So, we are together at this and we’re going to make Nia and everyone else involved to pay for what they did,” He says seriously and Lexa is more than grateful he leaves her ex-girlfriend’s name out but implies she’s not going to escape from her fault.

“So, are you going to sign that?” He asks with a goofy smile and Lexa rolls her eyes playfully.

She does and Clarke and Abby leave the room heading to the living room where they stated they could get more comfortable. And Clarke wants to keep an eye on Aden.

“O is going to love this,” He said softly almost hugging the jersey “I bet she’s not going to wear anything else for like a month” He chuckles.

“Abby said you adopted them?” She asks curiously “I’m sorry if I’m prying” She apologizes when he frowns.

“No, no, it’s okay.” He sighs, “I met them when her mother asked me to help her to divorced her abusive husband,” Kane purses his lips “You see, I work on some cases pro-bono. He beat her almost every week, but she was fine as far as he would leave their kids alone, but like often happens with this cases, he tired of her and then he hit Bellamy, O was lucky, she was his favourite but that wasn’t a good life for any kid”

“What happened with their mother?” Lexa questions again gently.

“She died, a few years after they got rid of that man,” Kane takes a deep breath “She was afraid to leave them alone and I had already grown fond of them by then, it was an easy decision for me” He smiles fondly.
“I believe they should really love you” Lexa states with a warm grin.

“No more than I do,” He shakes his head still smiling “Those two give me a reason to live and now I have another,” He bites his lip and Lexa knows he’s talking about Abby.

Lexa nods and pats his back “Come on, they’re waiting for us,”

“Oh, and we both know our girls hate when we make them wait,” He smirks and chuckles.

“Clarke is not,”

“Not yet,” He rushes to finish leaving an astonished Lexa shaking her head.

What’s with the people saying she and Clarke are going to end together. They are just friends. And yes, she’s not completely satisfied with that but if that is what Clarke has to offer to her, she’s willing to take it.

When Lexa enters the room Aden is playing with some legos on the corner and Clarke and Abby are sitting chatting though they glare at them and Kane gives her a knowing look. Oh, yes the Griffin women don’t like to wait.

“What took you so long?” Abby asks.

“We were bonding,” Marcus shrugs.

“That doesn’t sound like a good idea,” Clarke teases chuckling and Lexa scoffs.

“I’m always a good idea, Clarke” Lexa tries to look offended and the blonde rolls her eyes.

“Oh, it’s that so?” The blonde replies with a challenging look.
“Of course it is,” The soccer player smirks.

“Ok, girls,” Kane shares a look with Abby who grinning “I still need to talk about something else,” He clears his throat walking behind the sofa Abby is sitting and resting his hands over the backrest.

Clarke’s frowns but says nothing and Lexa gets closer to where she is sitting. She knows the blonde is going to need her now like she did in the kitchen.

“Clarke, I need you to know that nor Abby nor me planed this to happen,” He starts with a wavering voice “But knows that my intentions with your mother,”

“What?” Clarke shouts making Abby jump a little before closing her eyes with a big sigh. This is so not going well.

“What I mean is that Abby and I,” Marcus tries again.

“Stop right there,” Clarke says glaring at Kane “Since when?” She demands but not Abby or Marcus do anything to answer “Since when?” She asks again.

“A few months ago,” Abby replies.

“What the…” She stops when Aden is looking at her “How can you do this?” She address to the man again “You were my father best friend! You can’t do this!”

“Clarke, as I said this was something that happened and I,”

“No,” Clarke shakes her head “You know what!? I can’t do this” She walks out the room and Kane rubs Abby’s shoulders when she leans back with her arms crossed and tearing.

She tries to get up but Lexa speaks “Don’t, please let me,” She waves to the door and Abby nods when Aden goes and hugs her. It’s almost like the kid understood what she needed. Lexa smiles
warmly thinking that kindness is something the Griffins have in their blood.

Lexa heads to the fields looking for Clarke, she’s not far from the barn between the fields. She comes near slowly giving the blonde the space she needs to think about what she just found out.

“Hey,” She says after a few minutes.

“You knew, didn’t you?” Is the first thing Clarke says and Lexa gives her an apologetic look “You knew and you didn’t tell me?” She menage Lexa with her index finger.

“Clarke, I,” Lexa sighs, “Abby asked me to not to, she wanted to be the one having this conversation with you, and although I’m not pleased with the way they did it, it was not my place to tell you”

Clarke fakes a laugh “Oh, how noble of you,”

“I know you’re mad, Clarke. And I understand, but,”

“No,” The blonde cut Lexa’s words “You don’t understand, you didn’t watch him sick, you weren’t there when he was at the hospital, you didn’t see him die!” She explodes.

Lexa feels her heart breaking, Clarke is right. She wasn’t there, the blonde was the one who witnessed her father die and she wasn’t there.

“You’re right,”

Clarke breaths deeply “Lex, I’m sorry,” she begins but Lexa stops her with a hand.

“I was a wimp. I didn’t want to see him suffer like that and I put my comfort over his, over yours,” She states seriously “but if like you said a few nights ago, I, with all my failures and mistakes, deserve the chance of being happy,” Lexa gulps to ease the lump in her throat “I think someone like your mother deserves it even more,”
Clarke glares at Lexa but she looks like she’s receiving the information and that makes Lexa continue.

“She loves your father, she’s a great mother and an amazing grandmother; she opened the doors of her house to me, despite the fact I deceived her trust in me” Lexa voice cracks.

“Kane is not here to replace Jake, he could never do that, and I’m sure that’s not what he wants to,” She states firmly “He doesn’t want to be your father Clarke, he just wants to love your mother,”

Clarke closes her eyes and Lexa’s heart breaks a little bit more when she sees tears running on her cheeks. But she has to be strong.

“And Abby deserves to be loved, and I know deep inside you know he’s a good man,” She cleans her own tears that she didn’t know she released “You can be mad at me all that you want,” Lexa’s chest aches at the thought “but you’re a good person too, Clarke, and you love your mother,” She says softly “and because of that you’re going to support her”

Lexa sighs again “This is not easy for her either, but I know the love you two share is endless, so take all the time you want, but don’t be an obstacle for her happiness, because even if she feels something for him, I know she wouldn’t be with him if you’re not next to her”

And Lexa knows what that feels. She agrees now that Clarke was right to not let her be near to her putting Aden’s wellbeing over their potential relationship. After all, she was her mother’s daughter and she’s lucky to have the two of them in her life even if that means just being Clarke’s friend and whatever she needs.

Lexa turns around to walk away but Clarke takes her from the wrist to stop her, she buries herself in Lexa’s chest.

The brunette hugs her back rubbing her back to calm her.

“When did you become this wise?” Clarke mumbles on her chest.

Lexa chuckles “I’m not,” She rocks tenderly with the blonde in her arms “I’m just the same jerk trying to learn how to do the right thing,” She hears Clarke giggling and Lexa smiles “And I know you’re going to do the right thing because you’re not me”
A deep laugh makes Lexa smile wider. That’s her Clarke. Her friend, Clarke. Because of course Clarke’s is not hers. And probably she never will.

“I’m really sorry for what I said, I didn’t mean it” Clarke whispers.

“I deserve it,” She offers.

“No, you don’t” Clarke leans back to see Lexa directly to her green lovely eyes “Maybe the jerk that came here all show-off and airs but not this you, the real one” She smiles at Lexa earnestly and Lexa’s knees feels weak.

“Let’s go back, your mom was really worried about you,” Lexa smiles back.

“Okay,” Clarke whines still not releasing Lexa and burying her head back on her chest “but if they marry I’m so going to drag your ass with me as my date” She says playfully and Lexa can’t help but feel hopeful at the thought of Clarke and she going anywhere as a date again.

Lexa chuckles “My ass would be honoured” and Clarke laughs.

They walk back to the house after a few minutes more.

“Oh, Raven’s coming tonight,” Clarke says in the middle of their path.

“Is that so?”

“Mmm-hmm, she said she has something to tell me,” Clarke says “I swear to G*d if she confesses me her feelings for my mother too I’m going to kill her” She huffs.

Lexa laughs “I don’t think Anya would please by that” She smirks.

“I know!” Clarke stops and Lexa does too “You can join us if you want, we’re having wine and girl
“I’m cool,” She smiles thinking how adorable Clarke looks, as usual, “You two should have your girls night, I think if she wants to tell you something with me there, she could not feel comfortable enough.”

Clarke nods although Lexa can see she’s a little disappointed. Ugh! She can’t let that happening.

“How about I have a few beers with you two and then you can have your talk, uh?” She offers and Clarke’s face lightens. She nods eagerly and Lexa smiles.

Damn, this blonde can make a sucker of her, but for that smile, she would do anything.
Chapter Summary

Ladies, gents and gorgeous non-binaries, Raven Reyes.
Clarke, Raven and Lexa girls night. Kinda.
Lexa is a good (more than good) friend.
Oh, that end.

Chapter Notes

I suck at schedules, I know.

Chapter 19 is here. *Giggles*

*N/A* I have been told that some people have trouble with my way to write the word GOD (Oh, look, I can write it after all) I'm going to address it this time and hopefully you can understand and we could let this thing behind. This is a style thing I'm (certainly) trying on this history, not to annoy you but to be respectful of all the beliefs out there. I personally don't think there's a problem writing the word but I simply try to avoid the topic. It would never be my intention to bother you and I'm well aware that this could be an issue for you. Like I said in those comments that talked about this, I'm not a writer (not near) I just share what my imagination brings for the sake of participating in this amazing fandom and so we could have a good time together. So, if there's a reason you dislike my particular writing style I'm sure there are lots of other stories and writers that could satisfy your likeness. Don't get me wrong, I appreciate every single of your comments about the story, about the plot and even about my lack of skills to write in another language that is not my native one. As I said at the very beginning of this story, I have no beta, so if you're willing to help, let me know. I hope you don't find this rude from me but I thought I had to talk about it in behalf to clear everything out and not letting this get bigger. *N/A*

As usual, thank you for all the kudos and your kind comments to this messy story of mine. You are wonderful Clexakru!

Love and blessings!

Mckie.
After Clarke’s outburst, the blonde gives Marcus and Abby the opportunity to explain themselves. She apologizes with her mother for her bad attitude and although she’s still sceptical of the what the whole relationship between them means, she hugs the doctor and shakes Kane’s hand politely wishing them the best and warning them playfully that she doesn’t want another sibling.

Lexa can’t help feeling sorry for the man in the face that he’s going to need to work his ass off to win Clarke again. Yeah, stubborn as hell, just like her mother said, she chuckles.

Marcus doesn’t want to push the situation more so he says goodbye after the talk. He makes Lexa know that he’s going to call her next week to inform her about the progress of Nia’s investigation.

Lexa excuses herself from the living room to take a shower, mostly because she knows Clarke and her mother need more time alone to come to terms with themselves. Aden frowns when they talk with him about Kane, making the women laugh when he asks them if he has to address to Marcus like ‘Grandpa Kane’. Clarke and Abby say he didn’t have to.

Later when they finish dinner and Clarke put Aden to bed, Raven comes to the house with booze and they share a few drinks talking about nothing really important but their day by day. The empty bottles make Lexa offer to go for more beers leaving the latina and the blonde alone in the room of the later.

“So?” Asks Raven with a knowing look.

“What?” Clarke doesn’t dare to see her.

“Are you going to pull your head out of your ass?” The latina states with her hands on her hips.

“Raven!” Clarke scowls her. “I don’t know what are you talking about!” Clarke tries to avoid
answer the question and Raven rolls her eyes.

“Well, I’d known you for a few years now and the Commander’s heart eyes she was giving you every time you talk is all I needed to know.” Raven chuckles a little

“She amazing,” Clarke whines hugging the pillow in her hands “She took me to a date and it was wonderful, she was a gentlewoman, there were candles everywhere and then,” she bites her lip, “ A few days ago she cleaned the stage on the barn so I could have my workshop back,” Clarke says dreamingly.

“Oh, boy! She’s more whipped that what I thought!” Raven laughs and Clarke glares at her.

“We kissed,” Clarke mumbles shyly and Raven’s eyes widen.

“Wow, so the Commander has game” Raven giggles and Clarke does too.

“Yeah,” She says closing her eyes to remember the kiss. Over the last weeks, the soft lips of Lexa’s over hers are all she could think when she closes her eyes before fall asleep.

“And?” Raven asks eagerly.

“And,” Clarke drags a little “then I told her it cannot happen”

“What the fuck?!”

“Ugh! Please shut up! I have enough with my inner-self reminding me how could I do that, to have you questioning me about it!” Clarke hides her face on the pillow muffling the sound of her voice.

“Then tell me why in the hell did you do that?”

“I don’t know!”
“Well, I think I know” Raven pauses “You did it because you’re terrified to be hurt again. I know how you felt when Luna and you broke up but I know that what most hurt you was Aden losing a friend.”

“It will be worst than the last time” Clarke states “Aden loved Luna, you have heard him talking about her”

Raven nods.

“But with Lexa is different, he’s getting more and more attached to her,” She pouts “He already knows she’s going but it wouldn’t be the same if we are together,”

Raven makes a grimace pursing her lips. She can’t say Lexa leaving wouldn’t hurt like a bitch to the kid and all those who have been close to her. Especially, Clarke.

“I can’t risk him getting hurt again when Lexa leaves” Clarke shakes her head and it seems that she’s trying to convince herself more than Raven.

“I don’t believe she’s thinking in leave again,” Raven says seriously “Haven’t you see how she’s more and deep into you, I mean, her life new life, like she looks happy here”

“Yes, because now she is here,” Clarke breaths deeply “but everything she wants is to have her life back, and that is not in Arkadia”

“Well, maybe that was after you two kissed” Raven says batting her eyelashes exaggeratedly.

Clarke rolls her eyes “Well, it doesn’t matter,” Clarke sighs “I already made my mind”

“You could have fooled me!”

“Raven,” Clarke warns.

“Clarke,” Raven teases her when the same tone “Look, I know is hard but then again you’d been
crazy for that girl since you were, what? six?”

“How would you know? We met when we were in college!”

Raven snorts “Por favor! Sometimes you forget I’m your best friend!”

“Anyway even if that would be true, I can’t do this, Rave”

“Well, suit yourself but I’m still thinking you’re missing a big chance here”

“And don’t you think I know that? I have to tell myself every day that I’m doing the right thing” Clarke pauses “Sometimes I’m a little afraid teenager Clarke with that huge crush on Lexa is going to show up by my door to kick my ass”

Raven barks out in a laugh.

“Well, if she doesn’t I would gladly do it for her,” The latina says playfully.

“Yeah, yeah, you give some nasty pieces of advice about relationships but how about yourself, uh?”

Raven breaths out a huff “Now, I’m the one not knowing what are you talking about?” she waves her off.

“Please, Raven!” Clark smacks her friend arm playfully “If you say I’m very obvious about Lexa, one has to be blind to not see Anya has the hots for you!”

“Has the hots? What are you, ten?” Rave tries to tease but Clarke knows she’s only trying to divert the talking.

“Whatever! Is not like you are very subtle about your feelings for her tho”
“Right?!“ Raven says truthfully “How can that woman be so oblivious!” she huffs in annoyance.

“Too much for not knowing what I was talking about” Clarke smirks.

“Argh! I’m done, Clarke!” There is exasperation in the latina’s voice “I flirt with her at every chance I have and she seems to have no clue, sometimes she flirts back but then nada! She just clears her throat and goes all aloof like if nothing happened”

“Have you told her about how you feel?”

“No! I can’t ruin our friendship! Maybe she just doesn’t feel the same, maybe is just my wishes she would” Raven says sadly.

“Or maybe she’s just as scared as you” Clarke offers not giving too much about what she suspects is exactly what’s happening to the other blonde.

“Anyway,” Raven sighs “It doesn’t matter now, I’m glad you agree to get together tonight because like I said, I have to tell you something.”

Clarke assents to her friend dropping the topic for a few minutes if that’s what Raven needs.

“Do you remember Wick?”

“As your ex-boyfriend Wick?” Clarke asks with a sneer on her face.

Kyle Wick wasn’t a bad guy but it definitely wasn’t Anya, he was kind enough and even Clarke knows Raven could have fallen for him but she couldn’t give him something that already belongs to another blonde. He left Arkadia a few years ago after Raven broke up with him, the same day the latina made amends with the idea that she was utterly in love with Anya.

“Yeah, we bumped a couple of weeks ago when he was visiting his family. We had lunch and talked”
“I don’t know why but I think I’m not going to like this, and?”

“He told me there’s a vacant for a mechanic on the factory he’s working at”

“But he lives in Polaris” Clarke whispers really not like it the fact that’s like six hours far from Arkadia.

“Yup” Raven pops the ‘p’

“Are you going to leave?” Clarke asks carefully.

“I still don’t know!” Raven whines laying on Clarke’s bed “I mean, it is a good job! He told me he talked about me for the position and he texted me a few days ago. I have an interview with them in two days, on Monday, but I’m going crazy here not know what to do!”

Clarke scoots over the bed to hug the latina who rests her head on her chest. That’s the instant an oblivious Lexa enters the room.

“Oh, I, Uhm,” Lexa stutters she doesn’t want to interrupt the moment they seem having “Here are the beers, I’m going to,” She poses the bottles on the dresser pointing back to her room.

“No, It’s okay Lexa,” Raven says sobbing a little and Lexa feels uncomfortable to be there.

Clarke tilts her head to face her friend asking silently if she’s really okay with the brunette been there. She knows Lexa said she would leave is Raven wouldn’t want her in the room when they would be talking but the latina seems honest to her offer. And even if she doesn’t want to Lexa go, she knows this must be hard for her friend. She’s glad Raven feels comfortable enough with Lexa there.

Lexa nods slowly taking two bottles to hand them to the women before taking one for herself.

“I was pinning after your stupidly stubborn blind best friend,” Raven jokes sipping her beer and Lexa smiles because even if she feels sorry to know Raven is not really okay, she’s glad someone else could think Anya and she are becoming friends again.
Raven tells everything to Lexa, from her feelings for the blonde to the job offer and the interview.

“How can you be so sure Anya doesn’t love you back?” The soccer player asks kindly.

The latina snorts “I know she does as a friend, but I want more and if she doesn’t that’s going to hurt like a bitch!” Raven declares with a sad smile.

“Are you going to tell Anya?” The latina asks this time and Lexa can see the worry on her face.

“I think you should be the one telling her”

Raven smiles a little and Lexa's shoulders relax. She wants to scream to Raven that her obtuse headstrong friend loves her with all her heart, but she can’t. She won't breaks Anya’s trust.

“I can’t, Lex”

Lexa feels weird when someone else than Clarke or Anya calls her that, but Raven is vulnerable so she doesn’t think is a good time to mention it. And as weird as it can be, it doesn’t feel unpleasant to hear the latina address her like that.

“Raven, you’re not being fair here” Lexa states and Clarke frowns.

“I’m not what?” Raven scowls.

“You’re making a decision based on your assumptions only,” She leans over Clarke’s dressing table.

“Do you really think Anya would love me?” Raven asks timidly.

Lexa sighs “It’s not my thing to say but what I do know, Anya will be devastated if you go”
“I couldn’t manage it if she rejected me” Raven whispers and Clarke hugs her tightly.

“But will you be okay living with the what ifs?”

Raven shakes her head down like a scolding child and Lexa moves to the bed sitting near to her.

“Listen, if you go away, Anya will lose everything again”

“She has you”

Lexa can’t avoid the pain she feels when she thinks that maybe that won’t be for long and stings her soul. Will she leave her friend again? She has been asking herself that question over the past the last weeks. If she goes, she wouldn’t just leave Clarke but all the people she has known and she will lose what she just got back.

“It’s not the same, and you know it” She doesn’t want to give anything else and she’s granted, nor Raven or Clarke say more.

“I still don’t know how to talk with Anya” The latina states weakly.

“Listen,” Lexa search for Raven’s eyes to look at her “I know you are afraid to lose her as your friend, but she deserves to know the truth and even if she doesn’t feel the same, I’m sure your friendship is stronger than that, you two are going to figure it out”

Raven takes Lexa’s hand with a small smile “Anya is wrong you know?” She smirks “You’re not a bitch” She chuckles.

Lexa rolls her eyes but laughs too, and Clarke does the same.

“Would you,” The latina drawls “Would you two be with me when I tell her?”
“Rave,” Clarke purses her lips.

“I’m going to that interview in two days, Clarke” Raven whines pouting.

“Why wait then?” Lexa asks suddenly dumbfounding the other two.

“What?!” Raven and Clarke shout at the same time.

“You have been waiting for so long, Raven,” The brunette squeezes her hand “Why to wait for another day?”

Raven chuckles even more “You’re not serious, right?” She lifts from Clarke’s arms “She’s been ridiculous right, Clarke?” the latina asks her friend in a rush.

Clarke only shrugs when she sees nothing but determination on Lexa’s face “She has a point”

“I can’t just go home and tell Anya that I love her!” Raven shakes her head.

“Oh, you’re the best!” Throws herself at Lexa arms and the soccer player is amazed but she stills pats her back awkwardly.

Clarke mouths a ‘thank you’ and Lexa smiles back. Just pure adoration is what exists now in the blonde’s blue eyes.

“Just to be sure, she’s not going to kill me if I wake her up, right?” Lexa asks frowning to Raven when she releases her and laughs.
“No,” She shakes her head “Anya is probably still awake, she does that you know?” Lexa tilts her head to the side and Clarke can’t help she looks like the cutest lost puppy she had ever seen.

“When I go out she stays awake until I write her that I’m going to sleep if I don’t get back for the night,” Raven pouts playfully thinking about how kind Anya is. How cannot she fall for that gorgeous thoughtful soul? “She even waits for me when I go out at night and then she pretends she’s asleep on the couch, that asshole” Raven giggles. Lexa and Clarke can feel the love that those two share.

“Okay then, I should go now then,” Lexa says getting up of the bed but Raven pulls her into a hug again.

“You’re the best, Commander!”

“Yeah, yeah, you own me” Lea teases and Raven laughs at the banter.

Lexa walks out the room after Raven gives her directions to the apartment she shares with Anya, Clarke calls for her.

“Hey, Lex,” She says biting her bottom lip “Drive safe please,” she caresses her arm and Lexa nods.

The soccer player prays there’s enough gas on Nightblood to go for Anya and come back. When she reaches the apartment she knocks three times before the blonde opens the door in boxers and an old black tank top.

“Lexa?” She asks sweeping the sleep in her eyes “What are you doing here?”

“Raven,” Lexa breaths and that’s all Anya needs to hear to go wild.

“Is she okay? Is she drunk?” She asks worriedly.
Lexa shakes her head “No, Anya, Raven is okay,” She states frantically.

“So, what’s up?” The blonde frowns again.

“You need to come with me,”

“Why?” Anya questions with an annoyed grin.

“You need to tell her how you feel about her,” Lexa affirms and Anya sighs deeply letting her shoulders fall.

“Lexa, we’ve talked about this, I can’t tell her” She argues.

“No, listen, I know you’re scared but you need to tell her, An” She tries again.

“Lexa,” Anya warns.

“You’re about to lose her,” Lexa blurts out and Anya stares at her attentively.

“What are you talking about?”

“Please, just put some pants and come with me,” The brunette demands and Anya assents slowly before walking into her room for clothes.

Anya can’t stop thinking about why is Lexa there at such hour of the early morning but as soon as she mentioned she could lose Raven she wouldn’t take the risk of that. Raven is all she has and she surely will die if she were gone.

They drive in silence until Anya can’t anymore with not knowing.

“How can I lose Raven?” She asks.
“Maybe it’s not my place to tell you but she got a job offer from some ex-friend,” Lexa glances a bit to Anya who’s frowning now more than ever.

“Wick?”

Lexa shrugs “Yeah, him, I believe. She has an interview on Monday”

“He lives in Polaris now” The blonde mumbles.

“Yeah!” Lexa nods eagerly and sees at Anya with an ‘I told you so’ look.

Raven and Clarke are now in the kitchen, although they haven’t drink that much, the brunette prefers to be sober to face Anya and her destiny. Their destiny.

As soon as they reach to the kitchen Lexa stays on the door while Anya walks directly to the nervous latina.

“Are you going?” She lets out with a hurt tone.

Raven’s eyes widen and she turns to Lexa who gives her an apologetic look while mouths ‘I’m sorry’ and the latina knows that was what that stubborn ass had to listen to come here.

“I don’t know” She shrugs.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Anya asks again searching for her eyes.

Raven sighs “It’s just an interview,” She shrugs again “I wasn’t sure if I should go”

“Why?” Anya asks carefully.
“Because” She takes a deep breath before continuing “It hurts” She whispers.

“What it does?” Anya reaches for her hand but stops.

“Anya,” Raven shakes her head a little “It hurts to have you so close and so far at the same time,” She states sincerely “It hurts that you don’t realize how important you are to me,” Anya frowns at that “It hurts to wake up every single morning and see your stupid attractive smirk that I want so much to erase with kisses and don’t be able to do it,” She spills the beans at last “It hurts to love you and know that you see me only as a friend”

Anya's eyes open like saucers. What does she just heard? She’s dreaming, she has to be dreaming because there’s no way Raven Reyes has just say to her that she loves her.

She shakes her head “You,” her voice cracks “You love me?” She asks softly.

“¡Ves!” Raven raises her hands in frustration “That’s what I’m talking about! ¡Dios mío, pero qué mujer me he conseguido!” She glares at Anya and the blonde closes her eyes.

“Let’s just forget we even had this conversation,” Raven says sadly.

“No,” Anya states firmly “I can’t forget what you just said” She walks towards the latina with firm steps.

“Anya if you don’t,” Raven eyes waters and Anya rushes her walk.

“Shut up,” She cuts the latina words “Raven Reyes I’ve loved you since the first day you burst into my life, literally” She chuckles and Raven chokes a laugh “in that AA meeting” She finishes.

“Are you serious, idiot?” Raven asks making Anya laugh with tears in her eyes nodding earnestly. “Why didn’t you say anything!” She playfully smacks Anya’s chest before throwing herself into her arms.

“You didn’t say anything either, asshole,” Anya says before crashing her lips with hers.
Clarke and Lexa grin to the scene. Lexa sighs content because Anya deserves all the happiness in the world and she’s glad she could do the right thing for her this time. She let her down once, not ever again.

The kiss is getting heated and Clarke makes a funny face to Lexa who laughs dragging the couple’s attention.

“Sorry,” Anya clears her throat though she still beaming and looking at Raven like if she is the only person that exists for her. She is.

“I’m not,” Raven says caressing her cheek not looking away either.

“Listen, I don’t want you to stay here just for me,” Anya takes the latina’s face in her hands to look directly to Raven’s eyes “If that job is what you want, we could figure it out”

Raven shakes her head “All I want is here” she gives her a cheeky smile “All I want is you, us” She states earning a dopey smile from the blonde in front of her.

Clarke rolls her eyes because Raven is nothing but a hopeless romantic even if she wants to present herself as a badass heartless. She’s so thrilled for her. After all that Raven suffered, she’s worth of all the joy Anya can and, Clarke is sure, will give to her.

“Clarke, do you think we could leave our girls night for another day?” Raven asks with a huge smile playing with Anya’s baby hair.

The art teacher smiles back nodding. There’s no way she’s going to intervene between those two. They had waited for so long, they deserve their night together.

“Lex,” Anya turns to face the brunette who raises one eyebrow “Thank you so much for dragging my ass here tonight” She smirks and Lexa chuckles.

“Anytime, An” She offers genuinely.
Anya and Raven leave the house, not without hugging the soccer player and Clarke that find themselves alone now in the kitchen.

“Those two are a pain in the butt” Clarke giggles.

“Yeah, but I believe they are going to be okay,” She smiles and Clarke assents “Let’s go to bed” Lexa says and Clarke goes red making the brunette realising the implication “I mean, to our respective bedrooms” She clarifies flustered and Clarke thinks Lexa is cute even when she’s not trying to.

When they reach to their doors Clarke stops Lexa from her forearm.

“Thank you so much, Lex,” She gives her a warm smile “It is amazing how much you care for Anya”

“I will take care for people from now on, Clarke,” Lexa states in an honest manner “And you’re my people” She assent with a shy smile.

Clarke's heart melts at that. She can’t look away from those misty dark green forest that Lexa’s eyes are.

“Goodnight, Clarke,” Lexa express tenderly.

“Goodnight, Lex,” She shakes her head to get rid of the spell of the penetrating look of the brunette.

Lexa, as usual, waits until the blonde out of her sight to get in in her own room. She changes her clothes and lays on her bed resting her head on her crossed arms.

She smiles at the thought of her best friend being shining of happiness. She hasn’t looked at Anya that bright since they were playing their first final. It feels so good to have a bit of credit for making her that happy.

After she tosses in her bed for a few minutes more, she’s about to close her eyes to at last get the
sleep she deserves, with all the commotion and all the feelings of this night she finally can feel the fatigue filling up her body, when a cracks sound startles her.

Clarke bargains into her room in the dark, she closes the door behind her leaning her back on it and Lexa jumps out of her bed.

“Clarke? Are you okay?” Lexa asks worriedly while she gives a few steps towards her “Aden? Abby? Are they okay?” She questions again when the blonde says nothing.

Before she can say another word, Clarke walks directly to her and crashes her lips over Lexa’s in a heated kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Oh! That end you were talking about uh?! Yes! ;)

Ranya is happy. Clexa is kissing. Everyone is fine.

For those who don't understand Spanish Raven says something like: My G*d but what kind of woman do I have!?

Do not forget to let me know what you think about this chapter and see you on Wednesday! ;) (Most likely Thursday to be honest just bear with my OCD ass, please)

Peace!
Lexa has tasted the most exquisite delicacies. Because she has travelled around the world with the National team to enjoy all the luxuries the money could provide she has eaten in the most exclusive and elegant restaurants. But this, this sweet ambrosia is now her new favourite savour. Clarke’s flavour.

The blonde’s taste invades all her senses. It’s just not the way she moves her tongue inside her mouth against hers like it was a battle between them for the control of the kiss. Is the fresh and pure smell so characteristic of her too; and that way Clarke caresses her nape to pull her closer to her like if it were possible.

Lexa lets out a moan that dies in Clarke’s mouth when the blonde bites her pouty lower lip. She knows she should feel ashamed by how turned on she is with just one single kiss from the blonde,
but she is sure the sound is well received by the art teacher when her knees buckle.

The blonde pushes Lexa and the brunette complies walking wherever Clarke wants. She will go whenever Clarke wants to take her. To the end of the world and back if that’s what she wishes. The back of her own knees hits with the bed and Clarke places her hands over her shoulders to force her to a seat on it. Lexa does and the blonde straddles her taking the care of not breaking the kiss.

Lexa experiences heaven itself when she puts her hands on Clarke’s hips and now is the blonde the one moaning grinding on the brunette’s lap. That small noise brings Lexa out of the fantasy.

“Clarke,” She gasps when Clarke tangles her fingers in her hair “Clarke,” She tries again even if her brain is screaming for her to shut her fucking mouth and just enjoy the pleasure of kiss the blonde.

“Clarke, wait” Lexa whines when Clarke bites her lip with more energy that is needed and she tightens her grip on the blonde’s hips to stop her movements.

Clarke stops immediately abashed “Oh, my G*d, Lex,” her eyes wide open in fear “I’m so sorry, I,”

“It’s okay,” Lexa gives her a shy smile. So fucking cute thinks Clarke.

“No, it’s not,” Clarke shakes her head ferociously “I just burst in your room and attacked you,” she says with a pitched voice and tries to stand up from Lexa’s lap.

Lexa grasps her to keep her in her spot to avoid to do it so. No, she’s not going to let go Clarke. Not now. Not ever.

“Hey, hey,” She carefully caresses the blonde’s back with her fingertips looking for Clarke’s eyes “really, it’s okay” Clarke is pouting and the soccer player wants nothing more to wipe out that with another kiss. But she knows this is not fine, Clarke is not just acting out for no reason. There has to be a motivation behind the blonde’s actions.

She lifts Clarke’s head taking her from her chin “What’s going on?” Kindly asks Lexa and Clarke rests her forehead on her neck embracing her tightly. Lexa is gone. Clarke looks brittle. This amazingly strong woman is in her arms looking for protection and the brunette is not going to
refuse anything she needs from her.

Lexa returns the hug tight “Listen, I’m not complaining or anything,” she jokes to ease the air and she smiles when Clarke’s chuckle rumbles on her chest “Because I will never do it when I’m kissing the most beautiful girl in the world,” she brushes her fingers over Clarke’s sides and the blonde squeals “but you said we should be friends and this is not how friends kiss,” she frowns thoughtfully “Like, I just hope you don’t kiss Raven like this,” She teases again and Clarke laughs.

This should be a serious conversation, she knows that, but the thing is she doesn’t want to embarrass the blonde or make her feel like she did something wrong because of course, she would gladly accept her kisses at any time without an explanation. However, she still feels the urge to know that Clarke is doing this for the right reason, even if she doesn’t know what that reason should be.

“What’s going on?” She asks again.

The blonde snuggles in her arms and Lexa bites her tongue to not literally purr in contentment. What’s happening to her?. Oh, yeah, Clarke, Clarke Griffin on her arms is what’s happening.

“I couldn’t sleep,” Clarke mumbles sniffing her neck and Lexa shiver when her breath strokes her the right spot on it, “I thought a lot about what just happened,” she continues playing absently with her fingers on Lexa’s baby hair “Raven and Anya waited a lot to be together. They tiptoed each other's feelings for years just because they were afraid to get hurt”

Lexa nods sighing. Yeah, those two stupids risked their happiness by waiting so long. The soccer player doesn’t want to think in what would happen to her friend if Raven had left to Polaris without saying anything. Certainly, she would be devastated. Would that be enough to make her go back to the alcohol rampage? Lexa wants to think she wouldn’t. Anya is stronger than that and she hopes she learned her lesson. She’s pleased they don’t need to know what would happen because now she’s happy loving Raven and knowing the latina loves her back.

“That made me think,” Clarke lift her head to see Lexa that hasn’t released her nor for a fraction of a second “They could have missed the opportunity to be together just for their fears” She expresses Lexa’s thoughts.

“I don’t want to do that,” Clarke shakes her head.
Lexa listens attentively. She doesn’t want to miss any piece of information from the blonde. She wants to be sure she’s understanding everything fine.

“I don’t want my fear stopping me from enjoying what we could have,” She frowns “I know this is messy and you’re probably leaving in a few weeks” Clarke purses her lips. She really doesn’t want to think about that, not now “But like you said, it would be worse being left stuck with the maybes and what ifs.”

The brunette bites her lower lip realizing this sound a lot like Clarke giving an opportunity to them.

“I don’t want to wait,” Clarke starts again dragging Lexa’s attention back “ I don’t want to miss the chance to be with the person I love,” Lexa’s heart skips a beat while Clarke’s eyes bulges “And I’m not saying that I love you because it’s way too soon for that,” she panics “it’s just” She bites her lip “I do like you, like really, really like you,” She pulls away from Lexa making the brunette almost whine in disappointment “And I’m not talking about that stupid crush I had on you,” She cups Lexa’s face to see her directly to her eyes “I like you for the person you are now” She finishes pecking Lexa’s lips.

