you didn't find a home for me - you are my home

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you didn't find a home for me - you are my home

by CloneSeeker

Summary

Fosterchild AU

Lexa is a foster child, being sent from one foster home to the next. So when her social worker wants to take her to her new foster home, she doesn't even bother to set her hopes up too high, already prepared for the inevitable ending. But what she doesn't know yet, is that when she's 80 years old and sitting in her chair and looking back to the day she was brought to that foster home... she will smile with tears in her eyes and thank fate for making her meet those people who will make her see the positive things in life.

Meeting you was fate. Becoming your friend was a choice. But falling in love with you was
out of my control.

Notes

Hi everyone :)

Well one day I just randomly started writing this story and I thought, why not share it here
soo here I am :D

Anyway, I hope you like it ;)


A new place - a new beginning

‘I am sorry, but’ my foster father sighed, brushing a hand through his as usual perfectly manicured hair, ‘we can’t keep you.’

I was sitting on the couch, my foster parents in front of me. They had asked me to come down to the living room because they wished to talk to me about something. I followed them, half dreading and half knowing what this talk was going to be about. And I was right… again.

David, my foster father had started with trying to explain to me that he and Karen, his wife couldn’t (or rather didn’t want to) foster me anymore. But before he could finish his rant and the flowing stream of apologies, I nodded numbly with expressionless eyes. I had expected that this would happen from the moment I had walked through the main door barely three months ago.

The words that left David’s mouth didn’t hurt me as much as they used to do. I have heard them too many times, in different variations. ‘We haven’t got enough money to feed another mouth’, ‘we haven’t got enough space,’ or my all-time favourite, ‘we can’t let other people associate our own kids with your… differences.’

David exchanged a worried glance with his wife, concern evident in their faces. He was just about to say something, probably to reassure me that I would find a better home where they were happy to keep me, but before he could speak those empty promises, there was a light knock on the door.

Karen quickly got up, eager to leave the pressing silence around us. I was looking down on the hardwood floor, not wanting to see the pitying look David was giving me. In the background I could hear sounds of Karen and an unfamiliar voice talking. They were soon followed by footsteps, slowly advancing towards me.

I looked up in time to see a middle-aged woman, with a soft expression shake David’s hand. Next her eyes landed on me and she came a bit closer, extending her hand for me to shake. I regarded her for a few seconds until I finally shook her hand with my small one. She had a firm grip and she gave me a reassuring smile.

‘Hi Alexandria, I am Hannah Green, your new social worker. Your previous social worker had to leave for duty reasons, so I will fill in for him.’ Her voice sounded friendly, but I knew that looks can deceive and if I had learned anything in my short thirteen years life experience, it was that you can’t trust anyone.

To not give anything away, I nodded and kept a blank expression. But apparently my closed off behaviour didn’t scare my new social worker off at all. Instead she gave me a smile that reached her dark brown eyes and turned around to David and Karen, asking them to leave us for a moment.

Hannah took a seat on the spot Karen had been occupying only moments ago and started explaining, ‘I will be taking you to our group home until we can find you a new foster home. I am sorry that this one didn’t work out as planned.’

‘Okay,’ I said, not caring for her pity. I had gone through this process so many times and I was so damn tired of it.

Hannah seemed to notice the change in my demeanour and came closer, crouching in front of me but leaving enough space that she didn’t touch me.

‘Alexandria,’ She waited until I looked in her eyes, ‘look, you might think that I’m just another social
worker doing their job and not really caring for you and not able to understand what you are going through. But believe me when I say that I have gone through this process as well. I was a foster child, just like you. And I also didn’t believe in finding a family that wanted me. I felt worthless and unloved.’

I nodded my head, feeling a bit bad for having thought exactly what she said; that she hadn’t had the same experience to know what I was going through.

‘I was fifteen years old when I was sent to my last foster home. At first, I thought that it would end as it always had; getting sent away to another group home until they found someone who was willing to foster me. The reasons were always different, sometimes they just wanted the money, sometimes it was because they pitied me, but my last foster parents were different. They did it out of the good of their heart, because they wanted to change someone’s life to a better one.’

She took a deep breath and with a genuine smile added, ‘we didn’t bond at first, it took a while for the three of us to adjust to all of it. But when we all settled in, we started bonding over different things. I bonded with my father for our mutual love for sports and especially watching the soccer games together,’ she chuckled, and her eyes lit up at the memory’, and my mother and I bonded over baking and… well eating the things we baked.’ I felt a smile tugging at my lips and Hannah smiled back, those memories obviously very fond to her.

‘What I’m trying to explain is; life is unexpected, and you can either embrace the change and chances with open arms or let them pass. It’s your choice how you decide to live your life.’

Those few words rang deep in to me and soon I was deep in thought, considering what Hannah had just told me.

I didn’t see the hopeful smile she shot me, and I didn’t even notice when she got up to have a word with David and Karen. I was only torn out from my thoughts when the three adults came back in to the living room.

‘Alexandria, would you mind if I help you pack your belongings?’ I mulled Hannah’s offer over in my head for a long moment and concluded that I should say yes. I could either embrace life with open arms or let the chances pass. And this was another chance for change, so I nodded my head and got up from the couch.

I headed to my room, Hannah following behind me. My room wasn’t anything special. I didn’t have many belongings that I could display on my walls for others to see. Well, I didn’t even have anyone who would look at the things I had in this room anyway. Most kids at my school usually found me weird and left me alone, which I didn’t mind… most of the time.

I took my bag from behind the bedroom door and put it on my old bed. I opened the wardrobe and neatly piled my clothes on the bed. Hannah began putting my clothes in the bag and after the wardrobe was devoid of all my properties, I retrieved my toilet case from the bathroom.

I was coming out from the bathroom with all my stuff in both hands when I saw Hannah about to grab my leather-bound book that was laying on the nightstand next to my bed.

‘No’, I shouted and jumped forward, throwing all the stuff on the bed. Hannah turned around in confusion, her hand still hovering above my book. I snatched my book from its previous place and hid it behind my back. I chastised myself for leaving it there, I had obviously forgotten to put it back in the drawer after I had finished writing in it.

‘I’m sorry Alexandria. I only meant to put it in your bag.’ She held her hands up in surrender, trying
to show that she hadn’t meant to do any harm.

I clenched my jaw and nodded, seeing that she was genuinely sorry. ‘You know what, why don’t you tell me where I can help so I won’t touch something you don’t want me to?’

I looked around in the room, seeing that the only thing left was my sketch book and pencils. I walked over to the desk and gathered the last items before laying them on the bed. Hannah shot me an encouraging smile and put everything left on the bed in my bag.

‘Is that all?’ she asked, her gaze falling to the leather-bound book that I was still clutching in my right hand. I looked around the room for the last time and nodded. I walked over to my bed and closed the bag after I hid my book between some folded clothes.

When we emerged from my old room, David and Karen were already nervously pacing around. They seemed eager to be finished with this and honestly, I was eager to leave again. It wasn’t that they were bad people or necessarily strict. I just didn’t feel a connection with any of them, meals together were strange, and conversations always felt forced.

So, when I had gathered all my stuff and it was time to say goodbye, neither of us wasted much time with the parting. Already minutes later, I was sitting in the passenger seat of Hannah’s Honda Accord.

Hannah backed the car out of the driveway and soon we were headed to the group home I would be staying until another family was willing to foster me.

The drive to the foster home was quiet, except for the music that was quietly playing in the background. It wasn’t an awkward silence, or well, it wasn’t for me. I usually enjoyed the quiet and being able to sit in piece and gather your thoughts without being disrupted by annoying and loud sounds.

That was one of the main reasons why the kids at my old school didn’t want to play with me. Unlike the most of them, I preferred to sit somewhere quiet to enjoy the silence and not having the need to talk. Another reason was that I was still small, scrawny and wore glasses. They called me nerd because I always got good grades and didn’t have any friends.

I wasn’t bothered by the name anymore because I knew that kids could be cruel. I had seen quite a few fights where the older, taller or bigger kids picked on the smaller ones. At first, I had tried to help but it didn’t take long for me to notice that even the kid who was being picked on usually didn’t want my help.

And it completely backfired the last time I wanted to help because I ended up in hospital with two fractured ribs, multiple bruises and a new group home. Since then I stuck to myself and kept my head low, keeping out of any trouble. And it worked most of the time, but it also kept me from making any friends.

I was so deep in thought that I didn’t notice when the car was slowly halting to a stop in front of a big wooden house. The grass was freshly mown and gave away this smell of nature and summer. The house had big windows which were now occupied by about ten kids who were all curiously pressing their faces against the glass to see who had just arrived. Foster kids just like me.

Hannah got out of the car and opened the car door for me, since I was too occupied by looking around and trying to figure out where we were.

I got out of the car and pressed my small bag tightly to my chest. Hannah led me towards the house
and knocked on the main door. Barely two seconds had passed until the door was already being opened by an old man, probably around 70 years old.

‘Hannah, nice to meet you again.’ They shook hands and then the old guy turned his attention towards me. ‘And I see that you’ve brought company.’ With a lot of effort, he crouched down in front of me, his joints cracking on the way down. ‘Hi I’m Dante Wallace. And you must be Alexandria.’ He gently shook my hand and smiled at me.

‘I can sense that this is probably the last place you want to be right now’, I didn’t shake my head because that would be rude, but it didn’t change the fact that it was true. Mr. Wallace smiled at me knowingly and continued, ‘but until we find you a new home, you are very welcome to stay. And we are all glad to have a new face here.’ He looked back with a knowing smile, where the kids from the window had gathered behind him.

With even more effort, Mr. Wallace stood up and asked us both to follow him inside. He led us towards the kitchen table that we could get the official paper stuff out of the way. During the whole time, I could feel multiple pair of eyes on me. But every time I looked over where the other kids were staring at me, they started to act as if they were busy doing other things.

I understood their curiosity though. I was someone they didn’t know, and they probably wanted to figure out who I was and how I acted. They wanted to figure me out.

Another ten minutes passed until Mr. Wallace and Hannah were finally wrapping everything up. When all the paperwork was done, Hannah got up to say good bye. We followed Mr. Wallace to the main door, where he and Hannah shook hands again.

Hannah then crouched down and took both of my hands in hers. ‘I have given Mr. Wallace my phone number so if you ever need help or just want to talk about something, call me alright?’

I nodded my head and with a last good bye and encouraging pat on my shoulder, Hannah went out of the door and closed it behind her.

As soon as the door was closed, I felt a wave of discomfort wash over me. What if the other kids didn’t like me? What if I didn’t like them?

Mr. Wallace must have noticed my internal battle and put a gentle hand on my shoulder to get my attention. ‘Alexandria, I know you might have concerns, but I can assure you that we will do our best to make you feel comfortable here. Now, why don’t I show you your room that you can unpack your stuff and get ready?’

I nodded my head and followed Mr. Wallace up to the room I would be sleeping in until I got fostered by someone. What I wasn’t aware of, was that my social worker was already very close to getting me a new foster home.

Mr. Wallace led me up a flight of wooden stairs and I unconsciously remembered the stairs which squeaked. The interior of the house was nice, homey even. Everything was made of wood and there were many soft carpets on the floor.

On the way to my bed, I wondered where the other kids had disappeared, only to see that they had all gathered upstairs in their respective room. Each room had a two-sided wardrobe, two single beds on either side of the wall and a small nightstand with a light next to each bed.

Mr. Wallace led me towards the end of the hallway where I would be sharing my room with another girl. He asked her to show me around and help me out if I had any problems.
With a last smile, Mr. Wallace left us alone in the room that I could unpack my things. I put my bag down on my bed and started to take my clothes out.

The other girl was sitting on her bed and didn’t even hide that she was following my every move. It took me about two minutes to unpack everything except for my book. I didn’t trust anyone here so I left it in my bag, where I hoped nobody would look in.

When the other girl noticed that I was done with unpacking, she slowly advanced me and stopped right in front of me. She held her hand out and shot me a warm smile. ‘Hi, I’m Costia.’
If you would have told me that I would be happy to stay at this group home a few weeks ago… I wouldn’t have believed you. I couldn’t even really believe it now but for the first time ever, I enjoyed this group home. I had made friends with some other kids which was very unusual on its own and I got even closer with the girl I was sharing my room with; Costia. The thought alone made me smile.

Something was different when she was around me. I felt different. Even in this short amount of time I had been here, she managed to open me up a bit, something I had never let someone do yet.

I told her about my last foster homes, about school and how I was always called a nerd, but I always made sure to stop myself before I told her even more personal stuff.

There was something only the few doctors who had examined me and a few more people knew. Something I kept away from everyone because I had only done the mistake of telling someone once and I didn’t want to repeat that mistake again.

‘Hey, you’, I heard moments before I felt the mattress dip beside me. I looked up and smiled at the sight of Costia. ‘Can’t sleep either?’

‘No. What about you, why are you still awake?’

Costia grinned with a devious look on her face. I was confused for a moment but before I could figure out what she planned to do, I felt her fingers on my sides tickling me.

‘Omg, no stop’ I cried out in laughter, trying to get her away from me. Costia straddled my legs to keep me from moving and kept attacking me. I was laughing so hard that my stomach was starting to hurt, and I could barely breathe.

I grabbed Costia’s arms and pulled them away but because she was leaning on her hands she fell forward. I moved my head out of the way just in time, otherwise we would have probably knocked each other out.

Costia’s head ended up in the crook of my neck and once we both could breathe again, we burst out laughing. I unconsciously wrapped my arms around Costia’s back and to my surprise she snuggled up closer to me. I smiled and let myself enjoy this moment.

We had been laying there for about 10 minutes when I felt myself getting tired. With one arm still wrapped around Costia, I crawled up the bed that I was laying on the cushion. Costia moved next to me and laid her leg over my legs and put her head on my chest after she had pulled the covers over us both.

‘Your heart is beating really fast’, she whispered to me after a few moments. I felt a blush creep up my neck and, on my face, but fortunately she couldn’t see it in the mostly dark room. The moon was the only light source, the light gently shining in the room.

‘Sorry. I’m not used to being this… close to someone’, I apologised, trying to think of anything but the proximity of the girl I kind of really liked.

Costia sat up and I followed suit by sitting cross legged in front of her. Her face was close enough that I could smell the minty toothpaste she had used before going to bed.

‘Can I ask something?’ She asked in to the dark of the room. I nodded my head, unsure what she
was about to ask.

She took a deep breath and asked in a quiet voice, ‘have you ever kissed someone?’

My eyes widened a bit at the question, but I shook my head. I never really had friends before I came to this group home, so I never had kissed someone. ‘Have you?’

Costia shook her head. After a short hesitation she asked in a small voice, ‘would you like to… try it?’

My mouth suddenly felt dry and I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. ‘Um, I don’t know. Do you want to?’

I could see a blush creeping up Costia’s face and I found it cute. She hesitantly nodded, keeping eye contact all the time to see my reaction. I smiled, trying to ease the growing nerves. Sensing of my reaction that I wouldn’t be opposed to trying, Costia gave me a shy smile and moved a bit closer to me.

My breath hitched when I felt her warm hand on my cheek, our faces only inches apart. I could feel her gentle breath on my lips, and it left a tingling sensation in its wake.

I saw Costia’s gaze fall to my lips, my heart beating erratically in anticipation. Our lips were so close, and in this moment, I wanted nothing more than to close the last barrier.

I didn’t know who closed the final gap but the moment our lips met for the lightest of touches, I didn’t care about anything anymore. I had never kissed anyone but somehow my instinct led me. I pressed my lips slightly more against hers, tasting the minty toothpaste and something sweet accompanying it.

The kiss didn’t last long, only a few seconds and yet it felt like it lasted forever. When we both pulled back, our gaze met again and Costia sent me a shy grin. I smiled back and laid down on the mattress, pulling Costia with me. She pulled the cover over us both again and with a last ‘goodnight’ we fell asleep together.

I woke up to the morning sun shining through the window. For a moment I was confused until I noticed that it was Costia who was still pressed up against me. I smiled at the memory of last night, trying to remember every sensation I had felt.

People often talk about this first kiss that blows your mind in every way, that you see fireworks and shit like that. But that’s not the truth. What I felt were so many different things at once; anticipation, joy, butterflies erupting in my stomach but also nervousness and even a bit fear.

I was nervous about kissing the girl I was sure I had a crush on. And I feared how she would react since we are both girls and neither of us are oblivious to how people react to people in same sex relationships.

The thoughts were slowly clouding my good mood but one look at the girl sleeping besides me immediately blew the dark clouds away.

Trying to not wake Costia up, I slowly got out of bed to go on the toilet and brush my teeth. I had always been an early riser and usually got up earlier than all the other kids. Which was good though because then I didn’t have anyone who would disrupt or even see my occasional morning “problem”.

When I was done in the bathroom and in clean clothes, I went back to our room. Costia was still
asleep so I grabbed my leather-bound book from my bag and sat down on her bed. It didn’t take me long until the first words came to my mind and I wrote them down on the blank piece of paper.

Dear Diary
I think I’m gay.
Chapter Notes

Here is chapter three

I hope there aren't any major mistakes because I literally just finished this chapter this minute. So if you see any errors I would very appreciate it, if you told me ;)

Anyway, enjoy :D

Do you know that feeling when you are making a house of cards? Even the slightest blow of air or the lightest brush of a finger could make it all crash down. And somehow, you know it will eventually happen. Because nothing lasts forever, life would get boring without change, right?

Since the day I had been brought to this group home, I knew that the final blow would come soon, something that would let the delicate construction fall apart.

The day that I would experience a lot of pain, not physical but emotional pain, started with a lot of joking around and laughing. Since Costia and I had kissed for the first time, we started to sleep in the same bed together. We found comfort in each other's embrace and just enjoyed being together.

Today morning wasn’t any different. As usual I woke up before Costia and went to the bathroom. I still hadn’t told her that I was different because honestly, I was scared. I didn’t want her to hate me for it or not want to spend her time with my anymore, so I kept it to myself.

When I walked back in to our room, Costia was stirring awake and I smiled at her as her hand was looking for me in her sleep. I chuckled and sat down next to her. Her eyes slowly opened, and I felt butterflies erupt in my stomach at the sleepy smile she shot me.

‘I was wondering where you are.’ I shot her an apologising smile, ‘sorry, went to the bathroom.’

‘Okay, but since you’re here again, come back under the cover’, Costia held the cover up in anticipation but I only laughed and shook my head. ‘Nope, I’m not tired anymore. You move your lazy ass over here.’

Costia acted to be offended and clutched her hand at her heart dramatically. ‘How dare you say I’m lazy?’

I laughed and walked towards the bed, hands stretched out to pull her out of bed. But Costia had different plans when she pulled me towards her instead of the other way around.

I was so surprised that I fell on top of her like a bag of potatoes, Costia laughing underneath of me. ‘Oh, you find this funny?’ I teased. ‘We’ll see what you think about this’, I threatened and started tickling her sides.

‘Nooo, Lex stop, please’, she begged, laughing hard. I stopped my attack and unceremoniously slumped forward, trapping Costia underneath of me.

She started laughing again and lightly pushed against my shoulders, ‘Lex, you’re squishing me.’ I
laughed and rolled of the bed. Costia started moaning but I held out an expectant hand, with a stern look and she took it. I pulled Costia up and she went to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

While Costia was in the bathroom, Mr. Wallace knocked on the door and opened the door when I told him to come in.

‘Good morning Alexandria, I hope you slept well?’ Something from the way he was acting told me that he wanted something, but I kept that thought to myself and answered politely.

‘Yes, I have, thank you. How did you sleep Mr. Wallace?’ He smiled at me and came in to the room fully, closing the door behind him. I took an unconscious step back, the closed door making me nervous.

‘I slept well, thank you for asking. I wanted to talk to you about something. I received a call from Hannah this morning.’ I felt my heart start to pound in my chest, this time not in anticipation but in dread of what Mr. Wallace was about to say.

‘She told me that she has found a family that would like to foster you.’

***

‘What do you mean you don’t want to go? Lex, this is an amazing opportunity, do you know how long it usually takes until someone finally finds a family who is willing to foster them?’ Costia was pacing around in our room, many different emotions crossing her face.

I was sitting on my bed, my head in my hands. I knew that Costia was right, that I should accept this amazing offer. My head was telling me to go, but my heart… my heart was telling me to stay and the reason was right in front of me.

‘Lex, please’, Costia started saying. She crouched in front of me, her hands on my thighs. ‘Please take this offer. You might end up finding your future home and if you don’t go, you’ll probably regret this for the rest of your life.’

I sighed and looked up in Costia’s concerned eyes. I felt tears gathering in my eyes and before I knew what I was doing, I wrapped Costia in a tight hug and tried to hold the tears back that were threatening to fall.

She wrapped her arms around me and tried to comfort me. ‘I don’t want to lose you’, I whispered in Costia’s neck.

‘I don’t want to lose you either, but I also want you to be happy and have a future with a family you can grow up with’, Costia admitted with tears in her eyes. Those words and the look on Costia’s face were the last push to open the floodgates.

I couldn’t hold the tears back any longer and started crying in Costia’s shoulder. For the next few hours, unless we had to eat or go to the bathroom, we spent sitting or lying next to each other because we both knew that our time was limited.

Our last night we spent together in my bed again but this time we didn’t fool and joke around. We just enjoyed each others company and tried not to think about the following morning when we had to say good bye forever.

Sleep didn’t come for a very long time. The new foster home I would be going to was in New York, but this group home was in Seattle, Washington. That was literally the other side of the country.
When I finally did fall asleep, I was plagued by nightmares and woke up again. This time I also woke Costia up and I felt guilty for not letting her sleep. ‘Shit, I’m sorry Cos. I didn’t want to wake you up.’

‘Hey, it’s alright. You should have woken me up, we could have talked about whatever is keeping you awake.’ I sighed and pulled Costia in my arms.

‘I’ve got to tell you something and I’ve kind of being hiding it from everyone. Because the first time I told someone, it didn’t end well for me.’

At that Costia leaned on her side, her right hand under her head. With her left hand she pulled my face towards her and gave me a gentle kiss on my cheek. ‘Do you want to talk about it? You might be able to sleep after that.’

I sighed and turned on my side to face Costia. ‘Okay, well can you remember the time you asked me why I didn’t want to change in this room? And I answered that I preferred to change in private?’

Costia nodded, confusion evident on her face. I took a deep breath and said with a quiet voice, ‘it’s because I was born different than girls usually are. I umm, was born with… with male genitals. But I am genetically a girl. The doctors call it intersex.’

Once I finally told Costia, I could feel relieve course through my body like a strong wave. But that wasn’t the only emotion. Fear was now slowly spreading in my body. And the longer Costia didn’t say anything, the more I feared that she would hate me for it.

I looked at her face and I could see the gears turning in her head. I couldn’t blame her, this was quite complicated to understand after all, so I waited patiently for her reaction.

‘I think I know what you mean that you were born different. But believe me when I say that it doesn’t change anything. I still like you as much as I did before you told me. And honestly, I find it really brave of you for telling me.’

‘Thank you’ I whispered. I pulled Costia in a hug and when we were both comfortably under the cover, I finally fell asleep.

When I woke up a few hours later I felt exhausted but also at peace. The thing that had been nagging at me for so long was finally out and I didn’t have to leave without Costia knowing the truth about me, even if we might never meet again.

Costia was still sleeping so I got up and got ready. This was going to be a very long day.

I had a quick shower and got dressed in my nicest clothes. Even if I wasn’t really looking forward to meeting my new foster family, I did want to make a good first impression. When I was dressed and my hair in a neat braid, I grabbed my things from the bathroom and started piling my clothing in my small backpack.

I went downstairs and got some breakfast. I usually didn’t bother with eating something in the morning, but I knew that I should eat something today if I didn’t want to be hungry later. After I had eaten, I went upstairs where Costia was sitting on my bed, having only woken up. We spent the last two hours together, dreading the moment the taxi would arrive to take me to the airport.

When it was time for me to leave, everyone gathered downstairs in the living room, and I said good bye to each person. It was already difficult parting from the people I didn’t spend much time with but when I went to say good bye to Costia, neither of us couldn’t stop the tears that escaped.
We hugged for a few minutes until Mr. Wallace told me that the taxi had arrived. With one last firm
shake of Mr. Wallace hand and another tight embrace with Costia and a last gentle goodbye kiss, I
left the group home that I had started calling “my home”.

Once I was in the taxi, I looked back and saw all the kids pressing their faces to the window, just like
they had when I first arrived here. But the only face that I really looked at was Costia’s and I kept her
gaze until I couldn’t see her anymore behind the tall trees.

It was in this moment that something my social worker had told me a few weeks ago, came back to
my mind; “Life is unexpected, and you can either embrace the change and chances with open arms
or let them pass. It’s your choice how you decide to live your life.”

So, with a deep breath and a last look back at the wooden house, I turned forward again, ready to
embrace this new chapter with open arms.
I hate flying. The reason – no, the reasons were; so many god damn people. They are everywhere and either you get nearly run over by someone, or the person in front of you is going so slow that even the most patient person probably would have difficulty of staying friendly.

The other reason why I disliked flying so much was that I was obliged to have someone who made sure that I boarded the plane and got to the right destination point where someone would pick me up. I understood the reasoning behind it, because I was only 13 years old, but it still didn’t change the fact that I was annoyed by this whole situation.

And the last (and main) reason why I hated flying so much, were the constant noises. I was sitting quite far in the front but unfortunately there was a baby a few seats back which had been screaming constantly since the plane had started. Yeah, you can imagine how comfortable that was…

But I bit through all of it and a few excruciating hours later, the plane finally landed, and I was accompanied to the meeting place where someone would take me to my future foster home. Hannah, my social worker had called me in the morning to explain everything and to apologise why she couldn’t personally take me but that she had organised everything and that all the travelling costs were being covered.

‘Alexandria Woods’ stood on the sign of a middle-aged man, apparently the person who would make sure that I ended up at my new foster home.

The flight attendant left the man and I after she asked him to show his ID and wished me good look with everything.

‘Hi, I’m Michael McKinney, but you can call me Michael. Your social worker told me to drive you to your new foster family.’

I nodded, not bothering to say anything. I had mixed feelings for the new family I would meet. The only information I had about them, was that the couple, Marcus and Aurora, had two kids around my age, a girl called Octavia and a boy called Bellamy. And I was also told that they lived in New York but that was about it.

‘Is that all your luggage?’ Michael asked, getting my attention back. He motioned towards the small backpack I had on my bag and I nodded.
‘Okay’, he accepted and motioned towards the car parks. A few minutes later I was finally seated in the comfortable seat of his car. Michael started the engine and began the drive towards my new foster home – my new beginning.

The drive took us about an hour, but the time passed faster than it usually would and the closer we got, the more my nerves grew.

Michael turned in to a street and if I thought that the houses we passed before were big… well then these were fucking mansions. Huge, modern buildings were lined up next to each other, each with a big forecourt and tall windows.

I saw Michael checking the numbers of the houses and when we arrived at number 11, he slowly stopped and drove on to the forecourt. As soon as the car was parked, he got out and opened the door for me.

I heard Michael chuckle at my expression, my eyes were wide in astonishment and disbelief of all of this. I felt a blush creep up my neck and cheeks up to the tips of my ears. ‘Come on, let’s get you settled in.’

Michael walked towards the house and knocked on the big and dark oak wood door. It was only a few seconds later that the door was being ripped open by two very eager teenagers.

The boy, that must be Bellamy, was tall and lanky. He had shaggy brown hair and warm brown eyes.

The girl, Octavia, had dark, nearly black hair but the same shade of warm brown eyes as her brother. She was grinning even wider than Bellamy and even though she was quite much smaller than him, she pushed herself to the front of the door.

An attractive middle-aged woman appeared in the door frame behind both of her children. She had kind brown eyes and the same hair colour as Bellamy did.

‘I’ve brought company’, Michael joked, and Aurora laughed, shooting me a warm smile.

‘Hi Alexandria, how are you?’ Aurora asked. I felt how I unconsciously started playing with my fingers, something I occasionally did when I was nervous.

‘Alright’, I answered in a small voice. Aurora just smiled at me and then asked Michael and me to come in. We followed her to the living room and offered me a drink, which I nervously accepted.

The living room looked nice; there were two soft couches pushed against the wall, a huge flat screen TV hanging on the wall but my favourite was the carpet. It had a dark grey colour and had a flowery scent to it, and it was so unbelievably soft when I walked over it.

I noticed that I was still standing in the middle of the living room, so I took a seat next to Michael on one of the couches. Bellamy and Octavia were sitting on the other one and occasionally taking a glance at me. They didn’t stare at me as obvious as the kids in the group home did though.

Immediately a rush of emotions cursed through me, the memory of the group home bringing back fond memories. But before I could lose myself too much in the few weeks I had spent there, Aurora came back with some coke for me and a coffee for Michael.

I thanked her for the drink, trying to be as polite as I could be and waited for someone to say something. Fortunately, it was Octavia who spoke up and broke the awkward silence.
‘Mom, is Alexandria going to stay with us and if so, for how long? And where is she going to sleep? Can she sleep with me in my room?’

Aurora laughed at the stream of questions and answered, ‘yes Alexandria is going to stay with us, but it depends on her how long she wants to stay here.’ At that she looked at me and said in a soft voice, ‘you are very welcome to stay here as long as you like Alexandria. We are all very happy that we got the chance to foster you, but we won’t force you to stay. Okay?’

I checked her face if she was being sincere and I didn’t think that she was lying so I nodded my head again. ‘Thank you.’

Aurora smiled at me in return and continued, ‘as for sleeping, you can choose if you’d rather share a room with Octavia or if you want the guest bedroom. It wouldn’t be a problem to set it up for you, we could get you your own desk and everything.’

When Aurora noticed the overwhelmed look on my face, she quickly reassured me that I didn’t have to decide yet and that I could still change my choice, if I noticed that I preferred the other option. I thanked her, grateful that she didn’t pressure me in deciding right away.

Soon Michael picked up a conversation with Aurora and they started talking about some things I honestly wasn’t very interested in, such as politics and the news.

It was about ten minutes in to the conversation that the sound of the main door being opened got all our attention. Seconds later we heard footsteps approaching us and then a middle-aged man with black hair and a warm smile appeared.

When he stepped inside the living room, he went over and kissed Aurora’s cheek. He then smiled at his kids and next, he caught sight of me and the grin on his face got even wider.

‘Hi, you must be Alexandria. It’s very nice to finally meet you. I’m Marcus Kane but please call me Marcus.’ He shook my hand and then greeted Michael who had been waiting for Marcus to come back home that they could sort out the last formalities.

‘So now that everyone is here’, Michael began, ‘I would say that we should get all the paperwork done that I can get out of your way that you can get to know each other a bit.’ Marcus and Aurora both nodded their head and took a seat on the couch, squishing Bellamy and Octavia in between them.

Michael got some papers out of his bag and handed two copies over to Marcus and Aurora. ‘Those are some general rules and information, but you probably already know all that stuff.’ He took another bundle of papers out of his bag and added, ‘and this is for you to sign. It says that you take over the responsibility of Alexandria and that stuff, but you should read it through for yourself.’

He passed those papers over to Marcus and Aurora and then zipped up his bag and got up. ‘Well, that would be all. We ask you to send the signed papers back until next week. The address and contact numbers and all the information are on the back of the first paper. And if you have got any questions or concerns, please don’t hesitate to call.’

‘Okay and thank you very much for your time.’ Marcus said and got up as well. Michael then turned to me and crouched down in front of me. ‘Well Alexandria, I wish you much luck but I’m sure you won’t need it here.’ He winked at me and with a last gentle pat on my shoulder left the room, where Marcus and Aurora followed him out.

As soon as the adults left the room and I was alone with Bellamy and Octavia, I felt the nervousness
and the second thoughts come back. What if they didn’t like me? What if they found out about my biological “problem”? More “what if’s” went through my mind.

My constant stream of discouraging thoughts was fortunately stopped when I noticed Octavia standing in front of me. I looked up in her dark eyes that seemed to hold so many things she wasn’t saying.

‘Where’s your other luggage?’ she then asked, and I wasn’t surprised at the question. ‘I don’t have more’, I answered honestly but also a bit ashamed. I was surprised when Octavia responded with, ‘oh, okay. You can share my stuff with me, if you want to.’

I looked at her with wide eyes and when she smiled at me, I couldn’t help but smile back. It was in that moment that Marcus and Aurora came back in the living room and saw the small exchange. And it was also in that moment that somehow, they knew that everything would be alright.

Just a bit past 7 o’clock, Aurora called us all down to dinner. Marcus had shown me around the house and prepared the guest bedroom for me until I decided if I wanted to stay there or rather move in with Octavia.

When I was left alone in the guest bedroom, I sat down on the bed and took a deep breath. All of this was a bit overwhelming and yet I already kind of liked it here. I had watched how the Blake family acted around each other and they all seemed to be a tight knit group, constantly joking and fooling around. It made me think how my family would have been, if my parents were still alive.

At the age of six, I had been told that my parents had died in an accident and that someone had found me in the burning car. I was only a few months old when it had happened, so I couldn’t remember any of it.

The only proof that the accident had ever happened, was a scar on my left side which ran from my hip bone to the third last rib. It wasn’t very visible; the scar was just a bit lighter than the healthy skin around it and yet I always knew where it was.

Every time that I got changed and saw the mark, it reminded me of a few things; that I lost my parents and the chance of having a happy family. But most of all, it reminded me of how lucky I was for surviving, that you shouldn’t take anything for granted and especially not life.

If I ever had a bad day, I would look at the scar and tell myself that I had managed to get this far and that I wouldn’t give up, not now, not ever and that’s how I moved on.

When I went downstairs, Octavia and Bellamy were setting the table while Marcus was opening a bottle of wine and Aurora was cooking the food.

‘How can I help?’ I asked Marcus, just as he was pouring a glass of wine for Aurora and himself. He smiled and said that I could sit down since everything was ready.

‘Where may I sit?’ I asked with rising nerves, feeling a bit self-conscious from just standing around and doing nothing.

Instead of Marcus answering, Bellamy spoke up, ‘I usually sit here’, he motioned to the chair on the right side of the table, ‘but you can sit there if you want.’ Marcus shot him an approving nod, having taught his son well.

‘Thank you’, I said and sat down in the offered chair. Octavia sat down on my left side, Bellamy took the end of the table on my right, Marcus sat down facing Octavia and then Aurora brought the food to the table and sat down facing me.
Marcus asked me for my plate, and I passed it to him while he served spaghetti on my plate, making sure that he served enough.

When everyone had their food, we started eating. It was only now that I noticed how hungry I was, the last time I had eaten was breakfast and there I didn’t manage to eat much.

‘So, Alexandria, have you got any hobbies?’ Marcus asked, taking a sip of his wine. I swallowed the food I had in my mouth and answered, ‘umm, well I used to play soccer in one foster home but had to stop when… when I went back to the group home.’

‘Oh, that’s unfortunate. But if you want to pick it up again, we would be more than happy to get you some equipment. Bellamy is on the soccer team in school and I’m sure he would like to have someone to play with at home.’

‘No, I- I can’t ask you to do that,’ I tried to reason but Marcus cut me off before I got out more and just said, ‘Alexandria, I would love to support you with your hobbies and other stuff in general.’

‘Okay. Thank you very much’, I retorted, knowing full well that I probably wouldn’t win this “argument” anyway.

The rest of dinner went by a lot smoother. I was asked some questions, but they never went in too personal territory.

Bellamy asked me who my favourite football player was, “Marta Vieira da Silva” of course and Octavia asked me what my favourite colour was. I said green. Marcus and Aurora kept up the stream of questions, asking what my interests were and things like that.

After dinner was over, I brought my plate in to the kitchen and offered to help cleaning the table, but Aurora just shook her head smiling and said that I should rest, since I probably was tired from travelling.

I thanked her for the food, said goodnight to everyone and headed upstairs to get ready for bed. I was more than looking forward to finally be able to fall in to the bed and sleep.
Do you know that moment when you try to fall asleep and everything around you is silent, except for your brain? All the thoughts you managed to suppress during the day, dig their way back up again and shout at you from all sides.

I felt the same in this moment. All the thoughts and emotions I had blocked out during my journey to get here, came back and flooded my consciousness. There was no way that I was going to be able to sleep right now.

So as quietly as possible, I got up and started digging through my bag. The faint light of the moon that shone through the window was enough for me to make out my leather-bound book.

I took it out and sat down on the bed, making myself as comfortable as possible and put my glasses on which I had taken off to sleep. I opened the book on the first page and started reading. The first few sentences ended in paragraphs which turned to pages. And when I finally reached the last few pages, my eyes were slowly falling shut, sleep inviting me in like a warm embrace.

When I woke up a few hours later, it was due to a stiff neck and backache. I groaned in pain when I got up and started stretching to get the stiffness away. I pushed my glasses back up while my eyes scanned the room, for the first time taking in all the details.

The bed I was sleeping in was pushed against the wall at the end of the room. There was a small bedside table next to it and on the other side of the room, stood a tall wardrobe. It was used as storage space for spare blankets, cushions and other stuff. Other than that, there weren’t many things in here, only the basics really.

I walked over to the window that was next to the bed and looked outside. It was directed towards the neighbour house and I could see a small glimpse of the garden. It was the first time I noticed that my new foster family had a pool. What didn’t they have?

My gaze returned to the dark sky, the moon and stars shining exceptionally beautiful today. Out of the spur of the moment, I took a sweatshirt out of my bag and opened the window. What I was about to do now, was the reason why very few people called me fearless but the most reckless.

With a firm grip on the wall, I climbed out of the window and sat down on the ledge. I sighed in relieve, the fresh air allowing me to breathe up since I arrived at this place.
You might think that I should be used to this; always changing where I stayed, never being kept at one place for long. But the problem is that you never get used to it. You will always crave something and for me that was something constant. A place I could call home. I craved for something that wouldn’t change, a place that would always stay and where I could always be looking forward to getting back to after a long day.

Those thoughts were running through my mind and I was so occupied that I didn’t even notice when the sun was starting to brighten the sky with an amazing hue or orange and red and with some pink streaks. It was stunning. I waited for a while longer until the sun climbed even higher.

When the first birds started to chirp, I climbed back in. My legs felt a bit shaky from dangling down for such a long time but other than that, I felt good, at piece even.

Since I didn’t have a watch, I slipped outside of my room and quietly made my way downstairs. I unconsciously jumped over the last step of the stairs, remembering from yesterday when I was shown around that this one creaked.

I walked around downstairs in search for a clock. After a moment, I saw the time above the oven; 05:39. ‘Great’, I thought to myself. I quietly made my way back upstairs and once back in the spare room, looked through my bag for some fresh clothes and my washbag.

With quite steps, I sneaked over to the bathroom. I sighed in relieve when I locked the door, my heart pounding in my chest from all the sneaking around.

I put my washbag on the sink and took my toothbrush and toothpaste out. While I brushed my teeth, I thought about tomorrow. It was Monday tomorrow and my first day at the new school. Marcus had told me that he had already sorted out the paperwork.

I was going to be in the same class as Octavia, so at least I knew someone. Going to a new school always made me extremely nervous. There was nothing worse when everyone looked at you and probably criticised your appearance or how you walked.

But it wasn’t Monday yet, so I tried to forget tomorrow for the time being and enjoy my Sunday. With my washbag, I hopped in the shower and turned the water on. I waited until it warmed up and then let the warm water run down my back and sooth my still sore neck.

Usually I took short shower’s but right now I couldn’t care less about how long I was in here since the others were probably still asleep anyway. It wasn’t even six in the morning, so it was highly unlikely that anyone was up yet.

I started washing my hair, taking my time with massaging the shampoo and conditioner in to my hair. When my hair was washed, I took my favourite body wash and started rubbing it in. I used to get made fun off because I always used a men’s body wash, but I learned to ignore what other people thought about me and started to do what I liked.

A few minutes later, I was done and got out of the shower. I took a fresh towel out of the cupboard below the sink and dried myself off with it. With the help of the mirror, I platted my hair to an even braid and tied the end with a hairband. I got dressed in the clean clothes I had taken with me and with my dirty clothing, walked back to the spare bedroom.

I dumped my clothes next to my bag and sat down on the bed. That lasted for about one minute until I got bored. Instead of sitting around and doing nothing, I made my way downstairs again. Only this time I wasn’t alone.
‘Alexandria? What are you doing up this early?’ Marcus asked. I stood there shocked, frantically thinking of an explanation. But nothing came to my mind so I told him the truth, ‘I couldn’t sleep.’

Marcus nodded knowingly and added, ‘I understand, I would be a bit nervous too.’ And with a much happier tone, he asked, ‘do you want some pancakes?’

I didn’t know what to say, so I just nodded and added a, ‘yes please.’ I sat down at the table and with a burst of courage asked, ‘why are you up this early?’

Marcus looked over to me while he was making the pancake batter and answered, ‘I’m an early riser and I like to start early to get everything out of my way.’

‘Yeah, me too’, I said in agreement. A few minutes of silence passed until Marcus came over with two plates and a bottle of syrup.

‘Thank you’, I murmured, feeling nervous in the presence of the person who could throw me out faster than the blink of an eye, if he felt like it.

‘So, Alexandria’, he started but before he could say more, I let something out that had been bugging me since yesterday when I arrived. ‘It’s Lexa’ and at the surprised look he gave me, I elaborated, ‘sorry, um, just call me Lexa please. I don’t really like to be called by my full name.’

Marcus nodded and gave me a genuine smile. ‘Okay Lexa then.’ I nodded and smiled back, relieved that I finally got that out. ‘So anyway, I wanted to ask, if you would like to go shopping with Aurora and Octavia today?’ At the confused look on my face, Marcus explained, ‘I saw the bag you brought with you and thought that you might want to get some clothes and some school material. We will pay of course.’

My eyes widened at his proposal and I started to say that they already had done enough for me and that I didn’t want them to pay that much money for me, but Marcus just started chuckling and shook his head.

‘Lexa, when we said that we would like to foster you, we meant it that way. I know that you might not have had the best experience with some prior foster homes, but I can assure you that we aren’t doing it for the money. We really want to foster you because we care about your well-being and if we have the chance to change one person’s life to the better, we will do anything in our power to do so.’

I stared at Marcus, shocked about what he had just admitted and honestly, I was even holding back tears. Nobody had ever shown such an interest in my well-being and genuinely cared for me… except for Costia.

With a lump in my throat and tears threatening to spill, I croaked out a, ‘thank you very much’, and excused myself to go to the guest room… or my room, if I wanted it to be.

I tried to be as quiet as possible as I rushed upstairs, my heart beating and on the verge of tears. I entered my room and once the door was firmly shut, I finally let the tears fall and slowly slid down on to the floor with my back against the door. I usually wasn’t emotional and very rarely cried but my last few days had been an emotional rollercoaster and it was only now that I noticed how much of a toll it took on me.

It was in moments like these when I noticed it the most of how lonely I was and how much I wished I had someone to be here for me; a family member or a friend.

I knew that I could have stayed downstairs with Marcus but in the same moment I also knew that I
wouldn’t have allowed myself to stay. I didn’t really know him, and I had always found that crying wasn’t something I wanted to do in front of someone else. I didn’t like to feel vulnerable and for me crying was exactly that; being vulnerable and I couldn’t afford to let my guards down and let someone in. It didn’t end well with Costia after all, so I wouldn’t risk it again.

After a few minutes, I stopped crying and got up. I opened the door a bit and when I saw that it was clear, rushed towards the bathroom. I cleared my nose with some toilet paper and washed my face with some cold water.