“More than a friend?” Lexa teases smirking.

Clarke rolls her eyes “Yes, jerk, I like you more than a friend” She sticking out her tongue.

“Good, because I really, really like you too, Clarke” Lexa smiles honestly and Clarke swoons on how her name rolls on the brunette’s tongue. Lexa brushes Clarke’s blonde hair behind her ear “And if you don’t mind,” she smirks “We could keep doing what we were when you came in here.”

Clarke laughs deeply shaking her head but obeys happily. She is not going to waste more time when she can kiss the brunette again.

The blonde shrieks when Lexa grabs her from her thighs to flip their position and she finds herself under Lexa’s athletic body making the bed crack.

Lexa looks directly to her eyes and Clarke feels like she can see beyond the blue of them, more like straight away to her heart and soul. She surrenders to the wild vivid green of those priceless emeralds.
Lexa kisses Clarke again, but this time is more tender more refrain; not lacking of passion but with an intense promise that this is more than just the act of colliding their lips in a carnal way. Oh, the feels.

The brunette kisses her jawline, centimetre per centimetre like is she wanted to engrave in her mind her features. She reaches to Clarke’s neck and nips the soft skin making the blonde gasp for air. Clarke arches her back to give her more space and Lexa rests one leg between hers. This is escalating so quickly.

Clarke’s grip on the brunette’s hair tightens pulling her back. Lexa lifts her head and both women are breathing hard.

Lexa caresses the blonde’s cheek and Clarke closes her eyes losing herself in the soft touch.

“Are you okay?” Lexa asks with genuine concern.

“I am,” Clarke sighs “It’s just,” She drawls interlacing her finger with Lexa’s.

“You’re still scared” Lexa finishes her sentence nodding with a small smile and Clarke gives her an apologetic grin.

Lexa takes Clarke’s hand to her lips giving it a sweet kiss “It’s okay, I understand” and Clarke looks troublesome, “I mean it, Clarke,” Lexa rests over her side still caressing Clarke’s face “I’m scared too,”

“You are?” Clarke asks innocently and Lexa chuckles at the childish antics. She reminds her so much to Aden when she told him she was once afraid to suck at soccer too. Why is so hard for people notice she’s as human as they are. Like everyone, Lexa has fears and she did a few mistakes. Is just the way you face all the obstacles in your life what makes you resilient and able to survive them.

“I am scared, Clarke,” She resumes “I have never felt like this,” she offers a smile “and I know all I’d say is that I want to leave again, but the thing is, even is that would happen I don’t want to leave you, all of you,” Lexa goes serious “I don’t know if this makes sense, but I just want to be with you and if something happens, we will figure it out, together” She rest her forehead on the blonde’s.
Clarke smiles again “Together,” she breathes. They could make it work. They have to.

Lexa smiles wider when she hears those reassuring words. Clarke is giving them a chance.

“And if you’re not ready yet,” Lexa looks at Clarke lovingly “I’ll wait” She states sincerely.

The art teacher’s heart burst with joy. Lexa is nothing but a gentlewoman. Inside of her, there was still a voice saying stupid things like Lexa would only sleep with her to then leave her again, that she will stay here in Arkadia with a broken heart and a very sad son. But she’s happy, happy that Lexa is not only thinking in her but in her family, their family and that even if she will have her life back, she’s not planning on just walk away of their lives.

“We can make out and cuddle, tho” Clarke proposes shyly and Lexa laughs deeply.

“That we could do” Lexa kisses her gently and Clarke sighs happily in her mouth.

The last memory she has is she rolling on her side to be the little spoon and Lexa kissing her nape sniffing her hair.

Clarke has been awake for ten minutes now. The sun is barely lighting the room. She knows she has to go, but G*d damn it! It’s so hard when she has her forever crush in her arms resting her head on her chest. She doesn’t know when they flipped positions but she smiles at the rhythmic breaths Lexa lets out on her skin. As difficult as this is, she has to go before Aden decides to burst into Lexa’s bedroom. This is so not how she wants for him to know about them.

“Lex,” She whispers and Lexa doesn’t even move “Lex,” She tries again earning a whine from the brunette that makes her giggle. Fuck, Lexa is not helping there, she’s so adorable when she’s asleep.

“Lex,” She says softly rubbing her fingertips over Lexa’s well-defined bicep. Ugh! Why has she to be that hot!

“No,” Lexa mumbles on her chest and Clarke chuckles again.
“Lex, baby” Clarke wants the pet name back at the second that leaves her mouth. Too soon. Her worries vanish when Lexa smile tingles her skin.

“Shhh, Clarke,” Lexa grumbles burrying her face in her breasts and a shiver runs on her body “The girls and I are sleeping.” Lexa complains.

“The girls?” She asks bewildered.

“Mmm-hmm” Lexa mumbles again not opening her eyes even for a second “We’re bonding” She smiles again before leaving a delicate kiss on her breast.

Clarke snorts “You’re a dork,” she says between laughs.

Lexa opens her eyes lifting her chin with a big pout on her mouth.

The blonde melts. She looks so fragile but she doesn’t lose her sexiness. Clarke breath caught in her lungs. Lexa looks so breathtakingly beautiful with her messy sleep hair and those vibrant green pure eyes. She had never felt this safe before, even if is Lexa the one on her arms, this feels so right. So damn right.

Clarke does what she wants to do since she regained consciousness. She kisses Lexa and the brunette complies.

Lexa lets out a big sigh after they stop.

“Lex, I don’t want to but I have to go,” Clarke touches lovingly her cheek with the back of her fingers.

Lexa frowns and she continues “Aden will be here at any time,” She carries on.

The soccer player nods lazily. She knows Clarke is right. That brat will be in her room at any second now to wake her up. As it’s has been since she arrived at the Griffins farm.
She reluctantly rolls on her back to free the blonde. She struggles when a disappointed sensation invades her. She can’t be mad, she has to be rational, it’s not like Clarke wanted to hide their relationship. Because this is what they have, right? They are in a relationship even if neither of them has said anything about label it.

“You don’t want to tell him?” She asks and smacks herself on her mind because, seriously, Lexa?

“No, it’s not that,” Clarke shakes her head vehemently “but I don’t think this is the proper way for him to know” She waves between their still tangled bodies.

“Oh, of course,” Lexa breaths more relaxed. Okay, yeah, Clarke has a point there.

“We’ll talk with him, eventually, when we figure it out what to do” The blonde smiles warmly and Lexa and she nods. Yeah, eventually, they will.

“And about the others?” She frowns.

“Others?” Clarke tilts her head.

“You know, your mother, Raven, Anya,” Lexa shrugs trying to look aloof.

“I think we should wait until we’re ready,” Clarke offers and Lexa agrees. Although all she wants to do is scream to the world that this gorgeous, loving, fascinating woman is hers. Not like in a possessive way, but who wouldn’t be proud of that?

But she promised Clarke, she’ll wait until she will be ready. And for the first time in her life, she’s going to keep her word.

“Yeah, we should” She whispers.

“It’s that really okay with you?” Clarke asks worriedly “I don’t want you to do something you’re not comfortable to do,” She states.
“No, no, you’re right, Clarke,” She smiles honestly at the blonde.

“Right,” Clarke breaths “Okay, I should go now,” It’s Clarke’s turn to pout and Lexa to chuckle.

“I know,”

Clarke pushes herself to sit on Lexa’s bed and the brunette’s gaze can’t avoid bumping with her voluminous breasts. Those glorious appealing breast.

“Goodbye girls,” She smirks waving at Clarke’s chest.

The blonde smacks her with a pillow rolling her eyes.

“You’ll have more time to bond with them later,” Clarke smugly says pecking her before leaving an astonished flustered Lexa on the bed.

Lexa takes the pillow Clarke threw at her to muffle a ‘Holy shit!’ and when Clarke laughs she knows it didn’t help as much as she wished.

After Aden wakes Lexa up, they go to the kitchen to start the Sunday breakfast. She doesn’t know when, but that has been a domestic chore for them now that the league has ended and the boy doesn’t have to go to the park to play soccer.

Clarke enters the room a few minutes after, she leans over the door frame with her arms crossed. She’s marvelling of how easy is now for Lexa to be around Aden, how those two seems to work together with so much familiarity and she can’t help to dream in a day she could get closer to Lexa, sneaking her arms around those mouthwatering abs before kissing her good morning. To the cook together the three of them while a tiny baby girl with curly brown hair babbles around them. Do not even dare to go there, Clarke.

Abby puts her arm around Clarke’s shoulders and she jumps a little bit. She smiles at her mother resting her head on hers. She sighs happily. This is her family.

“Good morning,” The doctor says walking away from her daughter after kissing her forehead.
“Granny!” Aden yells jumping from the step he’s up to reach the counter. He’s cleaning the strawberries Lexa picked up yesterday afternoon from the fields. They’re still small but they are so sweet Lexa knows Clarke is so going to enjoy the fresh flavour in her mouth.

“What can I help you?” Abby hugs him and he nods eagerly.

Lexa turns around to see the blonde smiling like a dope and she grins. There’s only an accomplice smile between them.

When Abby and Aden finishes, she tells the boy he could go to the living room to watch some cartoons before the breakfast is ready.

Clarke is cutting the strawberries when Lexa stands behind her to slowly reach for a dish from the cupboard leaning more than is needed. She exhales hot air on the blonde’s ear and Clarke yelps a little.

“Ouh!”

“Are you okay?” Asks Lexa worriedly. She smirks again when Clarke nods but glares at her sucking her finger.

“You have to be careful, Clarke” Lexa takes the blonde’s hand in hers “You could have cut yourself,” The husk tone in Lexa’s voice is more than obvious “I don’t want you to be hurt” She puts her pouty lips over Clarke’s finger and she gulps for the way the brunette moves her tongue sinfully.

Clarke is so lost in the sensation of Lexa's lips around her finger that it takes three times for Abby to clear her throat and break the moment.

“Since when?” She mimics Clarke’s question to a dumbfounded couple.

“Since when what?” Asks the blonde woman returning to her duty. Her red cheeks don’t help anything to cove how flustered she is.
“Please,” Abby rolls her eyes “You two don’t fool anyone” She states smugly.

“Mom,” Clarke warns her.

“All I’m saying,” She puts her hands at her front “Is that you two need to be careful if you don’t want to anyone knows about whatever is happening here” She points between them.

“Nothing is happening between us” Clarke shrills in a high pitch.

And oh! How much that stings. Lexa that is pouring juice on the glass she took a few minutes ago tries to keep calm but hearing Clarke denying their thing it doesn’t feel good at all.

“I mean, we are friends,” Clarke attempts to fix her statement but that doesn’t go as well as she hoped “We just care for each other”

Lexa’s disappointment face makes her clear she keeps screwing this up.

“Friends, sure,” Abby snorts “As ‘friends’ as Kane and I are,” She chuckles.

“Mom!” Clarke scowls at her and Lexa huffs with a smile. Though the curve of her lips doesn’t reach her cheeks.

“Just,” Abby sighs “Don’t hurt yourselves or I’m going to kill both of you idiots,” She jokes breaking the tension she can feel around the couple “I’m calling Aden back,” She walks out the room and Clarke knows she does it in order to leave them alone. It’s really don’t necessary to look for Aden.

“Are we okay?” The blonde asks biting her bottom lip.

“We are,” Lexa nods “Like you said, we are friends” Even if she doesn’t want to sound bitter she can’t help it.
“Lex,” Clarke walks next to her taking her hand, “I thought we talked about this,” she looks for Lexa’s eyes.

“I’m fine, Clarke,” She sighs deeply “We agreed to this and I told you,” She looks at Clarke genuine smile “I’ll wait.” She offers.

Lexa deep inside knows this is not going to be easy for either of them but she will wait for Clarke. Even if it would be terrible for her to keep in guard her feelings for the blonde, she's going to give her all the time she needs. She’s going to do it because Clarke is worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Clexa is happy and I'm happy and I hope you're happy too!!!

It won't be easy but they definitely are going to figure it out ;)! I promise!

As usual, let me know what you think :)

How do you think Aden is going to take the news? :O
How many time do you think it’s going to take them to scream out aloud they're together?
Who will be the first asking the other to be her girlfriend?

Tell me, tell me, tell me. I want to hear all those theories about this mess :D

See you next Saturday! ;)

That afternoon Lexa finds herself surrounded by the Griffins at the living room. They watch some movies together. She treasures this moment like solid gold on her mind. Hearing the laughs of the three people she was living for months now is one of the most valuable memories she wants to keep on her mind.

Abby is sitting on Jake’s old armchair while little Aden is comfy side lean between Clarke and her on the sofa. His head is on Lexa’s arms while her mother rubs her tiny legs with one hand, the other is in the back of the couch.

Is in the middle of some obnoxious kids’ movie when Lexa puts her hand back to relax a bit and lose some of her tired muscles when she feels Clarke reaching for hers. Although the blonde is still
staring at the screen in front of them, the brunette can see her smile when Lexa tangles her fingers with hers.

Aden rests his head on Lexa’s chest and for the heavy of it, the brunette knows he’s falling asleep in no time. His steady breaths give it away and he’s not talking anymore about whatever the wizard kid on the television is doing.

The older woman stretches her arms above her head startling Clarke. She pulls her hand from Lexa’s and even if the soccer player knows she shouldn’t feel down, it is hard when all she wants is to tell the world they are together.

“Well, I think he’s out,” Abby says pointing with her chin to Aden who’s completely asleep on Lexa’s chest “And I need to get ready for my night shift” She finishes clapping her hands over her tights before walk away from the room.

“I need to,” Clarke gestures to the sleeping boy.

“I can help you,” Lexa promptly replies with a chastised smile “He’s getting heavier” She pulls herself from the boy and with the help of the blonde she lifts Aden who immediately hugs her back in a koala way.

“He is,” Clarke pouts rubbing his back yearning. The boy is growing up so fast for her likeness. She knows she can’t stop the time but oh! How she wishes she could.

Lexa puts the kid on the bed. Aden whines tightening his arms around her neck not letting her pull away and she chuckles. Clarke walks to the other side of the bed with a ‘shhh’ lullaby to relax him. He releases her rubbing his cheek over Lexa’s before doing it.

Clarke’s heart swoons but it breaks a little. How much he’s going to miss the soccer player when she’s gone. How difficult would be for them to be apart from her again? But as soon as the anguish takes on her mind she repeats to herself the mantra she and Lexa are now holding from. They will figure it out and then they will make it work. She doesn’t need to waste more time making assumptions and scenes in her head that would probably just scared her even more and dragging her away from the brunette.

“He is so tired,” Lexa whispers standing on her side of Aden’s bed.
Clarke nods smiling at her son. When she lifts her gaze, Lexa extends her hand for the blonde to take it and she does. She leans on Lexa’s shoulder before half-closes the door.

“I’m going,” Abby walks out of her bedroom and Clarke releases Lexa’s hand as if it was on fire.

“Yeah, okay,” She replies flustered “I’m getting the car keys” She points back with her thumb.

“Oh, no, there’s no need,” Abby fidgets a bit “Kane is here to take me to the clinic,” She’s wearing red cheeks.

Clarke rolls her eyes but nods at her mother. She’s still uneasy about them. It’s silly and she knows it. Kane is a good man, he and her mother deserve to be happy. Her mother has suffered enough with the loss of the love of her life and Kane was always respectful about their relationship. But that doesn’t mean she can’t give them a hard time about it for a while at least.

“Have a good night,” The doctor kisses her daughter’s forehead and caresses Lexa’s arm “Behave you two,” She half shouts with a smug tone.

Lexa breathes a hushed chuckle and Clarke shakes her head. She is a bit pleased Abby seems to be taking their relationship, or whatever there is between the brunette and her, better than she is.

As soon as the doctor is out of sight the blonde throws herself into Lexa’s arms kissing her hard. Lexa complies because, well, she would be lying if she says she hadn’t felt the urge to do it so.

“What was that for?” Lexa whispers breathlessly with her eyelids still close.

“I wanted to do that for hours” Clarke shrugs playing the innocent.

Lexa opens her eyes smirking “Yeah?” She asks and the blonde nods chewing her bottom lip “Me too.” She confesses gripping the blonde’s hips tighter and crashing their lips again.

Clarke sighs content on Lexa’s mouth. She wonders why was she so stubborn at the beginning. She could have had Lexa’s lips working on her mouth for more times like this if she would just give in to her desires from the start. But she is sure she’s not going to spend another day without it. Until
of course the brunette is gone.

That’s the thing, tho. Whatever is the time they have left. She’s going to use it wisely. Especially with moments like this, where the skilful tongue of the brunette is doing her knees weak and all her body trembling with anticipation.

“Can we,” She drawls gasping when Lexa bites her lower lip, “Can we take this to your bedroom?” She force to her brain to produce a full coherent sentence with all her strength.

Lexa hums not taking her lips away from hers and drags them to her room. Despite the heat throbbing between her legs she doesn’t want to scare the blonde so, she just stands in the middle of the place.

“We don’t need to,” Lexa prolongs the sentence because she doesn’t want to look like a pervert who just kiss the girl and immediately thinks they’re going to have sex.

Clarke chuckles at how sweet and gentlewoman Lexa is. Even if there is a lady killer reputation that precedes her, the brunette has been nothing but caring and thoughtful for her wishes before doing something that remotely makes her feel uncomfortable and her heart races for that.

“We can make out on your bed,” Her mischief grin fills her face. She takes Lexa’s hands in hers slowly walking back to the furniture “If that’s okay with you,”

“More than okay,” Lexa smirks.

They lay together on their sides. Clarke strokes Lexa’s features with a gentle touch and the brunette gives her a smile that tugs the art teacher’s chest. She leans on to taste that endeared flavour of Lexa’s that is now becoming her new addiction.

Lexa tucks a strand of hair behind Clarke’s ear. She’s mesmerized by the way the moonlight lights those deep blue ocean eyes that she adores. There’s no need for words at this moment. Because everything seems perfect, feels perfect, is perfect when Clarke is next to her. The back of her fingers wander for the blonde’s jawline and the touch is so faint that Clarke has to close her eyes to enjoy the pleasure that a simple contact from the brunette provides her.

Clarke brings their lips together once more time, the kiss starts kindly and sweet but when Lexa
takes her from her nape, the blonde loses it. She wants more, she needs more. She grips Lexa’s forearm pulling her closer like it was possible. She moans when Lexa’s lips are on her pulse point, nipping her neck and she unconsciously has to rub her thighs together to relieve some of the tingles in between them. She gasps when Lexa’s free hand slips under her shirt and she’s caressing her ribs dangerously close to her breast.

Clarke pulls away and Lexa frowns immediately “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have,” She apologizes with a small voice “Are you,” She gulps the lump in her throat “are you regretting this?”

The blonde denies with her head furiously “What? No, G*d, Lex, is not that,” She cups the brunette’s face to give her a peck. Or several until there’s no sign of apprehension on it.

Lexa breathes deeply but all the kisses Clarke gives her makes her feel light. She’s not taking back their promise. She’s not walking away from her. She’s not leaving her. She’s not Costia.

“So, what is it?”

Clarke sighs. She knows this is stupid. She knows Lexa wants her. At least, that’s what it seems from the way the brunette makes her feel. Like if she was the only woman on the face of the earth that existed. Although, those little voices on the back of her head doesn’t leave her alone.

“You have been with a lot of women,” The minute the statement leaves her mouth she wants it back “And I’m not slut shaming you, I swear. It’s just,” She sighs again “I’m not like them”

“Of course you’re not,” Lexa shakes her head “You aren’t like any other woman I have ever met,” She finishes before Clarke could think she’s trying to say something bad about her.

“Smooth, Commander” She jokes rolling her eyes to ease the air “But they were beautiful and, and, and beyond perfect, and, for fuck sake, they were models!” She drops her body back.

“Are you saying you feel less than them?” Lexa is taken back for that. How can a goddess like this blonde think so low of herself when she’s perfection itself. She rests on her elbow to see the girl.

“I don’t feel less, I’m just different,” She closes her eyes annoyed with herself for ruin this sheer moment “And I’m not sure if you would like different,”
Lexa's chest rumbles from the laugh she lets out.

“Don’t laugh at me! I’m being serious!” She whines with an adorable pout.

“I’m sorry, Clarke, but I’m not laughing at you,” Lexa fondles the blonde’s cheek making her look at her “Is just I can’t believe you from all woman, would feel like this.” Her gaze soften “You, Clarke, are the most stunning, admiring, strong and beautiful woman in this universe,” she smiles warmly giving Clarke butterflies “and I’m very lucky that you’re giving us a chance,” she lifts the blonde’s chin to kiss her.

“It’s not fair,” Clarke whines when they apart “You have your way with words, Woods” she teases and Lexa laughs.

“You make it easy,” She pecks Clarke’s lips again.

They kiss for hours before the blonde tells Lexa she needs to go to her own room. Clarke knows if they keep doing this her willpower will be pushed to the limit. And honestly, she doesn't think she can contain herself anymore.

“Stay, you promise me the girls and I were going to bond tonight,” Lexa says in a whining tone. Her plump lips make her look so cute that Clarke giggles at that.

“I’ll make worth your while,” Clarke nibbles the pout on Lexa’s face “but if I stay here tonight, I don’t think I could wake up on time to avoid Aden,” She mimics the brunette’s sullen look.

Lexa lets out a big breath “You’re right,” she smiles empathically “Can I least wish them goodnight?” Her naughty grin makes the blonde laugh hard.

“Yes, you can,” She whispers with a husky voice.

Lexa licks her lips unwittingly. Albeit she respects Clarke, her well rounded ample chest it’s one of her anatomy’s features she likes the most about her.
The brunette inclines a little “Goodnight, my beautiful girls,” she mumbles before dropping a kiss over each of them.

“You’re a dork, you know that?” Clarke chuckles and caressing the baby hair in Lexa’s nape.

The soccer player snuggles into her chest and Clarke has to tear her apart.

“Sorry, babe, that’s all you can have for tonight,” She teases and Lexa’s head falls back.

“I like that,” She smirks.

“Oh, trust me, I know how much you like them,” Clarke sneers.

“Well, yes, they are wonderful,” Lexa wears a sly smile “but I was talking about you calling me babe”

“Oh!, Is that okay?” Clarke’s cheeks are on fire.

Lexa chuckles “I already told you I like it, Clarke” She offers an honest smile to the blonde.

“Great, because I like to call you babe, too,” She bites her bottom lip “I really have to go now, Lex,”

“I know,” Lexa sighs. She stands up from the bed to walk Clarke to her room. Always the noble soul.

“Goodnight, Clarke;”

“Goodnight, babe,” Clarke whispers in her ear before posing her lips on hers.

As the first light of the sun touches the fields, Aden is at Lexa’s room like usual. They have
breakfast together before Clarke and Aden goes to school. The blonde moderates her steps to let the kid walking out the house before her, so she can have time to give Lexa a proper goodbye.

“Mmm, you’re going to be late,” Lexa murmurs between kisses.

“Just one last kiss,” Clarke nips her lip. A shiver runs through Lexa’s body.

“There will be plenty of them when you return,” Lexa smiles. “Now go,” Reluctantly, she takes Clarke from her shoulders to pull apart.

“Okay, okay,” The blonde cleans the corner of her lips to fix the almost non-existent makeup. Lexa loves that the blonde doesn’t need to wear too much of that to look stunning. “Don’t work hard today babe, I’m going to need those muscles tonight,” She winks at the flabbergast brunette before walking away with a swaying of her hips that Lexa is sure she’s doing it deliberately.

Lexa’s head drops back and she breathes out forcefully. Clarke is so going to be the death of her.

After a few hours in the fields, Lexa needs a break to take some water. She was so focused on her choirs that she didn’t realize that Abby was back at the house from the clinic until she hears her talking on the phone. She waits outside the room. She doesn’t want to intrude but she does not know what to do either.

“Please, Cuyler, you need to give more time,” There’s silent in the room. Lexa knows the person on the other side of the line should be speaking to her “Yeah, I know,” the doctor sighs, “thank you, Cuyler, I’ll have your money next Friday.” She hangs up.

Lexa walks in casually.

“Hey,” Abby heavy voice takes in her attention.

“Abby, you’re back,” She nods gently to the doctor and the woman avoids her gaze cleaning her tears with the back of her hand.

“Yeah, I have some issues to take care,” She clears her throat “before having some rest,”
“Are you okay?” Lexa has never looked at Abby crying. She was always a fierce woman. With so much integrity and impassive figure that it breaks her heart to be the witness of this broken self of her.

“Yes, of course,” The woman is still not daring to look at the soccer player.

“Abby,” Lexa’s soft voice makes her sigh.

“I was talking on the phone,” Lexa nods not giving her that she already knew that “It was the bank,” She states.

“Is everything okay?” She asks and the doctor gives her a pointed look “Shit,” Lexa feels dumb for asking that “What’s going on?” She takes another approach.

“When Jake got sick, we were struggling a little with the money,” Abby roams around the kitchen “So, we thought we could handle a mortgage, little we know things would only get worse,” She leans over the sink.

“But I made sure Indra paid for the hospital bills,” It was her only way to clean her conscience when she knew Jake was very sick and she didn’t find the courage to go back there.

Abby affirms with her head “Yes, but there were a lot more to pay for, Lexa,” she scowls and the brunette feels so small. “Anyway, after Jake died and with our little salaries, I wasn’t able to keep the payments in order, so now the debt has grown and it is almost impossible to cover it.” She finishes pursing her lips.

“How much?” Lexa blurts out.

“Lexa,” Abby shakes her head.

“How much?” She states firmly again. She knows is useless because she doesn’t have a penny in the pocket of her jeans. She couldn’t even take Clarke on that date without asking Anya for her help.
“Almost two hundred and fifty thousand,” Abby closes her eyes grasping the bridge of her nose.

Lexa’s jaw falls virtually reaching the floor “What?” It is way much more than she was expecting. If she had her money she could give her to Abby in a blink of an eye without a doubt. But now, now there’s nothing she can do.

“Yes, Lexa, it’s almost impossible,” Abby sighs dropping her arms on her side “And the due time to pay it is this Friday. If I do not pay, we will lose the farm.”

“Holy shit,” Lexa whispers. She tangles her hands in her hair. “Does Clarke know?”

Abby denies with her head “She was so affected by Jake’s death and all I wanted for her to worry about was Aden’s well being”

“Can’t Kane do something?” She knows is not fair to lean on him for something this huge and bad. It’s not like he could fix everything with a snap of her fingers.

“He did,” Abby gives a sad smile “The bank manager, Cuyler, the man I was talking on the phone to, is his friend and has helped us with the extensions but it is no longer in his hands, the bank wants the money.”

Lexa takes a deep breath although it is hard when her chest jerks heavily. Abby, Clarke and Aden could be on the streets in a few days if she doesn’t do anything. What can she do? What the hell can she do to stop this?

There’s no way Indra could have that amount of money. Every single of the people that before presumed to be her friend, when the money went out the window also their loyalty. There’s no other choice. She has nothing now. Nothing.

Except…

“Call him back,” Lexa tells Abby with so much determination.
“Lexa, what are you planning on doing?” The doctor lifts her head bewildered.

“Tell him you’ll have its money on Friday,” She states thoroughly.

Chapter End Notes

Aren’t those two the best together?! Lexa is so thirsty for the girls tho! Hahaha.

Like I said at the beginning of this chapter, Clexa is safe. Do not fear for them!

Drop a comment and let me know What do you think Lexa is going to do?! How would she manage to have the money? Would she be able to save the Griffins farm?

Tell me, tell me, tell me.

See you next Wednesday! ;)
“Are you sure you want to do this?”

Lexa hears the question while she looks around, the lot full of old cars seems taken from a low budget movie. Sure? Maybe not about coming here to sell her baby to this dumpster, but as long as it helps the Griffins keep their house, there's no doubt that she has taken the best decision. Or the only one she could take. Wanting it or not, she gave her word to Abby to take care of them.

Abby was so reluctantly when she made the offer but Lexa was adamant to follow her heart. What value can things have if they do not serve to help the people she loves the most? And yes,
Nightblood is one of the things that she treasures in her heart, it is not the monetary value but the appreciation she has for having earned this car as a reward for her hard work in what she loves in life. But not more than her family.

“Is what I have to do,” There’s no way she is going to sit there arms crossed while Clarke’s house is on the line.

Anya nods understanding this must be one of the hardest thing her friend has to do. Lexa called her a few nights ago to ask her for her help. And even if she helped her with some bucks for her date with Clarke, this is huge.

“Have you tried to talk with Indra?” She squints her eyes taking her friend troublesome features.

“I did,” Lexa’s jaws tighten “But it wouldn’t be fair to ask her for this, she’s literally working for free on my case and there’s no way I could sell Nightblood to anyone at TonDC without the media knowing and making a big fuss about it,”

Lexa is frustrated beyond words. It was disappointed to know everyone she thought back was her friend were just an illusion, a fool’s paradise because when she really needed their hand, everyone just turned their back. She thinks this is maybe just karma doing its work on her. She turned her back to the most important people in her life and now she is paying for that. The only good thing about this is that even when she did what she did, that same people she let down is now the only one supporting her. Starting with Anya. Her best friend.

“We could still go, you know?” Anya suggests kindly.

“No,” Lexa shakes her head “No, I, I have to do this,” She sighs.

Anya nods. She doesn’t have any more to say to ease the distress of the brunette.

“Well, well, well, if it is The Commander in the flesh,” A deep voice drags their attention. A cocky brown-haired man lets out a sickening laugh. He takes his sunglasses off smirking.

“John Murphy,” Lexa mutters. She and Murphy were never enemies but neither friends. He was not a bad guy but he was always looking for troubles. Or like he said, troubles find him anywhere he went.
“I have to say,” he brushes his hair with his fingers “When Anya call me asking me for this,” he waves to them referring to the meeting between them “I didn’t believe she was talking for real,”

“Let’s get this done, Murphy.” Anya warns him. She knows Lexa has never been a big fan of the guy but it was the only option they have.

Murphy’s parents were the owners of the car’s lot at Arkadia, a few years ago, his father left the business on his hands when her bigger brother abandoned the town with the intention of making a career in music. So far, the most they know about him when he calls them every few months is that he was always about to sign a contract with a big producer, same contract that never ends to be true and his parents have to send him more money to support himself. Murphy went to visit him once in the big city, only to return disappointed when he found out that his big brother, whom he admired so much, was almost living in the streets, singing for coins and surviving the day with the few cents he earned with it. Since that day, John promised himself that even if it were in a small town of hell, like Arkadia, he would triumph.

“Oh, come on, Forrest!” He grins. His mischievous smile makes Lexa’s stomach turns “Let me enjoy this!” He laughs again “I’d never thought I’d see the day the big cool Alexandria Woods would ask me,” He points herself exaggeratedly “me, the white-trash worthless boy of Arkadia for help.”

Lexa frowns. She never thought that people hated her so much as to gloat over her misfortune. Yes, she and Murphy never managed to have a good relationship, and she endured it mostly because he was part of the team and Jake always tried to keep them together. Still, Murphy had never shown to hold such a grudge. Not like this.

“Keep it, Murphy,” Anya pushes herself from the car and opens the door “If you don’t want this beauty, I’m sure we can find someone who certainly does”

Murphy laughs “Yeah, like if someone else in this stupid town would have the money you need.” He points to Lexa shaking his head overconfident.

Anya growls. She knows he’s right. But that doesn’t stop her to try.

“Well, maybe Dax would be interested,” She mumbles taking his attention. John’s eyebrows cocks.
“Dax?” He asks interestedly. “Please, like if that asshole would be able to buy and sell a single car to live” He scoffs. Dax is the owner of another car lot two towns away from Arkadia. He’s Murphy’s closest competition and the blonde knows he’s not going to let him get the car.

“So?,” She closes the door again crossing her arms and giving her a smug smile “Are we doing this?”

Murphy sighs “Yeah, let’s do this,” He walks around the car. He notices is a jewel. The paint is intact, Lexa has to take care of the damn vehicle as it was her own child. He bends to take a look at the leather seats. They are impeccable. Even if this is not a brand new car, it shines for itself.

He lets out a whistle “Wow, Lexa!” He chuckles “Are you sure you want to sell this car?”

There’s again that useless question. Why can’t people let her do what she wants to without asking her if she is sure about it? She really doesn’t want to sell it but she has no other choice. Stop making her feeling like she was stupid for doing this.

“Yes,” She nods stoically. She has never wanted to show her true feelings to people. At least not to those who seem to enjoy their disrepair so much. With Clarke on the other hand, with her is different. She will never use her feelings to hurt her. She will never break her trust.

“Well, I can give you,” Murphy rubs his chin making his better business face “one hundred thousand, maybe,” He shrugs aloof.

“What the hell?” Lexa scowls “Nightblood costs at least five hundred thousand” She states indignantly.

“Oh, my G*d!” Murphy cracks up “You named your car,” He pats his tights not been able to stop his laugh “This is priceless,”

Lexa grunts and Anya rolls her eyes. This man will never learn when to shut his mouth. Lexa seems to kill him with the just her glance and Anya takes her forearm shaking her head to avoid it.

Lexa sighs in defeat “I need, three hundred thousand,” She states seriously. Anya frowns with a questionable look. The amount of money that Lexa is asking Murphy is much bigger than she had let her know Abby needed to save the farm. But her friend doesn’t bat an eye at her inconclusive
“What? You’re crazy!” Murphy shouts still trying to calm his laugh “Listen, it could take me years to find a buyer for ‘Nightblood’” He grins arrogantly to tease Lexa “That’s if I ever find one in this penniless town”

“Fine then,” She fakes a crushed sigh “Two fifty, and that’s my last word,” She challenges him with a pointed look.

Murphy seems to think about the offer. It is a good car, of course, he is sure he can sell it for the double of the amount of money the brunette is asking him for, and above all of the motor and the look, this is the Commander’s car. With that information, he could take it to an auction and this thing could reach maybe a million at least.

“We have a deal,” He extends his hand to Lexa and the soccer player reaches it to shake it. “But I need a picture of you in that beauty,” He smirks and Lexa rolls her eyes.

After what Lexa thinks is a photo shoot and she remembers very well how to conduct herself in those, she asks them to give her a private moment with her baby and she whispers a hearted goodbye. Then Murphy hands her the money in a briefcase.

“Ah-ah,” Anya snatches the portfolio “We have to be sure all the money is here,” She rests the briefcase on the hood of Nightblood and Murphy rolls his eyes.

“Fine, but don’t scratch the car,” He waves.

‘As if!’ Lexa thinks. She would never hurt her baby. The baby that now is not hers anymore. It belongs to this douchebag. She can only pray that Murphy could take a good care of it.

“Lexa, can you stop pouting for Nightblood and help me here?” Anya pesters her.

Surprisingly, the money is complete and Anya walks holding the briefcase like if it was a secret of the presidential staff.
Murphy is still checking over the car when Lexa walks next to him clearing her throat. The man jumps but smiles and for the first time the brunette notices he’s not mocking. He is indeed sincere.

“Murphy, listen,” She drawls and the guy cuts her sentence.

“I know, I know Lexa, I’ll take care of him or you’re going to kill me,”

Lexa chuckles. He’s not that bad. Actually, he is funny when he wants to.

“No, it’s not that,” She frowns, “Well, yes, please find him a good new owner,” She states seriously.

Murphy snorts “You have always been a huge dork for cars,” He shakes his head but gives her a look to let her know she can continue.

“I just want you to know that you were never a useless boy,” She affirms with a serious tone “I know I was a jerk when I left but I’ve realized that I wouldn’t have been able to sign that contract if it weren’t for the Grounders, my team,” She smiles fondly “and you were part of them” She pats his shoulder.

Murphy’s face soften. He bites his lower lip and glances everywhere but the brunette. Lexa notices the emotion behind his asshole mask.

“I’m sorry if I ever made you feel like you were worthless and less important than me,” She gives a nod to let him know she’s being sincere “I don’t know if this matters to you, but,” she clears her throat again trying to look like if it wasn’t a big issue what she is about to say “but I think you did it well, I’m proud that you’re successful like you always wanted and I’m sure Jake is proud too,” She smiles genuinely.

Murphy purses his lips nodding but Lexa still can see a modest smile.

“And I know he is of you,” He offers sympathetic.

Lexa shakes her head and is about to argue but the man interrupts her.
“No, listen, what you're doing, for the family that always cared for us when we were nothing but neglected children, is very noble of you, even though Clarke does not know it, they are very lucky to have you back. And I admire it”

Lexa frowns apprehensively as she turns to see her blond friend waiting for her in Raven's old car.

"Do not get mad at Anya, she was just really worried that I would be an asshole with you."

Lexa raises one of her eyebrows.

"Well, more than I usually am," Murphy rolls his eyes bumping his shoulder with hers “Now go, I have better thing to do than sharing feelings” He claps his hands and bats his eyelashes jokingly.

Lexa punches his upper arm playfully “You asshole,” she mutters with a smile when he overdoes an ‘Ouch’ whine.

The brunette walks away feeling much more relaxed than a few hours ago.

“I will take care of your beloved Nightblood, Commander,” Murphy shouts. Lexa gives him the middle finger without turning around and he laughs.

There’s a part of her that knows he will keep his word. That douche.

“Thank you, Anya,” She smiles at her friend as soon as she sits on Raven’s car.

“It was nothing.” The blonde shrugs not taking away her sight from the road.

“I’m serious, An,” She faces her friend, “Not only for doing this and coming with me today, but for everything you have done for me, even giving me the chance to be friends again and I’m maybe assuming we are but,”
“Stop right there,” Anya slows the motion of the car “What has Clarke done of you?”

Lexa is dumbfounded. Anya rolls her eyes annoyed.

“You were The Commander for fuck sake, now you are this mushy thing, G*d is shameful,” She glances at Lexa indignantly.

But even with her disgusting cover, Lexa knows this is the way Anya is avoiding talking about their feelings and their friendship. And as stupid as it could sounds that makes Lexa smile because this is the Anya she has always known. This is her best friend just being her best friend.

“So, what will you do with the money now?” Anya asks after increasing the speed again.

"Give it to Abby," Lexa's brow furrows, "I thought that was clear,"

"No idiot, I mean, as far as you said, there are about five thousand dollars left over," Anya turns to see her quickly before continuing to look forward. "You could buy something nice for Clarke," she jokes.

"No, the money is to pay the debt, Abby will know what to do with it," Lexa looks at the front with determination.

Just because the debt is a little less than Murphy paid her, she will not take a penny of it.

“You could buy a good birthday present for Aden, you know?” Anya tries again.

Lexa nods She could. She remembers the conversation she had with Clarke the same night she found out about the mortgage debt.

Lexa has spent a few hours inside Nightblood after returning from her 'last ride together'. As painful as it is to get rid of her baby, she knows it's the right thing to do, so she just needs to say goodbye to him.
That's when Clarke drags her out of the car to take her to the barn. As soon as both step inside the place, the blonde attacks her with a hard kiss. Lexa is no one to refuses to Clarke’s wishes and complies. How couldn’t she? If that is the last straw to reassure her she’s taking a good decision.

Clarke had promised her that she would put her biceps to work that night and that's what she does when she bends down to take the blonde by her thighs and carrying her, taking care to not break the heated kiss. Clarke shrieks in surprise but moans when she witnesses the brunette’s strength. That’s for sure a turn on to her and Lexa smirks.

But after a few more kisses, Clarke brakes the touch breathing hard. Their foreheads stay together and both wear goofy smiles.

"Wow," Clarke breathes. "It's my imagination or the work in the fields is having great results," she teases.

"Do you want to see what else I can do with these weapons?" Lexa smugly says squeezing her grip on Clarke's legs that gasp in return.

"Yeah, I think I do," She kisses him again and Lexa nibbles her lower lip.

Lexa complains when the blonde waves her legs to get free of her. She caresses her jaw and Lexa closes her eyes to the stroke. She loves when Clarke does that, is like if she wanted to make sure she is there with her. And Lexa wants nothing but feel it forever.

“Okay, so let’s get to it,” Clarke takes her hand and drags her to the centre of the barn.

Lexa follows her, like always.

She tilts her head like a confused puppy “Clarke,”

The blonde laughs, “Oh, baby,” Clarke “I told you I needed you to work hard tonight,” She pecks her lips.

“Yeah, and I thought,” Lexa frowns.
Clarke warps Lexa’s neck with her arms and the brunette poses gently her hands around her waist. It’s as if two puzzle pieces intertwine to form the most beautiful picture. A picture of the purest love… No, Lexa, not that word again.

"We’ll get there," Clake gives her an apologetic look, "I swear," She bites her lower lip.

Lexa gives her an honest smile back "I know," She brushes a stray of hair off her face "when you're ready,"

Lexa would wait for Clarke for all eternity if that's what the blonde needs.

Clarke sighs, "For now, I really need your strength," she grins. "It's Aden's birthday in three weeks,” she says, and Lexa's eyebrows fly to the brim of her hair.

“Really?”

Clarke nods and hides her head in Lexa’s chest “He’s growing up so fast and I’m getting older,” Even if Lexa can’t see her she knows the blonde is pouting.

“You’re far from old, Clarke” Lexa chuckles caressing her sides “You’re perfect,”

Clarke rubs her cheek on her chest and Lexa feels a curve on her mouth “Have I told you that you’re a smooth talker?” She teases.

Lexa moves back and forth with the blonde in her arms “Yeah, a few times,” She laughs.

“I love it,” Clarke ducks her head burying her face in Lexa’s chest even more. She sniffs and Lexa knows by now that the blonde likes to do that. She smiles engrossed in Clarke wanting to be able to imprint her smell in her memory.

Lexa’s heart skips a bit when she thinks what amazing would be to hear her say ‘you’ instead of the word ‘it’. Clarke loving her is a dream from which she would never want to wake up.
“It worked?” She distracts herself from that danger thoughts.

Clarke giggles “It did,” She backs away a little to see her directly to her eyes.

“So, what have you thought to do for Aden's birthday? ”Lexa asks after a few minutes, neither of them has shown any intention of separating from the other.

“Well, last year we went to a fair,” Clarke is still playing with the baby hair on the back of Lexa "We took Monty and Maya with us. Aden has never had a lot of friends, but now with all the fuss about his championship, apparently he's the most popular kid in the whole school, ” she laughs.

"Mmm-hmm. Of course, he is” Lexa mutters. How could he not? She is sure that penalty kick will not be forgotten or overcome in many years.

“So, I was thinking maybe we could get this in order and have a nice, ”

“Birthday party at the barn,” Lexa finishes her thoughts.

Clarke nods “Yeah, do you think that would be nice for him?” She asks with a frown and Lexa wants nothing but erase it.

“I’m sure he will love it, Clarke,” She states kindly.

“I want him to enjoy it, you know? Do something like my father did for me,” She smiles brightly and Lexa mimics her. She’s glad Clarke can think of Jake in a happy way even if he’s not around there anymore.

They work really really hard that night cleaning the barn, but the kisses with which Clarke rewards her is worth all the pain of her muscles the next morning.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Lexa exhales.
“Why?” Anya’s forehead furrows.

“Because I wouldn’t be able to explain Clarke where I got the money to buy it” She explains and her blonde friend lets out an ‘Oh!’. Anya hasn’t thought of that.

“You want me to wait for you?” Anya asks when she parks at the clinic.

Lexa shakes her head “No, It’s okay, I’ll just give Abby the money and then I’ll take the bus,”

Anya’s eyes widen “The Commander, taking the bus?” She teases and Lexa rolls her eyes.

“I did that when we were young,” She replies shrugging.

“Yeah, but that was a long time ago,” Anya smugly says.

“Well, maybe I’ll do it from now on,” She doesn’t plan to sound bitter but she’s still struggling with having her money back.

“Well, you can always call Clarke to give you a ride,” Anya’s lets out the innuendo very clearly drawing the last word.

“Shut up, asshole” Lexa punches her tight “I’ll see you around?” She asks her friend.

“Oh, yes, about that,” Anya is still laughing at her joke “Raven wants to go out this Friday. You, me, Clarke and her. She said something about making a double couple date or something,” she wiggles her eyebrows.

“Clarke and I are not a couple,” Lexa states but it tastes sour to say that aloud “But I think we could do that, yeah,” She nods knowing the blonde will be overjoyed to the propose.

“Great, I think Raven will call Clarke, but I see you on Friday,” Anya grins and Lexa says goodbye taking the briefcase with her.
She’s walking to the clinic when she finds a repeated scene. Marcus Kane is kissing Abby Griffin passionately. Ugh! They’re gross.

“Oh, Lexa,” Marcus waves at her cleaning the corner of his lips.

“Kane,” She nods at him, “Abby,” She hugs the doctor protectively. She knows is silly but Marcus needs to know she’s there to take care of her family. He should know better than to kiss her almost-mom like a horny teenager.

“Hey, we were just saying our goodbyes,” Abby asks with a cheeky smile and it takes everything to Lexa to not roll her eyes.

“Yeah, uhm,” Lexa doesn’t know if Abby has said something to Kane so she doesn’t want to reveal anything.

“He knows,” Abby nods.

“It’s amazing what you’re doing for them, Lexa,” Kane kindly squeezes her shoulder “I would do it but,”

Lexa puts a hand up to stop him. There’s no need for him to explain himself. She knows that if he would be able to what she did for them, he would do it.

“I’m here just to give this to you, Abby,” Lexa hands the portfolio to the doctor who’s looking at her with tearing eyes.

“I’ll pay you for this one day, little one,” Her voice cracks a little and Marcus takes her hand supportively.

Lexa smiles at the action. With every little gesture he does for Abby, she realizes he truly loves her.
“You know you don’t have to,” Lexa states and Abby looks like she wants to argue but she doesn’t.

“Well, I have to go now,” Kane kisses Abby on the cheek “I can give you a ride,” He says politely and Lexa wants to say no, that she’s good taking the bus back to the farm but he seems to really want to take her home so she nods gratefully.

She says goodbye to the doctor who kisses her forehead.

They silently reach to Kane’s car.

“I’m glad we bumped here, Lexa,” He says seriously and Lexa notices this is how he must sound when he’s at his professional legal matters “I have news,”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, you were right it wasn't that hard to know Lexa's is going to sell the only thing she owned. Her baby!!! She gave up her baby for her family!!!!

Now onto the new cliffhanger (I'm cruel, I know) What do you think Kane would say to Lexa?! =0

See you next Saturday ;)!
Hey guys! I know I'm behind the schedule for like three chapters. Things are being pretty rough for my family right now. Two weeks ago, after months of fighting with an unknown sickness, a relative that we love so much was took to the hospital. Hodgkin Linfoma was confirmed but it was too late. Today they said it was hopeless and were just waiting. Im sharing this with you because I needed for you to understand why I haven't been in touch. I barely have time and mood for social media or to write or review the chapters I had.

I'm not giving up this story. Just give me a few weeks more, for everything to settle up and I'm continuing with this.

I said I had a surprise if Our Love is the Goal hit the 1000 kudos but I'm telling you today instead. This story has at least two parts. So, is not the end soon. We'll see Clexa as a couple for a lot of chapters more. You'll see.

So, thanks to everyone who asked here for my wellbeing and for the nice questions on Tumblr. If you just want to say hi: mckarnstein.tumblr.com You're always so kind and an amazing Kru.

May we meet again.

Mckie
All relationships go through hell, real relationships get through it.

Chapter Summary

Kane has some news for Lexa.
Clexa have a fun night with Ranya.
Extra scene: Hell, Ranya are stupids ISTG.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!

First of all, thank you so much for all of your kind words, wishes and blessings. A few days after we had the diagnosis my relative died. It was a hard blow and then my depression and anxiety just decided it was a good idea to show up. So, it had been a couple of hectic months. But I'm better now. I can't thank you enough for all your messages. I don't want to delete the previous chapter because your words mean so much, and I sometimes read them when I was feeling sad, it made me want to write again, but I will when I feel like it, so, thank you for understand and for waiting by my side all over this. YOU ARE THE BEST!

Here's next chapter right exactly where we left, Kane taking Lexa to the Griffin's farm to give her some news. A little peak on how are Clexa doing and then an extra about Ranya because I love them so much and they're stupids and I need them to be happy and together.

I can't promise I'd be back to our schedule (wednesday and saturday) but I do promise at least one chapter per week. This is a messy one btw. But I hope you liked it and see you next weekend ;)

Enjoy.

xoxo

Mckie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“So this man, this…” The name feels foreign in Lexa's tongue.

“Roan,” Marcus completes with a single nod.

They are standing at opposite sides at the Griffin's kitchen. Lexa is leaning back on the counter while Marcus is near the door with crossed arms. The soccer player is sure that room has kept enough secrets in those four walls to be considered a sacred confessional area.

“Roan,” She repeats frowning in deep thought “He's Nia’s son too,” Marcus nods again “He's Ontari’s older brother” another nod “But he's just missing, vanished, gone,”

“Yes,” Kane's lips are a thin straight line.

“And why are you telling me this? What does that have to do with my case?” She doesn’t understand why this man is important. She didn't know that this man even existed.

“I believe he knows something,” Lexa scrunches her face up “Look, I know this sounds very vague, but our investigation says he worked for Nia all his life, but then, a few years ago, he just disappeared, out of the records, his name was almost erased from the face of the earth, as if he has never been born”

“Okay,” The space between Lexa’s eyebrows furrows “ I have admit it, that does seem suspicious but it doesn’t mean anything,” she sighs “he could just quit or,” Marcus shakes his head.

“He could, yes,” He walks towards the table at the center of the room with determination “the thing is, if he just quit to his work with her, why hasn’t he been in contact with his family, I mean, you said you didn’t even know who he was,” He explains carefully pointing to the top of the furniture “Don’t you think that in all the years that you knew Ontari from the team and out of the field, with the friendship you had, it’s not weird from her or Nia to never even mentioned him?”

“Some friend she was,” Lexa bites back.
Marcus frowns but gives her an apologetic look. He knows every time he has to talk with Lexa about this she gets defensive. She has right to be, he is sure Jake would had never been capable of doing something like this, but if he would, Marcus would have been beyond angry with him. He would have looked for any way to make him pay for it. However, Lexa, she hasn’t done anything but to look to get her life back, even if it meant returning to a place she had left behind to start from scratch. She has managed to return to her place in life and to gain back her happiness with what little she has now. Furthermore, Lexa has given up to the only property she had left in order to help her family. That's why he respects her so much more as a person now that he knows her better, more than he did when he watched her play on the screen while a restless Octavia cheered up the name of The Commander on the National team jersey.

Lexa’s head swings up and down. Marcus is not wrong. It looks weird that Ontari didn’t talk about her brother. She only referred to her mother when they talked about their past. The little they did. Lexa was at a comfort zone when the woman, who she believed her friend, didn’t ask much about her past. And she never questioned more than necessary back. If Ontari didn’t feel comfortable sharing more, she didn’t need to know.

How ridiculous and stupid it sounds now. Lexa cannot help but compare that friendship with the one she has now with Anya. Even yet when the blonde refuses to give more than her stoic character allows her. Lexa doesn’t have to ask anything because she really knows Anya, she knows what affects her just by seeing her. Irremediably that happened from the first time they actually spoke again when just listening to the way Anya talked about Raven she knew immediately that her heart belonged to the Latina without hesitation.

“I’m not saying this man is our only hope,” Marcus rests his hands on the backrest of one chair, “What I’m saying, is that I had a feeling he has to know something, that he doesn’t want to be found for a good reason,”

“If he doesn’t want to be found,” Lexa tilts her head thinking deeply, “How are we going to find him?”

“I’m not giving up on this, Lexa,” He pats her shoulder “Even if I, personally, have to search under every stone on earth, I'm going to," He assures with a smile.

Lexa smiles back. Although she doesn’t fully understand how Marcus can be so sure that this will get her money and possessions back, his positive energy is contagious and she can only hope for the best of all this. She wants this to be finished as soon as possible. She already knows that she doesn’t want the life she had back in TonDC but she does what she honestly earned throughout her professional career as a soccer player. What belongs to her rightfully.
“Thank you, Kane,” She breaths genuinely touched by his desire to help her. How does she find herself in this atrocious town with the most amazing people around her? She doesn’t deserve them.

“Hey,” He shakes his head, “You saved the farm,” She wants to argue but he cuts her words “and I know, Jake would have done the same for you and I want to honour his memory,” He wears a nostalgic grin “besides, you made my little girl very happy when she thought nothing good could be in life, she forgot all her pain just watching you play soccer” Lexa sees how much his eyes bright every time he talk about his children “And you’re making the older one very happy now,” His grin grows.

“I thought you had a son,” Lexa remembers that very well, a son that seemed to be interested in Clarke. Just for the record.

“I was talking about Clarke,” He winks and Lexa chuckles. Despite the tease, Lexa’s heart melts when she hears him referring of Clarke like is she was her own daughter. “Oh, and talking about the princess,” He points his chin to the garage where the blonde’s old car is parking.

“Don’t say anything to her about what we talked, please?” Lexa says and Marcus frowns “I don’t want her to worry about it,” She asks him and he nods.

“Oh! Hi,” A dumbfounded Clarke says as soon as she reaches the kitchen.

“Kane!” Aden screams jumping to his arms. The man chuckles and hugs him back.

“Aden! What did grandma tell you about that?” Clarke scowls him with her hand on her hips.

“But that was before he kissed grandma,” His toothy smile is innocent or try to be.

“How do you know about that?” Clarke shrills.

The boy shrugs “She said he was her boyfriend now, so that’s what boyfriends and girlfriends do,”

Lexa lets out a loud laugh that dies when Clarke glares at her. She’s still smiling because if only the little boy knew what were her mother and she doing the last few nights he would say they were
girlfriends and the feeling is nothing but pure happiness. Even if she knows there’s no label between them.

“She said that?” Marcus asks with a big smile and Clarke rolls her eyes although Lexa can see her smile for the yearning on his voice.

“You’re not helping,” If only looks could kill, Marcus would be now dead, just with a pointed look and the man really looks frightened.

“I was just leaving,” He clears his dry throat placing Aden on the floor and ruffling his hair “Ah, I’ll let you know if we had news,” He winks at Lexa trying to be cryptic.

“Oh, yeah, how’s that going?” Clarke asks carefully resting Aden’s school bag on the table and Lexa sighs sharing a look with the lawyer.

“We’re working on it,” He assures her with a warm smile and Lexa is grateful Clarke doesn’t ask more.

Marcus says goodbye and Aden asks politely permission to watch some cartoons like he always does. Lexa smile never falters, she’s marvellous about how this tiny human can be so proper at such young age.

“Oh, where’s Nightblood by the way?” Clarke asks when she reaches for a cutting board to work together for dinner. Shit! She’s not blind you stupid Lexa.

“Oh,” Lexa stops from peeling some potatoes, “I gave him back,” She shrugs, her eyes not leaving the vegetable in her hand. How captivating a tubercle can be when you’re trying to not look as guilty as you feel.

“What? How? Why?” Clarke drops the knife on the counter frowning. She knows how much Lexa loves that car. Even if she can’t drive him in that little town. She offered once to gave her some money for the gas when she caught the brunette sitting on her baby just brooding over him with a sad look but Lexa replied offended there was no need.

“It had no use here, Clarke,” The sound of her name on Lexa’s tongue almost makes her forget what was she questioning.
“But Lex,” Her frown depends. She knows Lexa is too proud to accept her offer but she wants to do something nice for her after all Lexa does to make her feel happy and loved. Not that they’re there yet, but her heart already believes she can fall for her when the time comes.

“No, listen, it’s okay I prefer Indra having an eye on him,” She fakes a smile and Clarke stops from arguing back. Although Lexa feels bad for lying to the blonde, she wants to respect Abby’s wishes to not tell Clarke about the mortgage and she’s not going to rat her out.

Clarke looks around to see Aden still enraptured by the tv screen, so she kisses Lexa’s cheek and the smile on her face is enough to make her feel hope. Somehow, sometime she’s going to find a way to show her how much she treasures all she does for her and her family. Little she knows how much that actually is.

On Friday Clarke and Lexa ride together to The Ark. Lexa has been telling herself this is not a double date, but her brain doesn’t seem to get the memo. She grooms herself more than what is needed.

She’s happy she packed her dark grey dress trousers. She’s beyond that when she sees Clarke really appreciates it, especially when she walked ahead to open the car’s door and she caught the girl staring at her ass. She wears a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up and grey suspenders. She finishes her outfit with black brogues. She knows she’s been a little bit extra but hell, she wants to sweep Clarke off her feet. It seems the outfit works is Clarke’s ogling is any indication.

Lexa tries to focus on the road but is almost impossible when Clarke is wearing that and the girls are on full display. She felt like fainting when Clarke opened her bedroom door. The blonde doesn’t need to wear something fancy to look delicious. She’s just in tight blue jeans, the ones Lexa loves, and a simple low cut blue blouse. And Lexa is sure is pure for the pleasure to tease her. This is going to be a long long night.

“Are you okay there, babe?” Clarke fakes a sweet innocent voice as if she didn’t know what she is doing to Lexa. In particular right now when she leans over to give her a light kiss on the cheek making a freaking gallery exhibit of her cleavage.

The soccer player groans “Clarke,” she warns “You know very well I’m the number one fan of the girls but I can’t drive if you keep going,” her voice is stoic but her eyes still wander over the milky skin exposed for a second.
“I’m not doing anything, baby,” Clarke rubs her tight and Lexa jumps immediately at the touch.

“You’re playing with fire Ms Griffin” Lexa slows down to not crash the car.

“Maybe I want to get burn” Clarke whispers in a husky voice biting Lexa’s lobe.

“Oh, shit,” Lexa moans closing her eyes for a fraction of a second before opening them wide. She’s still driving for fuck sake. “And I want to get us to The Ark alive,” she says explains.

Clarke huffs annoyed leaning back on her seat crossing her arms.

“Hey,” Lexa reaches for her hand “I’m just a little busy here and you do want us to enjoy tonight with our friends, right?” She smiles charmingly and Clarke rolls her eyes although she’s wearing a pleased grin. The blonde interlaces her fingers with Lexa and the soccer player brings her hand to her mouth to kiss it. The smile on Clarke’s face gets bigger. She doesn’t release the grip and the ride continues.

And is not that Lexa doesn’t think in pull over in the instant to ravish the blonde. But the thing is they’re taking it slow. She doesn’t want to pressure Clarke and she doesn’t want a quicky on a dirty side road for their first time together. Clarke deserves more than that, she deserves the world and Lexa wants to be the one giving it to her.

When they arrive at The Ark Lexa is already missing the warm of Clarke’s hand on hers. She’s aware that they can’t be all touchy because their friends would never let the topic die. And is not like they’re girlfriends or something. Then again that label issue that Lexa doesn’t want to be bothered by but for everyone else they are just friends and they have to act like it.

“Hey, stud! Hey, Griffyndor!” Raven shouts waving like crazy as soon as they get into the bar. Anya is by her side smirking at the nicknames. Her arm resting on the backrest of the latina’s side of the booth.

“Is she already drunk?” Lexa whispers to Clarke and she chuckles.

“No, she doesn’t need alcohol to be that loud” The blonde teases and Lexa laughs back. That’s completely true.
“What took you so long? You were shaking that car?” Raven makes a naughty very explicit move rocking her hips.

“Raven!” Clarke swats her forearm and the latina rolls her eyes but she smiles when she notices from the corner of her eyes that Lexa doesn’t argue. She just looks around with red cheeks. Then again, they’re taking it slow, right? Although, Lexa’s ass on those stupid trousers… No, Clarke, behave.

“Well, we’re one round ahead so you have to catch us,” Raven drops the matter, for now, “here,” She hands a beer to Clarke that is taking her seat.

“Lexa, you’re way too overdress for this place,” Anya sneers kicking her lightly to call for her attention.

“I had nothing else to wear,” She shrugs nonchalant trying to avoid the fact that she spent more than three hours looking in her clothes before choosing the perfect outfit for Clarke.

“I figure,” Anya smirks. She knows her friend too well to believe her.

“But hey, you look awesome, stud,” Raven clinks her bottle to Clarke’s who shyly nods in agreement “Doesn’t she look hot, Clarkey?” The latina dares to her best friend.

“Yes, she does,” Clarke breaths behind her beer “she always does,” She mumbles and Lexa smiles.

“You do too, Clarke,” She looks adoringly to the blonde and Clarke has to duck her face on fire.

“Oh, my G*d! You two are so cute together!” Another voice interrupts.

A good-looking woman is standing next to their table with her hands on her hips. Her amused grin makes Lexa roll her eyes. This was not supposed to happen. They are just friends, although they aren’t.
“We’re not,” Clarke begins but a squeal interrupts her and she’s honestly grateful for that. Even if she doesn’t want to lie to her friends, is better this way, Lexa and she are just figuring out what to do about themselves and their feelings, well, no, no feelings like lo… you know that four letter word, but feelings like a huge attraction with a caring fondness. That’s it.

“Fox,” Is Anya who shrills like a teenager in front of her fictional crush, taking back her arm around Raven who looks annoyed by the woman presence.

The woman just nods at Anya before looking back to the soccer player “What a good surprise, Lexa Woods,” She smiles brightly at the brunette “I thought I’d never see you again here, just, at least now you don’t have to sneak around” She laughs too loud for everyone's at the table taste.

Lexa smiles politely but says nothing. She’s sure Clarke was going to say they’re not together and that stings. So, she better focus on how idiotic her best friend looks.

“Isn’t tonight your free day?” Anya questions eager to drag her attention back and Lexa wants to smack her best friend on her face. She does look like a stalker.

“Uhm, yeah,” Fox chuckles “but one of the waitresses is sick and I had to take her shift” She bends over the table resting her chin on her hand.

“Oh, great,” Anya giggles nervously and Raven rolls her eyes.

“Yeah, great,” The latina bitter voice is clear “Well, we need another round of beers for Clarke and me,” She waves between them “and Lexa?”

“A whisky for me, straight-up, please,” Lexa nods sober and sees Clarke roll her eyes too when Fox chirps an ‘Oh, fancy girl’.

“Anya?” Fox asks after that.

“Another coke for me,” Anya wears a cheeky smile on her face and swings her empty glass.

Lexa grins a little, she was worried about how Anya would handle being in a place like this,
surrounded by alcohol. But she needs to tell herself she did good in her absence and she knows Raven would never risk her well-being.

“Are you sure?” Fox asks scrunching her nose “What about a blow job?” She smirks when Anya opens and closes her mouth like a fish. “It’s a new shot we’re trying here?” Fox clarifies but the innuendo was already out with all the intention.

Lexa can feel the tension in the air. Raven looks enraged and Lexa can’t blame her. Anya is flirting, or kind of, with another girl when the love of her life is sitting next to her. Even more, said girl was trying to make her drink again when she’s sure all Arkadia know about the blonde’s background with alcohol troubles.

“Just a coke, please,” Anya mumbles shyly her face painted red.

“As you wish,” Fox shrugs “I’ll be back in a minute with your order,” She winks at the blonde and leaves the table.

“I’m going to the bathroom,” Raven gets up of her seat as soon as Fox is gone.

“I’m coming with you,” Clarke declares sensing the latina’s humour.

Lexa looks over he shoulder to watch them walk to the restroom at the back of the place.

“You’re an idiot,” She kicks Anya’s shin.

“Ouh!,” Anya hisses rubbing her leg “What was that for?” She glares at the brunette indignantly.

“You were flirting with Fox in front of Raven,” Lexa states “What were you thinking?” she scowls.

“I was not,” Anya shrugs “Fox was just being nice,”

“Nice?” Lexa huffs “She tried to make you drink,” Lexa tilts her head, her frown getting deep “At least she knows you’re with Raven now, right?”
“Just because I’m with Raven now it doesn’t mean I can’t talk with a friend” Anya barks back “I mean, we’re not that exclusive, anyway,” She shrugs aloof.

“What?” Lexa griths in disbelief “An, you’re in love with Raven, you were pining for her for years, and now you’re telling me it doesn’t matter that you two are together?”

“It does matter, it’s just, we’re not girlfriends or something,” Anya growls and Lexa knows there’s more behind her best friend’s words.

“Look, I know you care for her, I know you love her, so why don’t you just ask her to be your girlfriend?”

“Why doesn’t she?” Anya plays with her glass and her tone change to a fragile one “I’m sure she wants to be with me but why hasn’t she said something about it?”

“Maybe she’s waiting for you, again” Lexa sighs “I honestly don’t know why An, but what I do know is that Raven loves you, she does,” she taps Anya glass and the blonde lifts her face to look at her “and, look, I know it hurts to be with someone and all that you want is to scream from the roof for the world to know that she is yours,” the blonde squints her eyes suspiciously but Lexa ignores the glance “and sometimes we can’t do that, sometimes we don’t have that opportunity but you do An, you do have the chance to get the girl and be happy, so, girl the hell up and tell her,” she finishes kicking her again more playfully.

Anya shakes her head chuckling but her eyes focus behind Lexa and the brunette turns her head to see Clarke standing there with a troublesome grin.

“Uh, Raven needs my lipstick” She rushes to take the jacket nex to Lexa and in a blink of an eye she’s gone.

“There’s something you want to share with me, squid?” Anya smirks.

“Yes,” She leans over the table and Anya does the same “Go get your girl, you idiot!” She smacks the back of her head.
“Hey!” Anya rubs her head “You’re lucky I have better things to do right now,” She growls and Lexa laughs.

The soccer player stays there after Anya walks ways to look for Raven. She thinks in what she said to her friend, maybe she said too much. She just prays Anya give her a break and don’t ask more. But she wonders how much did Clarke listen of that. Did she just sound pathetic for declaring how she feels? Did Clarke literally run away because she freaked out? Did she know Lexa was obviously talking about them?

“I hope you know I will kick your best friend’s ass if she ever does something like this again,” Clarke plops next to Lexa and the brunette barks a laugh.

“I know you will, Clarke,” Lexa gives a big smile. Okay, so not scared, she did not run away, and yes, Lexa knows they need to talk about it but tonight is a fun night so she’s not going to ruin it with her feelings and stupid insecurities. “You think there will be a day those idiots will be okay without us pushing their asses?” She jokes.

“I think they will find a way” Clarke smiles back and Lexa melts again. G*d, Clarke is so beautiful and she craves to kiss her right there and then. “How about a pool game?” The blonde breaks her thoughts and Lexa smiles back nodding.

A few minutes before…

Raven is beyond furious. She’s very familiar with looking at Anya squirm and drool over Fox. She has been doing the same thing since she met her. But is a lot different now, she confessed her feelings for her, she told her she loves her and Anya did the same.

They’re together, and yes, neither of them had said something about their relationship but they talked a lot that night after they run away from the Griffin’s. They even had many very, very amazing rounds of blow minded sex. She’s happy to get to know the Impaler in person, very well now, thank you very much.

So, why in the hell the blonde had to act like an idiot and gave heart eyes to the bartender.

“Are you ok in there?” Clarke asks gently from the other side of the door.
“Yeah, I just needed to pee,” She tries to sound more calm, although she knows her friend is not buying it. Clarke can read her like the back of her hand.

“Rae,” There it is, that tone Raven hates so much. The one the doctors and nurses used it when she was determined to walk again. The one her mother gave her when she told her she was going to study hard to become a mechanic. The one people adopt when they see her limb. Raven Reyes is not made for pity.

“I’m fine, Clarke,” She spat at the blonde but sighs immediately, she’s not the one she should be mad at “Can I borrow your lipstick?” She half-opens the door to fake a smile to the blonde, who doesn’t look too convinced “I forgot mine at home and I these gorgeous lips need some moisture”, She smirks feeling more confident.

Clarke rolls her eyes but complies. Raven returns to the bathroom, she looks herself in the mirror. She’s strong, she’s Raven Reyes for fuck sake!

There’s a knock on the door and she opens it again “Are you sure you’re alright?” Clarke smiles honestly and Raven does the same.

Raven grips the blonde wrist, “Yeah, I’ll be out in a minute,” She takes the lipstick and gives her a kiss on the cheek “You’re the best,” She closes the door again.

A few seconds later there’s a knock again, she sighs “I told you I’m okay,” She opens the door to see another blonde standing there. The blonde she wants to scream at but she also wants to kiss her, so that’s a problem. Strong, Reyes, you are strong.

“What do you want?” She asks leaving the door open and walking to the mirror to put some colour on her lips.

Anyawalks in, closing the door behind her.

“Hey,” She mumbles shyly and Raven lets out an annoyed sigh.

“If you need to use the bathroom is all yours,” She shrugs cleaning the corner of her lips. “Are you shy now? I had seen you naked already,” She teases crossing her arms when the blonde makes no move “Not too impressive, I must say,” She smirks glancing towards the blonde crotch.
Anya scoff at that. Bingo.

“I don’t think that’s what you said when you saw the Impaler for the first time,” She challenges mimicking her pose.

“Yeah, well, I was drunk that night,” She dares back. She wants to hurt her, to hurt her like she felt when Anya was giving her attention to another woman “Anyway, you can use the toilet, I’m finished here,” She tries to walk out but Anya is still at the door.

“No,” Anya glares at her.

“No,” The blonde shakes her head “No, you can’t leave when your girlfriend wants to talk to you,”

“Ha! Girlfriend! I don’t have a girlfriend” Raven mocks “Where is she? I don’t see her,” She waves around the little room “Oh, maybe she’s flirting with another girl again!”

Anya has the courtesy to look ashamed and flinch at her tone at least, good.

“I’m sorry, okay?” The blonde breaths deep “I’m sorry, I was a stupid asshole with you out there,”

“You don’t have to apologize, we had fun and that’s it,” Raven shrugs again even if the words burn inside.

“Raven,” Anya says softly “I know you want to hurt me, but you know that’s not true,” She frowns. It is not for her and Raven has to be kidding.