When I looked in to the mirror and caught my own gaze, I saw what society would call me; a nerdy looking girl with piercing green eyes and brown hair tied back in a neat braid.

But I knew that I was so much more than that, I wasn’t a nerd but an intelligent human being who preferred to read than watch tv. I was gentle and caring and would do anything for someone I cared for.

Costia was the best example for that and she was also the person who made me realize that I might care for her more on than a platonic way. She made me realize that I liked girls and I was totally fine with it. I had told myself that I wouldn’t tell anyone else but that was because I knew that our society doesn’t like people who are different, so I had kept it to myself up to now and would keep it that way.

An hour later, I was standing at the top of the stairs, taking deep, calming breaths before going down to face Marcus again. I was thankful for the fact that he didn’t ask me for the reason why I had to leave that fast earlier in the morning, probably sensing my emotional state.

But it was time to face him again and to let him know that I was alright, so without further procrastination I took step after step and went in to the living room where I heard the TV.

Marcus was currently sitting on the big leather couch reading the newspaper while the advertisement was playing on the TV. I slowly walked in to the room and took a seat on the other couch.

Marcus looked up when he heard me and smiled in my direction. ‘Here, you can turn it over. I’m not watching anyway’, he said while he handed me the remote.

I thanked him and randomly pressed some buttons until I found the right one to open the guide menu. While I was searching for something, I felt Marcus eyes on me, and I could feel like he was about to ask me something personal but was trying to figure out how to ask.

I forced down the rising nerves and looked at him expectantly. After a few seconds of awkward silence, he finally said, ‘Lexa, can I ask you something regarding your… medical situation?’

I visibly winced at his question, totally having forgotten that I had given them my consent to see my medical information. I hadn’t thought about what stood in there and now it came back and bit in my ass.

‘I’m sorry’, Marcus backtracked at my reaction. ‘I won’t ask, if this topic makes you uncomfortable.’

I sighed and rubbed at the back of my neck, looking anywhere but his face, ‘no, it’s alright. I’m just not really - I don’t want that you think differently of me because of it.’

Marcus hummed in thought and then got up, slowly walking towards me. He sat down next to me, leaving a bit space in between us. ‘You can tell me to stop whenever you want to and you are absolutely not obliged to answer my question, okay?’ At that I finally looked up and gave him a small nod to continue.
He cleared his throat and began saying, ‘Aurora and I read your medical chart and I can assure you that we both are absolutely fine with it and we also won’t treat you differently. I just wanted to ask you, if there is anything we should know. If there are any regular appointments, you need to have or any specific medication.’

‘Well, I’ve got to have a check-up twice a year to see, if everything is, um you know, growing the normal way.’ I felt my face getting warm, the blush spreading up to the tips of my ears. But I wasn’t the only one, Marcus was blushing as well, also not very comfortable about this topic either.

‘But other than that, I haven’t got to take any medication.’ I added, wishing for this conversation to be over as soon as possible.

‘Okay and when was your last check-up, if you don’t mind me asking?’

I thought back and noticed that it was quite a while ago and that it in fact was time to go to a doctor soon. ‘A few months back, so I should probably have another check-up again at some point.’

Marcus nodded and finally got up from the couch. ‘Okay. Well, I’ll sort everything out on Monday and see when there’s an appointment open for you.’

I thanked him and with a last reassuring smile, he walked out of the living room.

Once I was sure that he wouldn’t hear me, I sighed and put my head in my hands. I had to admit to myself though that I was relieved that Marcus and Aurora already knew that I was born intersex and that I didn’t have to tell them myself because that would have been a weird conversation since I couldn’t (or rather wouldn’t want to) just go up to them and say, ‘hey by the way, I am intersex meaning I have a dick. Hope you have a nice day.’

An hour had passed, and I was still sitting in the living room when Bellamy came downstairs. He walked in to the kitchen, got himself a bowl of cereal and then walked in to the living room. When he noticed me sitting there, he came over to the couch and sat beside me while he ate his breakfast.

‘When did you start playing soccer?’ Bellamy asked a few minutes in to the silence.

I smiled, thankful for the conversation starter and answered, ‘Well I really started to play when I was seven years old. How about you? And anyway, how old are you exactly?’

Bellamy grinned at me and said, ‘I started with eight and I’m fifteen now, but I’m turning sixteen in a month. And you’re thirteen?’ I nodded and Bellamy added, ‘just like Octavia, she turned thirteen a few weeks ago.’

The rest of the morning, Bellamy and I were talking about random stuff and occasionally about football. It was a bit before twelve o’clock when Aurora called everyone to lunch. And not even a half an hour later, we were all sitting in the car, driving towards the shopping mall. Marcus had stayed at home to get some work done and to everyone’s surprise, Bellamy had wanted to come with, claiming that he needed some new clothes anyway.

We arrived about 20 minutes later at the shopping mall. For me the next few hours went past in a blur; we went from one store to the next, trying on several items, searching for school stuff and other necessities and so on.

When it was nearing 4 o’clock, Aurora suggested that we grab an ice cream and head back home. “Home”, I thought, such a small word and yet such a huge meaning behind it.

We were standing in the line of the ice cream stand when someone called out Octavia’s name. I
turned around instinctively, just in time to see a girl with amazing sky-blue eyes and blonde hair run towards Octavia and pull her in to a tight hug. They both laughed when they nearly fell on to the floor, but Octavia just managed to keep them both upright.

When they pulled away, Octavia remembered that I was still standing beside them and turned towards me. ‘This is Alexan- sorry, Lexa, my foster sister I told you about. And Lexa, this is Clarke.’
First days are always hard

Chapter Summary

Here is the next chapter, it's a bit shorter than usual but it's just a little pre-taste before the long awaited chapter [where she finally has her first day of school and might meet someone special ;) ] arrives. And I apologise for the long wait, work and school kinda came in the way but I'll try for more frequent uploads in the future :)

Anyway, I hope that you like this chapter ;)

‘You met Clarke?’ Bellamy asked, kicking the ball in my direction. I nodded my head and passed the ball back. ‘What do you think about her?’ he asked curiously.

I thought for the question for a few seconds, unsure of how I should answer. ‘I can’t really say because I saw her for like one minute before she had to leave again… so, yeah.’

Bellamy hummed in agreement and we kept on passing the ball. I thought about my response I had given, and, in all honesty, I really wasn’t sure what I thought of Clarke. She was very pretty, that was obvious, but I couldn’t yet say, if I liked her or not.

‘Well, you’ll probably get to see her more often because she lives next door.’ I was so shocked from what Bellamy had just told me, that I didn’t pay any attention to the ball and only noticed it when I got a pretty hard kick between a certain area.

‘Shit’, I swore loudly and crumpled to my knees. I heard Bellamy rush over and crouch down beside me, trying to see what was wrong. I felt tears gathering in my eyes and quickly blinked them away before Bellamy could see them.

‘Shit, I’m sorry. I didn’t think that the kick was that hard. Are you alright?’ Bellamy asked with concern evident in his voice. I breathed a few times through my nose to get my breathing under control and slowly nodded, forcing the words out, ‘yeah, I’m alright, was just surprised.’

I heard Bellamy ask, if he should get his mom but I frantically shook my head. I knew that Aurora would be able to help me the best since she knew about my “friend below” but the talk with Marcus was enough and I’d rather not go through that again.

After a few seconds, the pain had subsided a bit and I was able to get up again. ‘Are you sure you’re alright? You look a bit pale.’

‘No, really, I’m alright.’ Bellamy finally nodded, still unsure if he should believe me and then to lighten the mood, jokingly said, ‘I really didn’t think it’d hurt that much for you, since you’re a girl and you know, don’t have… yeah, you know what I mean.’

I forced out a fake laugh and started heading inside, Bellamy walking beside me. ‘Yeah, just blew the air out of me, that’s all.’

Bellamy was just about to say something, when Aurora came in to the kitchen and saw Bellamy and me. ‘Already done with playing?’ She asked, noticing that we had only been outside for half an hour.
‘Yeah, I accidentally shot the ball a bit too hard and it hit Lexa in the-‘, Bellamy started saying but I cut him short and said, ‘stomach.’ At first Bellamy shot me a slightly confused look but after a moment he caught on and added, ‘yeah, stomach.’

Aurora slowly nodded and I could practically see the disbelief in her face. But she didn’t call us out for our obvious lie and instead said, ‘well, dinner’s ready in 15 minutes, so why don’t you get washed in the meantime?’

Bellamy and I both nodded simultaneously and headed upstairs to wash our hands which had gotten dirty from playing outside.

When we arrived upstairs, we let some water fill in the sink but before either of us could wash our hands, Bellamy squirted some water in my direction. I looked at him in disbelief and asked, ‘oh, really?’

I squirted some water back and that’s how a war between us broke out. A few minutes later, we were both soaking wet and laughing so hard that our stomachs hurt. Soon Marcus came upstairs to see where the commotion came from and saw the mess.

Our laughter immediately died down but when Marcus started chuckling, Bellamy and I grinned at each other and with a glint in his eyes, Bellamy shot some water in Marcus direction.

And that’s how Marcus joined in on our small war and by the time Aurora and Octavia heard the laughing, we were all pissed wet through and in need to get changed.

Aurora just stood there, shaking her head with a fond smile while Octavia complained that we hadn’t invited her to.

Fifteen minutes later, I was sitting downstairs at the dinner table freshly showered and in some of the new clothes I had gotten today. Looking back at yesterday, I could feel how the dynamics had shifted and everything felt so much lighter. It was in that moment, when I looked around the dinner table to see everyone gathered around, that I felt that I could like it here.

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After dinner, everyone dispersed, and I headed upstairs to my room to get changed in my pyjamas.

A gentle knock on my door sounded through the room. ‘Just a minute’, I called.

When I finally pulled my pyjama bottoms on, I walked over to the door and opened it to reveal Aurora standing there. She smiled at me and asked, ‘may I come in?’

I nodded and sat down on the bed. Aurora came in as well and closed the door behind her. She walked over to me and sat down next to me, leaving a bit space in between.

‘Can I ask what happened while you were playing outside with Bellamy?’ At my alarmed look she quickly reassured me, ‘you haven’t got to tell me if you don’t want to, but just know that if there is anything you need or want to talk about, I’m here for you.’

I nodded and swallowed the lump in my throat down. After a few seconds of considering not telling her, I chose otherwise and started saying, ‘well, we were just passing the ball and then Bellamy accidently shot the ball a bit too hard and it hit me… um, just below my stomach.’ I couldn’t look in Aurora’s face when I admitted that to her, too embarrassed about the whole situation.

‘Okay. Does it still hurt?’ Aurora asked in a gentle voice. I finally looked in her face and hesitantly
answered, ‘not anymore.’

‘Okay’, Aurora said again, putting a comforting hand on my shoulder. She got up and just before she left the room, added, ‘if you need anything, just tell me or Marcus and I’ll get it for you.’

‘Okay, thank you’, I said, and Aurora finally left the room.

When I looked over at the alarm clock Aurora had bought for me today, I saw that it was just past nine o’clock. Even though it wasn’t late yet, I was exhausted because I hadn’t really slept much this night. So, without wasting more of my sleeping time, I turned the light off and crawled in to bed after I made sure the alarm was set for the morning.

An hour had passed and even though I was exhausted, I was still lying awake, restlessly turning in bed trying to find a comfortable position. I decided that I should get up instead of just lying around so I quietly got out of bed and walked out of my room, figuring that walking around would help me to fall asleep.

I was just passing Octavia’s room when I noticed a faint light shining underneath of the door. I walked to the door and pressed my ear against it to hear if there were any sounds… nothing. For a moment I considered just going back to my room but after overthinking that again I gently knocked on the door.

I didn’t hear anything for a few seconds but then the door opened to reveal a sleepy looking Octavia. ‘Omg, I’m sorry, did I wake you?’

Octavia shook her head, adding, ‘no, I was reading.’

‘You read?’ I asked with a surprised voice and Octavia grinned and stuck her tongue out at me.

‘Couldn’t sleep?’ she asked me, and I nodded.

‘Want to come in?’ At that I nodded again and stepped inside her room, closing the door behind me.

Octavia sat down on her bed and waved me over. I hesitantly sat down next to her and I had barely sat down when Octavia asked, ‘want to talk about why you can’t sleep?’

I smiled at her and hesitantly answered, ‘in the last group home I was staying before I came here, I met this girl that I got really good friends with. She was my first friend really and the first person I told some secrets I usually keep to myself. At some point we started to sleep in the same bed together and I just got so used to it that it feels really weird sleeping alone.’

Octavia nodded and then surprised me by asking, ‘do you want to sleep in here tonight?’

I thought her offer over for a few seconds and then shot her a grateful smile. Octavia moved over on her bed that I had space and when we were both lying there comfortable, she pulled the blanket over us both.

‘Thank you’, I whispered.

‘You’re welcome. You belong to this family after all.’ That sentence made feel warm inside and I smiled gratefully at Octavia.

It didn’t take me long after that to finally drift off to a, for once, peaceful sleep.

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At half past five I woke up to Octavia kicking me in her sleep. I groaned and buried my head in the pillow, not wanting to wake up yet. When I was kicked another time in my leg, I finally sat up and climbed out of the bed.

I left Octavia’s room as quietly as possible and closed the door behind me. I went to my room and once the door was closed, let out a deep sigh. I didn’t feel prepared for so much change, even though I should have been used to it by now. But I wasn’t and all I could do was just live with it.

I walked towards the window and opened it, letting the cool air and the sound of birds chirping in. The first streaks of orange and red were visible in the distance, the sun’s way of making its presence known. It was beautiful.

I was watching the sun rise for another five minutes when a subtle movement caught my attention. I looked to my left and was surprised to see someone sticking their head out of the window. I couldn’t recognize who it was because it was still too dark but however, I was intrigued who woke up before six in the morning just to see the sunrise.

It was starting to get cold, so with a last glance at the mystery person was also gazing at the sunrise, I closed the window and started to get ready for the day… my first day at the new school.

Just before half past seven, Aurora came downstairs and when she saw me, she said, ‘Lexa, there you are. I’ve been looking for you, since you weren’t in your room.’ It still felt weird to call it ‘my room’. But it also felt nice, like a sense of belonging and being a part of this family.

‘I couldn’t sleep’, I answered after I had swallowed the piece of fruit I had in my mouth. Aurora moved next to me and sat down on the chair.

‘Are you nervous for your first day of school?’ Aurora asked gently. At first, I considered denying it but if I was being honest with myself, I was nervous. No, I was terrified. Terrified what the other kids would think of me, terrified that I would screw this up and get sent away again… just like last time.

I was pulled out of my thoughts when Aurora called out my name. I looked up at Aurora and she smiled at me and reassured me, ‘everything will be fine. You will be in the same class as Octavia and she promised me that she would take care of you.’

With a last smile, she left me alone to make sure that Octavia and Bellamy were up. I finished my breakfast and while I waited for Aurora to drive Octavia, Bellamy and me to school, I tried to calm myself down and reassure myself that everything would be alright. It was only another new school after all.
Do you know that feeling when you can literally feel someone staring at your back while you walk away? Not a great feeling, right? Now multiply that by hundred and voila, you know how I was feeling when I walked through the hallways on my first day of school.

I felt a lot of kids staring at me, the most of them not even hiding how they were obviously already judging me. I heard some ask their friends who the “new girl” was, but occasionally I also heard the word “nerd” and other things that weren’t meant as a compliment.

Octavia gripped my hand and whispered in my ear that I should just ignore them.

I nodded, trying my hardest to do so but it was a task that was nearly impossible when everyone was so blatantly judging and staring at me.

We made our way to the principal’s office, Octavia and Bellamy flanking me on both sides. I felt grateful in that moment, that I had people who didn’t just leave me alone when I needed them the most because I knew that not everyone was willing to stick with you at your bad times.

When we arrived at the principal’s office, Octavia knocked on the door (with a bit more force than needed). A few seconds later, the door was opened by a tall man. He had a dark complexion and an intense look, making me squirm a bit under his gaze.

‘Good morning. You must be Alexandria Woods, I’m principal Jaha.’ We shook hands and after Jaha had dismissed Octavia and Bellamy to their respective class, he asked me to come inside that we could get some of the formalities out of the way.

‘Take a seat please.’ I sat down in the chair principal Jaha directed me and waited nervously until he took a seat in front of me in his big chair.

‘So, Alexandria. Firstly, welcome to Polis. I hope you had a chance to get to know your foster family a bit.’ I nodded my head slightly, my mouth as dry as a desert and my heart pounding in my chest.

‘Okay then.’ Principal Jaha grabbed a prepared stack of paper out of one of the desks and laid it in front of me. ‘Here’s the list of the school policy and some more information regarding what to do in case of sickness or emergencies. I ask you to read that through and if there are any questions, you can ask me or a teacher.’
I nodded and thanked him, hoping that this was over soon.

‘Do you have any questions in the moment?’ Principal Jaha asked. I shook my head no and he nodded, getting up from his chair and walking towards the door.

I grabbed my bag and followed the principal outside. We stopped at the secretary and she passed me my new school books. Next the principal led me towards me first class, knocked on the door and opened it. We entered the room and Jaha told the class and the teacher good morning.

The principal patted my shoulder and I couldn’t stop myself not to jump a tiny bit.

‘Class, this is Alexandria Woods, she just moved here.’ The teacher came over and shook my hand, reassuring the principal that he would take over here.

With a last glance at me and the students, Principal Jaha left the room and closed the door behind him.

‘Hi Alexandria, I’m Professor Pike.’ I sceptically eyed him for a few long moments, unsure if he always had this strict and authoritative voice.

‘Alexandria, please tell us something about you.’ Professor Pike added, when he noticed that I wasn’t going to say anything.

I turned to the class and swallowed down the lump that had formed in my throat. I felt my nerves growing and my palms getting sweaty. When I thought that I wouldn’t be able to say anything, I noticed Octavia sitting at a desk at the back. She shot me thumbs up and that gave me enough courage.

‘Hi, I’m Alexandria Woods but I prefer to be called Lexa. I’m thirteen years old and I moved here from Washington a few days ago.’

‘Have you got any siblings?’ Professor Pike asked.

‘No’, I answered and thought about how dumb that question was, as he probably knew that I was a foster child and moved her alone.

‘Why did you move here?’ A student asked. I clenched my jaw and frantically thought of an excuse. I decided to answer half honest and said, ‘family issues.’ Technically I didn’t lie because I did move because of family issues… or rather because of the lack of a family.

Professor Pike sensed the discomfort that had spread out and asked me to take a seat. There were three seats that weren’t taken so I took one in the back to be closer to Octavia. It was only now that I noticed who was sitting next to the empty chair and the moment our eyes caught, I couldn’t look away.

Before I could think about it though, my stream of thoughts was interrupted when the girl with thy sky-blue eyes smiled at me and stretched her hand out for me to shake. ‘Hi, I’m Clarke.’

I swallowed the lump in my throat and hoped that I didn’t scare her away by my awkwardness. I shook her hand and tried to say as normally as possible, ‘I’m Lexa.’ She smiled at me and I couldn’t help but smile back.

I forced myself to pay attention to the maths lesson we had but the beautiful girl next to me, made it very hard. ‘Shit don’t use that word. God, get your mind out of the gutter.’ I internally swore to myself.
Out of an impulse to make this beautiful girl next to me laugh, I slightly leaned to Clarke and quietly asked, ‘by the way, do you know what “math” stands for?’

She shook her head and I answered, ‘mental abuse to humans’. At that Clarke started laughing and had to cover her mouth to keep silent. Her attempt to keep quiet made me laugh as well and soon we were both covering our mouths, trying the hardest to not laugh. But one look at each other and we were helpless again.

When Octavia looked to us with a confused look, I motioned for Clarke to look at Octavia’s face. Clarke and I burst out laughing again, immediately covering our mouths and that made Octavia laugh as well.

Soon Raven, Octavia’s seat neighbour and friend she had told me a lot about, saw us three laughing and that only made her laugh too, the four of us now helplessly covering our mouth and trying not to make a sound.

When it was nearing lunch time, my stomach was hurting from all the laughing. Clarke had tears streaming down her face from holding it in and I didn’t dare to look at Octavia and Raven because otherwise it would all start over again.

The last five minutes passed very slowly but we survived it without another outburst and then finally could head to lunch. I walked outside and waited for the others since I didn’t know where the cafeteria was anyway.

Clarke came out first and I smiled back at the smile she sent me. Next were Octavia and Raven and the moment they stepped outside of the door, Octavia asked us why the hell we were laughing.

I told them the joke I had told Clarke and how her laughing made me laugh and by the time I was done with the story, we were all pissing ourselves laughing again.

The four of us made our way to the cafeteria and when I looked to my sides where Clarke, Raven and Octavia were walking, I couldn’t hold back the smile that forced itself on my face.

We were sitting at a table, eating our lunch and talking. Well, Octavia did the most talking but, in the moment, she had food in her mouth, so Raven used the chance to ask me something.

‘Lexa, Octavia told me that you’re staying at her house. Is that true or is she talking bullshit as usual?’ We all chuckled at the question, except for Octavia who threw a grape in Raven’s face and pretended to be hurt.

‘I actually am staying at their house.’ I answered with a smile.

‘Do you play any sports?’ Clarke then asked me.

I was surprised at her question and it took me a moment to answer, ‘um y-yes, I play soccer.’ Clarke nodded with a smile and added, ‘my smaller brother, Aden, plays soccer as well.’

‘Really, how old is he?’ I asked. ‘He’ll be eleven in a few weeks.’ She said with a small smile.

Clarke and I started talking about our hobbies and other stuff we liked to do. I found out that Clarke loved to draw, and I admitted that I also occasionally drew but I didn’t tell her exactly what, no matter how often she asked me.

I hadn’t ever told anyone about this, but my father was a tattoo artist before he had passed away. And ever since I found that out, I wanted to create my own tattoo in memory of my parents and
everything they had done for me.

While Clarke and I were talking and sharing smiles at each other, Raven shot Octavia a smirk and nodded her head towards me and Clarke. Octavia picked up what Raven wanted to tell her immediately and sent a smirk back, already planning a sleep over to get us all closer.

***

‘Mom, can we have a sleep over on Friday night?’ was the first question Octavia asked when we arrived at home.

Aurora looked up from where she was standing and preparing dinner. ‘Sure, who do you want to invite over?’

‘Just Clarke and Raven’, she said while we sat down at the table to do our homework. Octavia had told me that her mom made her do her homework as soon as possible but I understood why, because then we still had the afternoon off to do other things.

‘Okay’, was all Aurora said before she turned to the pan again and stirred the food.

Octavia shot me a grin and I smiled back, already looking forward to Friday.

***

An hour after we had arrived at home, Bellamy waltzed through the door. He had his soccer gear on and a football in his hand. When he saw me and Octavia, he grinned and pulled us both in a hug.

Octavia pushed him away, laughing at how gross and sweaty he was.

When Bellamy hugged me, I tensed up at first but after a few seconds, I relaxed in the embrace and laughed at Octavia’s disgusted face.

‘Lex, wanna play outside?’ Bellamy asked excitedly when he pulled away from the sweaty hug. I shot Aurora a look and she nodded smiling. I grinned at Bellamy and told him that I would get changed in my sports gear.

A few minutes later, I met Bellamy outside. I had taken my glasses of because I didn’t want them to break again, something that had happened a few months ago when I got hit with the ball in my face.

We started to kick the ball and Bellamy showed me a trick he had recently learned in soccer practice. And when I asked him if he could teach me, he happily obliged.

An hour later we were lying next to each other in the grass, the warm sun hitting us. Out of a sudden, Bellamy started talking about this girl he really liked and wanted to ask out but was too nervous to do so.

We started planning on how he could ask her out when he suddenly asked, ‘have you ever had a boyfriend?’

I blushed and was thankful in this moment that he couldn’t see my face. ‘Um, no.’

‘You? I mean a girlfriend, if you’re um- just in to girls.’ I asked nervously.

‘No, not yet. I mean I kissed a girl once when I was in third grade, but you can hardly count that’, he said with a chuckle. ‘Have you ever kissed someone?’

I smiled at the memory of Costia and without thinking I answered truthfully, ‘yeah, once.’
Bellamy sat up and grinned in my direction. ‘Really, who was it?’

I sat up as well, facing Bellamy. I played with my fingers for a moment and considered my answer. This was a good moment to come out and I probably wouldn’t get a better one, so I told him the truth.

‘In my last foster home, there was this… friend I got really close to. We started sleeping in the same bed because we gave comfort to each other and yeah, we kissed then. It was only really short but still kinda nice.’ A smile formed on my lips when I thought back to that moment. It was only a few seconds later that I felt Bellamy’s gaze on me, a curious look on his face.

‘So, what is that person called?’ he asked. I felt my heart pounding and with all the courage I could muster, answered, ‘Costia.’

Bellamy grinned at me but instead of questioning me and asking what sexuality I identified as, he said, ‘cool’, and started telling me about his first kiss.

We hung out for a while longer, joking and occasionally throwing grass at each other. The sun was starting to set in the distance and in this moment, everything felt perfect.

Later that evening, I knocked on Octavia’s doorframe. Her door was open, but I still wanted to make my presence known.

She looked up from the book she was reading and sent a smile in my direction when she saw me standing at the door.

‘Octavia, can I ask you something?’ I started nervously. ‘Sure’, she said and closed her book. She sat up and waited for me to continue.

‘Um, would you mind if I- if I sleep in your room again?’ I tried to calm my growing nerves, this was a simple question after all.

‘Just tonight?’ She asked and shook my head no and added, ‘for the whole time.’

When she understood the extent of what I was saying, her whole face lit up and she jumped up to pull me in a bone crushing embrace.

‘Of course’, she squealed and already started moving things about that we could move my bed in her room. I started laughing in relieve at her over eagerness.

Soon we got her parents and they helped us drag the mattress and the bed in her room and make space for my stuff. Like Octavia, they didn’t question my choice to sleep in the same room as her and just went with it and for that I was very thankful.

When we were done with moving, Marcus asked me if we could talk for a minute. He led me towards his office but when he noticed the nervous look on my face, he left the door open and reassured me that it wasn’t anything bad. ‘I just wanted to say that I’ve organised the doctor’s appointment for next Friday after school. I hope that’s alright?’

I nodded my head and thanked him, relieved that that was all. I wished him a good night and then went back to my new room with a happy smile on my face.

***

It was nearing ten o’clock and Octavia was fast asleep. I still couldn’t sleep, my head too occupied
with the events of today. I thought back to Clarke and the way her eyes lit up when she laughed. I thought about the way she hugged me good bye when we left for school. I was so surprised by the hug that I nearly walked in to a post-box, but fortunately only Octavia saw it and she only teased me about it when we were out of earshot of all the other kids.

I turned on my side that I was facing the wall and my back was turned towards Octavia. Only the movement made my underwear stick between my legs in an uncomfortable way. I tried to straighten it out (or as straight as I could, pun fully intended) but that caused my dick to rub against the material of my shorts.

A small moan escaped my mouth at the feeling. I had heard a lot about masturbation and even once read about it in a magazine, but I had never done it. I had always been a bit careful with what was going down below and when I had a boner, I always just waited for it to go away.

Out of curiosity, I stroked over my dick a few times and noticed how nice it felt. I gripped it like I always did when I peed, but this time I moved my hand up and down like I heard most men do.

I figured out quite fast where I could apply more pressure and increase in speed. I rubbed my hand along my length for a few minutes until Octavia turned in her sleep, making her presence known.

I stopped immediately, having totally forgotten about Octavia. I had a full-on erection and for the first time ever, I felt the need to finish but I couldn’t do this while Octavia was in the room because I would have felt like a total creep.

I turned around to make check if she was awake but thankfully, she was still asleep. I stayed in bed for another minute but then I decided that I couldn’t sleep like this and slipped out of bed.

I checked the hallway if anyone was up because to be caught walking around after bed time was one thing. But being caught walking around with a boner would have been so much worse.

The hallway was clear, so I dared myself outside and rushed to the bathroom. I locked myself inside but didn’t turn the light on. That way nobody would know I was in there if someone happened to walk past.

I took a deep breath and slowly made my way through the dark room. When I reached the toilet, I sat down and let out a sigh. I pulled my pants down and started touching myself again, trying my best to keep the sounds down.

At first, I tried to keep a slow pace but soon my hand was frantically moving along my length, now desperate for release. I kept the whimpers and moans in, sometimes having to cover my mouth that no sound would escape.

A few minutes later, I felt an unfamiliar sensation, like my balls were tightening and then I felt a sudden, very intense “burst” that lasted for a few seconds. When the feeling passed, it felt like my limbs were noodles and I was exhausted.

After a few minutes, I got up, pulled my pants back up and washed my hands. I made my way back to Octavia and my room and when I laid back in my bed, I fell asleep nearly immediately.
My first week at the new school passed quite fast and before I knew, it was already Friday. When we got out of school, I hugged Clarke and Raven goodbye and followed Octavia outside.

‘What’s my mom doing here?’ Octavia asked when she noticed Aurora sitting in her car.

‘She’s taking me to the doctor’s’, I responded without thinking.

‘What, why?’ Octavia asked confused and a bit concerned.

‘Just a check-up’, I tried to reassure her but that didn’t help for the confusion still evident on her face.

‘What check-up?’ she then asked but before I could answer, I was fortunately saved by Aurora who called out for us both, ‘Octavia, Lexa.’

I rushed towards the car that Octavia didn’t have another chance to ask me again and got in, in the back seat. Octavia followed suit and sat next to me.

‘So, what check-up?’ Octavia asked again, once we were seated and on the way home. I caught Aurora’s gaze in the mirror and at my panicked look, she understood what Octavia was talking about and lightly scolded her, ‘Octavia, what have I told you about being so nosy?’

‘What, it was just a question’, Octavia defended but finally gave in.

I shot Aurora a thankful nod and she smiled back at me.

A few minutes later, we arrived at home and Octavia got out of the car. Aurora called after Octavia, telling her that she would take me to the doctor’s appointment and that we would be back in about an hour.

‘I’ve got your insurance papers with me, in case we need them but Marcus said that he’s sorted everything out so it should be alright’, Aurora told me while we drove to the doctors.

I nodded my head, feeling slightly anxious of what was about to come. It was always nerve wracking and really embarrassing when I had to let my pants down (like literally).

After a short drive, we arrived at the doctors. Aurora parked the car and then got out, waiting for me to follow her. We walked up to the main door and rang the bell. A few seconds later, we got buzzed in and we entered the building.

The first thing I noticed was the smell of disinfectant, a smell I was used to. The next I noticed were some paintings and drawings hanging on the wall that must have been drawn by some children.

Aurora led me towards the front desk where a dark-haired secretary was typing away on her computer. When she noticed us, she set a smile on her face and asked if I had an appointment.
I was relieved when Aurora answered for me, ‘yes, my husband made an appointment for Alexandria Woods.’ I slightly flinched at the use of my full name but fortunately neither Aurora nor the secretary noticed.

The secretary checked on her computer and then nodded, asking us to wait in the waiting room.

We sat down and waited for the doctor to be ready for my appointment. A few minutes had passed and then the secretary popped in and asked me to follow her.

I looked at Aurora and she reassured me that she would be here the whole time. I nodded my head and followed the secretary out of the room. I tried to wipe my clammy hands on my trousers, my nerves rising more and more the closer we got.

The door to the examination room was open and when the doctor noticed us, she smiled and stood up from behind her desk.

‘Alexandria Woods?’ She asked and I nodded my head.

She smiled and added, ‘hi, I am Dr. Griffin.’ She shook my hand and then asked me to sit down on the examination bed. I had a weird feeling of recognition when she told me her name, having heard it somewhere but I wasn’t sure from where exactly.

Dr. Griffin closed the door behind us and sat down on the chair in front of me.

‘So, how are you Alexandria?’ she asked, while she disinfected her hands. I swallowed down the lump in my throat and answered, ‘alright.’

She nodded and then asked me to hold my arm out for her that she could measure my blood pressure. While she was measuring my vital signs, she kept on the stream of questions, obviously trying to distract me but it worked, and I was thankful for it.

When she was done with measuring my blood pressure, pulse and temperature, she asked me to lay down. She grabbed the small towel she had prepared and put some gloves on. I clenched my jaw, hoping that this would be over soon.

‘Could you please pull your trousers down to your knees?’ She asked in a soft voice. With slightly shaking hands, I pulled my pants down but left my boxers still on.

Dr. Griffin put the towel over my crotch and asked me to pull my boxers down as well that she could check for any lumps. I pulled my boxers down as well, making sure the towel covered everything up.

Dr. Griffin moved the towel away and started gently pressing around, checking for any swellings that could indicate a tumour. When she didn’t find anything, she asked me to get up. I knew that my face must have looked like a tomato by now, but fortunately Dr. Griffin didn’t comment it.

I stood in front of her, still clutching to the towel. ‘Can I?’ She motioned towards said towel and I nodded, letting her take it away. Dr. Griffin proceeded to check my penis, gently touching it with the tips of her fingers and checking if there were any lesions.

During the check-up, I thought back to some embarrassing stories I had heard of, such as having a boner during the examination, but I didn’t know how that was possible, because this was anything but comfortable.

After a few minutes, Dr. Griffin was finally done and told me that I could get dressed again. I
immediately pulled my pants back up, relieve coursing through my body that the worst part was over.

Dr. Griffin took the medical gloves off and disinfected her hands. She asked me to sit in the chair by the desk and she also moved to her seat.

‘Okay Alexandria. From what I’ve seen, you are healthy, and everything seems to be fine.’ I nodded my head, letting her know that I understood so far.

‘Now, can I ask, have you ever had any pain or rashes around your genitals?’ I cleared my throat and shook my head ‘no’.

She nodded and wrote something down on a paper, probably for future medical examinations.

‘And otherwise you feel healthy?’ She questioned further.

‘Yes’, I responded, while occasionally glancing to the door.

‘Okay, well we are done here for now.’ She smiled at me and I nodded in relieve, already jumping up to get out of here.

She opened the door for me and shook my hand, telling me to call if I had any questions or concerns.

I thanked her and with a last hand shake, walked to the waiting room where Aurora was still seated in the chair.

Aurora looked up at me when she noticed that I was done and smiled, ‘everything alright?’

‘Yes’, I nodded and with a smile on my face, we finally headed home.

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When I finally walked through the main door, the first thing I wanted to do is hop in the shower and wash the whole day off me. I took my shoes off and put them neatly on the shoe rack and headed upstairs to Octavia and my room to get some clean clothes out.

When I opened the door though, I was greeted with the sight of three girls laughing on Octavia’s bed. They all looked up when they heard the door opening and when they saw it was me, Clarke and Raven jumped up to hug me.

‘Hey, where were you?’ Clarke asked after she let go off me.

‘Um, doctor’s appointment’, I explained while I headed towards the wardrobe where Octavia had made place for my clothes.

I took out a pair of sweatpants, my most comfortable sports shirt, some clean boxers and a sports bra.

‘I’ll just have a quick shower’, I excused myself before anyone had a chance to ask me why I was at the doctors.

When I locked myself in the bathroom, I let out a relieved sigh and leaned against the door. This thing about keeping secrets was harder than I thought, especially when I was sleeping in the same room as Octavia.

I pulled myself together and got undressed. The warm water from the shower helped to wash away the events from today and to clear my thoughts.
I let the water run over my back for a moment and then began washing myself, keeping the shower short that I could get back to my friends.

A bit later, I was relaxed and in clean clothes, heading towards our room again. The other three were still sitting on Octavia’s bed talking and joking around.

When I entered the room, Clarke smiled up at me and I smiled back, a warm feeling spreading in my body. I closed the door behind me and joined them on the bed.

‘Okay, now that the four musketeers are finally complete, how about truth or dare?’ Raven spoke up, getting all our attention.

We all nodded in excitement and agreed that we would have to take a drink of something disgusting, if we didn’t want to answer or do the dare. Octavia then rushed down to get some orange juice and milk for the punishment drink.

When she came back up, we had moved to the floor where we had more space. Octavia sat to my left, Clarke to my right and Raven facing me.

We mixed the drinks with an equal amount of milk and orange juice and then started the game.

‘Who wants to go first?’ Clarke asked.

‘I’ll start’, Raven immediately piped up and grinned at Octavia. The latter groaned and rolled her eyes playfully, knowing full well that Raven was only trying to get a rise out of her.

‘Truth or Dare, O?’ Raven asked, waiting for Octavia to make her choice.

‘Truth’, Octavia settled on and we all waited for Raven to ask her the first question. Her eyes lit up and at the look she shot Octavia, we all knew that she was in trouble. ‘Who is your crush?’

Octavia blushed and we all simultaneously laughed at her embarrassed expression. ‘Atom’, Octavia mumbled under her breath but we all still heard her and laughed.

‘Clarkey, Truth or Dare?’ Octavia asked, trying to get the attention away from her.

‘Truth’, Clarke answered, ignoring the booing from Raven. ‘What was the most embarrassing moment?’

This time it was Clarke to groan in frustration and something about the sound sent a heat shock to a certain area below.

Clarke thought about the question for a long moment and then with a mortified look on her face, admitted, ‘my dad once walked in on me while I was getting changed and I might have also been dancing in underwear.’

Octavia, Raven and I all burst out laughing. ‘Typical Clarke’, Raven squeezed out between fits of laughter.

When we all finally calmed down, Clarke turned towards me and before she could even ask, I said, ‘truth’.

She thought for a moment, thinking of a good question. A few seconds passed and the longer she thought, the more nervous I got. Finally, her face lit up and with a smirk on her face, she curiously asked, ‘have you ever kissed someone?’
That question got Octavia’s and Raven’s attention and they all looked at me expectantly. I felt my mouth go dry and let out a nervous laugh.

I cleared my throat and quietly admitted, ‘um, yeah.’

I heard a surprised, ‘really?’ and chuckled, nodding my head. ‘Yes, really.’

‘How was it?’ Raven asked and I thought about the question for a moment.

‘It was nice. Warm and soft…’ An excited stream of questions followed, asking me who it was, when it happened and stuff like that. I was starting to feel giddy at their excitement, wishing that this moment could last forever.

‘It was with, um a friend from my previous foster home, a few weeks ago.’

‘Sure, your “friend”’ Raven commented with a waggle of her eyebrows.

I blushed again and nodded. ‘Yeah, she really was just a friend.’ It was only then that I noticed my mistake when all three of my friends looked up simultaneously.

‘She?’ Octavia asked with a smirk and I blushed again.

‘How was it?’ Raven asked and I blushed again but answered honestly, ‘it was nice… and soft.’

‘Woods’ got game’, Clarke said with a wink and we all started laughing.

I felt relieved that it was out and since none of them reacted badly, I felt hopeful for the future, that if I brought a girl back home, that they would be okay. And I totally didn’t just think of bringing Clarke back home, nope, didn’t do that.

Now that my friends were satisfied with my answers, we picked the game up again. It was Raven’s turn and to no one’s surprise, she took Dare.

While I was thinking about something embarrassing Raven should de, Clarke leaned over and whispered in my ear, ‘tell her to sniff on Octavia’s socks.’

‘Ew, really?’ I asked Clarke laughing. She just nodded with a grin on her face. ‘Okay, sniff on Octavia’s socks for five seconds.’

At the disgusted look on Raven’s face, we all burst out laughing.

With a lot of hesitation, Raven took the offered sock from Octavia and did as she was told. We counted down from 5 and as soon as the five seconds were over, Raven threw the sock away with a disgusted face. We all started laughing again but this time Raven joined in as well.

When the laughter died down, Raven asked Clarke instead of Octavia to everyone’s surprise, ‘Clarke, truth or dare?’

A nervous look appeared on her face and with a slight hesitation she answered, ‘dare.’ Raven smirked and we all knew that Clarke was about to regret saying dare, but it was too late now. ‘Sit on Lexa’s lap for the rest of the game.’

‘What?’ Clarke and I asked simultaneously but for two completely different reasons.

‘You heard me’, Raven said with much confidence and a smirk on her face. ‘Unless you’re too scared’, she added, only making a determined look on Clarke’s face appear.
Clarke got up and with a short glance to make sure that I was okay with this, gently sat down on my lap. I bugged towards my bed that I could lean my back against it. This way it was more comfortable, but it also made Clarke sit directly on top of my dick.

I swallowed nervously and tried not to squirm underneath of her and especially not to think about her sitting on my lap, warming my centre... god no, think of something else. Fortunately, I was saved when Clarke asked Octavia with a slightly nervous voice, ‘truth or dare?’

We kept on playing for a while longer, the questions getting bolder and the answers getting more open. I felt surprisingly fine with Clarke sitting on my lap the whole time during the game. Well that was until Raven asked Clarke who her crush was which made her squirm. She moved around a bit on top of me, unaware of what that was doing to me.

Panic rose when I felt myself getting hard. Clarke moved again and I had to bite back a moan. My heart was pounding by now and I felt a deep blush covering my cheeks. In this moment, I wanted to be anywhere but here.

I was getting harder by the second and when Clarke suddenly froze on top of me, I was sure that my heart missed a beat. I was so mortified that I felt like I was going to faint.

‘Clarke, are you alright?’ Octavia asked, noticing the shocked look on Clarke’s face. ‘Uh, y-yeah’, she was able to get out.

‘Are you sure?’ Octavia pressed again, but before Clarke could answer, there was a knock on the door and seconds later, Bellamy stuck his head in.

‘Hey, mom told me to tell you that dinner is here’, he said and headed downstairs where the mouth-watering smell of pizza was coming from.

Octavia and Raven immediately jumped up and rushed downstairs. But Clarke was still sitting on my lap, frozen and unmoving.

‘Clarke?’ I asked with a small voice, my whole body shaking with angst.

She turned her head and regarded my face for a few moments. She didn’t look angry, rather a bit nervous but also... curious?

‘Lex, what am I sitting on?’ She then asked, her voice barely above a whisper. I swallowed down the lump in my throat and took a deep breath. This was not how I wanted her to find out.

‘Can you please get up? I, um, I’d be more comfortable explaining it to you, while you’re not sitting on my... um, sitting in my lap’, I stumbled over my words.

Clarke nodded and got up. I immediately put my hands in my lap to hide the obvious bulge.

‘Aren’t you going to get up?’ She asked and I frantically shook my head no. Instead of asking why, she instead sat down next to me and waited for my explanation that she could make sense to all of this.

‘Okay, but can you please not tell anyone else?’ I begged her, never having felt as embarrassed as I did right now.

‘Of course’, Clarke reassured me, and I nodded, taking a deep breath.

‘Okay, um the... ‘thing’ you were sitting on, is um my’, I sighed in frustration and rubbed my face
with my hands. Only, that left the obvious bulge in plain sight and of course Clarke saw it.

‘Wow’, Clarke mumbled and when I followed her gaze, I swore and covered myself again.

‘You haven’t got to hide it from me’, Clarke murmured, and I looked at her. ‘So, you’re not freaked out?’ I asked in a low voice.

‘No’, she said with a smile and then surprised me by pulling me in a tight hug. Our position made it a bit awkward but neither of us really cared. We stayed like that for a few seconds, until Clarke hesitantly asked, ‘so, are you a girl?’

I nodded and explained, ‘I’m a girl. But I was born with um, male parts. It’s called intersex.’

A few seconds passed until Clarke said, ‘okay.’ And I felt a rush of relieve that she accepted it so easily.

‘We should go downstairs, dinner’s ready and they’ll already be wondering what we’re doing’, I said after another minute.

‘Okay’, Clarke said with a smile when she stood up and stretched her hand out to me. I took the offered hand and let her pull me up. We made our way outside but before I left my room, I told Clarke to go on, that I just needed a moment for myself.