“Well, if you want a real relationship why don’t you go to look for Fox,” She lifts her chin up “Maybe she’s still up for that blowjob,”
Anya sighs rubbing her forehead “I don’t want that, not the drink, not the… not anything with another woman that is not you,” she tries to reach for Raven but the latina swats her hand.

“Yeah?” She raises one of her eyebrows “You make me look like an idiot, you looked like an idiot in front of our friends and now you want me to believe you just want to be with me?”

“I said I’m sorry,” Anya grits her teeth, “Look, I am an idiot, okay? I had never been in a relationship before, I’m not good with the feelings thing and all that,” Raven scoffs “I know! It is stupid but you have to trust me, I don’t want another woman, I’m in love with you!”

“What a great way to prove it,”

“I think we already state that I’m an asshole,” She growls “What do you want me to do, uh? Tell it and I’m doing it right now!”

“Fine,” Raven pushes a dumbfounded Anya from her spot in front of the door, “Let’s do this.”

Anya rolls her eyes but follows the latina out and back to the bar.

“Where are we going?” She asks trying to catch up with Raven’s fast steps.

“You’re going to dance with me,” The brunette shrugs making her way to the jukebox.

“Dance?” Anya panics, “I don’t dance,” She scoffs.

“Yeah, but my girlfriend does, so,” Raven pushes a button of the machine and the music begins to sound dragging the attention of all the presents. Lexa and Clarke included, they’re at the pool table smirking and laughing.

And Jesus Fucking Christ, Raven Reyes is at the centre of the dance floor swinging her hips her hands tangled with her hair, lost in the music. Anya wants to do something but her feet seem glued to the wooden floor. She looks around to see some patrons nodding at her girl movements, some others whistling and then a guy, a tall hefty wavy long-hair blonde guy is walking towards Raven. Oh, hell no, not on her watch.
Before the man reaches to Raven she runs and encircles her waist from behind. Raven gives a yelp but intertwined her fingers with hers leaning back.

“You’re a brat,” She groans in her ear keeping the rhythm of Raven’s hips deliciously attached to her body.

“And you love it,” Raven adds more pressure to her motions “And it seems you’re not the only one,” She bites her lip when she feels the impaler making her appearance.

They dance the whole song with their bodies connected. When the music is dying Raven tries to move away but Anya swirls her around and kisses her hard right there in the middle of the bar for everyone to see who she belongs, who they belong, to each other. Everybody is howling and clapping at the couple. A couple, Anya thinks and smiles between the kiss.

“I love you, you big idiot,” Rave whispers resting her forehead against the blonde’s.

“I love you too, bigger idiot,” Anya smirks earning a loud laugh from the latina “So, are we girlfriends now?” She mumbles shyly just for her to hear. And that’s again another thing why Raven Reyes loves Anya Forest so much. She’s the only person allowed to see the real Anya.

“Yeah, sure,” She smirks tangling her arms around the blonde’s neck “But no more blowjobs for you in while,” She pushes her to walk towards her friends at the pool table “And I’m not talking about the drinks,” She winks over her shoulder with a mischievous laugh.

“Fuck,” Anya growls watching the extra cadency the latina puts on her hips. She can live with that if that’s her punishment from her lovely sexy girlfriend. Her girlfriend, at last, she thinks. Yeah, that’s all she needs for now. Raven Reyes is all she needs in her life.
Chapter End Notes

I do hope you forgive what a big assholes Anya and Lexa are in this story. What a pair, uh?

So, what do you think Clarke is going to do now, knowing how Lexa feels? Is Lexa pushing the thing too much? Is she crazy for feeling like that? Is Clarke to avoid the talk? Let me know!!!!

We’ll see in the next chapter ;) Have a nice week!
Everybody has an addiction, mine happens to be you

Chapter Summary

Ranya and Clea plays pool.
Someone is back.
Lexa's doubts.
Clarke's conviction.

Chapter Notes

No excuses, I suck.

Thank you for always being so patient. This is the longest chapter so far, I hope it makes it up because of the wait and delay.

And obviously for its content:)

I honestly rewrote it like 5 times before being completely sure of it, so I hope it worked out in the end.

I don't know when I can do another update, I hope that before the end of the month or the first week of August, however, no more promises because we already established that I suck on it.

Enjoy!

xoxo

Mckie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa sees the interaction on the dance floor and her heart swells. She’s proud of her best friend, at
last, she put herself together and found her way to Raven’s arms. The place she belongs and where she would never leave.

She’s glad another waitress brought their drinks a few minutes ago. She believes Fox only went to the table to tease her for been there and from the look the woman on the bar has, she’s sure the bartender just wanted to provoke the latina. She smirks when Anya dance with Raven and even claps when they kiss.

“Are you ready to get your asses kicked?” Raven asks as soon as she comes in where Clarke and Lexa are playing.

“You’re too confident,” Clarke lets out a chuckle.

The latina shrugs “I have some skills and you should know it by now,” She points at Clarke with the billiard cue she took from the wall before walking to the table.

“And she has me by her side,” Anya grins arrogantly rubbing the chalk cube on her own cue stick.

“Oh, so, you’re a team now, uh?” Clarke taunts with a huge smirk and Raven rolls her eyes with a smile. Of course, Clarke is going to take the chance and tease her for life about what just happened. Geez! She’s Anya’s girlfriend and Anya’s hers. Fucking finally!

“Yeah, so, me and my girlfriend,” she gives a special tone to the word and can’t help the smile surfing on her face, “against you and your,” Raven drags her sentence when the blonde glares at her, “Lexa, your Lexa” the latina fakes a sweet voice.

Clarke makes a face and shakes her head “yeah, you two against, me and my Lexa,” she says sarcastically like if it meant nothing, although the idea gives her butterflies on her stomach. The feeling gets bigger when she sees from the corner of her eye how bad Lexa tries to hide the shy smile on her face. “Prepare yourselves to been beaten,”

“Oh, you’re so going to lose!” Raven claps eagerly.

Clarke and Lexa are a good team indeed, they’re playing like if they were playing together their whole life. They get the solid balls and apparently Lexa is an expert in the game, she walks all around the table sizing each shot they are about to make. Clarke tries, it really does but Lexa’s
trousers make it impossible, she tries to not look at the brunette's butt when she leans over the piece of furniture to understand the shot angle. She’s so going to pay for that.

Another of the good perks of having Lexa as a pool partner is that when the blonde doubts about a shot, the soccer player comes behind her to whisper in her ear how she should do the shot. She maybe could or couldn’t have been doing this on purpose more often that she really needs it. When Lexa puts her hand on her hips and bends her over the table, she thinks on the nasty things they could do if they were alone.

“Head on the game” Lexa whispers again against her ear and she feels every fibre on her body awake. She can even feel the curve of Lexa’s mouth on her skin and all she wants to do now is to kiss that stupid smirk off her face.

Lexa moves her grip on the cue stick, the touch of her fingertips lingers on her arm and then she walks back “You can do it, Clarke,” She rolls her name on her tongue deliciously and Clarke has to stop herself from moan right then and there. Shit, she’s so worked up right now and the smirk on Raven’s face is all she needs to know she’s not doing a good job hiding it.

Clarke takes a big breath to calm herself, so not the time to think in how good Lexa’s tongue is, sounds, G*dd! Stop, Griffin, sooo thirsty! She hits the last solid ball and it rolls over the table painfully slowly before falling into the pocket of the right corner.

“Yes!,” The blonde jumps on the ball of her feet before turning around and give Lexa a big hug.

“Well, done, Clarke,” Lexa says smiling with her hands tangled on her waist.

“Well, I do have a great teacher,” She leans back to see Lexa at her eyes and when she winks, the brunette has to bite her lip to avoid kissing her in front of all the patrons and their friends.

A cleared throat drags their attention and they both release each other as if they were on fire. In a way, they were.

“Oh, do you need a time?” Anya mocks and Raven snorts.

“They were having a very dulce momento, baby, when you interrupt them,”
“They were humping” Anya scoffs with a disgusted face.

“We were not!” Clarke squeals and Lexa shakes her head vehemently but no sound comes from her mouth. The blonde ends failing her next shoot, too flustered to think about it.

“Bye, Loser! My turn!” The latina bends over to get the shot and yelps when Anya slaps her ass.

“You got this!” She smirks when Raven glares at her playfully, although the gesture it seems to work because she gets the shot.

The black eight ball is waiting for be pocketed and it’s Lexa’s turn. Clarke is grateful the responsibility is not on her and because there’s another reason to look at Lexa’s goddess body.

The brunette takes her sweet time squinting her eyes when she inclines over the table, she straights up again leaning her hip on the cue stick pursing her lips. Anya rolls her eyes at the seriousness of her best friend’s face. She can’t reject a challenge even when there’s nothing to lose on this match. Of course, she will enjoy to tease her forever if she fails but is not like she was fighting for her life on a circle of the death.

Lexa rests her mouth on her knuckles and frowns trying to understand what’s the best way to get the shot done. Yes, of course, her life is not on the line on this but her pride is and she knows Anya is not going to let her survive is she miss.

Clarke gets close bumping her shoulder with hers “Don’t think too much,” she rubs her forearm before leaning in and kisses her on her cheek in a daring move “This is all yours,”

Lexa’s mind shortcuts, not only because Clarke pink lips touch her skin as a sign of trust and she’s sure there’s an innuendo in between. She can’t help the rush running through her body settling on her stomach, maybe a little bit down.

She bends and sighs to calm herself. You got this, Lexa. She moves a step to the right scrunching her eyes in concentration, then she pulls the stick back and strikes the white ball potently. The ball swings the black one spinning it to the middle pocket. The eight ball hits the corner of the pocket before gets in.
“In your face, Reyes!” Clarke screams before throwing herself into Lexa’s arms peppering kisses all over her face. It seems she isn’t realizing what’s she’s doing but Lexa can see their friends does, judging by the knowing look on the faces of their friends. She could care less when Clarke kisses the corner of her mouth.

“Ugh!, just a lucky shot,” Raven groans “I demand a rematch before getting another beer,” she sips the last of her bottle “come on, honey,” she tosses the cue on the table and grabs Anya’s hand.

Lexa doesn’t buy the excuse, not when Anya drags Raven to a dark corner. Ugh, they are the worst.

Clarke is oblivious about what’s happening around them, she’s so happy, and maybe the beers on her system have done their job because all she can look at is the deep green of Lexa’s eyes. Fuck, she wants to kiss her, for all to know she’s hers and she’s Lexa’s.

“Clarke?,” A low voice pulls her out of her thoughts.

“Luna!” She yells in a high-pitched manner “What are you doing here?” she steps back from Lexa’s embrace when she sees the woman in front of them.

“I’m having a few drinks with some co-workers,” Luna nods back to a table on the other side of the bar.

“Co-workers? You drove all the way here to get cheap alcohol?” She asks playfully, although Lexa still can catch the nervousness on her voice.

Luna giggles and Lexa wants to gag “No, I, uh” She scratch the back of her neck “I actually, I’m back at Arkadia,” Luna looks at her shoes intensely. "I mean, I moved back in a few weeks ago," she shrugs and now Lexa wants to spill her guts. Luna is back at the town. It doesn’t mean anything but what if...

Clarke opens her mouth but is Lexa who makes a throaty sound getting the attention of both women.

“Oh, hi, Lexa,” Luna nods at her like if it were the first time in the night she notices she’s there.
“Luna,” The soccer player almost growls but offers her a stiff nod.

“You two know each other?” Clarke looks back and forth between them.

“Yeah, I met Lexa when she was with Aden at the Ice Nation the other day,” She shrugs nonchalantly sipping the drink in her hand.

“Oh, right, I forgot about that,” Clarke mumbles frowning. This is not how she pictured her night out. Her kind-of a second date with Lexa and now her ex-girlfriend is here too.

“So,” Luna drawls her words and is enough for Lexa when Clarke shifts uncomfortably on her feet.

“I think I should go get another drink,” Lexa states and turns around without waiting for a reply.

Clarke sees Lexa walking away and she wants to go after her but she doesn’t want to be rude to Luna. The woman has always been nothing but kind to her, even when the things between them didn’t work out, that doesn’t mean that the affection they had, had disappeared when Luna decided to move to Mount Wheater, and it is not that she still feels anything more than gratitude and fondness for the brunette. Much less now that Lexa is in the picture.

“So you even heard me?” Luna leans back on the pool table.

“Oh, sorry, what?” with red cheeks she takes off her gaze from the brunette sitting at the bar and talking to Fox to pay attention to Luna."Sorry, what were you telling me?"

Luna chuckles "I just wanted to know how’s the work going,"

"Oh, well, you know how the kids are, but everything goes perfectly," Clarke looks back to the seat where Lexa is taking the glass of whiskey Fox hands her.

"And Aden finally learned to play soccer, huh?" Luna keeps going with the conversation but it is impossible not to notice how distracted the blonde is. And whose fault that is.
“Yes,” Clarke smiles fondly, her son is always her soft spot “he won the championship, he even scored a penalty,” Her smile gets bigger remembering the happiness on Aden’s face after the game “Lexa taught him how to shoot and they were practicing very hard with the team, she’s so good with him, I mean, she even gave him private lessons after their regulars with the team.”

Clarke swoons over how good Lexa is with Aden. It still surprises her the connection between those two. When Lexa came to the farm she couldn’t barely stand to be near to him but now, after the way she took care of him when he was sick and the way she looks after him when he runs tripping on air or when he hugs her and she returns the gesture with kindness and love, she’s sure Lexa loves Aden as much as he does. G*#d she got it bad for her. Like, no the L word of course not, but yeah, whatever that means.

Luna notices how Clarke’s eyes shine when she speaks about Lexa. The brunette glances at the bar meeting the soccer player’s gaze. Lexa spins her head almost comically and she, besides be afraid the woman is going to have a neck pain for that the next morning, laughs soundless.

“Well, I was wondering,” she recollects herself “I know Aden’s birthday is in two weeks and I promised him I was going to visit him soon, so, maybe I could,” she’s cautious. Perhaps it would be awkward for Clarke to let her see him. They’re not together anymore but she loves the boy, he won her heart by his own. It wasn’t only because she was in love with Clarke, but because it is impossible for anyone to not fall for his adorableness. She’s sure Lexa herself fell for his charm too.

“Sure, yeah,” Clarke nods with an honest smile, she’s glad Luna wants to be part of her son’s life after they broke up, “We’re having a party at the barn the Saturday of his birthday. I’m sure he’s going to love having you there,”

“And you?” Luna asks carefully. It’s not like she's trying to get Clarke back, not after witnessing how the blonde flips her head every five seconds to make sure Lexa is still in her seat at the bar but she doesn’t want to put the blonde in a crossroad. Yes, she loves the Griffin's, in fact seeing Abby again is exciting, but she’s not going to the party if that means a problem for Clarke.

“Luna,” Clarke sighs tilting her head with an apologetic look.

“No, no, don’t get me wrong, it’s just,” She pushes herself from the table and strokes Clarke’s forearm, “listen, I don’t want to bother you,” She throws a quick glance and Lexa is walking out the bar. She withdraws her hand but the damage is already done. Shit.
“Luna, you’re not, I mean, this is awkward? Well, kinda,” The blonde chuckles, “but you’re Aden’s friend and a very important person to him, to us, you were part of our lives and I like to think we can still be friends,” she smiles but the grin turns into a frown when she looks over her shoulder and Lexa is not on her spot anymore.

“Yes, of course,” Luna nods, glad that the blonde wants to be her friend, “go,” she rolls her eyes when Clarke is still looking back.

“What?”

“Go after her,” The brunette shakes her head. Clarke always the clueless.

The blonde bites her lower lip “I, I mean, I don’t want to,” She waves between them.

“I have to get back to my table, and you,” She takes Clarke’s hand to give her a small squeeze “you need to go after your girl,” her kind grin change into a smirk.

“She’s not, we’re not,” Clarke stutters because it gets harder and harder to deny her feelings for Lexa. To deny she wants to hold her hand and kiss her every time they’re in the same space. To not say he heart belongs to her and only her. To not call her her girlfriend and be able to let the people know.

She heard how Lexa feels about that. The same thought was always on her mind every time they had to wait for everyone to go to bed before actually being together. How many kisses they’ve had to steal from each other when they are alone, she doesn’t want that anymore. They have feelings for each other and that shouldn’t have to be a bad thing. On the contrary, they should be living their relationship freely. Fuck the world, she needs to find Lexa and tell her immediately.

“I’m gonna,” She points back but she scrunches her face up, she doesn’t know where Lexa is.

“She’s out,” Luna rolls her eyes again.

Clarke smiles sweetly and gives a little kiss on her cheek with a quick ‘thank you’ before running after her soon-to-be girlfriend. At least she hopes Lexa say yes.
When she walks out of the bar, her head is a mess. She’s afraid Lexa just went home knowing their friends could give her a ride to the farm. She knows Lexa would never do something like that to her but if Clarke would see Costia near of Lexa, even if that’s another story, she would feel uneasy too. She breaths with relief when she spots the brunette is sitting on a big old car wheel.

Lexa is watching at the sky, lost in her thoughts. She looks beautiful, so beautiful Clarke almost forgets what she’s about to say and just wants to kiss her until that sulking face is off her face. Her hair cascade over her shoulders and her forearms are resting on her tights. G*d really did a good job when they create this stunning creature.

“Hey,” She seats carefully next to the brunette and the woman nods without glancing at her “what are you doing here?” She bumps her shoulder against Lexa’s and her hands itch to touch the soccer player. She wants nothing but to hug her and hold her in her arms forever, but she wants to give Lexa her space.

“The bar got too crowded” Lexa fakes a disgusted grimace.

Maybe no too fake when she remembers why she needed to walk out of the place. Luna is back. Luna, the same ex-girlfriend Clarke talked about being so in love once is living again at Arkadia. And maybe she’s being childish again but her chest shrank at the idea. Distance was the reason why they broke up in the first place, so now that Luna is back, why wouldn’t Clarke give her another chance? Lexa is not Luna at all, she is selfish, she keeps thinking about leaving even though she believes more and more that she can’t live away from the blonde.

Clarke nods. She craves to say so much, but she doesn’t know where to begin. They stay in silence for a few minutes. Lexa sips her whiskey from now and then.

“So, Luna is back, uh?” Lexa chooses to rip the band-aid off. Is she’s going to lose Clarke, better now that she’s not in love with her. Because she’s not, although the pang in her chest says the opposite.

“Yup, she wanted to know if she could see Aden for his birthday,” when Lexa only nods, Clarke continues “are you okay with that?” she looks for the soccer player’s eyes but the woman doesn’t give her anything.

“Why wouldn’t I?” She shifts in her spot to face the blonde.
“Lex,” Clarke takes her hand shyly and although the brunette doesn’t put her hand away, she looks around to see if there are people near of them.

“I know she’s his friend, Clarke,” Lexa sighs. Even if she doesn’t quite like Luna, she’s not going to make Aden choose between them, he deserves all the love people can give to him. It doesn’t matter if that comes from the woman Clarke loved for so long “And I know she is important to you too,” or could she still love her?

Clarke nods, she is, just not as much as she was before “I mean she’s a very good friend of the family,” she tries to make clear this is not just about her “but I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable around her,” she gives Lexa a small smile “you’re way more important than her to me now,” Clarke bites her bottom lip expecting Lexa can understand what she means.

“Why?” Lexa whispers coming closer to her and for Clarke is a winning.

“Because, I,” She stops herself before she says something she’s not sure about “because I want to be with you,” If Lexa notices the slip she lets it pass but her eyes shine.

“I want to be with you too, Clarke, but are you sure?” Lexa still wonders if Luna’s return can come between them. Will Lexa be enough for Clarke? She caresses the blonde’s cheek carefully with the back of her hand but withdraws it looking away when too drunk bikers leave the bar.

To the hell with that! thinks Clarke. Taking the brunette’s face in her hands Clarke pushes herself from her spot to straddling Lexa and the brunette is caught by surprise.

“Clarke,” she’s still uncertain and looks around them to see if the bikers are looking back but the men are too drunk to notice. “Clarke,” she tries again but the blonde only responses kissing her hard.

Lexa’s will breaks as soon as the blonde's lips touch hers. She should feel embarrassed that only a touch can make her forget the uncertainty of Clarke's actions, but honestly who could think of something else when Clarke is nibbling her plump lips asking for the access that Lexa immediately allows her.

Her hands cling to the hips of the blonde and Clarke tangled her fingers in the silky hair of the soccer player. It is when neither of them can breathe properly that they disconnect keeping their foreheads against each other.
"That's how sure I am," Clarke smiles wickedly, tracing Lexa's cheek with her thumb.

Lexa is still recovering from that wonderful kiss that, with her eyes closed and trying to catch her breath, her mind still can not understand. The only thing she can do is answer with an 'Uh?' and Clarke giggles at the reaction she causes in the brunette.

"I want to be with you, Lexa, only with you," Clarke assures her still playing with her hair. The blonde sees the confusion face in Lexa turning into a beautiful and big smile that makes her feel that she will do anything to never see it fade away.

“Yeah?” She asks with a goofy smile.

Clarke rolls her eyes but chuckles, “You big dork,” Clarke leans back still on Lexa’s lap to see into her deep green eyes finding nothing but pure adoration in them.

How could she be stupid enough to say no to this? How could she deny to both of them the chance to be together and let everyone know that Lexa belongs to her as she does to the soccer player? If what Lexa needs is to give a name to their relationship to be confident of them, then so be it.

“So?” Lexa asks giving a slight squeeze to the hips of the blonde. "Does that mean I can hold your hand in front of everyone?" Clarke loves the way in which Lexa bites her lower lip timidly when he asks and resting her hands on the brunette's shoulders she smiles sweetly nodding.

"And can I kiss you whenever I want?" Lexa smirks and Clarke laughs but agrees again humming.

"And can I call you my girlfriend?" Lexa frowns with a light of hope on her face.

"Well, that depends." Clarke places a strip of hair behind Lexa's ear. Her cute little ears that she loves so much. The frown on Lexa's face deepens. "You still have not asked the question," The blonde teases smugly biting her lip to try not to laugh.

Although Lexa rolls her eyes she chuckles. "And I'm the dork?" Ask with a raised eyebrow.
“So?” Clarke plays with the baby hair on the nape of the brunette and a slight shiver runs through her entire body.

"Clarke," Lexa begins seriously by taking the blonde's hand and placing it over her heart, "This is what it does every time you're around, beats stronger and faster as I never thought she would;" Clarke's own heart jumps from the excitement of the antic, "you have given my life the joy I didn’t think I deserved," Lexa gives a tender kiss to the back of her hand and Clarke melts "and although it still a little hard for me to believe that I do, I want to earn that special place in your life, "Lexa feels her eyes watering a little." So, Clarke Abigail Griffin,” she clears her dry throat, “would you do me the honour of being my girlfriend?"

“You’re such a big sap,” The blonde teases her.

“That was not the reply I expected to hear,” Lexa groans, her head falling forward on Clarke’s chest that rumbles with her laugh. Even when Lexa feels exasperated by Clarke's taunt, she smiles when she hears that beautiful melody.

“Yes!, Yes!, Yes!,” Clarke lifts her girlfriend’s (at last!) head from her chin to pepper Lexa’s face with kisses “Of course I want to be your girlfriend, Alexandria Woods!” She kisses on the lips to seal the deal.

“Come here, babe,” Clarke tries to get up from the brunette's lap but Lexa prevents it by pulling her back to her position, "No, I like it here," the soccer player hides his face on the blonde's neck leaving a few faintly kisses.

Clarke fights with not much resistance, leaving her neck exposed for the pleasure of the brunette who keeps kissing and nipping the place she knows drives her crazy.

"Babe, really, we need to go back inside," Clarke pants without much will.

"Why?" Lexa mumbles, her lips never resting from her hard work.

"Because I want to brag about my brand new girlfriend," She chuckles breathlessly, "And because it's better that we face our friends at once or they'll come out looking for us here and I do not think that would be better," She pulls Lexa from her hair and pecks her on the lips. "Come on,"
Lexa groans but she complies. Such a mushy gay puddle in Clarke’s hands.

“Hey,” Lexa stops Clarke a few steps from the bar’s door.

Clarke turns around, “What is it?”

“Are you really sure you want to do this?” Lexa asks honestly “I don’t want you to feel pressure or,” She purses her lips.

Clarke puts a finger on her them “Lex, stop,” she squeezes the hand is holding Lexa’s, “you’re not pushing me to do nothing I don’t want, but, do you?” Clarke can’t help but think that she hasn’t stopped to reason if Lexa wants it too. Even if the brunette mentioned it to Anya a few minutes ago, what if the soccer player has doubts now?

“No, no, I do, It’s just,”

“Great,” Clarke kisses her again “Now let’s go, woman! I want all the people in Arkadia to know that the commander is not single anymore!” She says playfully and Lexa can’t do anything else but bark a laugh.

When Clarke and Lexa enter the bar by the hand, the murmurs in the place do not wait. The brunette sees an amused Fox with an eyebrow raised to the line of her hair smirking. Luna’s coworkers elbow her nodding towards them and the woman smiles shaking her head.

Of course, her friends are the noisier about it. Raven pushes Anya from her in the corner of the bar, as soon as the commotion in the place catches her attention “Well, well, well. It was about time!” She smugly says.

Clarke rolls her eyes but rubs Lexa’s forearm without unlocking the other, “Shut it, Reyes, you were pinned on the wall by your girlfriend, you have no right to tease us,”

“So, ready for the rematch?” Raven at least has the decency to seem embarrassed by the situation while Anya wipes the traces of lipstick on her face but the latina prefers to reach the topic in a different way ”It's Team Ranya versus Team Clexa,” she claps.
“What the hell is that?” Lexa asks confusedly.

Raven rolls her eyes in reply “Ranya, as Raven and Anya” She waves between her girlfriend “and Clexa,” She does the same with her friends hopping for the hint to be understood.

“Yeah, yeah, we’re together, you’re a genius,” Clarke chose to play aloof so the latina doesn’t have the chance to tease them even more.

“Yes! Lo sabía! I knew you couldn’t resist stud’s ass in those pants!” Raven laughs patting Lexa’s shoulder.

“What the,” Anya growls dragging her back protectively.

“Aaaw, you do have a nice ass too, bebé,” The latina pats Anya’s rear.

“Can we stop talking about asses and prepare yours to be kicked again?” Lexa dares to talk confident and Clarke feels proud of her girlfriend taunt.

“Ok, just let me grab another round!” Raven declares with a huge smile “You’re coming with me,” she takes Clarke with her and the blonde knows the latina wants to hear every detail about her new relationship status.

“Clexa, uh?” Anya asks wiggling her eyebrows for Lexa to roll her eyes.

“Are you going to make fun of me like your girlfriend?”

Anya’s mockery falls off her face, “Hey, Lex, no, that’s not,” Anya sighs resting her hips on the pool table and crossing her arms “listen, I’m happy you and Clarke are together,” she gives her friend a small smile.

Lexa smiles back “But if you hurt her in any way I’m so going to punch you again,” Anya points at her seriously.
“Geez, thanks for the confidence vote,” Lexa frowns.

“Well, I’m going to tell her the same to Clarke too,” Anya shrugs “You two are very important to me,” Anya looks anywhere but at Lexa and the brunette knows she’s getting uncomfortable with the feelings sharing.

“When did you become so close to Clarke as to threaten your best friend like that?” Lexa jokes but she really wants to know where that came from.

Anya gives a deep breath “When Jake took me into his home after my breakdown, Clarke still was a teen punk but she was so determined to help me through my AA program,” She chuckles shaking her head remembering how Clarke almost screams at Abby when they had wine for dinner one night, “she was like a little sister for me by the time I need it the most,”

Lexa glances over the bar counter to see the blonde laughing at Raven’s clearly sassy statement. If she wasn’t sure she was falling for her already, this does it. Clarke was Anya’s family when she was away, she took care of her best friend like if it was her own. This gorgeous amazing creature can’t be real. And beyond that, she’s hers now.

“I will do everything in my power to never hurt her, Anya, I promise,” She states truthfully and Anya only nods.

“Alright! Here it comes the Reyes revenge!” Raven shouts.

Anya and Raven end up winning the second match. Although neither Lexa nor Clarke seem bothered by it, this game has been more an excuse to stay together. Lexa does not pay more attention to the shots, not when she can hug Clarke from behind and kiss her at every turn the other couple has to shoot. Finally Raven decides that they should leave him in a draw and call the night out to move to a ‘better way of fun’, her words, each one with his respective girlfriend. They say their goodbyes and Raven hugs Lexa to make her know she’s going to kill her too. Although Lexa rolls her eyes, she smiles knowing Clarke has a family looking after her. She only hopes she can prove herself she’s worth of their trust and Clarke’s love.

Their way back home is more relaxing, for Clarke at least, she’s more playful and kisses Lexa at every chance she gets. Lexa on the other hand, is feeling uneasy she wants nothing but to ravish the blonde but she doesn’t want to risk anything. One false move and the whole thing could crash into many pieces.
They walk hand in hand in the house, grateful that Aden is spending the night at Monty's and Abby has a night shift tonight. There is no risk that they can be discovered. Though, Lexa and Clarke know that they have to talk to them as soon as they get home. It is certain that by tomorrow at Arkadia, being such a small town, the news will be flying all around.

Lexa only expects Aden to accept her relationship with her mother because otherwise, she knows it will be a hard blow for both of them.

But for today, now, with Clarke leaning into her and by her side, there's nothing in her head other than kissing her. And maybe a little more but that has to wait.

Lexa gives a big sigh when they stop at the door of the blonde, the soccer player is ready to say goodnight to Clarke much to her regret, though she doesn’t want this night to end.

"Thanks for tonight, Clarke," Lexa says politely kissing her hand gently and the blonde's heart melts again. She wonders if the day her heart doesn’t jump at every little gesture of the brunette will come? She hopes never, "I had a lot of fun and it's a day I'll never forget," Lexa is still playing with the fingertips of Clarke's hands as if the little contact was a magnet that would not let them go apart.

When Lexa's hands leave hers completely, Clarke knows that she doesn’t want to let her go anymore. Taking her by the suspenders, she leads her into her room and a hypnotized Lexa follows her step by step.

Lexa stops for a moment to lose herself again in Clarke's blue eyes, now darker than usual.

"We don’t have to rush into anything, Clarke," Lexa offers and if Clarke doubts for a second is the gesture what makes her know she’s taking the right decision.

Biting her lower lip shyly she grabs the hem of her blouse to takes it off and all Lexa’s resolution goes out the window.
Whaaaaaaa!!!!

So, the did the do! *Giggles*

Let's see how Aden and Abby take the new status of Clexa.

Would they be happy? Angry?

Let me know if you're still around! ;)

Dulce momento = Sweet time
Happiness is something you design for the present

Chapter Summary

Clexa's next morning.
Abby's reaction
Aden's reaction
Clexa fluff (Ugh! stop!)

Chapter Notes

I still suck!

Anyway, enjoy this chapter with your pancakes! ;)

PS. Love these two.

PS2. I'm kinda stretching the tattoo design to fit. But, yeah, I had to.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Since Lexa has arrived at the Griffin farm her body has undergone the change of sleep in the comfort of her fluffy bed of thousands of dollars to the modest version that exists in her new room here. The first weeks were a true martyrdom and all the muscles of her body shouted that she could not stand more nights in it.

Today, however, although her body still resents the lack of rest, for the first time she has no complaint about the reason behind her sore muscles.

Slowly Lexa recovers knowledge and even if her mind is not fully awake, she smiles when she sinks her nose into the pillow under her head and that delicious sweet aroma hits her senses. Clarke. The next thing that Lexa recognizes is the slight brush that runs lazily on her back. It is almost as if Clarke had every intention of not waking her while her fingertips run over her skin. Lexa's mind follows the trace of Clarke's fingers and she knows that the blonde is connecting and drawing the circles of the tattoo on her back.
Lexa can do anything but hum content. This, this is how she wants to wake up every morning from now on. This, this is how true happiness feels. With every muscle of her body pounding from last night activities between Clarke and her but with her heart full of love. And shit, then again that word.

“Morning,” Clarke voice is raspier than usual and makes Lexa shiver when she kisses her shoulder blade. She only hums with her eyes still closed in response for the good measure of not break the spell.

Clarke chuckles still caressing her back. Lexa turns her head over the pillow to enjoy the feeling a bit more.

“I’ve always loved your tattoos, all of them,” She brushes the tribal one on her bicep “but this, this one is beautiful,” The blonde traces the lines of the first circle “it’s my favourite,” The whisper is almost imperceptible but makes Lexa smile go bigger.

“What does it mean?” Clarke asks after a few seconds of silence.

“My team,” Lexa mumbles not moving an inch.

“Your team?”

Lexa finally opens her eyes scrunching her face when faintly morning light hits her face “There are eleven circles, as eleven players on a soccer team,” the words run lazily on her tongue “small or big, together they work for the victory,” she smiles remembering those happy times she set a foot on the field. That thriving adrenaline from a packed stadium chanting her name.

Clarke smiles when she caught the joy in Lexa’s tone. She knows how much the soccer player misses playing. The only time Lexa talks this excited is when she does about soccer. Even if she doesn’t want to think in the brunette’s departure, she is sure Lexa would never be fully happy if she never gets to score another goal. But this is not the time, she tells herself, this is a happy day and she doesn’t want to ruin it with the pain of the day Lexa will be gone. Although they said they’ll figure it out, she knows it’ll hurt not having her around. But today, she is here, in her bed and very naked, so no, not today, living the present is the way it should be.

“Well, is beautiful and I love it since the first time I saw it,” Clarke prefers to follow the path of light talk.

Lexa chuckles, "The first time you saw it was last night, Clarke,"

Clarke bites her bottom lip, "Uh, teenager Clarke may or may not have bought a magazine in which The Commander showed off her tattoos," she says between a shy laugh.

"Did she?" Lexa asks smugly. She remembers that publication of Sports Illustrated, it was after her first world cup. A special edition in which the whole team appeared but The Commander got the main cover, of course, along with the central pages where Lexa posed with her back naked to the delight of all her followers. And apparently to Clarke’s too, from the information, the blonde has given her "If I check under your bed, will I find your alarming collection of forbidden magazines, Clarke?" She teases earning a smack on her arm from the blonde.

"It was not like that!" Clarke squeals "I had a crush on you remember?"

"Did you?" Lexa smiles "good to know you're over me," she shakes her body so that the thin sheet slips a little more revealing her tight ass.
Clarke gulps and even if Lexa cannot see her she hears it.

"You jerk," Clarke spanks her rear and Lexa yelps.

A very appreciative hum leaves Lexa’s mouth when Clarke's lips travel through her dorsal spine. G*d she can get used to this. She would quit soccer even if that meant waking up next to Clarke every day of her life. And it hits her, it hits her hard how deep she’s into this woman that she wouldn’t even blink at giving up the thing she loves the most. Or maybe there’s someone else she does even more.

Lexa’s mind is distracted from that fact when Clarke nips her lower back and she moans earning a mischievous chuckle from the blonde. She’s very grateful for that for now.

The sound encourages Clarke to keep going and Lexa’s hips grind against the mattress looking for some kind of relief. Fortunately for Lexa, Clarke wastes no time and uncovers the rest of her naked body by posing hers on her. The feeling of skin on skin and Clarke's lips running down the back of her neck is enough for Lexa to reach the point of desperation. She needs her. So much.

After what Lexa thinks is one of a hell morning sex round they walk to the kitchen to make breakfast. They showered together, tho. Clarke literally had to drag her out of bed because Lexa was adamantly going to get out of it even though the sound of her hungry stomach suggested they should.

‘I’m craving something even sweeter than pancakes, Clarke,” She said kissing the blonde in her attempt to tempt her to go for the third round being only interrupted by the thunderous grumbling in her belly.

Lexa is now grateful that they have done so, she's transfixed by the celestial vision that Clarke is, wearing only her underwear and an old Grounders jersey. How can she have scored that goal? Precisely with the epitome of perfection made woman.

"You're staring," Clake chuckles shimmying her ass and Lexa bites back her huge smile.

"How can I not? You're so hot" She hugs Clarke from behind kissing her neck and Clarke is puddle in her hands.

"Stop," Clarke breaths but the way he moves her head to the side to give Lexa more space lets the brunette know she doesn’t mean it.

Lexa returns to her task trying to achieve her mission by nipping Clarke's neck.

"Yes, please, stop," A stern voice says and Lexa jumps away from the blonde to meet an amused Abby with her eyes covered with her hand.

They were so into their world that they didn’t even hear the keys or the door unlocking announcing the doctor’s arrival.

"Mom!" Clarke shrieks, "you're home early," she wipes her hands on the kitchen towel before pulling the hem of the shirt that's halfway down her thighs.

"Uh, Marcus had an emergency and couldn’t pick me up at the clinic," Abby says through her fingers that she has cautiously separated to check if the couple is behaving.

"Oh, everything okay with Marcus?" Clarke asks tilting her head aside. Although she is sure that her mother has already seen the bruises on her neck. Lexa deserved every single punch she gave her
when she noticed them in the mirror of her bedroom.

"Yes, yes," Abby finally removes her hand from her face, "Just an unforeseen with one of her cases and had to go to the office," she waves off.

Lexa's frown wrinkles, she wonders if it has anything to do with her case and the research of this mysterious character, Roan.

"Ugh, I stink hospital," Abby wrinkles her nose, "I'm going to take a bath and I hope that when I'm over breakfast is ready, I don't want to do anything other than eat and sleep before Aden is back,"

Lexa notes for the first time in the day the bags under the tired eyes of the woman. Even if Lexa knows that Abby loves her job, it must be strenuous to work on the night shifts of the only clinic around.

"We were finishing," Clarke clarifies by pointing to the mixing bowl on top of the counter.

"Uh-um," Abby smirks, "well, no more distractions, Lexa," she points to the soccer player with a menacing finger. Lexa gulps and nods, "I'll be quick," she disappears from the kitchen leaving the couple with red cheeks.

“That went well,” Clarke laughs.

"You think?" Lexa sighs in relief. Kind of.

"Well, better than I imagined," Clarke smiles extending one of her hands to Lexa who takes her to kiss her back tenderly.

"Yes, it could be worse," Lexa smiles back. She can only hope the conversation with Aden goes as smoothly as Abby’s reaction, who did not even blink at the imminent growth of the relationship between her and Clarke.

As if the blonde could read her mind, Clarke takes her face in her hands "Everything will be fine," she says without explaining further what they are talking about before. Although both know what she is referring to. “Now, come on! Mom gets grumpy when food is not ready," she gives her a peck on the lips.

“Yeah, well, you’re not better,” Lexa teases and Clarke sticks out her tongue throwing her the kitchen towel. Lexa shakes her head to prevent her mind to think what that tongue can do or where it has been.

"So, you're together," Abby states as if it were the most normal talk in the world during a breakfast when the three women are seating on the kitchen’s table. Clarke and Lexa are properly clothed now. And Abby’s phrase it’s not a question at all.

"Oh, there she is!" Clarke laughs shaking her head, "I thought an alien had abducted my mother when she didn’t ask any questions about it," she taunts.

Abby laughs "It was obvious after you," she points at Clarke with her fork, "have been drooling for Lexa for so many years," she smirks, "and you," it's her turn now to point to Lexa "you have done anything but give Clarke heart eyes since you came back," she shrugs taking another piece of
"I was not," Lexa mumbles indignantly. She can not believe that the all mighty Commander can be so well read in her feelings about Clarke.

Clarke rolls her eyes, "I had a crush, yes, but this is kinda new," she smiles at Lexa grabbing her hand over the table and the soccer player gets lost in it again. Well, shit, yeah, totally heart eyes-and when it comes to the blonde.

“How so?” Abby asks curiously but with an honest smile.

"I don’t see Lexa on an unreachable pedestal anymore," Clarke looks at Lexa straight in her shining green eyes "now I know she can make mistakes," Lexa bows her head with regret but she squeezes the hand that holds the brunette's to call for her attention "but I also know that when something matters to her, she is strong enough to accept it and fix it, "and the smile on her face lets Lexa know that her past fails have been somewhat forgiven," I think she has already learned the lesson, "Clarke giggles bumping her shoulder against Lexa's.

The soccer player rolls her eyes but she replies "I did," nodding with a sweet smile and Clarke chest pounds in joy.

"Good, because I don’t want to kick any of your asses," Abby warns.

"I don't want that either," Lexa chuckles. She knows how much Abby cares for the both of them, no matter her time away, this is her family and the doctor is still like her own mother. That's how she's also sure that Abby would actually kick their asses if either of them hurt the other. "And believe me when I say I'll do everything to not hurt Clarke, I want this, I want us," she looks at Clarke’s blue eyes honestly and the heart of the blonde melts once again.

"Oh, G*dd! Please stop" Abby whines throwing a napkin at the couple "It's nice to be surrounded by love and everything, but enough!" she smirks.

"We're not," They both yelp.

Abby chuckles "Yeah, well, you'll get there," she offers kindly “I still can’t believe I own 20 bucks to your father,”

“You what?” Clarke frowns. Jake’s absence is not something that the family speak about very often. The resignation has come into their lives but that doesn’t make any easier to remember that he is not here.

“That silly man wise man,” Abby eyes waters although she’s still wearing a big yearning smile “he always told me that you two would end up together, even with the distance, that you would find your own way," she shakes her head. She can’t believe how that man could ever know but it seems he was smarter for his own good. “20 bucks they end up together, Abby-loo” the doctor mimics the thick but warm voice of the coach to then laughs shaking her head again.

Weeping the tears threatening to go out of her eyes she gets up from her seat to take her dishes to the sink.

Clarke smiles at the thought of her dad hoping they were together. Like if it were a blessing for them. They're just girlfriends this is not like they are married or something but yet, knowing he would support her relationship with Lexa makes her happy. Even if it is not entirely clear how far they will go together, even if Lexa still has to leave Arkadia one day, she is sure that somehow they will find a way to just be together.
Lexa squeezes her hand to get her attention and Clarke looks at those green eyes she adores so much, only to find the same happiness reflected in them. She knows how important her father was to the soccer player as well and how much this means for her too.

Lexa gets up from her seat too, she grabs the doctor wrist and turns her around “I promise to you and him I will not going to let you down, Abby.” She pulls Abby into her arms, “not anymore,” she whispers on the woman’s forehead.

Clarke jumps and joins the embrace and the three of them end in tears. Despite being an emotional turmoil, magically in the room it feels an air of hope. Maybe the situation is not ideal, but in the end for that’s what a family is for, to make better the less ideal moments.

Abby leaves the kitchen a few minutes later when Lexa rushes her to go to her room to rest not letting the doctor clean more.

"What time will Aden arrive?" Lexa asks while drying one of the last dishes.

Clarke turns to the clock on the kitchen wall "It should not take long," she looks out the window to see the farm entrance "Hanna usually can't deal with them after breakfast," she chuckles.

Lexa nods silently.

"Are you worried?" Clarke dries her hands on the kitchen towel before removing the last plate from Lexa's hands to take them between hers.

"Do you think Aden will be okay with us together?" Lexa asks timidly.

Clarke immediately doesn’t want to do anything but kiss Lexa. She has never seen her as vulnerable as now and her heart contracts when the soccer player shows her how much Aden's opinion matters to her too.

“I think he would be thrilled, honestly.” She tilts her head looking for her eyes, “ he loves you, Lex, you’re his idol,” she scoffs to lighten the mood.

“One thing is he loves me because I play soccer, Clarke,” Lexa rolls her eyes, “another one is to know I’m banging her mom,” she smirks and the blonde laughs.

“Jerk!,” Clarke slaps Lexa bicep, “I don’t think you need to be that specific,”

“No, but really,” Says Lexa encircling Clarke’s waist, “Aren’t you worried he’s going to be mad or something?”

“Not really,” Clarke caresses Lexa's baby hairs and the brunette closes her eyes enjoying the intimacy. This is just perfect, they don’t have to hide anymore, “I mean, he was a bit jealous when Luna came into the picture,” she smiles when Lexa scrunches her face in annoyance. It’s cute how this controlled woman turns into a whining baby just at the mention of her ex-girlfriend, “but he eventually got used to, besides I told you, he loves you already,” she smiles when Lexa leans on her touch relaxed, “just, be prepared because he’s most likely going to take advantage of the pout even more, is his secret weapon,”

“Ugh, you two are going to kill me,” Lexa fakes a roll eye and pecks her, “I just hope he’d give me a chance,” she grins expectantly.

“Well, we are about to know,” Clarke glances at the farm garage where Hanna’s car is parking already.
Aden comes into the house after saying goodbye to Monty and her mom too many times for Lexa’s like.

“Hi, Lexi!” The boy crashes with her legs hugging them. She smiles and prays to whoever is up there he’s not going to change after the talk.

“Hi, kid,” She pats his head and chuckles when Aden wears this beautiful toothy smile with his head back to look at her, “how was the sleepover?”

“Amazing!” He jumps in the ball of his feet, “we ate lots of pizza and,” he sees his mother placing his backpack on the kitchen table out of the corner of his eye and waves Lexa to bend so he can say what he’s sure her mother wouldn’t approve, “they had a bucket of ice cream,” he whispers in her ear and Lexa barks a laugh. She knows Clarke doesn’t need to know how much ice cream that brat had last night.

“What are you two secretly talking about?” Clarke joins them in the hall with her two hands on her hips. It’s never a good sign Aden telling secrets to Lexa. Even though, she smiles.

“Uh, nothing,” Lexa recomposes herself winking at Aden who giggles.

“So,” Clarke glances at Lexa to let her know they have to do this. The sooner the better. “We want to talk to you, baby boy,”

Aden frowns confusedly. Lexa finds it cute how look-alike mother and son are.

“Am I in trouble?” Aden asks when they’re at the living room.

Clarke shakes her head, “No,” She’s sitting next to Lexa on the couch. Aden in the middle. She rubs his back, “No, Aden, you’re not in trouble,” she sighs.

“Oh, ok,” He swings his tiny legs back and forth.

“Uhm, you know I love you, right?” Clarke wants to reassure him he’s still her first priority.

The kid nods again, “And I love you,” he replies innocently making the couple to melt. This maybe is going to be easier than they thought.

“But sometimes mommies want to share their time with other people,” Aden crunches his face.

“But sometimes mommies want to share their time with other people,” Aden crunches his face.

“Like friends?”

“Uh, yes, something like that,” she looks at Lexa sideways.

“Like Aunty Raven and coach Anya?” Okay, not easy enough, “and Lexi,” he turns his head to smile at Lexa.

“Yes, they are my friends, but,”

“Like Monty is my friend, and Maya too, and I think Ankara is too now,” He counts his friends with her fingers.

Clarke nods “yes they are, but,”

“And even if Monty took my sword by mistake I forgave him because he is my friend,” He shrugs.

“Yeah, that’s very nice of you, but,”
“And Maya is always tickling me, I don’t like it when she does that, is not funny,” He keeps going crossing his arms pouting, “but I like her, because she always helps me when I have troubles to tie my shoes,” he extends her legs to show his point.

“Uh-uh, she’s a nice kid, but,” Clarke takes a deep breathe, “Aden, listen,” She takes her little hands in hers.

“Lexi is more than a friend to me,” she chooses to go for the pet name to make it natural for him.

The boy wrinkles his nose.

“Like a sister?” He asks naively.

Lexa snorts and Clarke glares at her.

“No, no like a sister,” She sighs again. Could Aden be mad at them? It’s getting on her nerves.

Luckily Lexa decides to intervene, “Hey, bud,” Aden shifts his head to the soccer player “ Do you remember Maya saying why had she pulled Shay's hair?”

Aden giggles at the memory but nods, “She said I was her boyfriend,” he giggles, even more, placing her two tiny hands over his mouth in shame.

“WHAT?” Clarke yells, her eyes open wide. Lexa gives her a warning look. She doesn’t need protective-mom-Clarke right now to distract the boy.

“Well, that’s because she likes you,” she elbows him playfully, “and she wants to spend all her time with you,”

“Yeah, she eats lunch with me every day at school,” His cheeks are still red.

Clarke groans resting her head on the back of the couch. Her boy is growing so fast and she can’t do anything to stop it.

Lexa chuckles at her girlfriend’s antics.

“Well, your mom and I, we want to spend more time together,” She smiles at the boy who’s frowning again like if his brain is processing step by step the information.

“Like Luna?” He asks.

“Yes,” Clarke replies but glances at Lexa and the soccer player is stoic at the name for the first time.

He nods fidgeting with his fingers.

“What is it baby boy?”

“Does that mean Luna can’t be my friend now?” he asks tilting his head aside.

“She’ll always be your friend,” Clarke hears the brunette says. Although Lexa is not Luna’s bigger fan, she loves her girlfriend is putting her son’s well being after her own jealousy.

“Oh, cool beans!” Aden pumps his fist up and Lexa snorts mumbling a ‘dork’ that Clarke ignores.

“So,” He trails off, “Are you two, girlfriends?” He turns his head from Lexa to Clarke and back.
“Yes,” Clarke smiles taking Lexa’s hand in hers, “Yes we are,”

“Oh,” He whispers and Lexa’s heart stops. Clarke’s does the same. “Okay,” he shrugs, “Can I watch cartoons now?”

Clarke blinks lost, “Uh, yes you can, but,” she picks him up to her lap, “are you okay with me and Lexa being girlfriends?”

He bites his nails in thought, “Lexi is my friend,” he lets his head fall back to smile at the brunette, “and you smile more since she’s here, I guess is okay if you two kiss too,” he shrugs his shoulders.

Clarke laughs relieved her boy has no problem with them together and she hugs him tight.

“Uhm, cartoons?” He asks struggling with his mother’s embrace.

Lexa ruffles his hair, this little brat is so much more than she could ask.

“Yeah, go on,” Clarke sniffs kissing his cheek letting him go. She leans closes to Lexa and the soccer player hugs her kissing her forehead. This was way better than she anticipated.

Later at night Clarke and Lexa are laying on the brunette’s bed. They talked with Aden to let him know he could still go to Lexa’s room in the morning but he had to knock before get in. Lexa bribed him with the possibility to take him to the Ice Nation again someday in the week if he behaves. She has to find out where she will get the money to do it but so she has to work one day for Raven, ugh, she will keep her promise if the little brat keeps his word.

“Do you want to explain to me what it’s all that about my son having a girlfriend? ” Clarke's head is resting on Lexa’s chest as his hands play with his abs underneath his tank top.

Lexa laughs deeply, "Come on, Clarke, there's no need for you to become mama bear,"

"Lexa, he's only six," Clarke complains with a big pout that Lexa erases instantly with a kiss.

"Yes, that's why you should not take it too seriously," Lexa places a strand of hair behind her ear, "although I suspect that Aden is more interested in Shay than in Maya," she teases.

"What? Why?"

"Oh, no, it's a secret between that brat and me," Lexa runs her lips with her index and thumb fingers imitating closing a zipper in her mouth.

"Ugh, I do not know if I want my girlfriend and my son to get along so well," Lexa smiles at the word, it's the first time Clarke refers to her as hers and the feeling is warm and well received.

"Well, you should have chosen better," Lexa jokes.

"I did, I chose the best," Clarke turns her head back to kiss her properly.

After a few minutes, the blonde is rearranged in her previous position, "I think I could get used to this," she murmurs.

"To what?" Lexa says with her eyes closed.
"Sleep next to you every night," Clarke mumbles and feels the chest of the brunette rumble with laughter.

"I think I could too," Lexa says after a few minutes.

"Good, because from now on you're officially my pillow," Her grip around Lexa tightens as if she really did not plan on ever letting go of her.

Lexa chuckles again, "You're lucky you're hot, Miss Griffin" she teases and Clarke swats her stomach. Ugh, it's like she didn't do anything because Lexa tenses her beautiful abs and the blonde has to bite her lip in appreciation. Stupid Lexa with her stupid perfect goddess body.

"Good night, Lex," Clarke whispers about to fall asleep.

"Good evening, Clarke," Lexa whispers back.

The autumn air outside the room seems to be singing a lullaby that gently lulls them.

"Oh, wait," Clarke is almost completely asleep when Lexa untangles from her and wiggles her body down, "Good night my sweet girls," she whispers kissing each of the breasts of the blonde who can not help but chuckle.

"You're such a dork,"

"I didn't say good morning properly to them this morning, Clarke," the blonde notices the seriousness of her girlfriend's tone and shakes her head lazily. She really has a dork for a girlfriend. And she loves it.

"Yeah, you can give them all the attention you want any other time but tonight, I'm pretty tired, baby," she says with her eyes still closed, "now come here, I demand my pillow back," she grins.

"Bossy," Lexa sneers returning to her previous position underneath Clarke, "I like it," she smirks and Clarke rolls her eyes even when she keeps them closed yet.

Lexa feels the breath of the blonde getting heavier and realizes that Clarke has finally fallen asleep. Before she falls into the arms of Morpheus too, she can not help thinking how lucky she is to have this woman in her arms, and that tells her that she does not want to let her go ever.
Ugh! They're the worst! so much honey and gay puddle.

Once again thanks to everyone for the kudos and the comments. I'm getting but life is kinda crazy right now, so maybe one or two chapters per month would be the new fee.

As usual! Let me know what you think!

Love you Clexakru!
Together we have it all

Chapter Summary

Clexa is happy
Lexa is so gay for Clarke
Happy birthday Aden
Lexa's a huge softy for Aden
Something wicked this will come

Chapter Notes

I'm going to pretend it hasn't passed two months since last chapter. Join me!

In other news, this is the first chapter I'm posting with the approval of my Beta MattKomTrikru. Thank you so much for bear with me and help me through the process of it.

This chapter is the longest hitherto. Hopefully next chapter will come in a couple of weeks.

This part of the story is reaching its end. But fear not! Second part is taking form.

Enjoy fluffy Clexa.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa thinks Clarke Abigail Griffin is the most beautiful woman she has ever laid her eyes on.

She thinks so every time she wakes curled up next to the blonde, her golden hair cascading messily over her face while she snores lightly. Something Clarke denies everytime Lexa teases her about it.

She does every morning when Clarke runs like crazy around the house to get all her and Aden’s things ready to go to school. Not without kissing Lexa goodbye, before struggling with that scrap metal she calls a car.
She does every evening when she cuddles with the blonde on the living room floor, Aden next to them while they watch a movie together. Lexa didn’t know Disney had so many movies she hadn’t seen before, but to be honest, she pays more attention to the woman in her arms than to the screen.

She witnesses it every night when she enjoys the nakedness of her girlfriend's well-formed body. The girls are still her favorite part of it though. Although, every inch of her amazes Lexa, as if it was the first time she is seeing her exposed milky skin.

But this disheveled stressed out Clarke in front of her is pretty alluring too. Honestly, every one of Clarke’s forms makes Lexa want nothing more than to kiss her and claim her as hers. Mine Lexa’s brain screams louder when the blonde bends down to take another balloon, tying it up on the thread hanging around the place.

“Ugh! One would think a kid’s party would be simple,” the blonde groans almost falling from the hay bale on which she’s standing.

Lexa releases the balloon in her hands rushing to catch the blonde before she touches the ground.

"Hey, easy there," Lexa smiles tenderly at the blonde in her arms, "Take a break, Clarke," she picks up the girl, placing one hand on her waist and the other around the bend in her knees.

Clarke pushes her bottom lip forward, "I can’t," she says, although she can’t avoid her arms tangling around the brunette's neck, making herself comfortable in her girlfriend’s arms. It’s just a natural thing for her, wanting Lexa as close as she can "there is still a lot to do," Clarke’s pout is prominent.

Lexa can’t help the chuckling, her girlfriend is worse than Aden when she feels frustrated, "Everything is perfect, the decor is almost ready, Echo will be here with the food at any minute, Abby is helping Aden to be ready and Raven and Anya should be here soon with the cake," Lexa recaps the list that Clarke has been repeating all morning, of the things there are to do to make Aden's birthday party a success.

She places Clarke on a couple of bales of hay and stands between her legs, putting a strand of hair behind her ear, "You’ve worked all day and you need to take a breath before the munchkins squad arrive," she jokes trying to lighten the blonde's stress.

The gesture seems to work when she glances at the corners of Clarke's mouth rising up in that
beautiful smile that she loves to see.

"I know," Clarke sighs, taking her girlfriend's hips to draw her towards her. See, their bodies attract each other as if they are magnets. "It's just that this is Aden's first party with more friends than just Monty and Maya," she bites her lower lip shyly, "I don't want to ruin it for him," she confesses with true apprehension.

“You’re not going to ruin anything, Clarke,” Lexa gives her a reassuring grin rubbing her tights slowly, “Aden’s going to love it,” She leans in and the blonde does too.

The kiss starts lazy, their lips seem to recognize themselves as if they had been doing it for years and not just for a few weeks. Clarke's hands cling to the brunette's hips meanwhile Lexa’s begin to wander under Clarke's blouse, causing a moan to escape from her mouth that dies in the soccer players.

"Oh, my G * d! Can someone throw bleach in my eyes?" Raven screams making the couple jump and separate for a moment but Clarke stops Lexa from getting too far away from her.

"Ugh," Lexa groans, resting her forehead on the blonde’s shoulder, who rubs her arms up and down to reassure her.

"It's a child's party, Clarke!" Raven crosses her arms in front of her, tapping her foot on the ground and shaking her head in a scolding way.

"We weren't doing anything," Clarke rolls her eyes at the drama of her best friend.

"I’m so disappointed of you kids," the latina points to them with her index finger and fake frown, “you two are like horny teenagers jumping each others bones at every alone time you have," she puts her hand on her hips.

“We were just kissing,” Lexa mumbles defensively without raising her head from on Clarke’s shoulder.

“Yeah, yeah, is that what you kids are calling it these days?" Raven teases taking the balloon from the floor that Clarke left and ties it to the thread, “Ugh! This is tiring,” she hops back off.
“You just tied one balloon,” Clarke shakes her head, still rubbing Lexa’s back, “Wait! I thought you and Anya were going to bring the cake here,” she jumps off the hay bail in panic, almost knocking the brunette in her arms.

“Oh, yeah, about that…” Raven drags off.

“Raven!” Anya huffs, juggling with a huge soccer field cake. Lexa rushes to help her with it, “I thought you came here to get some help,” she glares at her girlfriend when they finally make it to the central table.

“Well, yeah, but when I entered the barn these two were getting it on, so I got distracted,” Raven shrugs, arranging one of the decorations around the barn.

“We were not!” Clarke squeals and Lexa groans shaking her head. She loves her friends but sometimes Raven Reyes is too much for her liking.

‘They were’ the latina mouths to her girlfriend who’s still wearing a big frown on her face.

“Ok, let’s get this party on,” Clarke announces, applauding because she knows there's no way her friend will drop the topic.

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The party goes smoothly as it can do, the whole soccer team were present with gifts. Echo was only there a few minutes to deliver the food and give Maya a lift because she has a shift at The Dropship. The children are noisier than Lexa remembered them to be, mainly because now their eagerness is maximized with all the sugar they have consumed.

Even so, the soccer player has been able to enjoy some moments with them, especially with Aden, who is now all sweaty from running and playing with his friends. Lexa smiles because whenever the look of the little brat finds her, he greets her excited to be surrounded by so many children for the first time for a birthday of his.

She hasn’t had much time to share with Clarke because the blonde is still on crazy mom mode,
running to have everything ready. Lexa also witnesses teacher Clarke, when she has to bring order to the entire tornado of monkeys running around the barn.

Lexa walks towards Anya and Raven, who are in one of the corners of the barn. The Latina is feeding an insulted Anya with her arms crossed, but she accepts every bite that her little girlfriend offers to her. Lexa knows that the blonde is only taking advantage of the situation and that she is not really as angry with the Latina as she wants to look.

"Have you forgotten how to eat?" She teases as soon as she takes a seat next to the couple and Anya smacks her playfully without losing sight of the food on the spoon in front of her.

"You're jealous because blondie doesn't have time for you," Anya grins and Lexa scoffs.

"We can be separated for a few hours, you know?" Lexa protests and Anya makes a strange sound of mockery even with her mouth full of food.

"Please! Being on the other side of the room is not being separated," Raven snorts, preparing another spoonful of food for Anya, "As if it was not obvious that you two have been eye fucking all this time," she smirks.

"We are not," Lexa blushes but at that moment Clarke bends over to clean the sweat off Aden’s forehead, making the girls look much more appetizing than they already look in the low cut blouse that the blonde is wearing today and there is no way to deny that statement.

"Ugh, hormonal teenagers," Raven groans with a smile still present on her face.

Lexa wants to protest but when Clarke grins with a knowing smile she knows that she has been caught by the blonde too. And hell, she doesn't mind letting her know how much she wants her all the time.

Lexa retrieves her eyes from the blonde and takes the plate that Raven has prepared for her as well. The soccer player smiles appreciating the gesture. Raven Reyes is not that bad after all.

"Oh, shit," the Latina breaths, taking Lexa's attention from her food, "What the hell is Rivers doing here?" Her jaw tightens and the brunette notices the tone of spite in her voice.
When Lexa glances at where Raven is, she sees Luna greeting Clarke with a kiss on the cheek handing her a huge gift box. Great! She hasn’t even been able to buy a gift for Aden. Maybe she should have kept some money for it as Anya suggested. She has a surprise prepared for the little blonde but now she is not sure if it is a good idea after all the presents he has received from his friends and especially the great gift that Luna has brought with her.

"Luna?" she asks turning her mind away from her bad decision and the Latina nods, "Uh, yeah," Lexa looks selflessly at the food on her plate, "she asked Clarke if she could visit Aden," she shrugs as if the woman’s presence doesn’t bother her.

This is not the time to be jealous or insecure, this day is all about Aden and him enjoying his birthday. It’s not like Luna is there trying something after seeing them together at the bar, right? Clarke and Lexa are an item now, everyone knows it after that night and the blonde has been very clear in wanting everyone to know about it.

"Aden, sure," Raven snorts and Anya nudges her, giving her a pointed look to then glance at Lexa, "Oh, I mean, I'm sure it's only because of his birthday, Aden is very dear to her," she waves off squeezing the forearm of the brunette.

"Besides, I don’t think Clarke is looking for something else when she has you, stud," Raven continues to try to lighten the moment of tension.

"Yeah, blondie has been in love with you for ages," Anya states, "and now more than ever she seems to have eyes only for you," she elbows Lexa and the blonde on the other side of the place is looking at her with that sweet smile which makes the soccer player forget everything.

"Yup, Clarke is very gay for you," Raven grins making Lexa smile again.

"Lexi!" Aden screams running towards her, looking agitated, the other children running after him, "my friends want to play soccer, can you be in my team, please?" the kid looks at her with hopeful eyes, those same ones that he knew Lexa could never say no to.

"Yes, Lexi, go play with the kids," Anya teases her.

"Coach, you’re coming to play, too," Aden says before Lexa can signal her best friend.
"That is not fair!" She protests pouting.

"It's fair if Coach Anya plays in the other team," Lexa smugly suggests, knowing that the blonde has no escape now.

"Yaaay!" All children cheer.

"The Commander against her second," Anya smirks, "just like in the old workouts," she cheerfully cleans her mouth with a napkin, "be prepared not to score a single goal," she challenges.

"Oh, my! Goalkeeper Anya is so hot," Raven breaths watching her girlfriend with her eyes full of hunger, "I can't miss this," she places the plate on the table to run ahead of the children screaming 'the last one to get there is an old goose'. The pack runs as fast as it can, Lexa and Anya walk slowly behind them with an annoyed look.

Raven limps a bit before slowing down from the big effort. She smiles when Aden looks back and stops to wait for the Latina. That child has the same empathic spirit and the biggest heart, just like his mother. Or of all the Griffins, she thinks.

"How has Raven's leg been?" she asks Anya cautiously, who has an apprehensive look.

"There are good days and bad ones" the blonde purses her lips, "but the pain has been more frequent since a few weeks ago,"

"Is there something that can be done about it?"

"About the pain?" Anya asks back and the brunette nods, "Not much, she takes painkillers but is afraid of abusing them,"

"And about her leg in general?"

"The doctors said there is a possible surgery, but besides being almost impossible to pay, it's very
risky, it can’t be done here, so we just have to go to the city and the possibility of a full recovery is almost nil," there is nothing but love in Anya's eyes, "Obviously we haven’t been able to raise the money, but Raven doesn’t want to have her hopes high either just for it to not be successful,"

“I see,” It’s not difficult to understand why. It must be very hard for the latina to know there’s only a slight chance to fully recover. Lexa only hopes when the time she gets her money back she could be able to help her friends.

“Yet she’s happy,” Anya nods towards her girlfriend who’s laughing with the kids, she smiles seeing the love of her life just like that, living her life as if there wasn’t pain in it, “she’s amazing,” she breaths absently.

Lexa smiles although she’s sure her best friend wasn’t intending to be heard. Anya was always so rough, stoic and reserved about her feelings. Even if she showed how infatuated she was by Fox, that was just a physical crush. This, this is way more than that, this is her really surrendering to love and it’s a wonderful sight to be witnessed.

“Come on, you old gooses!” Raven yells from her spot, swinging along with Aden in her arms.

“She’s annoying too,” Lexa teases rolling her eyes.

“That she is,” Anya snickers shaking her head.

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It has been months since Lexa has played soccer and although this is not an official game at all, the brunette cannot help feeling the same adrenaline that runs through her body every time she steps on the field. Aden has improved a lot compared to the first times she saw him play. The boy now makes real passes and even tries to dribble past his teammates. Lexa touches the ball gently and not very often to give children more chance to play as if she truly couldn’t against them.

Halfway through the game, Lexa feels the pair of blue eyes she loves so much. She recognizes them by the intensity with which they are looking at her. Lexa makes a fake cut to trick Shay, and she knows she shouldn’t feel so smug about it, but it doesn’t hurt to show off a bit in front of her girl. Lexa is moving towards Anya and in the distance she can hear her girlfriend cheering for her, while Raven does for the goalkeeper.
Lexa notices the determined look on her best friend who shakes her hands to the sides trying to relieve some of the tension in her body. She is faced with the dilemma of striking the ball and looking even better in Clarke's eyes or making it easy for her friend and let her be the hero of the moment.

The soccer player smiles amicably as she cuts back the ball and hits it to the right with a contained force.

Anyaa throws herself in the air in a spectacular way to stop the shot and gets up with the ball in her hand raising her fist with the other.

"Yaaay! That's my girlfriend!" Shouts Raven that as she fastens her step to embrace the blonde along with the children of her team.

Lexa stands in her place with her hands on her waist, staring in disbelief at the act, making this a scene worthy of an Oscar. Still, the smile on her face does not fade.

"You're great, you know?" Two arms hug her by the waist from behind and the brunette relaxes leaning back into the body supporting her.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Clarke," she shakes her head in a false disappointment, "I missed the shot,"

"Lex," Clarke takes her hips to turn to her, "The commander never fails," she gives her that perfect smile with acknowledgement in her eyes. It is difficult to fool Clarke Griffin when the blonde has seen her play her whole life.

"Anya is very good," Lexa shrugs, not wanting to admit what she just did.

"I love ... when you make our friends happy," Clarke kissed her to distract her from what almost came out of her lips. Lexa lets the slip up go because she thinks the blonde is just too immersed in the moment to actually try to say what she almost said.

It's too early yet for them to be at that point, right?
Lexa prefers to lose herself in the soft lips of her girlfriend instead. Clarke's hands never miss the opportunity to stroke the baby hair on her neck, which sends shivers down her body and she feels the blonde smirking on her lips. Her hands find their way to Clarke's hips and she yelps in return when Lexa pulls her in so their bodies are closer, as if that might be possible.

"Uh, Clarke?"

The soccer player bites back the growl trying to leave her mouth at the interruption. The one that gets worse when she opens her eyes and observes who was the dimwit who dared to interrupt them. Luna.

At least the woman looks embarrassed to do so, she scratches the back of her neck and looks apprehensively at the couple.

Clarke rests her forehead on Lexa's neck to take a breath of air before facing her ex-girlfriend.

"Yeah?" Clarke asks turning around to see Luna, still trying to recover from that sweet dizziness that kissing Lexa always provokes in her.

"I think it is time to go for me," Luna offers a bit uncomfortably.

"Are you sure?" She asks and Lexa releases her hips but the blonde stops her hands to secure them in front so that the brunette is still hugging her from behind. She knows how upsetting it is for Lexa to have to deal with her ex lover, but she wants with every of her actions to let her know that she has nothing to worry about.

"Yeah, I just wanted to see Aden and bring his gift," Luna says, with a shy smile.

Clarke nods "Thanks for coming," she kindly replies and the woman gives a short nod to walk away.

"Why don’t you stay a little longer?" Lexa asks, to the surprise of the other two.

"I don’t want to intrude," Luna tilts her head crossing her gaze cautiously with Clarke.
"You're not," Lexa honestly answers squeezing Clarke's hands between hers when the blonde turns her head to look her in the eye, "I'm sure Aden will appreciate you accompanying him to cut the cake and I think Raven even has a piñata ready," she continues with a slight smile.

If Clarke believed that she couldn’t fall more in love with Lexa, the brunette shows her that it is possible with every little detail she has for her and her son.

"Yes! Piñata!" Raven shouts mounted on Anya's back that’s carrying her in a piggy ride towards the barn, causing the children to break into screams of emotion.

Clarke shakes her head, the latina is worse than any of the children friends of her son.

"Can you help me to break the piñata?" Aden asks Luna holding her hand with a cheeky smile, and the brunette throws a questioning look at her mother who nods again.

The boy practically drags the woman who stops and returns to the couple, "Uh, Clarke, do you think I can invite someone? Eh, a friend,"

"Friend, sure," Clarke pushes her lightly smirking.

"Thank you," Luna's cheeks tints in red.

Clarke and Lexa watch Luna move away from Aden's hand, the boy is rambling as always about the game and the things he has done and that the girl has been lost in his absence.