With a last look to make sure that I was okay, she nodded and left me alone. When she was gone, I closed the door and stood still for a moment, suddenly overwhelmed with feelings.

I took a few deep, calming breaths until my heart was beating at a somewhat normal pace. When I felt ready to meet the others downstairs, I tuck my erection upwards that it was lying flat against my stomach. This wasn’t the most comfortable way, but I didn’t really have to time to finish myself off, so that was having to be enough for now.

‘Lex, what took you so long?’ Octavia asked with her mouth stuffed with pizza.

‘Had to sort something out’, I excused myself while I took a slice of peperoni pizza and sat next to Clarke on the sofa, the only empty space left.

Aurora occasionally made exceptions when we had friends over and let us eat in our room or on the sofa. While we were eating, Octavia took the remote and turned Netflix on. We quickly agreed on “friends” and for the rest of the evening, we spent it together, laughing, talking and just enjoying the company of each other.

When it was a bit past twelve o’clock, Octavia and Raven were fast asleep on the couch. Clarke and I were the only ones still awake, sitting closely next to each other in a comfortable silence.

‘Could you get someone pregnant?’ Clarke suddenly asked. At the surprised look I shot her, she immediately backtracked and slapped herself with her hand. ‘Sorry.’

I smiled lightly and answered her question, ‘the doctor said that I could, yes.’

At that Clarke nodded with a smile, relieve obvious in her face that I didn’t take her question in a bad way.

‘Well, I think we should go to bed’, I said and got up from the couch. Clarke nodded in agreement and got up, motioning towards Octavia and Raven. ‘Should we wake them up?’
At first, I wanted to say no, that we should let them sleep, but the way they were laying there couldn’t be comfortable, and they would probably wake up with stiff necks if they kept sleeping like that, so I nodded and bent over Octavia to wake her up.

I shook her gently, and Clarke did the same with Raven. We got the both awake enough that they followed us upstairs to mine and Octavia’s room and as soon as they fell on Octavia’s bed together, they were fast asleep again.

I heard Clarke chuckling at our two friends, and I smiled at the sound. It was nice, soothing even.

‘Do you have a toothbrush?’ I asked and when Clarke nodded, I waited for her to get it out of her bag and together we went to the bathroom to get ready.

We brushed our teeth in silence, occasionally glancing at each other in the mirror. Clarke used the toilet before we went to bed and I waited outside to give her some privacy. When she came out, I smiled at her and said that I would be ready in a moment and that she should go lay in the bed already.

I locked the door behind myself and took a deep breath. Today had been… eventful, to say the least. I got my doctors’ appointment out of the way and I told one of my friends about my “situation”. Without wasting more time, I used the toilet, washed my hands and then headed to my room.

Clarke was laying in my bed and smiled at me when I entered the room and closed the door. She budged over that I had some space and I laid down next to her, pulling the blanket up.

We laid in silence next to each other for a few minutes. I felt Clarke move beside me and when I looked over, she was laying on her side. She scooted closer a bit until there were only a few inches between us. I felt my heart speed up a bit at the warmth she was radiating off her.

‘Can I?’ she whispered and lifted her hand that it was laying on my stomach. I nodded and shot her a nervous smile. She smiled back and moved closer and then slowly rested her head on my cushion. Her arm was draped over my stomach and our legs were touching.

With a last look at Clarke who was slowly drifting to sleep, my eyes also got heavy and I also fell asleep.
Déjà-vu and more revelations

This is a quite short chapter, sorry. But to make it up to you, I'm going to upload the next chapter soon... ;)

And just out of curiosity, a question to the people with a penis:

What do you do if you get an erection at an inappropriate time: do you tuck it upwards or downwards? My friend told me that he pulls it up to his stomach but it's probably different for everyone.

(Just to know for future scenes ;) since I'm not familiar with how a penis/erection feels like.)

I woke up to a warm body draped over me, warming me from all sides. A familiar smell wafted in my direction; strawberry flavoured. When I slowly opened my eyes, it was still dark in the room, but I could still make out to whom the blonde hair belonged to.

Clarke was lying flush against me, her arm and leg draped over my body. Her head had moved to my chest and I could hear the faint sound of her breathing.

When I looked over to Raven and Octavia, they were still fast asleep in a ball of tangled limbs. I tried to sleep again, seeing that it was only ten past 6... damn my internal alarm clock.

I sighed and stayed like that for a few more minutes until I decided that getting up would be better than just staying here. I tried to slip out of bed without waking Clarke up but that didn’t work out as planned. As soon as I moved, Clarke was slowly stirring awake.

Her eyes opened and I was so mesmerized by the blue orbs starring back at me, that I couldn’t say anything. She shot me a small smile and I smiled back, a weird tingling sensation starting in my stomach.

‘What time is it?’ Clarke murmured in her sleepy state. ‘A bit after six’, I answered, still staring into her eyes.

She groaned and whispered, ‘why are you awake at this time?’

‘Don’t know’, I murmured back and finally took my eyes off her.

‘Let’s go back to sleep then’, she suggested and turned around that her back was against my front. She grabbed behind herself and took my arm and draped it over her body.

With a shy smile, I rested my head on the pillow, trying to get used to be this close to someone but if I was being totally honest with myself, I really enjoyed being this close to Clarke. Something about this made me feel safe and wanted, a feeling I had missed.
Clarke was already drifting to sleep again and soon I followed short behind her, my eyes falling shut and the sweet embrace of sleep inviting me in.

I woke up again a few hours later, only this time Clarke was already awake.

‘Morning’, she whispered when she noticed that I was finally awake. I nuzzled my face in her neck and murmured, ‘morning.’

We stayed like that for a few minutes until the silence was broken by loud groaning.

Clarke and I both turned around to see Octavia waking up. She slowly untangled herself from Raven and sat up. Octavia had pillow marks on her face, and she was looking around with a dazed look on her face.

When she saw Clarke and me, she nodded in our direction and got up to the bathroom. Raven woke up from the movement and got up, not looking much better than Octavia did.

‘Where’s O?’ she asked, accompanied with a yawn.

‘Bathroom’, I retorted and sat up. I was just about to get out of bed, when I noticed that I still had a small problem. I instinctively looked down to my crotch and then over to Clarke who was trying to stifle her laugh. ‘Great’, I thought to myself.

At least Raven was too occupied to notice the look on my face and Clarke’s attempt to not laugh. Octavia came inside a few moments later, announcing that Marcus had made pancakes. Raven jumped up and followed Octavia outside and I felt a strong wave of déjà-vu, a similar situation having happened yesterday. Only this time, Clarke was already aware of my “problem down below” and that made it all less embarrassing.

‘Do you need a moment?’ Clarke asked and motioned downwards.

I nodded my head, feeling a blush covering my cheeks. Clarke smiled sympathetically and went outside to wait for me. Just like yesterday, I pulled my erection upwards, that it was resting against my stomach and went outside to meet Clarke.

Together we made our way downstairs, where just as promised, the smell of pancakes was soon filling our noses.

‘What do you want to do?’ Octavia asked, her mouth stuffed with pancakes.

‘Octavia’, Marcus chastised his daughter. Octavia shot him an eye roll when he wasn’t looking and Clarke, Raven and I laughed at her reaction.

‘What do you want to do?’ Octavia asked again, this time her mouth devoid of pancakes.

‘Want to hang outside?’ Raven suggested and that’s how we spent our Saturday together. At four o’clock, Raven got picked up by her mother and Clarke walked over to her house since she was literally living next door.

Octavia and I spent the rest of our evening watching a movie and eating dinner. When we went to bed at nine, we were both exhausted from the lack of sleep we got the previous day, so it took neither of us long to finally fall asleep.

***
It was a bit before six o’clock when I woke up again. I had gotten used to waking up at this time by now, my internal alarm clock the reason for it.

Instead of lying in bed, I got up and brushed my teeth. When I came out of the bathroom, I stopped right in front of my old bedroom. The door was open, and I could see the first shades of colour through the window, signalling that the sun was rising. I walked towards the window and opened it, letting fresh air and the sound of birds chirping inside.

I leaned against the window frame and I was so deep in thought, that I didn’t even notice when the window of the neighbour building opened, and someone gazed at the sunset as well. But that didn’t mean that the other person didn’t notice me.

For another 30 minutes, I stayed in that position. I could already make out the top of the sun, the sky having taken on a shade of orange, red and some streaks of pink where the clouds covered a part of the sky.

The mornings were starting to get slightly colder, since autumn was approaching.

I decided to go back in and get myself some breakfast. I closed the window and right before I was about to leave, something caught my eye. Someone else was also looking at the sun and unlike a week ago, this time I could see who it was; Clarke.

I stood still, staring at her leaning out of the window with something that looked like a drawing book. Her hands were moving over the paper and she was intently gazing at the sun.

The sky made her hair take a light, reddish hint and the way the light hit her gave her whole frame a glowing look.

‘Wow’, was the only thing I was able to whisper to myself.

I didn’t know how long I stood there, but after a while it was getting brighter outside, and I was starting to get hungry. I pulled my gaze away from Clarke who was still drawing something and went downstairs to get something to eat.

Until lunch, I spent my time doing homework and then playing soccer with Bellamy and after we had eaten something, I played outside with Octavia. I was slightly disappointed when Clarke didn’t show up but didn’t try to show it. I would see her in school tomorrow anyway and that thought made me happy for the rest of the day.

***

Octavia and I were sitting on my bed talking about random stuff. We had eaten dinner a while ago and got ready for bed but neither of us was tired enough yet.

Octavia was in the middle of telling me a story about some kid at school, when I couldn’t hold the secret in any longer and interrupted her, ‘I’ve got to tell you something.’

She looked at me confused but nodded her head anyway.

My heart was pounding in my chest, my hands were clammy, and my throat felt drier than a desert. I took a deep breath and then finally admitted, ‘I am intersex.’ The moment those words left my mouth, I felt a wave of relieve wash over me.

The confused look on Octavia’s face didn’t go away and with another sigh I elaborated, ‘I am biologically a girl but was born with male genitals.’
A few seconds passed and then Octavia finally opened her mouth and asked, ‘you can pee while standing up?’

I started laughing at her question, already feeling lighter. ‘Yes, I can’, I answered still chuckling.

‘Cool’, was all she said and then also started laughing.

Once our laughter slowly died down, Octavia pulled me in a tight hug and started asking me some questions of what intersex exactly meant. We spent the rest of our evening like that, Octavia asking me questions and me answering as far as I was comfortable with. I told myself to tell Bellamy soon but for now, I just wanted to enjoy the rest of our Sunday evening.
Even though only a few weeks had passed since I had been living at my new foster home, I already got used to the family and their routines.

I learned that Octavia wasn’t a morning person at all and that in the mornings you should treat her like you would treat a wild animal; avoid any eye contact at all cost and if she comes up to you, give her some food.

Bellamy was the exact opposite of morning-Octavia. He was cheery and full of energy, sprinting around like he had eaten too much sugar. He must have gotten that of Marcus, he was also the definition of a morning person. Not as active as Bellamy, but awake and cheerful.

Aurora was something in between of Octavia and Bellamy. You could talk to her in the morning without risking a snarky comment (like with Octavia) but she needed time to have her coffee that she could start to be productive.

Learning the personalities and how to understand my foster family and friends, was something I really enjoyed. I had always been very introverted, preferring to stay in the background. But that gave me the chance to just watch, take in and learn how the people around me worked.

My ability to detect the intentions of people quite fast was a saint but also a curse which had gotten me in to trouble more than one time. And it was the reason for getting me in this situation I was in now. And I had thought that this morning had started out well… apparently not.

‘Morning Lexa’, Marcus greeted me from the spot at the table, where he was drinking coffee and reading the newspaper.

‘Morning’, I retorted and grabbed myself a bowl from the cabinet, and retrieved the bottle of milk and the box of cereal. I sat down at my spot, the one that initially belonged to Bellamy, and poured myself some cereal and milk in the bowl. I eat my breakfast in silence, enjoying that neither Marcus nor I felt the need to fill it with talking.

When a few minutes later, Bellamy emerged downstairs, he grabbed a bowl and poured some cereal for himself.

‘Hey Lex, my coach told me to ask you if you were interested in trying out for the team. He saw us the other day playing soccer and said that you played quite well.’

I looked up from my bowl of cereal and thought about it for a bit. I was interested in joining the soccer team, which was the whole point why I had been training with Bellamy. But now that I had the opportunity, thoughts and concerns came back to my mind. What if I wasn’t good enough or the team disliked me.

Bellamy must have noticed the distraught look on my face and tried to reassure me, ‘I’m sure you’ll do fine cause honestly, you play better than most guys on my team.’ He shot me a reassuring smile.
and I smiled back, my concerns partly washed away.

Before I could get cold feet, I agreed and the euphoric look on Bellamy’s face made it worth it.

A while later, Octavia finally joined us downstairs and eat something quickly before we headed to school. We stopped at Clarke’s house and a minute later Clarke joined us. I couldn’t wipe the grin of my face when I saw her, and she smiled back just as enthusiastically.

I was surprised though when another figure followed Clarke outside, a younger boy with the same bright blue eyes and a bit lighter hair.

‘That must be her brother’, Aden, I thought to myself. Clarke had told us, that he transferred from his old school, something about skipping a class.

The walk to school was interesting. Aden, Clarke’s smaller brother, reminded me of Bellamy in the morning, full of energy and life.

Aden talked a lot, something he and Clarke had in common. He was quite small for his age, but he was sure that he was going to be as tall as his dad once. I didn’t know how tall Clarke’s parents where, I had never met them before, but Octavia assured me that Clarke and Aden’s father was tall.

On the way to school, I tried to talk to Clarke but with Aden talking pretty much non-stop that seemed like an impossible task.

On the way to school I was thinking about soccer and the try out. I was so deep in thought, that I didn’t notice Clarke trying to ask me. She called my name for the fifth time and I finally looked up in her concerned but also amused face.

‘Earth to Lexa, you there?’ she asked teasingly. I blushed and nodded, staring in to her blue orbs, waiting for Clarke to ask whatever it was she wanted to ask me.

‘Do you want to come over to my place after school?’ Clarke asked with a hopeful glint in her eyes.

I grinned at her and nodded my head. I was just about to ask Octavia if she was going to be there as well when I noticed that she wasn’t next to me anymore. I looked around for her and noticed that she was standing a bit further away, talking to a boy in our class. Atom if I remembered correctly.

They were smiling shyly at each other, standing closer than girls usually stood next to the boys and vice versa. Clarke followed my eyes and when she saw what I was looking at, she smirked and in a conspiring voice, she leaned forward and whispered in my ear, ‘I think they might get together soon.’

I raised an eyebrow and asked in a low voice, ‘does she like him?’

Clarke gave an exaggerated nod and I laughed, feeling happy for Octavia.

We made our way inside to our next class and took our usual seat. I was just about to ask Clarke what she wanted to do after school, when we saw Raven rush inside, right before the second bell rang, signalling for the lesson to start.

Clarke, Octavia and I couldn’t hold back and started snickering, Raven shooting us a relieved grin. Professor Pike sent a glare in our direction, obviously not in the best mood and started the first lesson.

‘Pike’s in a bad mood today’, Clarke whispered in my ear and I shot her a smile, nodding in agreement. The morning passed fast and before I knew it, the bell to announce lunchbreak rang. I
followed my three friends to the cafeteria. We got lunch and sat down at a table where a few people from our class were sitting.

Harper, a girl out of our class that I have never spoken to, started a conversation with Raven. The other two boys, Monty and Jasper if I remembered correctly, were talking about Star Wars but the moment Octavia sat down next to Jasper, he started falling over his own words.

Clarke snorted and looked at me, trying to not laugh at Jaspers failed attempt to start a conversation with Octavia. She was too occupied searching the cafeteria for someone, probably Atom that she didn’t even notice Jasper talking to her.

I pulled my eyes away from Jaspers painfully embarrassing attempt. In the corner of my eye, I saw Aden looking around for a familiar face and I waved him over. I knew how it was to be the new kid at school and I made it to my goal to help people in need. Even if that was just being there that they didn’t have to eat alone.

‘Hi’, Aden said when he took a seat next to his sister.

‘Hey, how was your day so far?’ Clarke asked Aden, moving over a bit that he had space.

‘Good’, he said while he got his prepared lunch out of his bag.

‘Who’s your teacher?’ Clarke asked after she swallowed down her food.

‘Professor Harmon’, he answered with a smile. ‘She’s really nice.’

‘Really nice or really pretty?’ Octavia piped up. The blush that covered Aden’s cheeks was answer enough and we all laughed but stopped teasing him after that.

When lunch was nearly over, we got up and headed towards our next lesson. Clarke wished Aden good luck with the rest of his classes and then walked next to me. Raven and Octavia were walking in front of us, shoulder bumping each other and then laughing when Raven nearly knocked Octavia in to a guy walking past them.

‘Do you think that Aden will be alright?’ Clarke asked, concern obvious in her voice. I looked over at her and studied her face for a moment.

‘Was he alright in the other school?’ I asked. Clarke looked at me and nodded her head. ‘Then he will be alright here as well.’

‘How can you be sure?’ she asked, though this time a bit hopeful.

‘Because he’s got you- ‘, and after a short hesitation I added, ‘and me.’

Clarke stared at me for a moment longer and then smiled brightly. She pulled me in a tight hug, and I hugged her back, revelling in the feeling of Clarke in my arms.

When she pulled back, she smiled at me again and thanked me, starting to walk again to catch up with Octavia and Raven who had walked further. I stood still for a moment, trying to cope with the feelings I had when Clarke was around me.

‘Lex, are you coming?’ I heard Clarke calling for me and with a last deep breath, I banned all distracting thoughts from my mind and headed to my first lessons of the afternoon.

***
I was heading back from the bathroom when I heard a sound which caught my attention. I followed the source of it and when I rounded a corner, I stopped dead in my tracks of what I was seeing; a boy, I couldn’t make out who it was because he was cornered by one of the older kids, was backed up against the lockers. The guy had both of his hands on the collar of the boy’s shirt, pressing him against the locker.

‘Hey’, I called out and rushed forward. It was only now that I noticed that it was Aden who was pressed up against the locker.

‘What do you want freak? How do you even live with yourself, knowing that your parents didn’t want you?’ the guy threw in my direction.

I felt my heart starting to pound in my chest and I clenched my fists shut, my nails digging in my palms.

‘Leave him alone’, I growled through gritted teeth, never having felt this kind of anger before. It burned from deep inside of me, like a wildfire; unstoppable and growing the more you fed it.

The older guy just laughed and pushed Aden away and slowly advanced me. ‘One freak tries to save another freak’, he barked and stepped closer to me. He pushed me backwards, but I caught myself and didn’t fall over.

‘You know, I do wonder why your parents didn’t want you anymore. What did you do that they gave you up? Huh?’ The guy pushed me again and that was the final act that let me combust.

I heard the blood pumping through my ears, my heart was pounding in my chest and the wildfire in me finally broke free. I didn’t even know what was happening, when my fist contacted the guys face.

I barely even felt the pain that shot through my hand.

All I saw was the shock on the guys face when he fell backwards on the floor, blood running down his chin. He swore out loud, the commotion alarming a teacher who was walking through a hallway nearby. When the teacher arrived, he immediately crouched down next to the guy I punched and tried to find out what exactly had happened.

I retold him the whole story, ignoring the guy on the floor when he shouted that I was lying. Aden backed my story up and after that, the teacher just sighed and told us to go back to our respective classes until he reported the situation to the headmaster.

With a last look at the guy who was still lying on the floor and giving pathetic whimpers, I pulled Aden with me and walked him to his class. Just before he entered the room, he pulled me back by my arm and wrapped his small arms around me in a tight hug.

He let go quite fast and gave a sheepish look but when I smiled, he smiled back and entered the classroom.

I walked to my own class and took a deep breath before I entered the room. I was sneaking back to my spot when Professor Pike piped up and asked me in an annoyed tone, ‘Alexandria, what took you so long?’

I cursed under my breath and turned around to look at him. ‘Um, there was a… situation in the hallway.’

‘What situation?’ He asked in a bored voice. I shot a worried glance in Clarke’s direction and answered truthfully, ‘an older kid was picking on Aden, so I stepped in and um, stopped him.’
I heard Clarke let out a shocked breath, but I kept my eyes on Pike with a challenging look and after a few seconds, he finally relented and told me to sit down that he could continue his lesson.

I wasn’t even seated when Clarke was already bombarding me with questions, asking me how Aden was, if everything was alright and what happened.

I answered all of Clarke’s questions, leaving out the part of what the guy had said to me and that I had punched him.

Clarke’s stream of questions came to an end and I was able to pay attention to Professor Pike again. Well not that I really did, but whatever.

‘Thank you’, Clarke whispered after a moment and when I looked at her, she genuinely looked more than thankful that I stood up for Aden.

‘When I told you that Aden also had me, I meant it. I will look out for him, he’s your smaller brother after all.’

Clarke smiled at me with such adoration in her eyes, that I had an overwhelming urge to pull her in my arms and never let go. But I held myself off from doing that and with much willpower, I pulled my attention back on Professor Pike, this time trying to listen to what he was saying.

***

‘Lexa, what happened? Is Aden okay?’ Raven asked concerned the moment we finally stepped out of the class room. During class she had tried to mouth her questions to me but had stopped after she got caught the third time by Professor Pike.

I retold Raven and Octavia the same story I had told Clarke. They both looked at me with amazement in their eyes, surprised but also proud that I had stuck up to a bully.

When Aden met us outside, Clarke pulled him in a hug and asked him if everything was alright and if he was hurt. Only after he had reassured Clarke about ten times, did she let him go.

We walked back home together, saying goodbye to Raven on the half way. When we arrived back at Octavia’s and my house, I told Octavia that I was going to study with Clarke and she nodded her head in okay.