"Thanks," Clarke kisses Lexa's cheek, "I know Luna is not to your liking but,"

Lexa cuts her words kissing her hard, "I told you, Clarke," the blonde doesn’t miss the delicious way the k clicks at the end of her name as it always does when Lexa says it. She’s done when the brunette rests her forehead on hers, "all that matters to me is for Aden to be happy," she caresses her cheek slowly with her thumb and Clarke leans at the touch "and for you to be happy, too" she concludes with her pouty lips over Clarke's just right there in a faintly touch, not really closing the gap between them.
"You have no idea how much I am," Clarke whispers with her eyes closed enjoying the moment. There are times when all she wants to do is to jump the brunette and rip her clothes off. But this, is way more intimate even if they are in the middle of the fields with no nakedness involved. G*d, she’s so into Lexa, more than she already knew.

“And I can only hope to be the one to blame for that happiness,” All my life Lexa leaves out the last information so not to scare Clarke. Because honestly, this new feeling is still sinking in.

“It’s all your fault,” Clarke tries to tease but it comes out more like a prayer. She just feels like a fervent believer in front of her personal goddess. Lexa has done nothing but show her how fascinating human being she is. If they weren’t out here, she would be on her knees worshiping her in a so not religious way.

“You make me happy too, Clarke,” Lexa confess before nipping her bottom lip, eliciting a moan from the blonde who eagerly crashes her lips on hers.

Clarke can’t get enough of Lexa, her tongue runs over her swollen wet bottom lip and the brunette whines when she doesn’t take it further so she does. The battle between their tongues is hot and passionate and the blonde doesn’t want for this to end ever.

The kiss only breaks when they can’t breath properly, but neither of them part from the other.

“Oh, good, finally,” The doctor’s voice makes them jump a bit.

Lena growls, hiding her face in Clarke neck, “when will it be the day when we are not interrupted?,” she mumbles over her sensitive skin and Clarke has to bite the inside of her cheek to not groan, disguising the noise with a chuckle instead.

“Are you two done?” Abby asks with a teasing tone.

“Yeah, we’re,” Clarke says still breathless, “we’re coming,”

“Not yet apparently,” Lexa grumbles with a small kiss on her neck and Clarke smacks her arm playfully. But to be honest, she’s kinda disappointed too.
“Well, Aden is waiting for you two to cut the cake,” Abby announces with a sigh when the couple is still tangled, not making any attempt to release the embrace, “don’t take long,” she walks back giving up.

“Tonight,” Clarke kisses Lexa’s forehead feeling the soccer player smiling in the crook of her neck.

“Tonight,” Lexa echoes.

“Come on, stud, there are a lot of hyper kids waiting for you to break the piñata and open the presents,” Clarke takes hand.

“Oh, yeah, about that,” Lexa scratches the back of her neck and Clarke looks at her warmly, “I couldn’t get Aden a gift,” she shakes her head and puts a finger on Clarke’s lips when she opens her mouth, “but I planned something for him, if you let me,” her red cheeks makes the blonde swoon. Lexa is gorgeous when she’s self-controlled and manages to master everything she does, ruling any room she is in. But this Lexa, shy and nervous, asking her permission so she can give something she did for her son makes it impossible to not love her. Shit, she’s done.

“I trust you, Lex” Clarke brings her hand to her lips and smiles when Lexa’s tensed shoulders relax in relieve. She walks ahead and Lexa hugs her from behind and the kiss on her cheek is a thank you without words.

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Finally, after a couple of hours the party ends. In the whole life of Lexa, full of workouts and now hard tasks in the field, not even on her first day of work when she arrived at the farm, the brunette had not felt so much pain in each of the muscles of her body. Even those which she didn’t know could hurt.

The kids of the team had won a place in her heart but having them for a few hours seems enough. Anya and Raven help them to clean. Abby was more than happy for that because the barn was a mess. Even Luna and this Emori girl, who Clarke has whispered to Lexa that she seems to be more than a friend for the way her ex was all smiley about, helped too.

Aden had fallen down almost immediately after his friends left home and much to the distress of
the soccer player, Clarke had fallen just as much after the busy day. She’s not mad though. She knows how much the whole party took from Clarke.

Lexa is cuddling the blonde on her bed, she's the biggest spoon of course, because 'Clarke, the commander cannot ever be the small spoon' even though several mornings the blonde has woken up with Lexa in her arms because at some point during the night they had shifted positions. But tonight Clarke is too tired to put a fight.

Lexa slowly begins to regain consciousness when little fingers poke her side, "Lexi," Aden says softly still with a sleepy voice.

The brunette opens her eyes to see the blond kid rubbing his, "Aden, are you okay?" Lexa whispers, not wanting to wake up Clarke, at least the child looks calm so it is not an emergency for waking up her girlfriend.

Aden nods, his eyes are almost closed and Lexa smiles at how cute he looks.

"You had a nightmare again? I already told you that it is not possible for a gorilla to live in the forest," she uses a gentle tone so as not to frighten the child again. A few weeks ago Aden woke up bathed in sweat because of a bad dream in which she and Clarke were being chased in the woods by a giant gorilla that wanted to hunt them. That night, Aden slept between them.

Aden shakes his head.

"So, what is it, baby boy?" Lexa asks ruffling his head affectionately.

"You said we would have an adventure tonight," Aden whispers as well. Lexa grins, he continues marvelous her from what a good boy he is. Always taking in the welfare of others, in the form of the rest of his mother now.

Lexa blinks turning her head carefully to see the clock on Clarke’s bedside table. It’s almost 1am, “Are you sure? It’s kind of late,” she whispers with a frown. But Aden nods determinedly and she sighs, “ok, lets do this, just let me write some note for your mom otherwise she’s going to freak out if she wakes up and can’t find us,”

The brunette carefully manages to place Clarke aside without waking her and chuckles because she
knows that the blonde usually makes it almost impossible to separate from her even when she is asleep, but it is clear that tonight she is too tired to notice the movement around her.

After dressing Aden warmly, because she is sure if her mother finds out that the child left the house at this time of night without it, she will have to pay for it; and really, she is not willing to risk being a victim of Clarke's wrath, mama chicken Clarke is the worst, cute, but hell. Lexa takes the things she prepared for this since a few days ago.

Aden takes Lexa by the hand all the way, it's not much distance, just a few meters away from where the barn is, but the darkness of the night embracing them makes the little one not want to separate from her.

"Where are we going?" asks the child. His grip tightens to the hand of the soccer player, "I don’t like the forest at night," the kid stutters a bit.

"Hey, it’s okay, baby boy," Lexa kneels to look at Aden's eyes brushing her hair a little, "we're not going into the woods," she smiles kindly to assure the child that there's no problem if he doesn’t want to continue. Aden bites his lower lip still not quite sure he wants to keep walking, "we can go back home and try another night," she offers.

Aden shakes his head, "no, I still want my birthday present," he whines with a big pout.

"Well, technically it's not your birthday anymore," she chuckles, "I have a deal for you, we can try to go a little far and if you still have doubts, tell me and we'll go back home immediately, what do you say?"

The kid nods slowly a little more confident and both resume their path. Few meters later Aden release a ‘WOW!’ His mouth is a big ‘O’ and turns to see Lexa who’s chuckling because of his reaction. They aren’t too far from the barn, she knows watching the farm close would give Aden some relief.

“Are you okay there?” She asks with a big smile and Aden nods eagerly, with so much energy Lexa is afraid he’s going to hurt his neck. "Have you ever camped?" She tilts her head over the small camp she fixed since this morning.

While she was cleaning the barn for Clarke’s surprise she found the old tent and camping supplies and got the idea to take Aden for his birthday.
"No," Aden responds more calmly, even a shy smile appears on his face, "Mom is not a big fan of nature," he scrunches his face and Lexa chuckles, agreeing with him while she remembers the times Jake took them to camping when they were young. Clarke has never been an athletic person, even when she was a girl surrounded by sports all her life, she always complained about how much they had to walk on the trails, once Lexa even had to carry her on her back to catch up with Jake and Abby who rolled her eyes all the time knowing how much her blonde daughter enjoyed the piggy ride.

“That is true,” she offers starting the fire on the pitch she did.

“How do you do that?” Aden walks closer mesmerized by the way Lexa is working on the bonfire.

“You have to be careful but I was taught when I was about your age, you want to learn too?” She asks kindly and Aden hesitates a bit worrying his lip, “It’s okay, come here,” she reaches for his hand and he kneels besides her.

“Put this log over there,” she gives him a large log so he doesn’t get too close of the fire, “great,” she pats his back and Aden grins back. “now we wait a little,” she walks over some old trunk she placed before.

“How many stars do you think there are up there?” Aden asks innocently watching up to the sky swinging his feet.

“Millions, more even.” Lexa states seriously, “I honestly don’t know much about stars,” she gives a big sigh, she hasn’t thought about this for years, “my father use to take me to camp,” she whispers and Aden looks back at her. It is the first time she has mentioned her family to him, or to anyone else, “or something like that, we weren’t very close but when I was young he woke me up some nights and took me to our garden where we slept in sleeping bags,” a small smiles sets on Lexa’s face. That’s probably the only nice memory of her parents, “he was the one who taught me how to light the fire and the only thing I remember is that,” she looks back to the stars “that’s the big dipper,” she points to the bright star and Aden turns his head up “if you ever get lost, you can guide yourself with it,” she repeats his words.

“Where is he?” Aden asks frowning.

Lexa eyes waters, even though she still holds a grudge on them, there is something inside that makes her feel like that little girl who was only looking for the approval of her parents. She knows
that perhaps nothing would have changed if she had left her pride aside and tried to maintain a relationship with them. Even in spite of everything, it hurts to know that she was never enough for them.

“Is he where grandpa Jake is now?” The blonde questions when Lexa doesn’t reply.

She nods slowly “Yeah, they both are, my parents I mean,” her voice cracks a bit and she blinks to avoid the tears falling.

“So, they’re taking care of you too,” He states with a smile, “grandma says, grandpa Jake is always taking care of us, so, if they are there too, they are watching us now,” he takes Lexa’s hand and she has to bite her tongue. Such a positive influence this little one.

“Yeah, they maybe are,” she tries to not take his hope away, “are you cold?” she asks when Aden shakes his shoulders from the chill night.

“Nah, it’s fine,” he smiles, “what else should we do now?”

Lexa smiles back and walks to the tent, she brings out a small bag of marshmallows she kinda stole from the party candies, and two rods.

“Want some roasted marshmallows?” she ask even when she knows the answer. Aden’s smile gets bigger and he takes his.

Later the kid and Lexa are resting inside the tent in just one sleeping bag. Even when there were two sleeping bags there, the one who belonged to Clarke and the double one where Abby and Jake slept in. But because it was Aden’s first night out he didn’t want to sleep alone, Lexa let him sleep with her.

“Thank you for my present, Lexi,” Aden mumbles from his place almost over Lexa and she feels the joy invading her heart, “It was the best,” he gives her a small kiss on her cheek.

She kisses him back on his forehead, “anytime, kiddo, anytime,”
“You think we could do this again soon?” His eyes are almost closed, but he keeps fighting the sleep.

“Yeah, maybe next time your mom and grandma could come with us,” She grins thinking of another family camping night. Just like those many many years ago.

“I think if you’re with us, mom will come,” he murmurs, “you make her smile a lot,” he giggles, “we are happier since you’re here,” he holds her tighter.

Lexa’s heart breaks a little with the action. It is almost like Aden is afraid she would vanished at any moment.

“I’m happier too, kiddo,” she confess honestly, not sure if Aden even hears her because within seconds he’s snoring lightly. She sweeps some hair from his forehead and kisses his frown again. Day by day, this little brat has won her heart. She closes her eyes to gain some well needed rest.

A noise startles Lexa and when she opens her eyes there’s a figure in the night. She hugs Aden even closer to protect him from the unknown shadow.

“Hey, it’s okay, it’s me,” Clarke whispers kneeling besides them. She rubs Aden’s back, fixing his rolled up shirt.

“Clarke,” Lexa grumbles trying to roll just stopping when the blonde pats her forearm.

“No, don’t,” she lays behind her as quietly as she can, “I woke up and saw your note,” she caresses Aden’s arm around Lexa’s torso, “I missed you,” she whispers in her girlfriend’s ear, making the soccer player smile.

“I missed you too,” she tangles her fingers with Clarke’s, “I’m sorry but Aden wanted to come and have his present tonight and I didn’t want to wake you up,” she draws circles over the blonde’s hand.

“I know, it’s okay,” she squeezes her girlfriend hand “thank you for doing this for him,” she says sheepishly.
“I told you, Clarke, all that I want is for you to be happy,” she takes her tangled hands to her lips and kisses it, “both of you,”

“We are,” Clarke kisses Lexa’s nape sending shivers for all her body, “you’re cold, babe?” she teases nipping the soccer player’s lobe.

“Clarke,” Lexa warns but the sounds comes more like a whiny moan, “Aden is here,” she scolds her girlfriend and Clarke melts because even if by now she already knows Lexa loves her son, she can’t help to be a ‘gay mess’, as Raven labeled, for her.

“Ok, ok, but tomorrow night you’re all mine,” she leans over to kiss Lexa’s cheek, but in a dare move the brunette turns her head to kiss her on the mouth. Clarke bites her lip before kissing her again. There they are, those three words she has to swallow down her throat. It’s too soon, Clarke. You’re going to scare her. Because well, fair and square, she was.

The next time Lexa opens her eyes, the dawn is falling over the fields. She’s squeezed between the two blonde’s. Aden practically over her and Clarke’s hand under her shirt on her abs. She doesn’t want to disturb these two rest but her bladder is killing her, she needs to get up now.

She fights with the two of them to quietly make her way out of the tent. She cracks her sore neck and back when something catches her attention from the corner of her eye. A shadow walking and entering the barn. She doesn’t recognizes the figure there but it has to be a person. A person trespassing the farm. Aden and Clarke’s safety is the first on her mind.

She walks in the tent to wake Clarke up slowly, “Clarke,” Lexa whispers shaking her kindly, “Clarke, you have to wake up,”

“No,” the blonde mumbles and Lexa feels sorry for having to do this, her girlfriend looks so peaceful sleeping, “Clarke, please, wake up,” she urges pleading.

Clarke opens her eyes frowning, she notices the worry in Lexa’s tone “Lex, what’s up baby, is everything okay?” she lift her head up to glance over her son who’s still snoring.

“Yeah, yeah,” She tries to sound calm, “but you have to take Aden to the house,” she looks over her shoulder for the open at the tent to the barn.
“Lex,” Clarke frown deepens, “why, what’s going on?” she knows Lexa is tense, she can see it in her eyes.

“I think there’s a burglar in the barn,” Lexa sighs. If she wants to keep Clarke and Aden safe, she has to be honest to her girlfriend because the blonde would never risk her son’s well-being.

“What?” Clarke seats immediately, “are you sure?”

Lexa shakes her head, “no, I just saw someone but I need to be sure,” she looks at Aden, “and I need you two to be safe, please, take Aden to the house, wake up Abby and call the police,”

“Lex, you can’t go there,” Clarke clenches her shirt.

“It’s okay, Clarke, for now you need to get Aden in the house,”

“Lex,” Clarke eyes waters from the worry, “what if this person is armed?”

“Hey, hey, it’s okay, nothing is going to happen, okay?” Lexa hugs her to reassure her. She doesn’t know what is she going to do if Clarke is right, but as long as she can protect her family, she’s not going to back off.

“Baby, be safe, please,” Clarke kisses her and Lexa nods, “please, come back to me,” the blonde mumbles over her lips.

“Always,” She lift Clarke’s head from her chin to peck her again.

Clarke carries Aden in her arms and Lexa walks closer to them. She stops at the entrance of the barn just waiting until Clarke and Aden are in the house. When the blondes are inside she glances over the trash bags and she finds the decorated stick Raven used to break the piñata. She takes it and walks in silently.

She hopes this is just a homeless, maybe a vagabond looking for a shelter. The sunlight is barely lighting the place but enough to let her see her surrounds.
Then there is a noise upstairs, in Clarke’s art room. She slowly advances step by step, carefully to not scare the person there. When she reaches at the top of the stairs there they are. A man, a very tall man, his strong back and long hair is the only thing Lexa can see now.

“Turn around slowly,” Lexa demands and the man jumps at the sound of her ragging voice.

“Easy, I’m not armed,” His deep voice echoes in the darkness of the barn. He lift his arms up to show some submission but Lexa doesn’t want to be surprise.

“Turn around I said,” She growls, her tone is an order not a request and the man slowly shifts his body little by little, “What do you want here?” she looks at him to the eyes. The stick in her hands should look ridiculous with all the colored paper but she doesn’t care.

“I’m here to help,” He states calmly.

Help? Lexa frowns “Who are you?” she groans her words and honestly the man looks almost afraid for his life.

“Lexa!” Marcus Kane rushes in, “Lexa, stop!”

“Marcus, what the hell are you doing here?” she asks not taking her eyes away from the man who seems relieved from Kane’s interruption.

“Lexa, calm down,” Marcus walks up the stairs and places his hands over Lexa’s shoulders, “he’s with me,” he finishes and Lexa looks at him incredulous.

“How, why, who is he?” She asks glancing between the two men.

“I’m Roan Queen,” The man says.
Chapter End Notes

What???!!
What would Roan say!!???

In the meantime why don't you go and take a look at Matt's story Fighting Spirit. It's pretty good!!

As always, do not forget to let me know what you think!

See you soon!
A breath of hope

Chapter Summary

Lexa confronts Roan.
Clarke takes things in her hands.
Clexa fluff.
Resolutions.

Chapter Notes

hehehe Happy 2019! (ok, not funny, I know!)
Not going to lie, I had a writer's block! Ugh! I'm still not 100% sure about this but I wanted for you to have something. I'm not abandoning this story!!!
Few chapters remain to wrap the story but I don't know when I'll update the next one. Promise not to take too long again!
If you are still reading this. THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE! If I could leave kudos to you I would for hanging around!
And please! Leave some feedback! I want to know how you're doing and what do you think about this chapter so far!
Anyway! I'm back! ;)
Endless love!
Mckie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So, you're Ontari's brother?" Lexa questions once they are in the Griffins’ kitchen. She's sitting on the other side of the table, just in front of Roan. It still surprises Clarke how her mushy sap of a girlfriend could turn into this powerful and menacing woman with just a snap of her fingers. Almost as if a whole other person existed inside her. Clarke sometimes had even imagined another time where Lexa ruled the world. But she actually has to restrain herself this time because well, full commander Lexa makes things to her.
After leaving Lexa at the barn, she found Marcus talking with her mother and the blonde had asked the man to help her girlfriend. Sharing a look, Kane ran towards the building to prevent the soccer player from doing something crazy.

Abby had calmly asked for Aden so she could put him in his bed. Clarke was a mess, she fidgeted with her shirt, actually Lexa’s. She was sure they would have been a high-school cliche couple sharing clothes if they had gone to school together. But she didn't care. What cared to her was that hungry way her girlfriend looked at her every time the brunette noticed she was wearing her training shirts.

But Lexa was in danger and nothing else really matters. As soon as the doctor closed the door she demanded her mother to know what was all that about. Abby told her the little she knew, mostly how this man was their hope to help Lexa, apparently.

At Lexa’s question, Roan nods. His hands are clamped in the front, resting over the kitchen table.

"And Nia’s son," Lexa can't help the disgusting taste the woman's name brings to her tongue.

Roan lowers his head. Ashamed, that's what the soccer player reads from it but still, she can’t help to think he's one of them. She can't feel sorry for him. She shouldn't. The Queen’s stole her life.

"I am," The man’s chest bulks with a big sigh. His head is still down as if the only admission hurts him.

"And what is he doing here, Marcus?" Lexa doesn't even take a glance off the strange man. All her senses are alerted. She can’t trust him. Not when he’s on her territory, all she loves is here.

"I'm here because..." Roan tries to explain.

"I asked Marcus! " she spats angrily, making the doctor and her girlfriend jump, "I'm sorry, I just," she pinches the bridge of her nose. The last she wants is for her family to be scared.

"It's okay," Clarke walks behind her to make soothing circles over shoulders. Something in the little time they had been together she knows relaxes Lexa.
"I know you're angry with my family," Roan dares to speak again cautiously, not wanting to upset the brunette more, at that Lexa scoffs, "and I must say you have all the right to be," he rushes to say when Lexa's about to speak again, "but you need to hear me out, Lexa,". She challenges the bearded man with just a look. "that's all I ask,"

“Why would I trust you?” She straightens her shoulders and despite the harsh tone, Roan notices she’s now referring to him.

“Because he is the piece we were looking for to put Nia Queen’s empire down,” Kane intervenes emphatically.

Lexa doesn’t want to believe she needs this man, he’s a Queen too she repeats herself like a mantra, for all she knows he could still be working for his mother. Ready to attack when they let their defences down if they let him in so easily. As Ontari did.

Something flashes on her mind, she remembers the first months living in TonDC. She was there alone, making new friends was always hard for her and after the way her friendship with Anya ended, she made her mind it was safer to stay away from people. On top of everything, being the newcomer in a professional soccer team made it even more difficult. The other players were welcoming but hardly spoke her outside the field. She was only seventeen, barely an adult. They teased her all the time because she was so focused on playing that her whole routine was driving from her apartment to the camp and back.

Then she met Ontari Queen. The defender was the only one who looked interested in getting to know her beyond the training and the soccer world. She asked very little about her past but talked a lot about their present day. Like, how was training routine and how could they get better in order to win the league. Things that caught Lexa’s attention. Then, slowly, their relationship grew, Ontari was at her apartment more nights than not. They started sharing more personal facts about themselves. Not too much, but Lexa was happy with that. When she became the captain, surprising not just her but the whole team, Ontari told her she had her back. When she was called for the National Team, her friend, by then, threw a party for her. Ontari, pushed her to go out, ‘Lexa, everyone has their five minutes of fame, if you don’t make the best of them, others will’. That’s how they ended that same night at the most popular bar in the city. That’s how she started taking a different girl every night they went out. That’s how after a few years of that life, she met Costia. That sweet and shy girl with big dreams about becoming a hotshot model. It was the same Ontari who told her to give Costia a chance because she was special. It was Ontari who told her to grow a pair and ask her to live with her. How stupid of her to believe Ontari was looking for her when they were together just planning how to ruin her life. How stupid of her to let her walk into her life, the only person she once considered family even, only to lose everything in her hands.

“Just hear him out, Lexa,” Kane finishes with hope in his eyes. By now the man knows how stubborn Lexa is, even more when she’s angry.
Even if she’s still awarded, she nods. Marcus, Abby and Clarke would never let anything hurt her again. And that, that’s what family really is for. Surrounded by them, she can face this, she can fight hundreds of armies because they give her that strength.

“First of all, I know it doesn’t change what my family did to you but I’m sorry,” Roan says in a small voice. Lexa crosses her arms, leaning back in the chair and Clarke kisses the back of her head just to let her know she’s right there, with her, “the second you need to know, is that I know you think very bad of my sister and yeah,” he shakes his head, “I don’t blame you, but what she did, it wasn’t all on her own, Lexa, this is the power my mother has on her”

“How’d you know? As far as I know, you were gone for years, Ontari never mentioned you, never talked about you,” Lexa challenges back. How dare this man to talk about his sister when he vanished from her life.

“Because she made me do the same,” he confesses embarrassed. His eyes are still down as if he doesn’t dare to look at Lexa, only her glance could kill him, something tells him it will.

“What do you mean?” The brunette asks, although her features are still stoic, inside she feels this man is talking the truth.

Roan sighs deeply, “My mother wanted always to be the most powerful woman in TonDC, she wanted it since my father died, leaving us with nothing to live from; she worked as an accountant for the most prestigious firm in the city but at the end that didn’t give her enough to sustain two children,” the man stops, clearing his throat, and Lexa knows he must have painful memories of that time of his life, “she realized that she worked with money she will never own, but they trusted in her blindfolded, so she started to steal, there’s no other word for that, she stole money from them, small amounts at first but then she became greedier and greedier,”

“She opened her own firm and did the same to her clients for years,” Roan continues, “but it didn’t matter how much she already had, it was never enough,” the man frowns, glancing out the house through the kitchen’s little window, “a few years ago she came up with this crazy plan, why care about having part of someone's richness when you can have it all,” he gulps, “and I was the central part of all, I needed to seduce women, make them fall for me enough to trust me and then propose to them about my mother taking her accounting and thus have complete control over their assets,” he pauses and looks towards the ceiling of the room trying to contain the dark feeling inside him, it’s more than embarrassment, Lexa is sure of that now, it’s as if really the mere acceptance of his actions hurts him physically. For the first time in the conversation, Roan looks into the eyes of the soccer player and Lexa agrees to compensate his pain, "the first time was easy, we were looking for women of my age so that my interest was not perceived as desperate or obvious, in addition, mother always said that I should use my look while it was possible," he scoffs, "anyway, after
being exposed by fraud and embezzlement and without money, there was no way they could defend against my mother."

"A perfect plan," Lexa mumbles. Again, Clarke's body seems to have a will of its own, because before she realizes it, she is taking a seat at her side to keep her closer.

"It was, or she thought so, until something happened that made me open my eyes," with a sad smile, Roan comments.

"What happened?" Asks Clarke for the first time with a compassionate tone. Always so characteristic of the Griffins. Lexa takes her hand in hers intertwining their fingers.

"Kara Cooper did," he chuckles lightly cleaning his nose, "I fell in love with her, it should have been a common job, make her trust in me and then disappear, but this time I couldn't do it, I told my mother that I didn’t want to ruin Kara, that I really loved her. Of course she didn’t like it at all and threatened to tell Kara the truth so she would hate and leave me, she knew I would be destroyed and broken, that way I’ll work for her forever” the man shakes his head from side to side without being able to believe how her own mother could be so heartless, just like an ice queen, "what she least expected is that I had gone ahead of her, I knew that my relationship with Kara would be her first target to force me to continue with the plan, fortunately, Kara was very understanding and saw first hand the power my mother had in all my decisions," Lexa notes that his eyes have changed now, they are not reflecting anything other than pure love and sincerity, "her love saved me,"

"And she just let you go that easily?" It is now Lexa who questions. Knowing Nia, it's odd that she had not fought back.

"No," Roan shakes his head again, "I also knew I needed a ticket to keep me away from her, so I stole all the information I had about the real scams, the transfers that were made to accounts outside of the country and a list of possible next victims,"

"And guess who's in it," Marcus comments apologetically.

"The idiot, me," Lexa sighs shaking her head, distressed at having been so stupid, to have fallen into a trap. She was known for being smart, all of the teams she was in trusted in her judgement and it only took one smile from a pretty face to make her lose all her mind.
Clarke rubs her upper arm and Lexa brings her hand to her lips to kiss her. This is not like that. The blonde is here because of her. This time it is real.

“I have another question,” the brunette says after a moment, “why didn’t Nia send Ontari after me?”

Roan forehead wrinkles, “I think she didn’t want to risk my situation happened again,”

Lexa scrunches her face in distaste. Yeah, Ontari is a good looking woman but she would never see her as a lover.

“I believe she knew she had to cut strings out of the family too,” Roan keeps talking, “for all I know,” he shares a look with Kane, “it wasn’t Ontari who convince you to take my mother as your accountant,”

The soccer player nods, “It was Costia, indeed,” she affirms and Clarke squeezes her hand. It’s the first time Lexa says her name and the blonde knows how hard it must be for her even if the soccer player looks like she didn’t notice.

“So, I’m only assuming she just added this Costia girl after she got in a relationship with you,”

“You don’t think they met her before?” Lexa frowns.

“No, I don’t,” Roan shakes his head again, “and,” he pauses looking at Lexa right to her eyes, “I don’t believe she planned Ontari falling for this girl either,” he states seriously.

“I know she’s your sister but,”

“No, it’s not that;” he cuts Lexa off, “I told you, I’m not here to wash my family faults off,”

“So why are you here then?” Abby is the one asking the question in Lexa’s head. Probably in everyone there.
“It’s time for me to take my responsibility too,” he sighs in defeat backing down into his chair, “and to stop them,” he firmly claps his hands over the table, “leaving was a huge relief for me, but it was my biggest mistake too,” his fingers nervously taps over the wood, “I thought mother will drop all this nonsense but I only left to make my sister’s life miserable, she took my place and had to carry on with my decisions,” his voice is broken and almost imperceptible at the last sentence.

“I know I can’t fully save her, she needs to pay too, but maybe this way she can escape from my mother at last and you deserve to have what’s rightfully yours back,” he smiles gently clapping his hands together.

Sincerity is all Lexa notices in his words. Although she’s still not trusting him completely, she can only hope this will end the nightmare.

“So, welcome to Arkadia,” Clarke smiles back squeezing Lexa’s hand to let her know everything she believes this could work.

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Every day after that conversation, Lexa, Kane and Roan go through piles of papers and all the information he has brought with him. The barn has now turned into a kind of headquarter.

“We have to find a bigger link between your name on the list and all the leaks from your bank accounts,” Kane takes her glasses off.

“I don’t even recognize most of these movements,” Lexa rests her head in the back of her hands that rest over the table. She’s so exhausted, page after page makes her head hurt like a bitch.

“Don’t give up, I know we will find something.” Roan pats her shoulder, taking his hand away when Lexa glares at him annoyed, “I,” he stutters but fortunately for him Clarke walks in at the moment and he knows he’s safe now. If there’s something that makes Lexa go from killer commander to lovesick puppy is the mere presence of the blonde. He knows this by now and he’s only been there for a couple of days.

“Hey,” Clarke says as soon as she’s at the barn and irrevocably Lexa melts under her blue gaze.

“Hey,” she replies with a big smile and those heart eyes Raven is always talking about, just don’t
let her know she had noticed them too or the Latina is never going to let her live that down.

“So, how’s the research?” the blonde asks kissing Lexa on the lips. This gesture comes more and more natural every day and Lexa feels glad Clarke is still willing to let the world know they belong to the other.

“A true waste of time,” Lexa huffs defeated and bitter. The research has been nothing but a waste of time. She’s sure Nia’s about to make her last blow and here they are dying between tons of papers.

“We’re not done,” Roan smiles kindly at Clarke. The blonde somehow has begun to have a soft spot for the man. She has noticed how much he tries to ingratiate himself with her girlfriend and make up for his mistakes. Roan is the last one to sleep every night and the first one to wake up to continue searching among the archives something that can help Lexa.

Lexa on her own has been less harsh with him, although she remains sceptical of his intentions; at least now she’s trying to be more open to the possibility that Roan is being honest. Clarke suspects that in her girlfriend’s heart, the man is also gaining points with certain actions and his encouragement to make everything go well for the soccer player.

“Well I know you’ll soon find what you are looking for,” she pulls Lexa’s chair and the brunette makes space for her girlfriend “for now, I am sorry to interrupt but I come to steal my girlfriend for the rest of the afternoon,” the blonde sits on Lexa’s lap giving an stern look to Kane and Roan to let them know that her request is not in question.

"Clarke, I do not think," Lexa mumbles on her shoulder hugging her tightly but Kane shakes his head.

"No, Lex, I think Clarke is right, we should stop for today and at least take this afternoon off," Marcus points out.

"Yeah, anyway, I'm trying to break into the bank records, so there's nothing we can work on until I've made it," Roan nods moving his hands around the computer in front of him.

"Then it's said," Clarke applauds smiling and kissing Lexa’s forehead.

The soccer player is about to object again when the pout on the blonde's face stops her. Whipped, everyone thinks of her. Even herself.
"Where are we going?" the brunette asks halfway. They are walking through the fields. Not that she cares much, by now she knows she would follow Clarke to the end of the world with no questions in between.

"You've been working on the farm without stopping since you arrived," Clarke begins to say taking his girlfriend's hand between hers, which makes Lexa's smile grow bigger, "and since Roan came you've been working double."

"Clarke, I'm sorry, I," Lexa sounds really sorry. It is true that she and the blonde have had little time together since the arrival of Roan, without any chance before Nia's final jab, they must find a way to beat her. Even so, she knows that it is not an excuse to leave her girlfriend behind.

"No, no," Clarke interrupts her apology by stopping her walk and standing in front of the soccer player, "Lex, I'm not blaming you for anything, on the contrary, I know how much this really matters, it's just that I want you to think of nothing but rest and enjoy this afternoon, "Clarke strokes her hair before pulling her to kiss her intensely," by this afternoon you're not Lexa "the commander" Woods, you're just my Lex and just because of that, today it's my turn to take you on a date, "Clarke smiles broadly closing the statement with a peek.

"I," Lexa begins the sentence but immediately changes when the words she so much wants to say seem to get stuck in her throat "I'm all yours" she sums up with a kiss and Clarke beams.

A few meters ahead, the air in Lexa's lungs is completely gone. At the foot of a tree, there is a blanket and some pillows on top of it, also a small wicker basket and a couple of glasses.

"Clarke," Lexa gasps with tears at the corner of her eyes.

"I know it's nothing fancy like what you're used to and it's probably totally lame compared to everything you did for our first date but," Clarke is taken by surprise when Lexa turns her around throwing herself into her arms and hiding her face in her neck.

"It's perfect," Lexa mumbles over her soft skin, "you're perfect," she whispers.

Clarke chuckles with the red colour running down her face, "So, now can I say that I swept you off your feet?" She teases herself feeling overwhelmed by the honesty of her girlfriend's words.
"Since day one," Lexa says with a small kiss on her neck that makes Clarke's body tremble.

"Come on, you have seen nothing yet," Clarke kisses Lexa's cheek and both continue on their way.

Clarke makes Lexa lie down on the blanket while she prepares some things in the basket. The brunette takes the opportunity to close her eyes for a moment, the only thing she hears around is the melodious sound that the air on the fragile autumn leaves produce. What makes her happier is the beautiful humming that emanates from Clarke's lips that is absent focused on her task. If Lexa could stop the time and live forever in a single moment, she is sure that she would choose this one, without thinking twice.

When Lexa opens her eyes again the view is endearing, is one of the most beautiful she has ever witnessed in her life. Clarke's blonde hair shines in the mid-afternoon light and cascades over her shoulders. Lexa observes with adoration at her girlfriend, every single movement, the grin on her face. She thinks she’s so cute when the blonde looks so focused in what she’s doing; her forehead wrinkles softly as she bites her lower lip. Lexa turns her body aside to rest her head in one hand and continues to appreciate the scenery.

"What?" Clarke asks after a few minutes as she feels conscious about Lexa’s stare.

Lexa smiles softly, "You're beautiful," she breathes out.

Clarke giggles shaking her head, "You just say it because you have a good angle on the girls," she jokes trying to make the crimson on her face not so noticeable to her girlfriend. Incredible that only a few words from the brunette still manage to make her feel butterflies in her stomach.

"Nah," Lexa dismisses her comment, "I mean, don’t get me wrong, the girls are beautiful too," she glances over her girlfriend's cleavage, distracting herself for a second, "ah, but I don’t just mean them, all you Clarke, you're beautiful," she reaches for Clarke’s hand to kiss it.