Clarke asked her if she wanted to join us, but Octavia declined the offer and told us that she had to get some things done. Instead of following Octavia towards our house, I walked next to Clarke and Aden, heading towards their house. I had never been in there and the prospect of meeting their parents made me nervous, but Clarke reassured me that they would like me, especially after I had helped Aden out today.

I followed Clarke up the porch and went inside when she held the door open for me. The first thing I noticed was the smell of lavender and cookies. Pictures were hanging on the wall, most of them with Clarke and Aden but there was also a family photo that caught my eye.

Before I could look at it though, Aden pushed past me and slipped out of his shoes, walking inside to the living room. A few seconds later, sounds of talking followed.

Clarke stepped beside me and I felt a tingling sensation where our hands grazed. She slipped out of her own shoes and told me to follow her inside.

After I had put my shoes neatly next to the door, I followed Clarke towards the living room where
the smell of cookies intensified. Their living room was a big open room, with windows all around and a decent sized kitchen with a large counter to the right. The windows led outside to a huge garden.

In the living room, there were two comfortable looking sofas and a big television. Other than that, there wasn’t much other furniture, leaving a spacious amount of room.

I pulled my attention back to Clarke when she called my name, making me look at her expectantly. She smiled and nodded towards the kitchen and added, ‘and that’s my mom, Abby Griffin.’

And that was the moment it all came crashing down and I suddenly knew from where I had already heard her name from. Abby Griffin, the doctor that did the examination.

My mouth felt like a desert and I felt a blush already forming on my cheek. I stepped forward and shook her hand, ‘it’s nice to, um, see you again… Miss Griffin.’ I stuttered, unsure if I should call her Dr. or Miss Griffin.

Abby smiled in return and shook my hand, ‘it’s nice to meet you again Alexa- Lexa. And you can call me Abby, Miss Griffin makes me feel old.’

Fortunately, Clarke didn’t quite listen to our weird (second) encounter, so I didn’t have to explain myself from where I knew her mom.

I shot Abby a slightly forced smile in return, too embarrassed to notice that she had used my preferred name instead of my full name.

I was saved from talking when Clarke stepped next to me and told her mom that we would go up to her room. She took me by my hand and pulled me towards the stairs, leading me up to her room. Once inside, she let go of my hand and I tried to ignore the feeling of disappointment at the loss of contact.

‘So, this is my room’, Clarke explained, looking at me nervously. I walked around and looked at the walls which were covered by paintings and drawings. ‘These are really good’, I blurted out. I looked over to Clarke to see her smile widely, relieve evident in her face. Was it that important to her what I thought about her drawings?

‘Do you want to watch a movie?’ Clarke asked when the silence stretched out. I nodded and followed Clarke outside to another room. There was a TV in the centre of the wall and a comfortable looking couch facing the TV. A shelf full of DVD’s and other games was pushed in to the corner, together with a basket full of fluffy blankets.

Clarke headed towards the shelf and read the DVD’s they had. I told her to decide which one, since none of them seemed familiar. Clarke then picked something and together with a blanket, joined me on the couch.

She draped the blanket over us both, sitting a bit closer to me than necessary. I felt my heart pound in my chest at this proximity to her, my hands got clammy and my skin was tingling where Clarke touched me.

Clarke pressed the play button and the film started. It was called ‘the chronicles of Narnia’ but I had never heard of it and decided to trust Clarke that it was going to be good.

The film turned out to be very good and I was enraptured the whole time, not taking my eyes of it. When the credits rolled down the screen, I looked over to Clarke for the first time, an amused expression on her face. ‘What?’ I asked a bit weary.
Clarke smiled and chuckled fondly, explaining, ‘you get this little crease on your forehead when you’re really concentrated on something.’

I smiled back and looked down, shyly.

‘Hey’, Clarke muttered and gently lifted my head. When our eyes caught, she admitted with a blush, ‘I think it’s kinda cute.’

My eyes widened and I felt a smile tugging at my lips, not having expected that from Clarke. She smiled back at me though and quickly got up to take the DVD out.

‘What do you want to do now?’ She asked to change the subject.

We ended up on her bed, talking and messing about until Abby came up a few hours later, telling that Aurora and Kane were asking for me to come home. I thanked Abby and packed my stuff together, Clarke following me outside.

Just when I was about to head over to my house, I stopped in my tracks and turned around to Clarke, a question lingering on my lips.

‘Clarke, can I ask you something?’ I began, starting to feel nervous. Clarke nodded and waited for me to ask the question.

‘Can it be that you get up early in the morning to see the sunrise?’ Clarke’s eyes widened and I quickly elaborated, ‘I couldn’t sleep a few days ago and I think that I saw you up as well.’

A light blush appeared on Clarke’s face and she nodded sheepishly, admitting, ‘yeah, they look really pretty.’

I grinned at her, feeling something like elation at finding out another interest we both shared. Clarke smiled back and with a last curt hug, I headed back home, feeling as if nothing could destroy the happy bubble I was surrounded by in the moment.

That was a false feeling of security though because as soon as I stepped through the main door, I heard my name being called by Kane, ‘Lexa, can you come here please? We’ve got to discuss this incident that happened at school.’
First of all, sorry for the long wait but the updates should be more frequent now cause I'm finally off on holiday :)

There is a certain scene some of you might like, a heartfelt conversation between to individuals... ;)

Anyway, I hope you have a great time and enjoy this chapter :D

‘Lexa, can you come here please? We’ve got to discuss this incident that happened at school.’

The moment those words passed Kane’s lips, I knew that I was in deep shit. I was frozen still, unable to move or say anything. My heart started pounding and I probably looked like a deer caught in headlights.

I took a deep breath and finally managed to move towards Kane who was sitting at the table with Aurora next to him. Neither of them looked angry but I had never seen either of them angry anyway so I couldn’t be sure how they were going to react.

I stepped closer to the table and Kane motioned towards chair, telling me to sit down. I pulled the chair out, trying to hide my shaking hands and took a seat.

‘Lexa, you haven’t got to be so worried. You haven’t done anything wrong, we just wanted to talk to you about what happened’, Aurora assured me, and I nodded, still not entirely sure if I should believe her or not.

Kane cleared his throat and began explaining, ‘we received a call from the principal, saying that there was an incident at school you were involved in. Is that true?’

I nodded, not daring to say anything.

‘Okay. And is it true that you punched a guy named John Mbege after he harassed Aden Griffin?’

I swallowed down the lump in my throat and nodded again, looking down in my lap.

Kane sighed and rubbed his face. He looked exhausted, now that I could take a better look at him.

‘Okay, well I want to assure you that you’re not in trouble Lexa. The principal told me that they decided it was self-defence and they wouldn’t punish you for it. Just, the next time something similar happens please call for a teacher or someone to help. Okay?’

I nodded again and was already on my legs, walking towards the door when Kane called for me again.

‘Lexa wait.’ I didn’t look back at him, straining my eyes on my feet. ‘I’m proud of you for sticking up for someone.’ I was so shocked by his admission that I stopped breathing for a few seconds. No one had ever told me that they were proud of me and I didn’t know what to do with that admission.
Without looking back, I rushed upstairs, feeling overwhelmed by all of this. I kept my gaze on the floor all the time and that’s how I didn’t see that Bellamy was standing in the middle of the hallway, making me directly run in to him.

‘Lexa? What’s up?’ he asked once he prevented us from tumbling on the floor.

My breathing was ragged, and my sight felt blurry. Bellamy looked at me with a scared expression, panic evident in his face. ‘Do you want me to get mom?’ he asked but I shook my head frantically.

‘Okay, um… come with me.’ He led me towards his room and closed the door behind us. He led me towards his bed and made me sit down, kneeling in front of me. ‘Lexa, what’s wrong?’ he asked with slight panic in his voice.

I looked up at him, in his concerned brown eyes and that was the moment the damn finally broke free and the first tears escaped. I looked down in my lap, not wanting Bellamy to see me crying but instead of trying to calm me down with words, he put his arms around me in a gentle hug.

It took me a few seconds, but I finally put my arms around him. More tears escaped until I was bawling in his neck, clutching at Bellamy’s body like a lifeline.

I didn’t know how long we stayed in that position, but the whole time Bellamy kept rubbing my back and whispering that I could talk to him about anything.

After a long while, my body stopped shaking and the tears slowly halted to a stop. I kept clutching at Bellamy though, his warmth comforting me.

‘What happened?’ Bellamy whispered in to the silence when he noticed that my breathing had evened out and my body had stopped shaking.

I took a deep breath and murmured, ‘I kind of punched a guy at school because he was attacking Aden. And Marcus and Aurora talked to me about it and then Marcus told me that he was proud of me for standing up to bullies and that… it’s just I- I’ve never been told that I actually did well in something.’

Bellamy tightened his grip on me and whispered in my ear, ‘I’m proud of you too. And I think that you deserve to hear it every day because I don’t know if I would have had the strength to come this far like you did. So, I’m proud of you.’

The first real smile appeared on my face and I blinked away the tears that gathered in my eyes again at hearing those words. ‘I’m really happy that you’re my foster brother’, I admitted with a hoarse voice.

I felt Bellamy smile, ‘I’m really happy that you’re my foster sister.’

We spent the rest of the evening together, Bellamy sitting next to me at some point because his knees started hurting. When it was just past nine o’clock, I hugged Bellamy and with a last good night, headed to my own bedroom where Octavia was sprawled on her bed.

‘Hey, where were you?’ She asked, looking up from the book she was writing in. Probably her diary.

‘In Bellamy’s room’, I admitted and sat down on my own bed, feeling exhausted.

Octavia scrunched up her nose and I smiled at her reaction. She smiled back and then stood up to sit next to me. ‘You know, I think that Clarke’s parents love you now for saving Aden.’
I smiled and nodded my head. The fact that Clarke’s parents liked me meant more to me than I would like to admit. I told myself that it was because they were my friend’s parents but deep down, I knew that it wasn’t only that, but that the reason was built on a much deeper and profound feeling for my friend.

‘Well, I’m going to bed now’, Octavia announced and hopped up to get ready. I nodded in thought and went to brush my teeth, the conversation I had with Bellamy going through my mind.

When I got back, I changed in my pyjamas, my thoughts still surrounding everything that I was told today. If Octavia noticed that I was distracted, she didn’t comment on it.

With a last, ‘good night’, Octavia turned the light off. I fell asleep quite fast and for the first time in a while, I slept through the night.

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The week passed quite fast and before I knew, it was already Friday. Since my conversation with Bellamy, something between us had shifted. It wasn’t that we hadn’t done much before but now we didn’t only do or talk about football related things but also about other things we were interested in. Bellamy developed more and more to a big brother to me, one that I could trust and tell secrets to.

How much I could trust him, I found out when we were walking towards the coach of the soccer team together, Bellamy reassuring me that I was going to do fine and that he had my back. And I trusted him completely.

We soon crossed the soccer field and stopped in front of Coach Gustus. He was a tall and bulky guy and looked like he could snap you like a twig. But the first time I talked to him, I noticed that he was one of the nicest and most gentle people and probably would be the first one to cry at a Disney movie.

‘Hey coach’, Bellamy called cheerfully, excited for my try out. I was wearing the new sports gear Aurora had bought for me, excited but also terrified to know if I was good enough for the soccer team.

‘Hi Bellamy. And you must be Lexa, right?’ he asked and held his hand out for me to shake. ‘Yes’, I answered timidly, his whole hand covering my small one.

‘Okay. And you’ll do fine, he said and shot me a reassuring smile. I smiled back, realizing how much I had needed that reassurance from him.

When the rest of the team slowly gathered on the pitch, the coach announced to everyone that I was going to try out and that they should be nice to me, otherwise he’d make sure they were nice. It sounded like a threat, but it certainly worked, as not a single guy commented that a girl might join the team.

The sun was shining down on the field but as it was getting close to Autumn, the temperature was perfect. It was still warm but there also was a gentle breeze wafting across the field.

We started out with running a few laps around the field to get warmed up. Next came a few drills which I did quite well, having done those with Bellamy a few times at home.

Before I knew it, Gustus blew his whistle to gather us around him and then started dividing the team in half for a last match. He put Bellamy and me in separate teams, handing Bellamy’s team a yellow vest to mark each team.
He told everyone which position to take. When he was standing in front of me, he thought for a long while and then decided with a broad smile, ‘let’s try with midfield player.’ My eyes widened at being given such an important role but nodded in submission and took my spot at the middle line.

When everyone was standing in their position, I felt my heart pounding in my chest, my body pumping out adrenaline.

The final sound of the whistle sounded over the field and the next half hour past in a blur. My body reacted like on instinct, passing and accepting the ball, dribbling between players and running towards the goal.

It took my team barely five minutes to score the first goal. One of the defence players made a long pass to me. I caught mid-air with my chest, turning in the blink of an eye and dribbling past a player who wanted to get the ball.

I caught sight of the right striker and ran down the line, avoiding the opponent players. When I was close to the penalty area, I shot a high ball towards the right striker, the ball seeming to fly in slow motion. He connected his head with the flying ball, sending it in the goal.

My whole team cheered loudly at the first goal and even Bellamy grinned at me, holding his thumbs up at me. I grinned back and returned to my position, the rush of the first goal energising my whole body and making me shake from excitement and adrenaline.

After that goal, the game got more aggressive, everyone giving all their energy to win this game. By the end of it, my team won 2:1 but nobody from the losing team was sad about it, everyone having had a great time.

Two guys even came up to me and clapped me on my back, telling me that they were looking forward to having me on their team. I beamed at their compliments and grinned even wider when Bellamy ran up to me, pulling me in a tight hug and lifting me in the air.

Gustus added some last words in the end, telling the team that they did a great job and then let everyone go, wishing everyone a nice weekend.

Before I could leave, he called me back. He didn’t beat around the bush at all, saying straight out that he thought that I did an amazing job and that the spot was mine if I wanted it.

I nodded with so much enthusiasm and Gustus laughed, his deep voice booming over the field.

‘Good, not only have we got a great new player but also finally a girl.’ I blushed at his compliment and with a final good bye, I headed towards the empty locker rooms to get changed.

As I was the only one in there since I was the only girl on the team, I had a quick shower and then changed in a clean pair of trousers and a sweatshirt. Bellamy was waiting outside for me and I grinned when I saw his lanky figure casually leaning against the wall. He grinned at me in return when he noticed me approaching him and together, we walked home, joking around, both still hyped from the game.

Bellamy and I soon arrived at home. We went inside, taking our shoes off at the door. I went to the living room first where Aurora was casually lounging on the sofa, watching the news. When she noticed me standing at the door, she smiled at me and asked how the try out.

Instead of giving a verbal answer, I just grinned at her and Aurora smiled widely jumping up to give me a hug.
‘I knew that he was going to take you. I’ve seen you train with Bel after all and you’re better than you might think.’

‘Thank you’, I said and added with a quieter voice, ‘for everything you’ve done for me.’ Aurora smiled at me fondly, ‘of course.’

With a last glance at Aurora, I headed upstairs where Octavia was waiting for me impatiently. ‘So? How did the try out go? Bellamy didn’t want to tell me if you got in or not.’

I laughed at her and with a grin on my face, answered, ‘I got in.’

Octavia cheered loudly and pulled me in a celebratory hug. Later, when Marcus arrived back from work, we celebrated together. We eat together and then moved to the living room to play a few games together. Everyone was hyped up and in a great mood from me making the team.

At some point, Octavia excused herself to bed and two games later, I went to bed as well. I was still so happy and thrilled from the events of today, that I didn’t notice the sounds coming from our joined bedroom.

Without a thought, I carelessly opened the door and walked in, only then noticing that Octavia wasn’t asleep like I had initially thought. My eyes widened and I slammed the door shut, my face already burning with embarrassment.

‘Shit…’
I was leaning against the window in my old room, trying desperately to get the pictures out of my head. It shouldn’t have been a surprise that Octavia also had found out that… some things felt nice. But it was still mortifying to walk in on her doing that, because she felt like a sister to me and literally was my foster-sister.

And nobody wants to see their siblings doing certain things. I shook my head in mortification and looked outside in to the darkness.

I jumped in surprise, when I heard the door of my old room behind me being shut with a quiet thump, turning to see that Octavia had entered, this time fully clothed. Her face was flushed in embarrassment or maybe from something else… god no stop. Don’t think of that, I chastised myself, trying to ban the images out of my head.

‘Lexa?’ Octavia asked in a tentative voice. I looked in to her eyes and immediately guilt washed over me. It was obvious that Octavia was even more embarrassed than I was, since it was her who got walked in on while masturbating and not me.

I swallowed the lump in my throat. Octavia opened her mouth to say something, but I interfered and murmured, ‘I’m really sorry. I should have knocked on the door.’

Octavia looked at me in surprise and took a tentative step forward to me. ‘Can we- can we make a deal and um, just knock before we go inside our room?’

I nodded immediately, ‘yes, of course. And I’m really sorry for um… you know, walking in…’ I blushed again and looked down to my feet. I was already expecting Octavia to leave after that, but she surprised me when she started laughing, quite at first but getting louder the longer she laughed.

I stared at her in confusion, but her laughing was contagious and soon we were both laughing so
hard that our stomachs hurt, and tears were pooling down our faces.

‘Why is it so funny?’ I asked Octavia when I managed to calm down a bit, chuckling at Octavia trying to take deep breaths to stop laughing.

‘I don’t know’, Octavia answered, still trying to contain herself. I snorted at her response, feeling lighter again after talking about what I had just seen of Octavia.

‘Let’s go to bed’, Octavia announced when neither of us said anything for a few seconds. She took my hand and pulled me towards our shared bedroom. She pulled me down on my bed and sat in front of me with crossed legs, an uncertain look on her face.

‘Can I ask you something?’ Octavia finally asked. I nodded tentatively, unsure if I was going to like the question or not.

‘Have you ever, um… done that?’ Octavia asked shyly but also with a curious glint in her eyes. I felt myself blushing, my thoughts shooting to the very few times I had masturbated in the bathroom.

I cleared my throat and nodded, not able to bring myself to give a verbal answer. Octavia smiled at me encouragingly.

‘Have you ever… finished?’ she then asked after a pause and I was thankful that I wasn’t drinking anything in that moment, because I probably would have spluttered it all over her.

Blushing furiously, I murmured, ‘yes’, and before I could stop myself, I asked, ‘have you?’

This time it was Octavia’s turn to blush, and she nodded with a small smile.

Our conversation soon turned to less private territory, to stuff like some teachers we both hated and what we wanted to do during our autumn holidays which were in less than three weeks. We kept talking for hours, not noticing how fast the time passed until it was nearly two o’clock in the morning, both of us having to force our eyes open.

Octavia was the first to fall asleep. She was still sitting cross legged in front of me, so I pulled her backwards that she was lying in my bed and pulled the cover over us both. My eyes felt like lead and I soon followed suit, sleep sweet inviting me in like a warm hug.

***

‘Stop kicking me’, I moaned when I woke up, my nose nuzzled in Octavia’s dark hair. Another kick in my shin made me look up and glare at Octavia who was snuggled up against my front, still sleeping soundly, my arm gently wrapped around her waist.

Since I had told Octavia about my parts below, we had slept in this position a few times by now, usually when either of us had a bad dream or didn’t feel well. But it also occasionally happened when we fell asleep together, like this time.

It had been quite awkward the first time we slept like this, since I was unsure if Octavia would feel “it” but she had said that she wasn’t bothered and that reassured me enough to let her be this close to me and my private parts.

I could remember the first time I had a “morning woods” when Octavia and I slept in this position. Octavia had woken up and wondered what was poking her. Her tossing around finally woke me up and when I noticed what was going on down there, I blushed furiously.
Octavia then finally figured out what it was but instead of laughing at me, she promised that she didn’t care that she felt my boner and that it was natural after all since I couldn’t control such things. I felt more than relieved when she told me that and I also felt more comfortable with my body, my “problem below” always having been something I was very self-conscious about. But now I learned that it was a part of me, and I accepted myself with it.

Once Octavia wasn’t kicking me anymore, I laid my head back down, letting my gaze sweep around our room. The sun was gently seeping through the closed blinds, the sound of birds accompanying the otherwise silent morning.

I closed my eyes again and enjoyed the warmth, feeling myself drifting back to sleep again. But before that could happen, I felt another sharp kick against my shin and I groaned, slowly untangling myself from Octavia’s warm body before she could kick me again.

I checked the alarm clock, “07:34” it read. Trying not to disturb Octavia, I slowly crawled over her and went to the bathroom.

When I came back out, Bellamy came out of his own bedroom, dressed in sports gear and a ball under his arm. He grinned when he saw me and asked quietly as to not disturb the others, ‘morning. Want to come play outside?’

I nodded with a wide smile, rushing to my bedroom to get dressed. Not a minute later, I met Bellamy outside of my room and together we went outside to the garden to play soccer.

‘By the way, what’s up with you and Octavia?’ Bellamy questioned while showing me a trick with the ball. I raised a solitary eyebrow in confusion, not understanding what he was referring to. ‘What do you mean?’

He thought for a moment and then admitted, ‘I saw you in your old room staring out of the window and then Octavia came out of your and her bedroom and she looked more like a tomato than a human.’

My eyes widened slightly when I remembered the incident he meant, a blush forming on my cheeks at the memory of yesterday and at what I had seen.

I tried to brush it off with a shrug, but Bellamy knew me quite well up to now. He had a “don’t bullshit me” look on his face and I sighed, thinking of a way how to exactly explain that I had walked in on his sister doing private things.

‘I’m kinda not allowed to tell you…’ I trailed off, hoping for Bellamy to relent. But of course, he didn’t, and he only shot me a pointed look,motioning for me to elaborate.

‘Look, it’s something private and I don’t really want to talk about it because I don’t feel comfortable thinking about it’, I answered with a slightly disgusted and embarrassed look on my face.