Clarke is sure that the natural environment is not the culprit of the heat that feels throughout her body. There is no logical reason for this. Her gaze hooks to those green eyes in which she loves to lose herself. There are times when the only way in which the way Lexa looks at her makes her feel naked, not in a wrong way, but wanted, really wanted, making her body vibrate with desire. But this time all she can see in it is something different, not just a lascivious desire, something more that a voice behind your head knows exactly what it is but the most rational part of her brain, perhaps the most frightened, doesn’t want accept completely that this concept can be the reason. No, it can not
“Oh, stop right there, stud,” Clarke says playfully, “do not steal my date,” she scolds pointing Lexa with her index finger, “I told you today is all about you,”

Lexa surrenders showing her free hand at the front, “okay then, what’s next in your schedule?” she tries to stop the smirk on her face but fails. It amazed her seeing how much effort Clarke is putting in this date.

“Well, food, of course,” Clarke says, her hands still inside the basket, “do you remember that time when you were sick and my dad made you stay with us?” she asks with a big smile.

Lexa reciprocates, “it was more like my parents were at a business trip, so he had no choice whatsoever,” she smiles sadly. Jake Griffin always saving her from her pained childhood.

“Ohm, I think my dad would have to do it even if your parents weren’t out,” the blonde frowns a little, “but at the end of the night my parents had this gala night and,”

“You were my personal nurse,” Lexa cuts her off grinning wiggling her eyebrows.

“More like a nanny,” Clarke snorts, “you’re awful when you're sick,” she teases.

“Hey! I was dying,” the brunette gets defensive.

“You had the flu, Lex,” Clarke giggles at her very offended girlfriend.

“Back in days people died from that,” Lexa mumbles still insulted.

“Yeah, centuries ago, baby” Clarke states amusingly and as much as Lexa wants to remain angry she smiles at the pet name. She loves how caring Clarke is, specially when they are alone. “Anyway, my skills in the kitchen haven’t improve since then,” the blonde admits with a small blush, “so, I thought what a better way to treat you than make you the only thing that I’ve ever cooked for you,” she brings out from the basket a small plate with a grilled sandwich on it.
“Grilled cheese?” Lexa cracks a laugh when her girlfriend nods shyly.

Clarke scoots over the blanket next to Lexa who changes her position to give space to her girlfriend.

"Are we sharing?" Lexa wears a cheesy smile.

"Nope," Clarke pops the 'p', "How many times am I going to tell you that today is all about you?"

"Are you really going to feed me?" Lexa asks with wide eyes.

"Yeah, but first," Clarke hands the brunette the food. She moves toward the end of the blanket where her girlfriend's feet are and unties her worn sneakers.

"Oh, Clarke, I can do it," Lexa feels somewhat ashamed for the action. It's good to be pampered for the blonde but this is too much.

"No, no, I want to," Clarke removes the first shoe and continues her work with the second.

"You do not have to," Lexa shakes her head not knowing what to do.

"There, do not you feel better, baby?" Clarke smiles happily when she is done.

"You're something else," Lexa with nothing but adoration and blushed cheeks.

"Well, now," Clarke returns to the opposite side of the blanket, "come here you must be starving," she pats her thighs so that the soccer player fits her head in them.

"You're not hungry?" Lexa questions between bites, "wow, this is delicious" she says honestly.

Clarke giggles proudly for the achievement. Her heart melts when she realizes just a cheese
sandwich and cuddles and Lexa is all hers.

"I ate one before," the blonde admits scratching her girlfriend’s scalp.

"Definitely the best grilled cheese I’ve eaten in my life," Lexa moans taking another bite and just enjoying the feeling.

The sweet laugh that Clarke releases before the comment makes Lexa's heart skip a beat. This is it. This is what happiness means.

"That's what you said the first time," Clarke bites her lower lip. Her cheeks painted in pink.

"And I'll say it all my life if you continue to pamper me like this," Lexa does not think about the implication of her words but Clarke does not miss it. The blonde's chest burns in emotion with the sole thought of spending her entire life with Lexa.

“So, why an art teacher?” Lexa asks suddenly after her second sandwich but Clarke is too engaged in the way her girlfriend's tongue runs over her pouty glossy lips cleaning the melted cheese over them.

“Uh, W-what?” She stutters making Lexa smirk immediately when the brunette caught her.

“Why did you choose to be an art teacher?” She explains leaving behind the smartass teasing answer she has on her mind. Just giving a break to her wonderful girlfriend who hasn't been anything but perfection today. She deserves it.

“Oh, uhm,” Clarke frowns deepens, her mind drifts to her last semester at Community College, when Raven and she passed hours talking about their plans after finishing their degrees, “It wasn’t actually my first choice,” she bites her lip

Lexa swats her hands on her tights to clean the breadcrumbs on them and turns around to pose on her knees and take pay full attention to her, what marvels the blonde because it means the soccer player really wants to hear the story, “What was your first choice?”
“Well, you know, big dreams like every noob artist, working on my own art, having my gallery, living in the city,” she shrugs not really looking at her girlfriend and playing with the blanket instead.

“And what happened?” Lexa asks carefully taking Clarke’s hand searching for her blue eyes.

Clarke avoids it shaking her head, “Mom was pretty bad after dad died,” she pauses and Lexa allows her to take her time, she knows how difficult are those memories for the blonde to remember, it is hard for her too; “and I had a child to support so,” the tension on her shoulders is evident although she tries to move them around to release it, “it wasn’t really that bad,” she still fighting some tears, “to make the decision I mean, there was this position at Arkadia Elementary so I knew those crazy dreams were just that, dreams I have to put aside to work hard and stay here with my family,” she gives Lexa a sad but honest smile.

“Clarke,” Lexa takes her hand in hers, “I’m sorry,” she starts but the blonde shakes her head.

“No, don’t,” her smile is still a bit contained but soft, “I mean like I said, it wasn’t really a hard choice, I couldn’t leave my mom alone and with Aden growing up I knew it was the best I could for us,”

Lexa notices how her eyes shine when she mentions her son’s name, Clarke is being genuine about it. The blonde would do anything for Aden and she is more than confident know that she would do the same for both of them.

“Anyway,” Clarke smiles bigger leaving the sadness behind, “I love my job!” she laughs cleaning the corner of her eyes, “I want to believe I’m making a difference on those kids’ lives, like they’re learning art can change their life as it did with mine and their faces when they realize they can create something with their hands is priceless, I wouldn’t change it for anything,” she grins proudly.

The soccer player takes her hand to her mouth to kiss her. Clarke Griffin is an angel fallen from straightly from heaven, from that same sky she loves so much to admire the stars in it.

“I believe you do touche and change the lives of everyone who has the pleasure to know you, Clarke,” she pulls the blond forward so they kiss. Perhaps because there are three words stuck in her throat she can’t say yet.
“And you?”, Clarke asks when they apart.

“What about me?” Lexa wears a goofy smile and Clarke heart melts because is like watching a younger Lexa, a relaxed Lexa is always a good sight to cherish.

“I know you always wanted to be a superstar soccer player,” she teases biting her bottom lip and Lexa rolls her eyes, “but have you ever thought about what else you would have done if you hadn’t signed with the Walkers? ”, her nose shrinks a little, even she can’t imagine Lexa outside a soccer field, Lexa on a desk working is not a realistic thought, Lexa bending on a desk on the other hand ... okay, so not the point.

“I don’t know,” Lexa rubs her chin imitating Clarke’s face, it’s a thing she sometimes wonders. More frequently since she arrived at the Griffin’s farm after talking with Abby about her decision on walking away to play professionally.

“Oh, come on!” Clarke tugs her hand, “what would college Lexa have studied?” she wriggles her eyebrows.

Lexa laughs, “Something related with sports for sure,” she playful glares at Clarke when her girlfriend snorts by her very obvious answer, “maybe sports management or something like that,” she shrugs.

“Ah, Indra would have had some competition then,” Clarke jokes and her smile gets bigger when she hears Lexa chuckling.

“Nah, I would have sought to work for a specific team, first as a trainer assistant and looking to become a head coach, I do not think I could have stayed away from the fields, even if it was not as a player,”

Clarke nods, if there is something that fills with eternal longing Lexa's voice is talking about her greatest passion. Soccer is and always will be what her love completely possesses. How lucky soccer is, she thinks.

"Well, you did a very good job with the Grounders,"  

"Yeah," Lexa is lost for a moment in her thoughts, "maybe in a few years, tho, I still want to play
again while I'm old enough to do it," she says with a single nod.

"Do you know what I would have loved to see?" Clarke tilts her head adorably, according to Lexa who raises one eyebrow for her girlfriend to continue.

"College Lexa," Clarke giggles.

"What?" She asks confused.

"You know, College girl Lexa, like I bet you would have been a jock," she pokes Lexa's abs.

"I would never!" Lexa defends herself insulted by the implication.

"Yeah, I can totally imagine it, Lexa Woods, captain of the soccer team, proudly wearing her Varsity jacket, bragging around on her wonderful trophies and won championships, always surrounded by fangirls drooling with every step she takes. I even imagine you dating the head cheerleader, a complete cliché."

“Please!,” Lexa says petulantly, “who would want to date some random college cheerleader when they have their own private cheerleader,” she gives Clarke those seduction eyes it makes her heart stop.

“Why, Miss Woods, are you implying you would have dated me?” Clarke bats her eyelashes exaggeratedly.

“Totally,” she affirms with no doubt in her tone, “we would have been the power couple of the university,”

“You’re unbelievable,” Clarke shakes her head, “even in an imaginary situation you are such a jerk, see completely a jock! ”

“I’m going to show you a jock!” Lexa shouts tickling her girlfriend’s sides and Clarke falls back in the blanket trying to stop the assault of the brunette between big laughs.
Lexa relents her efforts turning her attack into tender kisses that she leaves all over the blonde's stunning face. If there's one thing that Lexa can listen to until her last breath of life, it's Clarke's melodious laughter. In the end, Clarke asks for mercy and Lexa gives in. Having in front of her the beautiful sight of a dishevelled blonde trying to catch her breath causes nothing else in Lexa to immerse herself in her to finally crash her lips against her girlfriend's to merge into one single soul.

Clarke and Lexa walk hand in hand back to the house. Their faces hurt from the big smiles they are wearing.

“How was the date?” Abby is next to the sink doing the dishes.

“It was wonderful,” Lexa says with a huge smile kissing the side of Clarke’s head. Who’s blushing at the statement.

“How was dinner?” Clarke glances suspiciously to her son. Aden is sitting at the kitchen table, his arms are crossed wearing a big pout.

“Oh, it was great,” Abby waves her off.

“What’s with you, kid?” Lexa asks Aden when she notices he huffs after her grandma reply.

“Oh, he’s mad because ‘you never take him to your dates’” she gives the couple a playful glaring look. The women know she’s jocking about it but from Aden’s frown they are sure he is not.

“Aaaw, baby boy,” Clarke kisses his head and Aden scoffs in return.

Lexa crouches next to his chair, “Hey, kiddo,” nothing, he’s not even looking at her, “listen I know I haven’t had time to be with you these past days, I’m sorry,” she tilts her head to look for his eyes, “I had some things to get fixed before I can be all free,” Aden’s frowns softens and he peeks at Lexa’s face to scan it, he finds she’s talking the truth, “how about this,” Lexa continues when she notices he’s open to hear her out, “after I have everything sorted out, you, me and your mom could go out to a three-person date, how sounds that?” she offers him a hopeful smile.
Aden purses his lips to the side, “you promise?” he says at last with a small voice making Clarke’s heart break a little.

“It’s a promise, baby boy,” Lexa shows him her pinky finger for him and Aden smiles shyly, “we have a deal?” she moves her finger waiting and the boy nods before hooking his little pinky with her.

“Deal,” he laughs happy again.

“They’re the sweetest” Abby whispers in Clarke’s ear hugging her daughter from aside. The blonde can’t do anything but agree. Lexa and Aden’s bond is one in a million. Who would have thought the brunette had it in her. She was afraid of kids when she arrived, like if they were a disease to avoid.

“They are,” she whispers back dreamily. The picture of them fills her heart.

“Ok, now, it’s time to get you to bed,” Lexa ruffles Aden’s hair and he scrunches his face as usual.

“Mom, can you read me this time?” Aden pleas with his hands in front looking like an angel.

“Sure, baby,” she kisses his forehead before lifting him in her arms, “say goodnight to grandma and Lexi” she turns around so Aden could face them.

“Goodnight, granny. Goodnight, Lexi,” He says causing Lexa groan because he seems to not get tired of the stupid nickname.

“Goodnight my boy,” Abby kisses his forehead brushing some hair off his face.

“Goodnight, kiddo,” Lexa peppers some kisses over his face making him burst into laughs.

“Goodnight to you, too,” she pinches Clarke’s hips and kisses her before the blonde can snap at her.
“I’m with Raven,” Abby points out and Lexa looks confused. The doctor roll her eyes, “you two are disgusting,” she teases and Lexa chuckles and shakes her head.

“Is Kane still at the barn?” the soccer player asks and Abby nods her head with a big smile. Lexa steps in her personal space and places a kiss on her head, “you two are not better,” she teases back skipping a step to avoid being hit for the cloth Abby sends in her direction.

When Lexa opens the barn door, there’s nothing that could have prepared her for the scene in front of her. Roan Queen and Marcus Kane are embraced in a crushing hug, with huge smiles.

“A-hem,” the brunette exaggerates clearing her throat to make sure they notice her, “should I warn Abby about this?” she jokes with a smirk on her face.

Both men release the other almost pushing each other in the action. Kane and Roan are flushed.

“That’s not,” Roan begins.

“No, there’s nothing to tell Abby about,” Kane puffs his chest in a strange manly way and Lexa chuckles. These two are very easy to tease.

“So, what was the bromance hug about?” She wiggles her eyebrows smirking.

“Oh, yeah!” Marcus turns happy again, “Lexa, we did it!” he pumps his fist up, “well, Roan did it,” he rectifies after Roan gives him a look.

“He did what?” Lexa is lost.

“He broke into the bank server,” Kane throws an arm around Roan and pats his chest proudly.

“You, you did?” Lexa is beyond disbeliefed.

“Yeah,” Roan rubs the back of her neck, “I think we have found everything we need,” Roan shares a look with Kane.
“Like, evidence?” Lexa’s tone is eager. She can’t believe they have found what they needed. She can’t believe this is going to end soon. The both of them nods with stupid proud grins, “What does that mean?” She asks carefully not wanting to have her hopes high.

“It means, we are going to take Nia Queen down,” Marcus affirms with a broad smile.

Chapter End Notes

Again, again, again, drop a comment, please!
A few weeks later there was no other topic over the news. The headlines didn't stop overcoming the previous one, attacking completely to the jugular. ‘The notorious «Ice Queen» Nia Queen has been accused of fraud’ ‘Not so indestructible: The Queen empire is sinking’ ‘Counting bars: Nia Queen could end her life in jail’ ‘Blood Betrayal! Nia Queen has been exposed for her own son’.

Kane and Roan decided to make the scandal public before reaching the court. With all the dirty contacts and power Nia held over the entire city of TonDC, it was impossible to make it by the legal way while she remained influential.

Fortunately, with all the years of experience in the area, Indra's contacts were of inestimable value. Through the confidence that the manager had won as one of the best and honest people in the city, the media relied completely on her and all the information came to the surface. So those dirty alliances didn’t work at all with them.
There is nothing more attractive to media than to see someone as powerful as the accountant falling, and that was precisely what the pair gave them. With the pressure and constant attention from the television and news agencies, hiding and defending the Queen family was then the risk for those public officials who were protecting her before.

The newspapers were full of evidence of fraud in the name of, not only Lexa’s but of all the previous victims. The first page and piece of news showed Nia Queen being arrested by the authorities outside her office building. The following showed the photographs of Ontari and Costia handcuffed at their brand new apartment located in the most luxury area of the city.

A few days later, Roan was called to testify in the case. It was one of the most critical and fierce moments that the trial held. Nia had been delivered by her own son, who had also been part of the scheme to fool all those unsuspecting women. At last the world could see the real Nia as she truly was, the wicked woman whose ambition dragged her and her own family to the lowest.

Ontari, of course, was expelled from the Walkers as soon as the team knew the situation. They terminated her contract immediately and a lawsuit was filed against her for staining the name of the institution.

Costia requested help from the prosecution to reduce her sentence, on the condition that she testified everything she knew about the plans of the Queen. Maybe it was not the fairest punishment but she would still end up spending a couple of years in jail for her participation and thereby pay for her faults.

During the trial there was little that the newsreels could report inside the court, Ontari could be seen with a broken heart, while her fiancée, or ex-fiancée by then, accused her as one of her instigators to fulfil Nia’s purposes. A defeated Ontari accepted her involvement and also testified against her mother. Roan was present supporting his sister that day. Perhaps he couldn’t return the time to save his sister completely but he would be by her side knowing that her statement must have been one of the most difficult things to do. After all those years, Nia still controlled her even with just a look. Fortunately, it seemed Ontari was tired of it too. She barely hesitated when she told her version of the facts.

The big names of the most powerful people in the city began to be brought up; Of course, they all denied any connection with the Queen family. No one would risk their privileged position. In the end, there was no lawyer who wanted to take their case, there was no way they could defend their actions and with all the evidence against them working in their defense would only leave the name of anyone who dared to do it being dragged to the mud. Nia and Ontari ended like their victims, alone; without the support of anyone and with their crimes to pay for.

Roan had to take his responsibility too. With the help of Kane, he was sentenced to social service. Lexa was one of the people behind his defense, without him knowing it of course, although it was not very difficult to know what she had done.

The return of the assets to their victims was a much more delicate step. All the links had to be demonstrated and the money was still retained by the authorities until the case was fully closed.

But for a strange reason, Lexa felt relieved. The nightmare was over. Neither her money or the properties were already a reason to worry about, for now. The people who had hurt her were serving their sentence and soon everything would be as before. At least in the part where she wouldn’t have to suffer for paying her own bills.

Clarke comes down from her old car with a huge smile, the day at work has been the best. One of her children has been selected to participate in the art contest of the region and she is sure that it
will be a success. She can’t wait to tell Lexa about it.

Looking around she notices a car parked at the garage of the farm, one she hasn’t seen before. Probably there is another reporter harassing Lexa for an interview. The media soon discovered where Lexa has been hidden since the first accusations, and the phone hadn’t stopped ringing since the news of Nia Queen had come to light, but her girlfriend has refused all that bad attention. 'I don’t need to give any explanation to anyone, Clarke', Lexa has let her know many times in recent weeks that she is not interested in giving any statement about it and she respects it all the time. She knows is better for the brunette to stay away from them and don’t participate in that three-ring circus.

"Some vermin bothering, again?" The blonde asks as soon as she leaves her backpack next to the dresser in the entrance. She’s glad Monty’s mom took the kids to the park this afternoon so he doesn’t have to deal with her wrath against the said idiot.

There are murmurs in the kitchen, which indicates that the dimwit reporter must be instigating her family for some information that they will then twist in their column. When will they learn to leave people in peace!

"Clarke!" Lexa runs to her urgently and the blonde clenches her fists defensively. If any of those useless newshound shams tried to hurt her girlfriend they will have to face her fury. They’ll learn to not mess with her people.

On the contrary to what she thinks, Lexa appears in front of her with a huge smile on her beautiful pouty lips. Clarke immediately relaxes before the wonder that is to see her girlfriend completely happy. She had never seen her smile so much in all the months together and seeing her finally without that weight on her shoulders makes her happy too. Lexa deserves all the happiness. Lexa deserves better.

"Hey, baby," Clarke instinctively surrounds the brunette with her arms and Lexa surprises her by raising her in one motion. Ugh! Stupid and sexy Commander with her stupid and sexy biceps and strength.

"I'm so glad you're home," Lexa buries her face in the space of her neck, something that the blonde loves to have her girlfriend do. It makes her feel that she needs her and that she seeks for her protection. Seeing Lexa Woods surrendering to her is a vision that always gives her warmth.

"Are you okay? is everything fine?" She asks when she hears the eagerness in Lexa's voice and shudders once the soccer player places a light kiss on her pulse point.

"Oh, you're right, it's sickening," a low voice rasps behind Lexa.

"I told you it was," Clarke listens her mother say between laughs.

"Indra," Lexa groans as a warning and the blonde cannot help the giggles escaping from her.

"Hi, Indra," Clarke greets still surprised by the presence of the manager in her home kitchen. Lexa is still completely attached to her in her arms. As expected, she has no complaint about it.

"Guess what?" Lexa raises her head to see her girlfriend in the eye. Her look shines brightly and her goofy smile lights Clarke's life. Happy Lexa is always a view to behold.

"What?" she asks trying to imitate the emotion of the brunette. Not as a mock but her excitement is infectious.
"They have released the money," Lexa confesses enthusiastically. Her eyebrows hitting the line of her hair.

"Oh, my G*d! Really?" Clarke asks again. Lexa is finally free, she finally has everything she worked so hard for back to her. The horror has irrevocably come to an end. Goodbye to the Queens and everything that had to do with them at last.

Lexa nods excitedly, so much so that Clarke fears that she will hurt her neck.

"My bank accounts have been released, my properties, the cars, everything has returned to me," Lexa takes her hands laughing before the open mouth that her girlfriend dresses now. Pure disbelief is what the blonde's face reflects.

"Indra came to tell me everything at first hand," Lexa points to the manager with her head, "this morning she had been notified that I can use my assets, isn’t it wonderful?" she asks rhetorically because she knows that there is no other way of seeing it. It's like being back to being herself, not because of what the money is worth, but because of the imminent reason that she can finally make good use of what belongs to her.

"And guess what else?" Lexa asks almost jumping on the balls of her feet and Clarke laughs because it's like seeing Aden excited talking about his soccer game. Those two have spent too much time together it seems. Not that Clarke is opposed to it, she is so in love with the great relationship that her son and her girlfriend have come to develop.

Clarke shakes her head not knowing what more good news Indra can have brought with her. This was all that Lexa had searched for so long, what they had hoped to solve together.

"The Walkers have made an offer," Indra intervenes smirking. She wags the papers that Clarke had not noticed the woman had in her hands, "eighty-two million per season and three seasons secured with them," the manager puffs her chest in pride, sure that her work had a lot of influence in it.

It is then that Clarke's happiness drains off her body. Lexa has an offer with her previous team. A millionaire proposal for returning to play at TonDC. An offer that cannot be rejected, not with that amount of money in between. An offer that could take Lexa away from her. Again.

Clarke can’t breathe anymore, her chest contracts and her lungs seem to reject the air that surrounds her. It is not possible that after all, what she had wanted so much to become a reality for Lexa, is also the possibility of taking her girlfriend from her one more time. And she knows that she is being stupid, that doesn’t mean that Lexa is going to leave her, that she is going to forget about her or that they should end their relationship. But it happened before, although before they weren’t girlfriends. Clarke can’t help feeling like that day when she knew Lexa had been recruited for the first time, like that day the brunette said goodbye to her with a kiss, her first kiss, and didn’t contact her in many years. She knew Lexa expected to be signed again, to go back to her soccer life, but not this soon.

"Isn’t amazing?" Lexa seems oblivious to the lack of reaction from the blonde still wrapped in the emotion of the moment.

"I," Clarke starts to say but her voice is choked and she knows that somehow she should get out of there, "I need air," she hurries her steps and leaves the kitchen leaving a worried Abby who shares a look with the manager.

Lexus frowns, "Clarke?" she says but the blonde disappears in a matter of seconds from her sight.
"Clarke?" Lexa runs after her girlfriend, "Clarke!" she screams desperately, taking long steps. She doesn’t stop until she reaches the blonde.

Clarke is in the back door of the barn. Her back wags slightly letting Lexa know she's crying.

"Clarke," Lexa tries again, "Clarke, are you okay?" she asks almost smacking her forehead. Clarke is crying, her girlfriend is crying and she still dares to ask if she is okay. Idiot Lexa. Of course, she’s not, nothing is okay if Clarke’s hurting.

"Yeah," Clarke responds by wiping the tears from her cheeks but still refusing to look Lexa in the eye, "yeah, baby, everything's okay," she breathes slowly trying to stay calm. Be strong, Clarke.

Clarke does not want to ruin Lexa's happiness, not after witnessing how excited the brunette looks at the possibility of returning to the soccer fields. That has always been Lexa's biggest dream, how stupid of Clarke to think that her girlfriend would leave it behind for her. Is not something she wants either, Lexa is good at what she does and should be able to continue pursuing that dream. She must get it together and face whatever comes. Even if that is not having Lexa by her side anymore. Be strong, Clarke.

"Clarke," Lexa gently touches her elbow, almost as if the blonde would break at her touch, "look at me," she pleads.

Clarke finally turns around and the worry on her girlfriend's face makes her feel even more guilty. This must be a happy day for Lexa and she has ruined it. Trying to stop her crying she rubs Lexa's up arm and Lexa reaches for her hand. Be strong, Clarke.

"What happened?" Lexa asks kindly.

"Nothing, baby." Clarke shakes her head dismissively but Lexa tilts her head like a lost puppy and her heart contracts even more, "seriously," she continues trying to be strong for her girlfriend. Be strong, Clarke, "just that it was all a big surprise," her voice still hoarse with the lump in her throat, "too much information to take in, I'm overwhelmed, that's all,"

"Clarke," Lexa begins but she interrupts immediately.

"No, really." she insists, "like, wow, that contract is a really huge deal!" she offers a slight smile. Be strong, Clarke.

"It is, isn’t it?" Lexa asks forgetting for a moment about how upset Clarke looked, just one simple second, "those idiots want me back," she chuckles, "I can’t believe it, me, the commander back," she lets out a sound of disbelief out of her throat.

"Well, they would be idiots to not to," Clarke smiles again but Lexa notices that the grin does not reach its totality.

"Yeah," the soccer player nods pursing her lips, "it's a real pity that I won’t accept it," she declares decisively.

"What?" Clarke asks and Lexa laughs at the face of disbelief in her girlfriend.

Eighty-two million, why would Lexa reject an offer of that amount of money. That's enough to spend in seven lives. Like, she could retire after those years and buy an island or a whole country. Not sure which one, certainly Arkadia, but okay, so not the point.

"I'm not going to accept it," Lexa repeats with a determined voice. As if the amount of money was
what she normally had in her wallet and okay, Clarke knows that Lexa is a millionaire already but it is not for the money that her girlfriend must accept that offer. She loves soccer. It’s her chance to come back to do what she adores.

"What are you talking about?" Clarke shakes her head, she cannot be listening correctly, "Lex, that's an offer you can’t refuse," Be strong, Clarke.

"Oh, but I will," and again there is no doubt in the brunette's tone. Not a single one. She doesn’t even blink when the statement leaves her lips.

"Lex, are you serious?" Clarke denies with the head again, this is insane! "all you have always wanted is to play soccer, this is your chance to return to the soccer fields, you cannot let it go like that,"

"Clarke," Lexa says with a soft voice, "I'm not giving up on soccer, I still love playing and I'm sure I'll do it once again one day, but I will not accept that offer if that means leaving Arkadia," she doesn’t want to voice what It really means, that she doesn’t want to leave Clarke, that she doesn’t want to lose what they have. Not again. Not now. Not like that.

"But Lex, you don’t know if another opportunity like this would happen," Clarke pushes on.

"Oh, you want so much to get rid of me?" Lexa teases and Clarke hits her arm, "Ouch!" she makes a scene of it, it's not like Clarke really hurt her, but she prefers to lighten the atmosphere. Clarke needs it and she will always comply.

"You know it's not like that!" Clarke rolls her eyes, "It's just that you've waited for this for months, soccer is your life and I don’t want you to stay here when you can play again," she says seriously.

Lexa nods absently and one part of Clarke mind regrets that she is encouraging her girlfriend to go away from her. Be strong, Clarke. It is the right thing to do.

"Well, I’m still not accepting it," Lexa confirms again shrugging as if was nothing.

"Ugh, you're so stubborn!" Clarke brings her hands to her hair in despair and Lexa wants to joke about how her girlfriend is being persistent for her own but it's not the right time, that’ll only upset her even more.

"Clarke, I'm not leaving," Lexa crosses her arms in determination if Clarke wants a stubborn Lexa she will have it "Do you really want me to leave?" Lexa asks a little unsure and with a small voice that breaks the blonde's heart a bit more.

"No, of course not!" she says desperately, Lexa isn’t making this easy at all. It is not making sense that after so much hating Arkadia now she wants to stay here.

"So?" Lexa asks frowning. What she doesn’t understand on her own is why Clarke is so determined to make her accept the offer of the Walkers when that would mean leaving Arkadia. Completely senseless!

And of course is a magnificent offer, not only because of the money but because coming back to the Walkers would only lead her to the National Team too, there’s no doubt about it. At the same time, her old team turned its back on her when things went down. How can she forget about that?

"It's just I don’t want you to regret it, okay!" Clarke confesses finally, "I don’t want you to stay here for me and then regret it, I don’t want you to hate me, okay! "she screams surrendering all her thoughts.
"Clarke, I could never hate you," Lexa cautiously approaches her girlfriend, "this is not a momentary decision," she says drawing the blonde's attention, "I've thought about it a lot," her frown deepens, "since everything about Nia began to be resolved," Lexa has spent several nights thinking about what would happen when she got her money back, everything she would spend on making her family's life so much easier. But above all, she has spent whole nights without sleeping thinking about what she would do with her life if any team wanted to hire her again after everything saw its end. Not leaving, not now, it was the resolution. Because it was never really that complex, not when she has Clarke Griffin by her side.

"I can't take you away from what you love," Clarke says with a slight voice.

"You're not doing it, Clarke," Lexa takes a step closer to the blonde. Then it hits her, Clarke knows how much she loves soccer, but not about the other 'thing' she does more "I want to stay in Arkadia," she says with total conviction.

"Why?" Asks Clarke, who is now the one crossing her arms. Lexa hates Arkadia. Be strong, Clarke.

"Because," Lexa starts but rethinks what she's going to say, "because I've found my place here," Not the time, not now.

"Lex, you hate Arkadia, that's why you left in the first time, it doesn't make any sense for you to stay in a place you hate," Clarke voice her mind getting tired and irritated. Be strong, Clarke.

"I hated it, yes" Lexa clarifies with a single nod, "but I want to stay here,"

"Why?" Clarke asks with anger in his tone, her hands tangle in her messy blonde hair. Why Lexa is doing this more painful than it should be is actually the question in her mind.

"Because I love you!" Lexa knows that it is her last resort. It's not that it's not true, but she didn’t want to do it this way, not while Clarke and she are having a fight. It should be sweet, tender, perhaps with a beautiful sunset among the fields, or a bright night watching the stars, perhaps with them naked between the sheets. On the contrary, it is like this. At the most inopportune moment, at the most fragile point of their relationship. But if Clarke really wants to know the real reason why she doesn’t want to leave her side, then that's the way things should be.

"You what?!" Clarke's arms fall. Her eyes open wide almost comically. Her mouth opens and closes several times like a fish out of the water. She can’t be hearing right.

"Because I love you," Lexa whispers with her head down, her eyes tightly closed and wishing the ground breaks apart to swallow her. The words haven’t sunk into her yet either. She has thought about it many times before. She has tasted it on the tip of her tongue many nights when they are about to sleep having Clarke in her arms. Because that feeling, that Clarke is hers, is the best that she has lived to in a long time and she doesn’t want to give it up ever.

When there is no answer, Lexa slowly opens her eyes to glance embarrassed to the floor, "I know it's very soon, or not, I don’t know, I just know that I don’t want to leave you, I don’t want to make the same mistake as I did years ago," her voice cut off and she is angry with herself for looking so weak in front of Clarke, but she knows that she is the only person with whom she can be completely honest and look like that with no fear on it. Be her true self. Clarke would never hurt her.

She cleans the tears from her cheeks, tears that she hadn’t even noticed that had started to come out, "I understand it's surprising and if you don’t feel the sa..." Lexa can not finish the sentence
when Clarke literally throws herself into her arms making her fall to the floor with a huff. She fumbles a bit but reaches to balance making the blonde falling fully on top of her.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," says Clarke peppering kisses on her face, "I love you too, jerk," tears running on her own cheeks. She can not believe that Lexa said it first, not because it is a competition but she never believed that Lexa felt the same thing that she had begun to realize for a long time. She thinks in how many times she had to bite her tongue to keep her from saying it. To not let those three small but meaningful words escape from her mouth to finally get stuck in her throat. How many times she had to stop for shouting them at the highest point of that wonderful climax that Lexa provokes her at night.

"You do?" Lexa asks hopefully with a silly smile.

"Of course I do!" Clarke laughs kissing her passionately. Lexa cannot stop the moan that escapes her lips when the blonde bites her lower lip. It is overwhelming the way in which their lips merge, in that kiss not only is a carnal frenzy but all the feelings that cannot be expressed in words. They love each other. Clarke loves her back. Clarke loves her.

The kiss doesn’t last long, but between the emotions at the surface of the skin, it is impossible for either of the two to continue. Clarke rests her forehead on Lexa's, slowly stroking her cheek and looking her in the eyes so intensely that Lexa can’t tear her gaze away from those cerulean colours that make her completely crazy, but at the same time gives her the peace she has always sought. That blue gaze that makes her feel at home. Clarke is her home. She’s at home.

"So, do you love me?" Lexa asks again. She cannot believe she waited so long to say it. Not when everything indicates now that the blonde feels the same.

Clarke laughs rolling her eyes, "Yes, you jerk, I love you," she bites her lower lip still trying to make the words fall completely into her. Strangely it is so difficult and at the same time so easy to repeat them. Extremely easy when Lexa looks at her in that beautiful way she always does.

"Then why were you so determined to make me take the offer?" Lexa teases her and Clarke punches her lightly again.

"Idiot, because I thought it was the right thing to do, that I should let you go if it meant you would go for what you love the most," Clarke admits shyly hiding her face in her girlfriend's chest. She feels sorry for having been about to push Lexa to leave. She was about to lose her girlfriend because she didn’t know how to express her feelings openly, so close that Clarke feels a fear that determines that she will never stop to let Lexa know how much she loves her.

"I love soccer," Lexa nods, "but it's not what I love the most, not anymore" she strokes the blonde's hair lifting her head to kiss her forehead.

"Ugh! I hate when you say things like that," Clarke pretends to get upset when in fact the implication fluster her. Lexa loves her the most. Her childhood crush loves her! She could picture in her mind teenage Clarke making a dorky happy dance for that.

"Well, get used to it because now that you know it, I'm not going to get tired of repeating it," Lexa offers and Clarke groans. Her girlfriend is such a sap.

"And I'll never get tired of listening," Clarke lifts her head to look Lexa in the eye. That person who said that green means life surely was thinking precisely in that beautiful tone of the bright eyes of her beloved, because honestly looking at Lexa is exactly what she feels. It always makes her feel alive.
"Say it again," Clarke whispers biting her lower lip.

Lexa clears her throat like she's going to make a big speech and the blonde giggles, "I, Lexa 'The Commander' Woods, I'm utterly and absolutely in love with you Clarke Abigail Griffin"

Clarke beams at the statement and she mimics her girlfriend's antics "And I, Clarke Abigail Griffin, I am completely and extremely in love with you, Alexandria Woods!"

"Ugh! Not my full name!" Lexa whines but forgets all annoyance when Clarke breaks into laughter.