Bellamy stared at me for a long moment until realisation hit him and his eyes widened slightly, probably catching on what I was referring to. ‘Oh, um yeah, sorry… I won’t ask anymore’, he said with a red face, resembling a tomato.

I couldn’t help but laugh at his obvious embarrassment and he started laughing as well, passing the ball to me.

‘Can I tell you something?’ I suddenly blurted out.

Bellamy nodded his head with a carefree expression, probably not sensing what information I was
about to dump on him.

‘And can you promise not to tell anyone else?’ I asked with a quiet voice, my heart starting to pound in my chest.

Bellamy’s face screwed up in concern and confusion, but he nodded nevertheless, waiting for me to finally tell him what had been on my mind for a very long time.

I took a deep breath and after a moment of hesitation, admitted, ‘I’m intersex.’

Confusion rose on Bellamy’s face and I elaborated, ‘that means that I’m biologically a girl, but I’ve got um a… you know, male parts.’

Bellamy’s eyes widened slightly, a surprised look crossing his face. He didn’t say anything for a long moment, trying to figure out what this all meant. ‘Okay… so, you’re a girl. With a dick. How does that work?’ he asked, trying to understand all of this. I couldn’t blame him though, it was a lot to take in.

I took a deep breath and tried to explain as uncomplicated as possible, ‘okay, well the doctor explained to me that we are made of chromosomes. I don’t really know what they are, but they belong to the DNA’, I explained with a slight frown, trying to think back what the doctor had told me when I first found out about my “condition”.

‘Um, anyway, females usually have two x chromosomes and males an x and y chromosome. And apparently, I have two x chromosomes but have um…’, I cleared her throat, a blush covering my cheeks like it always happened when I had to say those words. ‘I am biologically female, but I’ve got male parts.’

Bellamy nodded slowly, his 15-year-old brain slowly figuring out what I was trying to explain to him. ‘So, you’re a girl?’

When I nodded again, Bellamy smiled in relieve and said, ‘good, because otherwise I would have used the wrong pronouns when I talked to my friends about my foster sister.’

A smile crept on my face, relieved that his only concern was that he had used the wrong pronouns.

Bellamy smiled back and slowly walked up to me, pulling me in a tight hug. ‘Thank you for trusting me with that’, he murmured.

‘Thank you for listening’, I whispered back, enjoying the hug. A few seconds later we pulled away and started doing some drills, the tense conversation soon forgotten. I felt much lighter now, finally having told everyone from my… family?

‘Yeah, my family’, I thought, feeling my heart fluttering and a wave of happiness cursing through my whole body.

Bellamy and I stayed in the garden until two in the afternoon when it was starting to get cold. It was autumn and the cool breeze picked up, dropping the temperature drastically.

Our cheeks were rosy from the cold when we went back in, laughing and jokingly bumping in to each other. We got something to eat since we were both starving by now, neither of us having eaten anything yet.

When we were done with eating, we headed upstairs to get changed in our respective rooms. I knocked on the door before I entered, remembering the mortifying situation with Octavia.
‘Yeah?’ Octavia called and I opened the door.

‘Hey’, I said when I saw Octavia lounging on her bed.

‘Hey’, she said back and with a huge smile she added, ‘by the way, Clarke and Raven are coming over soon and we’re having another sleep over.’

A grin split my face at the prospective of seeing two of my now closest friends.

‘Cool’, I said while grabbing some clean clothes.

I took a quick shower and washed my hair, platting it in its usual braid. I met Octavia in our room and sat down, talking to her about random things. Barely ten minutes had passed when there was already a knock on the main door and Clarke and Raven were let in by Aurora.

I heard them both rush up the stairs, laughing on their way. As soon as the door burst open, Octavia and I were greeted with the sight of a grinning Clarke and Raven.

Both Octavia and I jumped up to greet them in an embrace and if my hug with Clarke was a few seconds longer, nobody commented on it.

I told them that I got in to the soccer team and we celebrated together with some soda, pizza and Disney movies. The time seemed to fly and before I knew it, the sun was already setting outside.

At some point Bellamy joined us downstairs on the couch, probably being lured out of his bedroom by the smell of pizza.

At ten o’clock, Aurora came down and shoed us upstairs to Octavia’s room that her and Marcus could watch the news. We all got dressed in our pyjamas and sat on the floor in a circle. When Bellamy suddenly announced that he wanted to join us, everyone was surprised and I looked at him suspiciously, already sensing that he was up to something.

My theory was proven when he announced, ‘I’ve got an idea what we could do.’

When everyone looked at him expectantly, he elaborated, ‘a guy in my… our soccer team’, he corrected himself with a smile in my direction. I smiled back, the events of yesterday still making a rush of euphoria curse through my body.

‘Anyway, he said that his older brother played spin the bottle with his friends.’ Bellamy finished, his gaze not so slyly stopping at Raven for a slightly longer moment.

The room grew silent. A pin dropping on the floor could have been heard, or even the scuffle of a mouse.

Raven was the first one to say something, though she was blushing slightly as I noticed with a barely concealed laugh, ‘o-okay. Yeah, let’s- let’s do spin the bottle.’ She avoided looking at Bellamy and I raised an eyebrow, saving this interesting fact for later.

‘But I’m not kissing Bell’, Octavia exclaimed as soon as she got her bearings.

We all started laughing at her horrified look and my gaze wandered to Clarke. She was looking at me and when our eyes met, she shot me a shy smile before looking away. I felt a smile tug on my own lips, excitement already cursing through my body at the prospective of kissing her… wait. Did I just think that? Shit.
‘We will set some rules up though’, Bellamy began saying. We all nodded, and he then proceeded, ‘um, where and how long?’

I glanced to Clarke and looked away with a blush when she caught my gaze.

‘How about on the cheek for 5 seconds?’ Octavia offered.

Raven looked at her like she just said that Orange juice and toothpaste fit really well together and then disagreed, ‘on the cheek? Seriously O? How about on the mouth for 3 seconds? And whoever doesn’t want to do it has to…’ she pondered the question for a few seconds and then suggested, ‘has to do something that the group will decide. Everyone okay with that?’

I looked around the room and everyone nodded. Bellamy was glancing in Raven’s direction more often than not.

Raven herself had recovered from the blush but was subtler with the glances she shot in Bellamy’s direction.

Octavia looked a bit nervous because I knew that she hadn’t ever kissed anyone, and I supposed that it was about to happen.

When I looked at Clarke, our gaze caught again but this time neither of us looked away. She shot me a smile and I smiled back, a weird sensation erupting in my stomach. I didn’t know what the feeling was but a few years later, I would be laughing at my oblivious self and how I didn’t figure it out sooner.

Clarke and I looked up when Octavia came back in the room with an empty bottle in her hand, passing it to Bellamy with the explanation that it was his idea after all so he could start.

With a last obvious glance at Raven, he set the bottle on the wooden floor and spun it. The bottle landed on Octavia and the whole group burst out laughing at the disgusted look they shot each other.

‘This is really unfair, two out of five are my siblings and I don’t want to kiss my siblings.’ Everyone nodded but the only thing I felt was a rush of happiness and fondness for the girl sitting in front of me. Octavia said that I was her sister and it brought a huge smile on my face.

‘Okay, how about the deal that you three’, Clarke pointed to Octavia, Bellamy and me, ‘can just kiss each other’s cheeks? I do that with Aden all the time just to annoy him.’

Everyone nodded in agreement and Octavia crawled over to me to peck me on my cheek. I blushed slightly because this was the first time Octavia had ever done that.

Once Octavia was sitting between Bellamy and Raven again, Raven took the bottle and spun it. I followed the spinning motion of the bottle with my eyes until it landed on Bellamy. He sent Raven a smirk, but I could easily detect the nervousness under the cocky façade.

Raven and Bellamy slowly crawled to each other and when they were only a few inches away, Bellamy swallowed visibly, the façade now completely gone and the nervousness obvious in his face.

Raven was more difficult to figure out, but I thought that I detected a light blush on her tanned skin and her eyes scanning Bellamy’s face carefully.

‘Just kiss for god’s sake’, Octavia groaned after they just stared at each other for nearly a full minute and that was the final push for Raven and Bellamy. They slowly closed the distance and kissed for a
bit longer than three seconds, both blushing furiously when they pulled away.

Raven sat back down between Octavia and me. Clarke, Octavia and I all clapped and Octavia cat whistled, making everyone burst out laughing. It was finally my turn to spin the bottle and I forced myself to not look at Clarke, feeling her gaze on me.

I spun and it felt like everything was in slow motion. The bottle was stopping and when it finally came to a halt, it landed on… Octavia. I tried not to feel disappointment at who the bottle had landed and tried to take it like it was.

Octavia was less concerned about showing how she felt about it and groaned, ‘Seriously?’ Raven shot her a smirk and mocked, ‘you know, you are so “attractive” that even the bottle is magnetically pulled towards you.’

Everyone burst out laughing and Clarke snorted lightly, making me smile at the sound. When the laughter had calmed down, I crawled to Octavia and pecked her cheek, sitting back down between Raven and Clarke.

Now it was finally Clarke’s turn and she was just about to grab the empty bottle when there was a light knock on the door.

‘Yes?’ Octavia called out and Marcus stuck his head in.

‘Ah, here you all are. It’s time for bed now guys.’ When everyone groaned, he added, ‘it’s nearly 11 o’clock, so go to bed now, you can finish whatever you are playing tomorrow.’

We all obliged (with some complaining on Octavia and Raven’s side) and then went to brush our teeth. A few minutes later, Octavia was sharing her bed with Raven and Clarke was lying next to me. It was only now that I felt how tired I was, the rush of adrenalin from the game slowly wearing down.

Octavia and Raven must have been exhausted as well because barely ten minutes after we had laid down, I heard soft snores from the two now sleeping girls. I felt myself drifting to sleep but woke up again when I heard a shy whisper next to my ear. ‘Lex?’

I turned towards the source of the sound and smiled at Clarke sleepily. The moon was gently shining through the window, leaving an angel like glow on Clarke’s face.

‘Yes?’ I asked, shooting her a gentle smile.

Clarke smiled back and asked even quieter, ‘can I ask you something?’

I nodded, staring intently at Clarke. She looked beautiful in this light, her blue eyes shining brightly at me.

‘Who did you want the bottle to land on the most?’

I blushed furiously, practically having to force myself to not blurt out ‘you’, because it would have been the truth.

‘Um’, I started and then sat up, Clarke following suit that we were sitting cross legged in front of each other. I felt a déjà vu, this whole situation reminding me so much of my first kiss with Costia a few months back. We were also in my bed, facing each other while talking about kissing and then actually not only talking about it, but doing it.
‘Who did you hope for?’ I asked back, not wanting to answer yet, too afraid of what that would mean for our friendship. We were both only thirteen years old, I was turning fourteen in a few weeks but that was still quite young. And I was afraid of saying or doing something wrong that would do something to our friendship.

Clarke smiled at me and shook her head, ‘I asked you first.’

I huffed out a frustrated breath and then admitted with a pounding heart, ‘I don’t want to do or say anything to destroy our friendship.’ I must have been looking really scared because Clarke immediately pulled me in a tight embrace, not letting me go for a long time.

‘I promise that I will stay your friend, no matter what happens’, she murmured.

I nodded my head and took a deep breath, smelling Clarke’s shampoo. It always calmed me down… well, pretty much everything Clarke did calmed me down. She calmed me down in a way nobody else could. No matter how bad I felt, she was always there for me and talked me out of my sadness or whatever was going on. She made me feel safe and with the promise of her staying my friend, no matter what I said, I whispered, ‘you’, letting the silence envelope us both.

I felt her grip tighten around me and then she whispered back, ‘I wanted it to be you as well.’

I felt a relieved smile fall on my face, exhaling a deep breath. I pulled back and asked, ‘really?’, still in disbelieve that my beautiful friend wanted to kiss me.

Clarke blushed and nodded, a shy smile on her face. Her blue eyes were staring at me intently and my gaze unconsciously dropped to her lips. I saw her tongue peeking out to wet her lips and, in this moment, I was aware of everything Clarke was doing; her hands that were still around my waist, keeping us close. Her eyes switching between staring in my eyes and dropping down to my lips. Her soft breath that hit my face and the small stutter in her breath when I leaned forward slightly.

I swallowed the lump in my throat down and wet my lips. We were so close that I could feel Clarke’s breath on my lips. There were only a few inches left between our lips, the distance closing slowly as we both leaned forward.

When I nearly felt Clarke’s lips on mine, I asked in the quietest of voices, ‘may I kiss you?’ but instead of verbally answering, Clarke closed the last distance between our lips, that being answer enough.

The moment our lips met for the lightest of touches, I felt this odd feeling erupt in my stomach again. My lips were burning but in a good way. I felt light headed and both of my hands landed on Clarke’s waist, making her gasp.

It was like a reflex kicked in and I moved my lips slightly, feeling how Clarke tightened her grip on me. The kiss lasted about ten seconds when we both pulled away, slightly breathless. We stared at each other and then a smile grew on Clarke’s face, growing more and more until she gave me a toothy grin. I grinned back, feeling a blush covering my cheeks but, in that moment, I couldn’t care less, because I had finally kissed my friend who I also really, really liked.

Our gazing in to each other’s eyes was cut short when we heard a little snore from Octavia’s bed and I snorted, still feeling giddy from the kiss.

Clarke started chuckling and I smiled at her, this weird feeling in my stomach still there. It was as if something was flattering about but it didn’t feel bad, it was just… something I had never really felt before, not like this.
‘I really like you’, Clarke whispered, getting my full attention back.

I smiled and kissed her cheek, checking her reaction when I pulled back. Clarke’s smile only grew, and I whispered back, ‘I really like you too.’

‘Okay’, she murmured with a sleepy smile, her eyes starting to droop from tiredness. I pulled her down that she was lying next to me, our hands entwined.

It was like a promise we gave each other. ‘Okay’, as in, I am going to stay, no matter what happens. ‘Okay’, for, I like you and I will do whatever it takes to keep you. And ‘okay’, meaning, I might even love you, even though neither Clarke nor I knew that yet.

It didn’t take long anymore for Clarke to fall asleep but before her eyes shut completely and she entered the land of dreams, I whispered, ‘okay.’
Hi everyone

First of all, I'm really sorry for the very long wait. The reason, I'll just be plainly honest here, is this woman I recently met. And everytime I tried to write something, my thoughts kinda went back to her, so yeah... anyway, I promise that I will try harder for the next chapters, so that you won't have to wait that long ;)

So this chapter isn't very long, it's more of a filling chapter but I'm sure that a lot of you are looking forward to the next one because a certain person will have their first appearance...

As usual, I hope you enjoy the chapter and until next time :D

Morning came with a rush of new challenges and revealed secrets. One was lying in my arms, firmly pressed against my front. Clarke, my best friend, my crush and… the person I kissed yesterday evening. It still felt surreal, like a dream but I knew that it wasn’t only a dream. I kissed Clarke Griffin and it was fucking amazing.

The sun was streaming through the open blinds we had forgotten to shut. I held my hand up to save myself from the glaring light, the motion causing Clarke to stir awake as well. She yawned and it took her a few seconds to remember where she was.

Clarke turned around in my arms. Her hair was a bird’s nest and she still looked sleepy, but I thought that she never looked more beautiful.

‘Hey’, she murmured with a shy smile, tentatively snuggling up to me when I smiled back, whispering, ‘good morning.’

I slung an arm around Clarke, keeping her against my body and revelling in the warmth that was radiating off her. I felt myself dozing off again, when Clarke started laughing and tried to cover it by holding her hand in front of her mouth. I looked at her in confusion, my head hazy from tiredness.

‘What’s up?’ I murmured, still unaware of what was the reason for Clarke’s laughing.

‘Um… Lex, you’re kinda…’, she snorted again, and her gaze wandered from my face downwards. I stared at Clarke for another confused moment until dread dawned on me and I looked down.

I was only wearing a loose t-shirt and shorts, so the bulge that had formed was more than obvious. I pulled the blanket up immediately, my cheeks burning red in embarrassment.

‘Fuck, I’m sorry’, I murmured in to the cushion and I heard Clarke lightly chuckle.

‘Lex, I’m not bothered about it.’ She murmured in to my ear. Her hand was stroking over my back and I felt how I loosened up a bit, though I was still mortified about this whole situation.

‘Really?’ I asked unsurely and finally looked at Clarke.
She smiled and nodded at me, ‘I promise.’

I checked her face again and the only thing I saw was sincerity, so I nodded and whispered, ‘okay.’

‘Okay’, she whispered back, her hand still absentmindedly rubbing my back. I stared playing with some of Clarke’s blonde strands of hair, an internal battle raging inside of me. I was contemplating asking Clarke about yesterday and what it meant but before I could start with it, it was Clarke who brought this sensitive topic up.

‘Lexa, about yesterday… you are still my best friend, right?’ Clarke asked, nervousness and fear obviously displayed in her face. I felt my chest tighten at the look she was giving me, and I nodded vigorously, not wanting Clarke to doubt our friendship.

‘I will always be with you, I promise’, I reassured her, and Clarke shot me a relieved smile, pulling me in a bone crushing hug.

‘Good, because I was afraid that you wouldn’t want to be my friend anymore…’ she murmured and my heart nearly broke at her admission.

‘I will always be your friend, Clarke. No matter what happens, I will always be there for you’, I croaked. I was on the verge of tears, the thought of losing Clarke seeming unbearable.

‘Good’, she whispered back, and I heard in her voice that she was close to crying as well. Instead of saying anything more, I pulled Clarke even tighter to my chest and took her familiar smell in, slowly calming myself down.

A while later Raven was stirring awake, probably from being kicked by a sleeping Octavia. With a lot of groaning and moaning, she sat up and looked around the room with a dazed look. Her eyes stopped at Clarke and I, lying there in a tangled mess. She smirked and shook her head while she got up and went to the bathroom.

Neither Clarke, nor I noticed the knowing look on Raven’s face, too invested in each other.

‘It’s your birthday soon’, Clarke reminded me with a soft smile.

I groaned and tried not to think about it too much. I was turning fourteen in three weeks from now and to be honest, I had mixed feelings about it.

Clarke chuckled and pulled me out of my thoughts. ‘You really don’t like your birthday?’ She asked with slight disbelief.

I nodded and admitted, ‘none of the group- and foster homes I was at, bothered to celebrate my birthday. And Kane and Aurora have already done so much for me, I don’t want them to feel like they have to celebrate my birthday or do anything special.’

I felt Clarke’s gaze on me and when I looked up, she had this glint in her sky-blue eyes, the look on her face I got to know quite well. I wasn’t surprised at all when she suddenly announced, ‘I’ve got an idea’, and hopped up before I even had the chance to ask what her idea was.

She pulled me on my feet, and it was that moment that Raven came back in the room.

Hey, Ray, help me wake Octavia up’, Clarke told her friend and stepped closer to the bed where Octavia was still sleeping.

Both Raven and I had a slightly alarmed look on our face, both knowing that this could be our last
day on earth. It would have been safer waking a sleeping dragon up by poking it in the eye than waking Octavia up this early in the morning.

Clarke stepped closer to Octavia and gently shook her, but I knew that the dark-haired girl could sleep through a storm without waking up.

‘Clarke, why exactly do you want to wake her up?’ I asked, still on the dark side as to what Clarke’s idea was.

Clarke looked at me with a wide smile, her eyes shining bright. She held a finger up and added, ‘I’ll explain later.’

She shook Octavia again, this time much less gentle and from the deep groan we heard, the dragon was awake… and it wasn’t happy.

‘I swear to god, you better have a good reason for waking me up’, Octavia threatened when she sat up, her hair a mess and her eyes only open enough to glare at a grinning Clarke, an equally confused but also amused Raven and me, a slightly anxious look on my face.

‘Good, now that you’re awake’, Clarke began, making us all laugh when Octavia stared at Clarke with a murderous expression. ‘I’ve got an idea for Lexa’s birthday.’

At that, we all perked up, waiting for Clarke to elaborate, ‘okay, so Lexa’s birthday is during the autumn holidays, so I thought about asking my parents if we could go to our cabin, the one at the lake.’

Both Octavia and Raven nodded with excitement, but I was still confused.

‘What cabin?’ I asked, though I did like the idea of spending my holiday and birthday with my friends.

Clarke turned to me and explained, ‘my parents own this wooden cabin. We usually spend a lot of time up there in summer but it’s also nice in autumn. And you told me that you never really celebrated your birthday, so I thought that we could do something special.’

I took all the information in, a wide smile spreading on my face and my heart skipping a beat out of fondness for the blonde in front of me.

‘So, is that a yes?’ Clarke asked and I nodded, my three best friends all cheering in excitement.

At some point, we decided that we should ask our respective parents, so together we rushed downstairs, advancing Kane and Aurora like a small army. The looks on their faces told us that they knew that they were in trouble, because Octavia alone could already be quite stubborn… but us four all together? You would have a bigger chance of withstanding a tsunami.

‘I think we’re in trouble’, Aurora mused when she saw the four of us walking towards them, Octavia and Clarke leading with a hard expression. Marcus chuckled and tried to get himself ready to what his daughter was going to propose.

‘Dad, Mom’, Octavia began when we all stood in front of them. ‘It’s Lexa’s birthday in three weeks and she has never really celebrated it, so we thought that we could go to Clarke’s cabin for the holiday and celebrate Lexa’s birthday there.’ With a serious glint in her eyes, Octavia added, ‘and before you say no, we-, ‘okay’, Marcus interrupted her with an amused expression.

‘Wait what?’ Octavia asked bewildered, not having thought that they would agree this easily.
Marcus chuckled and repeated, ‘okay, you can go as long as Clarke’s parents agree with it.’

Octavia and Clarke looked back to me and Raven and then screamed loudly in victory, excitement etched in their face.

I saw Marcus and Aurora laughing at us and at our reaction. Marcus then stepped out of the room and I could faintly hear him telling Aurora that he was going to warn the Griffin’s that their daughter was going to ask them about their cabin.