"Come on, Abby should be worried that we have not come back," Lexa pats Clarke ass, “and Indra is going to be so pissed when I let her know I’m not going to take the offer," she snorts.

"Just one more kiss," Clarke asks with a big pout. Lexa really believes that her girlfriend must be crazy if she thinks she should even ask for it.

After many more kisses actually, Clarke gets up offering her hand to Lexa to walk back to the house.

"I love you," Lexa says kissing the side of her head when they are on their way. True to her word, she will never get tired of repeating it. Although at first, she thought it was the most inappropriate moment, now she can’t help but firmly believe that it was a perfect time. Because it was with Clarke and with Clarke in her life everything always is.

"And how does it feel to be rich again?" Clarke teases bumping her hip with Lexa's as they walk back to the house.

"Wonderful," Lexa grins back, "I cannot wait to pamper you back," she flashes her best seductive look.

"Oh, is that so?" Clarke chuckles, "I thought you'd buy another jet or a skyscraper,"

"Nah, that'll come later," Lexa mocks, "first I'm going to spoil you and the little brat," she says confidently.

Clarke's heart swells, not because Lexa wants to spend her money on her, is the last thing she wants; but because her wonderful girlfriend not only thinks about her, she always manages to involve Aden as part of them and that is something that no amount of money can buy.

"Hey, my son is not a brat!" Clarke smacks her stomach forgetting what she was going to say when she feels Lexa's abs tense. Damn! "And if he ends up being like it because of you, Lexa Woods, I'm going to finish you off,"

"Is that a promise?" Lexa wiggles her eyebrows with a sassy grin.

"Jerk!" Clarke punches playfully again, "but you can bet it is," she winks puffing her chest so the girls can do their work. They do as usual and Lexa groans.

"Stop the teasing, Clarke," she drops her head back and the blonde laughs of what a horndog her girlfriend is.

"But seriously, Lex," Clarke continues putting one of her hands in her girlfriend's back pocket, looking for comfort as they walk together only, not because she wants to feel her tight ass, "you've already thought about the first thing you'll do with your money now that you have it back? " She squeezes the exquisite butt of her girlfriend.
Lexa puts a hand on her chin seriously thinking about what Clarke is asking, "Oh, I'm going to buy my baby back," she can almost feel the smooth leather of her car seats and the vibration of the motor on her foot on the pedal. She can’t wait to create new adventures in her favourite car. Including another visit to The Ice Nation with the little brat.

"What do you mean by repurchasing Nightblood?" Clarke stops her steps suddenly and Lexa closes her eyes before the slip. Oh, crap!

Completely absorbed in her thoughts Lexa has completely forgotten that Clarke was unaware that she had had to sell Nightblood to Murphy in order to help Abby to keep the farm.

How would she explain this to Clarke now?

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Chapter End Notes

Oh! so THAT happened! Bahahaha Just 28 chapters to say I love you! mmmhmm!

Well, I wanted to be very forward about this. I know some of you wanted every single detail about Nia's life falling apart and Lexa's revenge among Costia and Ontari; but honestly, I don't want my baby going like that. They had their punishment and it seems very little for what they did to Lexa but at the end I wanted Lexa to remember what she got from it and that is way more important than to make a hell of their lives. They are in the past and that's how is going to stay... I hope so...

Anyway! Thanks again for the kudos and still be here I tried to answer all your feedback because you are wonderful to take a minute or two to comment! So if you have a question about the story or just want to say hi! don't restrain yourselves! I'm here to deliver!

I'll stop rambling... as if!

See you soon! Stay safe and loved!

Love you ClexaKru!
"What do you mean you sold Nightblood?" Clarke has to ask again when Lexa stays completely silent.

Lexa is conflicted by the situation. She doesn’t want to lie to Clarke about the circumstances that
led her to sell her precious car; but on the other hand, she doesn’t want to betray Abby's trust by revealing the debt of the Griffin farm. All that is already in the past, it shouldn't matter now, not when all the bitterness is about to come out of their lives. Or at least that’s what she’s trying to do. Why can Clarke let her do it? Why has to be this hard for the blonde to see it?

"Lexa?" Clarke questions her girlfriend again and she goes totally serious by not using her short name.

At the same time she tries to not to be insistent, Lexa is her own person and can make decisions about her assets without having to give any explanations to anyone but they are talking about a car that should be worth at least half a million. She’s more curious because she knows Lexa loves her car. Being the first car she drove when she began to play for the Walkers it meant so much for the soccer player. She witnessed how fonded she was of it just a few weeks ago and now she's telling her she sold it like it was nothing. It makes no sense.

"I," Lexa's mind starts to run quickly, apparently not as fast as the blonde would want to get an answer, "I needed to pay some things and Nightblood was the only thing I had at hand," she says hoping she’s been cryptic that Clarke can drop the subject.

"What things?" Clarke demands a better response. So no, the blonde is not going to give up until she completely knows the real reason why Lexa had to get rid of her beloved baby.

"Some things", Lexa begins to feel frustrated too, "can you forget it? Today is a good day and it seems that you only want us to fight!" she punctures the bridge of her nose controlling her breathing. Things can scale very quickly if not.

"Lex, I'm not trying to intrude on your decisions," the blonde replies, softening her tone. Her girlfriend is right, this should be a day to celebrate and the only thing she seems to be doing is driving Lexa away.

"Oh, here you are," Abby declares suddenly opening the back door of the house. The doctor looks bewildered to the couple, "is everything okay?" the woman had seen the couple walking back with big smiles through the kitchen’s window but suddenly they were gone. She thought those two were fooling around but as soon as she reached them she could sense something was off. Her daughter still looks upset. She knew Clarke wouldn't take The Walkers deal too well, but it looks there's something more.

Lexa nods while Clarke shakes her head crossing her arms, leaving the doctor even more perplexed.
"Mom, did you know Lexa sold Nightblood?" Clarke asks in an accusatory tone like some sibling selling down her sister to her mother. She maybe had no brother or sister to do so, but she took the experience when Raven was stubborn enough to try and do things by her own with little care after the accident. The latina was scolded by her parents and even if she didn’t like it, she knew better than to face the older Griffin. Especially to Papa G, as she affectionately called Jake.

Abby froze, she glances over Lexa who shakes her head subtly or as far as she can and the doctor can breathe again, happy that Lexa hasn’t said anything about the mortgage of the farm. She’s glad Lexa continues to be that loyal person to her convictions that she has always proven to be but even prouder that it is that kind of person that her daughter has by her side today.

But unluckily the look they share is all Clarke needs to know. She knows them too well to recognize that accomplice gesture.

“Oh, my G*d! You did,” Clarke whispers not being able to believe that she is the last person to find out what her girlfriend has done.

"Clarke, that's not," Lexa starts to say but the blonde stops her with a single movement of her hand. To not mess with an angry Clarke is another lesson the soccer player has learned from her time at Arkadia. Not only from when she got back, but in her younger years. She recalled the way the blonde went beyond furious when an adversary tried to hurt Lexa on the soccer field. Jake had sometimes to restrain her to walk into the field to kick the idiot who intended to cause pain to the Commander.

"What is so important for my mother and my girlfriend to have secrets behind my back?" Her voice has slightly changed to a tone of disappointment and Lexa is not sure if she prefers Clarke to yell at her instead of this new painful emphasis.

Abby sighs and looks at the sky, asking Jake for the strength to reveal what she is about to say. She knows that it will not be easy for her daughter to know the truth, but it is time to do it and as much as she doesn’t want to, she also knows that the blonde is being very unfair with Lexa when all the brunette has done is protect her family.

Clarke bites her bottom lip “What’s happening?” she asks glaring at the two women in front of her.

“Abby you don’t have to,”
“No, Lexa is time,” the doctor offers Lexa a gentle smile and she means it, is time for Clarke to know everything the brunette has done for them and for her own sake. Even if in her eyes her daughter is still that little blonde wearing braces and pigtails, she knows Clarke is now an adult and she can’t hide the truth forever. So, yet if it is hard for her to bring those dreadful memories back she has to.

“Lexa sold Nightblood because of me,” the confession leaves the blonde speechless, Abby is grateful for that a bit, that means Clarke is beyond shocked to even been able to be angrier, “Before your father died,” she swallows the big lump stuck in her throat. The doctor always avoids talking about Jake’s death. They always tried to mention it as just an absence like if he was out of town for a business trip or visiting some old friend at the city but not from that place that he’s not going to be ever back, “our economy was in a very fragile point,” she takes a deep breath, “with him not working anymore and me not being able to make shifts while I took care of him we were stacking billings from the farm and hospital,” she sobs a little and Lexa rushes to take her hand in reassurance whilst Clarke rubs her arm, “the only thing we had to face this was the same farm, so your father and I talked about it and we concluded the best choice was to ask for a mortgage,” Abby tightens her grip on Lexa’s hand, “we thought after he healed we would be able to get back on our feet and solved everything. We never thought...” the doctor is sobbing by now.

Clarke hugs her mother hard. She’s crying too. The death of Jake has left a deep wound in the family that they will never get over. Although it is true that they have been able to survive after his departure, the fact of not having him by their side, that they will never be able to see him smiling again in his armchair at the living room or listen his kind and warm laugh, still hurts too much.

Even if Lexa wasn’t near at that moment, and she always will recriminate to herself that; she knows Jake not only left a hole difficult to fill on the physical plane, but a crucial pillar was lost and that had left hard to keep from falling all those that the man touched throughout his life. Her included.

Lexa joins the hug and they experience for the first time that lost together. She wasn't able to cry his death with them and all she can think of is how much she misses him and how much she wishes he could be here with them to share the joy of just being reunited as the family they are.

“I’m so sorry, mom,” Clarke murmurs in tears, her head still in her mother's neck, “Why didn’t you say anything?”. She’s not accusing her but she thinks she could have done something about it. Maybe had another job would have helped. Abby didn’t need to carry with this on her own.

“Oh, baby, you had a baby to take care for and didn’t need to worry more, besides you were struggling with your father’s death too,” Abby shakes her head. As a mother, she would always fight for making her little girl’s life easier.
“But mom, we are family,” Clarke says cleaning some tears from Abby’s cheeks.

“And family sticks together,” Lexa says with a watered smile.

“Yes, we do,” the doctor chuckles caressing Lexa’s face while she rubs her daughter's back, “now, now, no more tears my little ones,” she smiles nostalgically. She still yearns the love of her life but she knows he’s nevertheless taking care of them from where he’s resting now. She can feel his presence at this moment and even could see him smiling at them with that huge and dorky grin he wore to win her heart.

“Come on, Indra should be boring by now and Aden should not take long to arrive, today is a happy day and we should celebrate!” says the doctor patting the women’s back in her arms.

Abby lets go of the hug by walking in front of the couple to give them some space. She knows that Clarke still has to process the information she has just released.

Lexa walks slowly behind the blonde also trying to create distance between the older woman and them. She doesn’t dare to talk to Clarke yet in case the blonde is still mad at her for not telling her about the reason behind selling Nightblood. She intertwines her hands at her back, although she feels the need to be close to her girlfriend, she thinks it’s better for everything to be resolved at the pace Clarke sets.

She finds herself about to enter the house when Clarke takes her forearm turning her around and suddenly crashing her body against the brunette in a tight hug. Lexa surrounds her girlfriend with her arms returning the gesture. They stay like that for a moment, only enjoying the presence and closeness of the other person who owns a large part of their heart, if not almost completely already.

"I love you," Clarke mumbles, her head pinned to the chest of the soccer player and her hands tangled on the back of the shirt that Lexa is wearing. The silence that surrounds them, allows Clarke to enjoy that beautiful melody that is the heartbeat of her girlfriend; That kind and humble heart that is always willing to take care of those around her. How can Clarke not love Lexa when the only thing that the brunette has shown at all times is the true meaning of what love really means? Giving oneself completely without asking for anything in return.

"I love you too, Clarke," Lexa says with a calm voice and a smile on her lips. True to her word, as she promised Clarke, Lexa won't stop repeating it as many times as the opportunity presents itself. Not because she thinks her girlfriend needs to hear it to believe it, because apart from the words she
knows that her actions are the ones that can show the blonde the most what she means to her; but because she loves to say it, she loves the smile that Clarke releases every time she says it; and between every single one of those things that Lexa will always do to see her happy, saying she loves her is the easiest of them all.

"You know?" Clarke lifts her head a little to look at Lexa, who closes her eyes and hums happily when the blonde caresses her jawline, "sometimes I think dad sent you back to us," she bites her lower lip, "I know it may sound silly or delusional, but I like to think that he brought you back to us to let us know that he did not leave us alone," she sobs.

Lexa frowns but relaxes when she opens her eyes and confirms that Clarke is smiling. Although the gesture doesn't reach its full potential, the brunette at least knows that it is a beautiful thought of her girlfriend and that she is not saying it with regret.

Lexa thinks a little about what Clarke just told her, Jake making her go home is not a crazy idea after all. It makes a lot of sense if every time little Lexa was sick, sad for not being able to score in that weekend’s game, worried about the exam season or upset because her parents simply preferred to take their jobs as a first priority than spending time with her, their daughter; it was the same coach who took her home by the hand or under his embrace; without words in between, without questions, without orders, he simply made Lexa take her way home. This time it may have been the hardest way, with great teaching on the path, but without doubt, the best way to do it.

“Let’s go inside,” Lexa says after a few minutes.

“I’m sorry I was a dick to you,” Clarke pouts.

Lexa chuckles shaking her head, “It’s okay, after all, I was a jerk to you when I got here,” she jokes to let her girlfriend know she really doesn’t have any bad feelings for her reaction, “it’s only fair you would be but,” she takes Clarke’s face between her hands to look directly to those beautiful blue eyes, “you can make it up to me tonight,” she kisses her before Clarke can say anything else. The small bite on her bottom lip tells her the blonde agrees to her.

After Abby almost forces Indra to stay for the night so she doesn't drive back to TonDC so late, the four women work together in the kitchen of the farm cooking dinner. The warm feeling of being at home surrounded by the women who have most influenced her life is indescribable for Lexa. The only one that is needed to complete that four of a kind is Anya, but the brunette is sure that her best friend must be involved in unmentionable activities with Raven.

Aden arrives a few minutes later, just as they are about to sit at the table and the five of them share
a quiet evening. After all the tumult that has been the afternoon on the farm, Lexa appreciates that
finally there is a little peace. She knows that Clarke and Abby are enjoying that same tranquility. What is really surprising is to see Indra so relaxed in a place that is not usually her scene. The manager usually drives herself around with integrity in meetings with the team and everything that has to do with business; but in the ten years that Lexa has to know her, she believes she had never seen her so out of her element but completely adapted to it. Still, with the arrival of Aden who keeps asking her questions about some other players and their teams, Indra seems to even smile when Aden lets her know that no matter how talented they may be, they can’t reach the awesomeness of The Commander on the field.

“Ah, that was probably the best meal I had in years,” Indra manage to say pushing her plate aside and rubbing her firm stomach.

“Well, thank you,” Abby replies with a big grin. She knows it must be almost painful to the manager to let out that praise. Indra is a woman of few words and since the day she arrived at Arkadia saying she will take Lexa with her, the doctor and she didn’t really have a great relationship. Abby had nothing against her but she always had wish Indra would encourage Lexa to go to college instead of playing for a team at such a young age. But now it doesn’t matter anymore, no need to more bad blood between them, Lexa is where she belongs, with her family.

“Yeah, granny’s spaguettees are always the bestests ones!” Aden supplies with pride and a huge smile making the whole table to burst in laugh.

“I’m sure that’s one of the things Lexa is going to miss it when she’s back at TonDC,” Indra says making sure she points out the ‘one thing’ knowing she will miss the blonde at her left more than anything.

As soon as the sentence is out there the laughs die down. There’s a tense atmosphere and Clarke and Lexa share a look but is Aden who drags all’s attention.

“So, it’s true!” He shouts angrily gripping the clinging to the edge of the table, his knuckles almost white from the strong pressure they are exerting scare everyone in the dining room.

"What do you mean, baby boy?" Clarke asks with concern trying to relieve some of the tension in the child’s body.

"He said you’ll be gone soon!” he shouts again looking accusingly at Lexa whose forehead is wrinkled in confusion.
"Who said what?" She questions Aden with a calm tone trying to understand what is going through the kid's mind.

"Monty's father! He said that now that you have your money back, you would leave Arkadia forever and forget all of us again!" Aden barks.

"Aden," Clarke tries to calm her son by rubbing his back. She had never seen Aden so angry. While it is true that her child is very passionate when it comes to soccer and every time his team loses or he misses a clear goal opportunity he's really hard on himself, but she had never witnessed that his anger was directed to another person.

"No, mom! She's going to leave us, she's going to leave us and she's not going to come back anymore," Aden tries to push away her mother but the blonde doesn't allow it. What Aden needs most at this moment is to really understand what is happening. She knows how difficult it always was for Aden to understand that Lexa would one day leave, hell, even for her it was a real surprise to hear about Lexa's possibility of leaving Arkadia but now that she knows her girlfriend's decision she needs her son to listen to her too.

“Hey, hey, kiddo,” Lexa pushes her chair back and immediately kneels in front of the boy who evades her gaze at all costs, "Aden, look at me," Lexa tries again but nothing changes, "please," she says with a small voice and Aden turns his head to see her for a single second although his forehead is still puckered. The small gesture lets Lexa know that the little boy is lowering his guard to listen to her, at least a little and that makes her feel relieved.

"Listen, Aden," she starts slowly without really knowing how to say what she wants, "do you remember when I arrived?" she asks rhetorically but still waits until the kid nods to continue, "we talked about that one day I would go back to play soccer and keep scoring goals, remember?" she asks again and Aden nods too, "The Walkers have offered me a contract to play with them again," Lexa tilts her head to look for the blonde's eyes, "the thing is," she sighs deeply looking sideways at her manager, Indra is about to learn about her decision to stay in Arkadia and she doesn't know how she will take it, "I won't accept it," she concludes flatly.

Indra's eyes open so much that they could be part of one of those cartoon's show Aden loves so much to watch. The woman opens her mouth but stops when Abby squeezes her forearm as a way of telling her that it is not the right time to speak. The woman simply purses her lips in a straight line and waits.

Even if the doctor is as astounded as her, she knows they're having a moment and Aden doesn't need to worry for adult things but focus on Lexa's words.
"You won't?" Aden asks instead and Indra thanks the brat for at least having an answer through him.

"Nope," Lexa assures him with a smile as she exchanges a knowing glance with Clarke.

"Why not?" the child asks still with uncertainty in his tone.

"Because," suddenly Lexa is aware that it is the first time she will express her feelings for Clarke aloud, she feels her cheeks burn, but there's no point for retracting or deny it at all, "because I love your mother," she declares a bit anxious waiting for Aden's reaction.

It's true that the child has been nothing but supportive for the couple but she doesn't know if he can fully understand what she has just said.

Lexa doesn't dare to look any other direction but Clarke's face, first of all, because her girlfriend's look of adoration is enough for her to not focus on anything else. Secondly, she wants to avoid by all means to see the reaction of the other two women at the kitchen's table. Although, she can very well imagine the wise smirk in the face of her manager and the surprise in the doctor's one.

"So, are you staying here?" Aden breaks the moment with just a whisper as if the news that Lexa loves her mother didn't surprise him, but rather taking in all the information that Lexa won't leave, "forever?" he asks with a new air of hope.

"We'll still take things slow," Clarke intervenes to clarify that Lexa won't leave for now. She doesn't want to lie to her son about it. She knows well that in the future, distant or not, there could be another opportunity for Lexa to return to the soccer fields. Nor does she want the brunette to feel pressured to give an answer like that when even for herself it is not clear at that precise moment.

"You're not going away!" Aden shouts clinging to Lexa, who receives him more than happy in her arms. The strength with which the child drives his little body towards the soccer player makes her lose her balance making her fall butt down on the ground but still manages to keep Aden safe.

"Well, that's not quite so," Indra's intense but restrained voice is clearly heard.
"Indra," Lexa warns with a stoic tone.

"No, no, I understand your decision about the contract," Indra shakes her head dismissing the warning, "it doesn't make me very happy, I must say, but it makes sense," of course the manager lets her true feeling be told by Lexa's rejection, "but even so, it is necessary that you come with me back to TonDC for a few days to settle some legal issues, "she states, not leaving questions in the way.

"Oh," is all Lexa can say as she looks apologetically at Clarke. She had no idea that something like this would happen.

"You still have to sign some papers in court and with the ISR," she waves around not going into details "a few days, probably a week top," Indra immediately explains so the idea that Lexa will leave Arkadia forever doesn't get stuck on Aden's mind.

“I guess that’s ok, right baby?” Clarke asks Aden stroking her blonde hair. Aden nods still clinging to Lexa who rubs his back up and down.

After all the roller coaster of emotions that have been that day, Abby walks Indra to Lexa's forgotten room where she will spend that night. Not without first teasing the couple after Lexa asked where she'll sleep, to which the doctor rolled her eyes mumbling a simple 'at Clarke's, like all the previous nights' making both women blush and Indra chuckle.

Finally, after tucking Aden in bed, the couple changes into their pyjamas and they take their sweet time in Clarke's one, or better said their's as Abby declared already, Lexa's fingers caressing her girlfriend's silky hair while the head of the blonde rests on her chest.

Peaceful and quiet as most nights at the Griffin farm are, the darkness offers the couple the quiet moment they so desperately need. Their bodies finally relaxed and entangled against each other as if the world outside that harmonious space didn't exist, make them feel that there is no other way to be.

"So, are you leaving tomorrow?" Clarke expresses with some regret.

Lexa nods slowly. Maybe it's not a forever goodbye but after spending a few months in Arkadia, that old and discredited town has become their home again. Incredible it seems to Lexa is also a torture to leave. The first time she left, she was looking for her big dream of becoming the best
soccer player in the world, which she did. Now, all that she wants is for these days to come pass as
fast as humanly possible to be back in Clarke's arms.

"It's only a few days," Lexa finally says, probably more intent on convincing herself than her
girlfriend.

"I know," although Clarke tries to not sound sad Lexa can feel the pout that the blonde sports when
she says it.

"I'll be back before you know it," the brunette kisses the forehead of the art teacher tenderly and
Clarke's grip tightens making her chuckle. "You're a koala," she teases her and the blonde whines
at what Lexa laughs openly.

"Are you gonna miss me?" Clarke asks shyly feeling somehow silly. She has never been so clingy
with her partners. Every time Wells visited his grandparents in the summer, even though she
missed him, his departure was never an issue. With Luna, who travelled constantly for her work,
she never felt the need to cling to her when they said goodbye. But Lexa is different, saying
goodbye to Lexa has always been complicated; from the first time the brunette had to travel to the
tryouts with The Walkers to of course that sad goodbye a few weeks after her fourteenth birthday
party. Maybe that's what makes it even more difficult now, the last time she had to say goodbye to
Lexa, the brunette didn't return to her for years. And while Lexa has been honest in telling her she
will be back, Clarke cannot help but feel a little threatened. What if her girlfriend remembers
everything she would leave behind when she returned to Arkadia? What if seeing what was her life
full of luxuries makes her feel that she's making a mistake by rejecting the deal? She knows that
Lexa isn't interested in that lifestyle anymore, but knowing it by being here and reasoning about it
being surrounded by all her past can be a big difference.

Feeling the insecurity in the blonde's tone, Lexa brings her hand to Clarke's chin to look her in the
eye, "I'll think of nothing else but come back to you, Clarke," she assures her seriously and Clarke's
blue eyes sparkle with an intensity that the soccer player has never witnessed.

"Good," Clarke whispers, "because if not, I swear to G*d I don't know how but I'll go to TonDC
just to kick your ass," she teases, breaking the seriousness of the moment.

"I'm sure you will," Lexa says with a big smile that only lasts for a second on her lips because the
blonde immediately crashes hers against them to kiss her with passion.

The brunette returns the kiss with the same intensity, their tongues begin an endless battle of which
no one wants to be a loser, it is not until neither of them can breathe that the kisses become
something tender and slow. Lexa's hand slips underneath the shirt, her training shirt, which has now become Clarke's favourite pyjamas for sleeping every night. Slowly her hand continues her way up the blonde's ribs to stop a few inches from her breasts. Clarke gasp when she feels the caresses but she doesn't stop or encourage her to continue. Lexa nips her bottom lip releasing an 'I love you' between each lazy movement of her pouty mouth.

The blonde responds to each of them stroking the baby hairs in the soccer player's nape. She doesn't want this night to end, she doesn't want it if that means tomorrow morning Lexa won't be here anymore.

Lexa's thumb brushes the bundle of nerves that is Clarke's already hard nipple, eliciting a moan from the blonde. Lexa groans in response.

"Lex," Clarke whines with not much willpower.

Lexa hums but keeps going on her administrations. If Lexa could choose a sound to be recorded in her mind forever; it would, undoubtedly, be those glorious sounds that Clarke releases every time she touches her in the right way.

"Lex, stop," Clarke says not yet very convinced of the words that leave her throat. Her girlfriend immediately stops trying to pull her hand away from her breast but she avoids it completely by putting her own hand on top of it. "It's not that I'm not enjoying where this is going, seriously," she clarifies before Lexa thinks she has done something wrong, "but can we, just for tonight," she bites her lower lip feeling somewhat embarrassed, "just cuddle?," she kisses Lexa as some kind of apology.

"Of course, Clarke," Lexa responds immediately, trying to calm her agitated breathing. And yes, she wants more, of course, she wishes with all hearts to show Clarke how much she loves her but she also knows that she can do it without sex in between. If what her girlfriend needs tonight is from her to just hold her in her arms to fall asleep, that is what she will do. She will always comply with what Clarke needs from her.

"I'm sorry," Clarke murmurs with a big sigh.

"Hey, hey, no, don't," Lexa cuts her apology with one more kiss, "it's me who's sorry for being carried away,"
"No, it's not that," Clarke shakes her head, "I really want to but," she worries her lip.

"What's wrong?" Lexa asks with her brow wrinkled with apprehension.

"Today was an exhausting day, with many feelings in between and I just need to feel you here with me," Clarke confesses shyly looking for Lexa's hand under her shirt to interlace her fingers.

"Always, Clarke," Lexa assures her leaving a trail of little kisses on her knuckles, "whatever you need," returning to leave other brief kisses in their joined hands.

Clarke releases a deep breath, a sign of relief. She asks herself once more what has she done to deserve a being as pure as Lexa by her side. Even with all the decisions that drove them away at some point in their lives, Lexa shows her how much she loves her with each one of her actions. How could she ever be blind about the feelings of the brunette?

"Uhm, Clarke?" Lexa whispers possibly thinking that she has fallen asleep after a few minutes of silence.

"Yeah," the blonde mumbles her lips brushing the pulse point of Lexa who shudders at the touch.

"I really, really, love you," Lexa breaths out shakily.

Clarke smiles still keeping her eyes closed, "I really, really love you too, baby," she kisses Lexa's jawline.

The blonde lets the rhythmic and faint sound of her girlfriend's breathing be the lullaby that whirls her until she finds the long-awaited and well-deserved sleep.

When Clarke regains consciousness again, even with her eyelids closed, she can notice the dim daylight that begins to illuminate the room; but what really brings her to reality are the murmurs and the warm breathing she feels on her chest. It is already customary that the couple sleep in a way and wakes up completely in another position, so it doesn't attract too much of her attention that now she's on her side with Lexa in her arms.
"I'm going to miss you so much," she hears Lexa's voice chanting, Clarke not daring to interrupt the moment, keeps pretending to be asleep. Everything indicates that Lexa must still be asleep and is talking between dreams. Her heart melts when she hears her girlfriend confessing again that although she will be far away she will think of her.

"I hope you miss me too," Lexa mumbles again kissing the soft skin of the upper part of her right breast.

Clarke has to do everything in her power to not make any noise that reveals that she is awake.

"But I'll be back soon," Lexa returns to her soliloquy kissing the other breast, "I promise you, my beautiful girls,

And then it hits her, Lexa is not asleep as Clarke suspects. WTF! Here she is, thinking how sublime and romantic it is that Lexa is telling her between dreams that she will miss her when in fact her horny girlfriend is talking to the girls.

"Are you really talking to my boobs?" Her husky voice of just awakened startles Lexa.

"Uh, I, I mean," Lexa stutters like a girl founded with her hand in the cookie jar.

"You're a dork," Clarke chuckles feeling the brunette relaxes in her arms.

"I didn't say goodbye to them properly last night, Clarke," Lexa says seriously, almost indignant because the blonde questioned her for what's she's doing, "and I'm going to miss them a lot," she kisses the channel between the girls, causing electric shivers to her girlfriend's body.

"You can do it now," Clarke huskily says opening her eyes for the first time in the day and smirking at her.

The green eyes of Lexa light up fill with desire, at the same time she licks her lips like a cat that is about to taste the most delicious milk.

"Really?" she asks, savouring the best good morning gift she can give her.
Clarke nods and Lexa complies her task. Not only saying goodbye to the girls but giving the best farewell to every inch of Clarke's body too.

After the much-needed shower, together of course, and having breakfast with everyone in the kitchen; the gang is in the porch of the house saying goodbye. All but Indra that is waiting for Lexa in the car.

Aden still seems somewhat insecure and sad about Lexa's departure. The brunette crouches at the child's height to say goodbye.

"Hey, baby boy, a hug?" She extends her arms and the child throws himself at her.

It is the first time that the soccer player initiates the gesture and Clarke puts her hands on her heart touched by the scene. Abby smiles moved too.

"I'll be back in a few days, okay?" she assures him and Aden nods, his head still buried in her shoulder, "in fact, I was thinking last night," she takes the boy's shoulders to look at him in the eyes and turns around a bit to see Clarke and Abby for a second, "winter's break starts in a few days, right? " she asks the three. The trio frowns at the sudden topic of conversation, "after I come back, why don't you come with me to TonDC and spend the holidays there?"

"We can?" asks an excited Aden.

"Oh, baby boy, I don't 'know," Clarke hesitates.

"It will be great, TonDC is full of snow and Aden told me he has never see it so I thought why not?" Lexa comments almost at the same level of excitement as the child.

"Oh, yes, I haven't had a good vacation in years," says Abby with a smile as bright as the couple.

Clarke rolls his eyes because she is against the wall, she has her three favourite people in the world with big pouts asking her to spend the holidays in the big city. How could she deny them something? Besides, it's not like the idea displeases her too much, as Abby, she hasn't spent a vacation away from home since the arrival of Aden. Visiting TonDC, maybe it's the opportunity to
make her peace with the city that once took Lexa away.

Clarke purses her lips and pretends to think about it for just a few seconds before agreeing, "Fineee," she says with a smile when Lexa, Abby and Aden high five among them.

"Kane can tag along too," Lexa wriggles her eyebrows to Abby chuckling and the doctor smacks her shoulder.

"Why thank you, I'll let him know, but he probably won't, he's spending holidays at Polis visiting his children at college," Abby sighs yearningly, "they want to get him to know the city,"

Lexa nods but makes a note to herself to get in touch with the man once she's at TonDC.

Aden drags her out of her thoughts when he pulls her shirt.

"Can you bring me a new national team jersey, too?" Aden asks timidly earning a scolding from Clarke for it. Either way, Lexa laughs and whispers in his ear that she will bring him two, the local and visitor one. Aden giggles knowing that it is a secret promise between them. Clarke rolls her eyes again because Lexa is not at all discreet in her mission for spoiling the child.

"Don't do anything stupid, little one," Abby gives Lexa in a big hug after Aden releases her, "remember we're waiting for you at home,"

Abby takes Aden's hand and tells him to go and say goodbye to Indra. The couple knows that it is to give them their privacy but also because the doctor loves to annoy the manager because of how difficult it is for her to deal with children.

"Are you really keeping your word about spoil him rotten, uh?" Clarke teases Lexa when they are alone.

"I always do what I promise, Clarke," Lexa says confidently and the blonde feels that she's not only talking about her promise to indulge Aden.

"Have a safe trip," Clarke caresses Lexa's cheek and the brunette turns her face to kiss the palm of
"Just a few days," the soccer player mutters holding on to the new mantra between them.

"Just a few days," Clarke repeats with a smile though her eyes waters.

"I'm going to miss you so much," Lexa professes sweetly.

"Me or the girls?" Clarke mocks to ease the sadness around them.

"Both," Lexa chuckles. Why deny it? Lexa loves Clarke and in doing so, she loves the girls as unconditionally as she loves her.

"Well, we'll be waiting for you," Clarke jokes again although low key referring not only to her boobs and her but to the whole family, "call as soon as you have your phone back just to know you're okay,"

They haven't talked about how much communication they will have in those days that Lexa will be in TonDC but she hopes at least to hear from her from time to time. Honestly, since Clarke woke up she tried to avoid thinking about the absence of her girlfriend. And well, they also spent more time in more recreational and profitable activities to have that such conversation.

"I'm going to call you every night, I promise," Lexa doesn't know how busy she will be in TonDC with all the legal paperwork involved, but she hopes at least to have time each night to at least call Clarke and let her know her day. She will find the time one way or another. It's what they've done since she came to the farm and to be honest she doesn't think she can sleep without hearing the blonde's voice before doing it.

"You must go now," Clarke chuckles, looking over Lexa's shoulder that Aden has drag Indra out of the car to give her a proper farewell hug, "or I don't think I'll ever let you go," she confesses, biting her lower lip.

"I choose the second option," Lexa jokes, taking the blonde's face in her hands before crashing her lips against the blonde's. It's official, Lexa has become addicted to those lips. Clarke has no objection to that.
"Miss me a bit," Clarke says between kisses.

"I'm already missing you," Lexa responds not even a second before.

Clarke throws herself completely into her arms and Lexa wraps hers holding her tightly. She hides her face in the crook of her girlfriend's neck to breathe in her scent, that characteristic smell of Lexa. A mix of earth, rain, fresh pine and wood. Clarke mentally laughs at the ironic idea that her girlfriend's surname is Woods and that she really smells like that. Like her own personal forest clearing, that quiet and sacred place that only belongs to her. The smell of Lexa always brings her peace to her mind. Fuck, since when has she became so dependent on someone?

"Just a few days," both of them breaths with one last peek.

Clarke, Abby and Aden wait in the porch of the house until Indra's car disappears from sight.

"Everything is going to be right," Abby whispers in her daughter's ear hugging her sideways.

"I hope it will," Clarke confesses with a big sigh.

Just a few days. Clarke still doesn't know how she will survive if Lexa has just a few minutes away from home and she already misses her.

Just a few days. She hopes that her fears don't drive her crazy with her own thoughts.

Only a few days and hopefully Lexa will return to her arms again.
Chapter End Notes

How about that?!?!?!!

Is Lexa coming back?
Is Clarke going to survive without her commander?
Are they going to enjoy the holidays in the city?!

Thank you a lot for all your kudos and comments! Thank you for still being with me on this crazy roller coaster ride! And thank you to all those new readers that keep asking if I'm still continuing this! YES I AM! No matter how much time this will take me I need my Clexa doses too :)

See you around, ClexaKru! You're amazing!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!