As it turned out, Clarke’s parents were planning on spending the autumn holidays at their cabin anyway. And they also had wanted to ask Clarke’s friends family along, so it all turned out quite well.

At some point, Raven called home to ask her mother if she could go and after a bit arguing she finally agreed. We spent the rest of our Saturday together, talking and laughing together. I realised that we hadn’t seen Bellamy during the whole day, and it left me wondering if he was avoiding us, or rather Raven.

‘Has anyone seen Bellamy?’ I asked, looking around at my three friends all shaking their head. ‘Weird’, I muttered in thought.

I heard Octavia snort and then added, ‘maybe he’s afraid of Raven after the kiss from yesterday.’ We all laughed except for Raven who blushed.

Clarke started teasing her, also having picked up on Raven’s slightly flustered expression around Bellamy. ‘Aw, I think Ray has a crush on Bell’, Raven blushed a shade deeper and we all burst out laughing.

‘At least I’m not in to Bellamy’s friend’, Raven shot back with a pointed look at Octavia. This time it was her time to blush.

‘I’m actually wondering what Lex and Clarkey were doing this morning’, Raven suddenly changed the topic.

Clarke and I both blushed a deep shade of red, remembering how close we were and how that might have looked for outsiders.

‘Nothing’, we both answered simultaneously.

Octavia stared at us with a curious expression, wondering what Raven was referring to. But before she could ask what this was all about, Clarke got up, explaining that she had to go home to sort some things out. It was obvious that she was just trying to get away from the questions that would come from our two friends and I couldn’t hold that against her.

At least both Octavia and Raven didn’t force Clarke to talk and together, we walked downstairs to say good bye to Clarke and Raven who also decided to go home.

Octavia and I then spent the rest of the day in our room and as the sun was slowly setting and the sky got darker, I decided to take out my sketch book and draw and Octavia was reading a book.

At some point during the evening, Octavia put her book down and asked with a curious voice, ‘so what’s up with you and Clarke?’

I put the drawing down, making sure that Octavia didn’t see it and looked at my foster sister, trying not to look like a dear caught in headlight. ‘Nothing’, I answered, feeling a kind of protectiveness
about whatever was going between Clarke and me.

‘Then what was Raven talking about?’ She asked.

I sighed and rubbed my eyes, ‘look, can we please not talk about it right now? I’m not really ready to talk about whatever is going on, because I don’t know either to be honest.’

Octavia stared at me for a few seconds longer and then nodded. She came over to my bed, sat down and with a serious look on her face, she added, ‘you haven’t got to tell me, if you don’t want to. Just… if anything happens, will you tell me?’

I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded.

Octavia then finally moved to her own bed and with a last, ‘good night’, we went to sleep. Only, I didn’t fall asleep until a lot later, my thoughts constantly cursing around my best friend from next door and the confusing things I felt around her.

‘I’m screwed.’
It's always been you

Chapter Notes

Good evening fellow human beings

I know that I'm late with the update and I'm really sorry for that, school and work got in to the way and stopped me from writing further...

But anyway, I've finally got the chapter done. It is very short, I admit that but the next update should be soon and that's definitely going to be a quite much longer chapter, so I hope I can make up with that ;P

As usual, enjoy ;D

‘Lex, move your ass’, Octavia called from where she was sitting in the car.

‘Octavia, language’, Aurora reprimanded her daughter.

Octavia rolled her eyes and she snorted at how she acted.

I finally made it to the car and passed Marcus my luggage that he could store it in the back of the car.

‘Finally, what took you so long?’ Octavia asked while I took a seat next to her.

I cleared my throat and tried not to blush at the memory of what exactly I had been doing. Since I had found out how good it felt to… find release, I did it more and more often. And since I would be spending the next two weeks around my friends and family, I didn’t know how much alone time I would have. So, I took the last chance for that before we set off for the trip.

‘Forgot something’, I lied and sighed in relieve when Octavia didn’t question me further. Now that everyone was ready, Marcus took a seat and started the engine.

‘Guys, the drive is about three hours so you can expect that we’ll be arriving around 11 o’clock. So please don’t ask when we’re there and with that I mean you Octavia.’

We all started laughing at the face Octavia made and with that, we set off towards the Griffin’s holiday cabin.

We arrived the cabin a bit short of three hours later. During the whole drive there, I was staring outside, fascinated by the trees that got taller, the closer we got to the cabin. The air got slightly cooler and fresher, the smell of nature soon covering the smell I got used to at home. It smelled like the woods; a faint smell of smoke, tainted with woods and wet grass in the morning. I already loved it.

At some point, Marcus drove off the main road and down a narrow slope that led deeper in to the woods. The trees had lost enough leaves that the sun was able to stream through and leave a faint trail, leading us through the dark path.

Soon, the forest started to open and that’s when I saw it. A large wooden house sitting right next to a
clear lake. The sky was bright, only a few small, single clouds moving along with the wind.

Marcus drove closer and then parked next to the big SUV that belonged to the Griffins, who had already arrived yesterday to get some things ready.

Octavia, Bellamy and I all jumped outside, not being used to having to sit for such a long period of time. Marcus and Aurora soon got out as well and together we unloaded the car and carried our luggage towards the main door.

We didn’t even have to knock, because the door was already being ripped open by Clarke. She grinned widely and rushed to hug us all, first Bellamy, then Octavia. When she was in front of me, she practically threw herself on me, nearly making us both fall but I was able to catch us both.

My whole focus was on Clarke that I didn’t even hear Abby and Jake join us outside. I didn’t notice the knowing glances the parents shot each other or the smirk on Octavia’s face when she saw how unusually long our hug lasted.

At some point, Clarke pulled away and the shy grin she shot in my way, made my heart skip a beat. Her hair had taken on a golden colour from the sun that was shining down on us and her eyes were brighter than the sky.

‘Hey’, she whispered.

‘Hey’, I said and smiled back, having missed Clarke even though we only hadn’t seen each other for two days.

My attention was forced away when Jake cleared his throat and it was only now that I noticed that the others had left us standing outside.

‘You two coming inside?’ he asked with humour in his voice and wrinkles around his mouth from trying not to laugh.

I blushed and followed Jake inside of the cabin. It was even bigger than I though. High ceilings with tall windows made the cabin look like one open room. An open kitchen with a bar was on the left side and on the right were two comfortable looking couches, inviting to lay down.

On the far side, wooden stairs led towards some rooms. Jake told Clarke to show me around and the latter took my hand, pulling me towards the stairs. I tried to ignore the feeling in my stomach, telling myself that it was normal to hold your best friend’s hand.

‘Okay, so the parents sleep in the two rooms downstairs’, Clarke explained when we arrived upstairs. ‘And since Raven’s mom couldn’t make it, Bellamy will have his own room, Rae and O will share and if you don’t mind, us two can share a room.’

Clarke ended her sentence with a hopeful look, and I nodded eagerly.

‘Okay’, Clarke grinned and then led me to our room which was a quite decent size. There was a large queen-sized bed pushed against the wall on the left and a wardrobe pushed against the opposite wall. A glass door led outside to the lake where I could now make out a tree with an attached swing.

I looked around the room for a bit longer until Clarke took my hand again to show me the rest of the house. It was nice; the rooms were spacious and the whole exterior was thoroughly thought through.

After Clarke showed me around, we met Octavia and Raven in their room. Bellamy joined us a bit later and together we played some board games until we were called for dinner.
We ate outside in front of the lake and from this point, we could see the sun setting. It was stunning, the light the sun threw was reflected in the water in the most amazing shades of red, orange and even pink. The colours painted a beautiful picture. But what made the sight even more beautiful, was Clarke, a look of awe displayed in her face and her bright blue eyes wide in amazement.

I was so enraptured at staring at my best friend that I missed the pictures that were taken of me and Clarke by Aurora. A few years later, when I would see these pictures, I would be wondering how neither Clarke, nor I noticed that I was already madly in love with her. But right now, I was still enjoying life with the innocence only kids could muster, living every single second with joy.
Hi guys

First of all, I am soooo unbelievably sorry for the long wait. To be honest, there are multiple reasons, as to why it took me so long to put the next chapter up. One would be a major writer's block, which fortunately is gone and also a main reason would be: motivation or rather lack there off. I'm not demotivated to write further on this story. No, I truly love this story and the characters, that are slowly starting to grow up. It's rather, because I am quite unsure regarding my writing and if people even like it. But then I got these comments and especially the last one I received, absolutely made my day. And they also made me see, that there are people who truly enjoy what I am posting here. So, to finally get to the point, here’s the next chapter :)

But just a warning: this chapter turned out to be quite emotional... so, read at own risk ;)

And as always, enjoy ;)

PS: I’m already working on the next chapter, so it shouldn’t be too long until I put that one up as well ;D

‘Come on Lex’, Bellamy called from his swimming position in the cold water of the lake.

I took a deep breath and looked down to my four friends. Bellamy with a wide grin on his face, Octavia who was silently swearing at the cold water, Raven who was sending not so subtle glances at Bellamy and then there was Clarke. She was looking up at me with a smile on her face, waiting for me to take the jump.

I kept my gaze on Clarke and with a last deep breath, I held on the rope with a tight grip and then jumped. I let go when I was at the highest point and then landed in the cold water with a loud splash.

‘Omg, the water’s freezing’, I spluttered when I reached the water surface.

My friends started laughing but the one that got my attention was Clarke. I smiled at the way the water drops slid down her face and how her eyes seemed even brighter, the reflection of the water and the sun shining in her eyes.

My staring was fortunately stopped by Bellamy who splashed some water in my face.

‘Hey’, I exclaimed and shot some water back. I accidently hit Raven who wasn’t paying attention and that’s how the small war broke out, all of us splashing water against each other while laughing.

It was less than an hour later, when Aurora came outside and called us all in because it was getting late and it was far too cold. Our lips had long turned a shade of blue and we were shaking but wide grins were etched in our faces.

We all ran inside together and rushed to our respective rooms to get changed in to something warm. Clarke and my room had, like every other room, an own bathroom.
'Do you want to have a shower first?' I asked Clarke when I closed the door behind us.

'No, you should go first. You’re freezing.’

I chuckled and pointed out, ‘you’re freezing too Clarke. Just go first, I’ll wait.’ Clarke still looked like she was about to argue but at the pointed look I shot her, she finally gave in and got something clean to wear from her suitcase.

While Clarke was in the shower, I laid on the bed with the blanket wrapped around me, trying to warm myself up a bit. Fortunately, Clarke didn’t take long and barely ten minutes later, she came out of the bathroom in her pyjamas. Her hair was hanging down her face, steam from the bathroom following her outside making her look like an angel, ready to take me to heaven. Or to hell, I didn’t care, as I would follow her to the end of the world, if that was what she was asking of me.

‘Lex, is something wrong?’ Clarke asked after I had been staring at her for a few seconds too long.

‘What?’ I asked, now finally pulled out of my thoughts.

‘Are you alright?’ Clarke asked again, now stepping closer with a worried look on her face.

‘Oh y-yeah, I’m fine. I’ll just um… have a shower now’, I muttered and jumped up to rush in to the bathroom, already feeling how my face was turning beat red. When I closed the door, I let out a sigh in relieve. Why did I always act so weird around Clarke? She was my best friend after all…

With those thoughts swirling around my head, I got undressed and stepped in to the shower, nearly moaning at the feeling of the warm water hitting my freezing body. I stayed in the shower for a long time, enjoying the alone time and then slowly started washing my hair and body.

For a short moment I considered of relieving myself from some tension but the thought of Clarke probably sitting in the room next door, stopped that idea rather fast.

Instead, I swilled the last remains of conditioner out of my hair, brushed it through and with a lot of willpower, turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. After I had dried off and was about to get dressed again, I noticed that in my hast, I had forgotten to bring some fresh clothes with me.

‘Shit’, I cursed and wrapped the towel around my body. I poked my head outside to see, if Clarke was there and could bring me some clean clothes from my bag but she was gone.

With a firm grip on the towel around me, I went to my suitcase and opened it to look for my own pyjamas. I didn’t hear the door behind me open or close so when I turned around to see Clarke staring at me curiously, I was so surprised that I nearly let the towel fall.

Fortunately, I was fast enough to catch myself and keep a hold on the towel which was covering everything necessary.

‘Sorry’, Clarke apologised laughing when she saw the look on my face. She turned around and called over her shoulder, ‘I won’t look, I promise.’

I nodded, even though she wouldn’t see it and with my gaze securely fixed on Clarke, I got dressed as fast as I could. I cleared my throat and murmured, ‘you can look again.’

Clarke turned around and then smiled at me. ‘Mom said that dinner will be ready soon.’

I nodded and shot a smile back, noticing that the fluttering feeling in my stomach had returned, though I still wasn’t entirely sure what it meant.
My gaze landed on Clarke’s pyjamas and it was only now that I noticed that she was wearing batman pyjamas.

I grinned widely and at Clarke’s confused look, pointed at her pyjamas.

Clarke looked down and then grinned back. ‘I love batman.’

I nodded in agreement and with that as a conversation starter, Clarke and I started talking about our favourite super heroes. I told Clarke that I really liked cat woman, because she was a woman who didn’t have the typical “damsel in distress” role but was a super hero herself.

I was still ranting about how cool I found cat woman, when there was a knock on the door and Jake stuck his head inside. He said that dinner was ready and before he even finished that sentence, Clarke jumped up and pulled me towards the door.

Jake grinned at his daughter’s eagerness and stepped aside, before we collided with him.

Hand in hand, Clarke and I rushed downstairs where the aroma of cooking was already wafting towards us. The large wooden table was laden with plates full of food; there was salad, bread, vegetables, fruit, meat and a lot more.

Clarke immediately took a seat. Bellamy, Octavia and Raven arrived seconds later and sat down as well. I hovered around awkwardly for a moment, unsure where I should sit. Clarke noticed my hesitance and with a smile, patted the chair next to her.

I shot her a grateful smile and sat down, waiting for the parents to take a seat too.

Jake and Marcus soon joined us inside, each with a pile of wood. They put the wood in the already burning fire and then also took a seat. After a minute, Abby and Aurora also finally sat down and told everyone to eat.

Clarke didn’t have to be told twice and immediately started piling food on her plate. I waited until everyone had been served and only then took a bit of everything.

Even though nobody really talked during dinner, too focused on stuffing their face with the delicious food, the silence wasn’t uncomfortable at all. The crackling of the fire which was accompanied by the chirping of the crickets from outside, served as a nice background noise.

When most of the food was gone from the plates and everyone was a few inches wider, we all got up and cleaned the table together.

I offered to clean the plates and then to everyone’s surprise, Clarke offered herself to take over the drying duty.

‘Clarke, are you feeling alright?’ Jake joked.

It earned him a slap from Clarke, but because she was still a weak dwarf compared to Jake, he hardly felt the hit. But he still feigned to be hurt, making Clarke smile proudly.

I felt weird watching the interaction in front of me. I had never had a chance, to build that kind of relationship with my parents, as they had died when I was only a few months old. I felt tears well up in my eyes at the flashbacks and rushed towards the sink to hide the tears that were on the verge of falling.

Even through the running water I could hear Clarke and Jake laughing, making it even harder to
It wasn’t that I thought that Clarke didn’t deserve such a loving father and mother. It was only, that those moments made it hard for me, to not think how my future would have been, if my parents were still alive.

Would they be proud of me? What were their daily rituals, or did they even have any? Did they show affection openly like my friend’s parents do or did they only do those things behind closed doors? Did they wish to have more children? The list of questions went on and on. There were so many things I wanted to know but the sad truth was: they weren’t here anymore and I would never get to ask them any of those things.

To distract myself, I started washing up everything, not even noticing that the water was boiling hot and that my hands were already turning red from the heat burning my skin. By the time Clarke joined me, I had already washed the half of the dishes and was able to calm myself down enough, that I wasn’t on the verge of crying anymore.

‘Sorry, my dad distracted me’, Clarke apologised with a grin and slightly pink cheeks, probably from laughing.

I shot her a forced smile, hoping that it was convincing enough and turned to wash the other dishes.

‘Lex?’ Clarke asked with a tentative voice, obviously seeing right through my façade.

I clenched my jaw and strained my eyes on the meanwhile dirty water, furiously rubbing at clean plate with the cloth.

‘Hey Lex, what’s wrong?’ Clarke asked, this time turning to me and putting her hand on my back.

I nearly jumped at the feeling of Clarke’s hand on me. ‘You know that you can talk to me, right?’ Clarke asked again and this time I could hear the hurt in her voice.

I cleared my throat and nodded my head, still not daring to look at Clarke. Because I knew, that the moment that I looked in her sincere blue eyes, I would break. And I didn’t want to start crying, especially not where someone else could see me. So, I bit through the stinging pain at the back of my eyes, passed Clarke the last plate and left without a word.

I could feel Clarke’s gaze at the back of me and alone the thought of her hurt face made the tears finally flow. Before anyone could see me, I ran upstairs to my and Clarke’s room and broke down in the middle of the room.

I sat down on the floor, not able to stand anymore and hugged my legs, feeling how my whole body shook when wave after wave of tears came rushing through my body. I stayed in that position for a few minutes until I was shocked out of my self-pitying state, when there was a gentle knock on the door.

I heard Clarke’s voice though I couldn’t quite decipher what she had said, my ears still blocked from crying. After I didn’t hear anything after a few seconds, I thought that she had given up on me, but instead, the door slowly opened and Clarke tentatively stepped inside, closing the door behind her.

Even though it was dark, the moon was shining through the window, so I was able to see Clarke stepping closer.

‘Can I?’ she asked and motioned towards the floor next to me.

I nodded and Clarke joined me on the floor, not saying anything. We both just stared outside, watching the moon like it was the solution to all the problems in the world.
‘What happened?’ Clarke whispered in to the silent night, regarding me with a hopeful expression.

I sighed and thought for a moment, how I should tell her without sounding like a jealous idiot. ‘Can we go to bed first?’ I asked, hoping that I would feel more comfortable in the bed to talk to Clarke about my parents.

‘Of course’, Clarke immediately agreed and helped me up. We got ready in silence and then laid in bed next to each other, my right hand grazing Clarke’s left one.

‘My parents died in a car accident, when I was a few months old. I can’t really remember much of it or of my parents but sometimes when I see… happy families, I kind of think how it would be, if my parents were still alive.’ Once those words were out, I could feel the weight lifting of my chest. ‘I know that it sounds stupid, but-’

‘No, it doesn’t’, Clarke interrupted me and took my hand in hers. I felt a warm tingling feeling where our hands touched, the sensation slowly spreading in my whole body.

‘Thanks for listening’, I whispered.

I felt Clarke chuckle next to me and whisper back, ‘thanks for telling me.’

I smiled and gave her hand a squeeze. I didn’t even have to tell Clarke how I felt, because we could read each other so well by now that even one small glance instantly gave our mood away.

‘Hey, I’ve got an idea how to make you laugh a bit.’ Clarke whispered excitedly.

I smiled, thanking fate or whoever made me meet this wonderful human being. ‘How?’ I asked curiously.

I could see Clarke the devious smirk playing around her lips, a mischievous glint in her eyes. I raised an eyebrow and warned my best friend, ‘Clarke, I swear to god, whatever you’re planning-‘
'Hey, I've got an idea how to make you laugh a bit.' Clarke whispered excitedly.

I smiled, thanking fate or whoever made me meet this wonderful human being.

‘How?’ I asked curiously.

I could see Clarke the devious smirk playing around her lips, a mischievous glint in her eyes. I raised an eyebrow and warned my best friend, ‘Clarke, whatever you’re planning—’

Before I could even finish that sentence, Clarke pinned me down on the bed and started tickling my sides. I tried to push her off, but she held on to me with her legs, making it impossible to push her off.

‘Oh my god, stop it’, I forced out, laughing so hard that my stomach hurt.

Clarke grinned down at me and kept on tickling me until I finally was able to push her off me. When she finally stopped, we looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

After a few seconds our laughter slowly calmed down, but we kept looking at each other, a smile still present.

‘Thank you’, I whispered and without hesitation, Clarke wrapped her arms around me. Neither of us said anything after and we stayed in that position until we both got tired and finally went to bed.

***

The next few days we all spent together, playing outside and sometimes going for a walk with the parents. I had the time of my life and a small part… scratch that, the biggest part of that was because of Clarke. Somehow, she was always able to make me laugh, she teased and annoyed me relentlessly and yet, I missed her when she wasn’t around.

On day 6, Aden finally joined us all, having been on holiday with his best friend Madi and her family. It took him and Madi a lot of convincing to get his and Clarke’s mother to say yes, but after a few days she finally relented.

Madi’s dad drove them both to the cabin, since he had to head in that direction anyway and after a long good bye and a lot of warnings for Madi to behave, he left.
It was fun together, Madi and Aden bringing even more pent up energy the parents had to control. The days seemed to pass even faster and before anyone knew, it was the third last night before we were going to head back home. It was also the night before my birthday.

God, I usually hated my birthdays but this one… I knew that this birthday was going to be different from the moment Clarke woke me up with a pillow to my head:

‘Lex, wake up’, Clarke whisper-shouted in my ear.

I groaned and tried to fend of the attacks from Clarke. ‘What time is it?’ I asked, still half asleep.

‘Five minutes before 12’, Clarke whispered sheepishly. I stared at her confused and asked, ‘then why did you wake me?’

Clarke grinned at me and answered excitedly, ‘it’s your birthday in a few minutes.’

A rush of warmth spread through my body and a grin overtook my face. ‘Did you stay awake all this time so you could wake me before I turn fourteen?’ I asked and when Clarke nodded, I smiled at her and pulled her in a hug.

‘Thank you’, I whispered, feeling slightly overwhelmed that my best friend did this for me.

I felt Clarke smile against my neck. ‘You’re welcome’, she whispered, causing a shiver to run down my back.

After a long moment she pulled away and looked at the watch, which stood on the night stand.

‘Look, one minute left’, she whispered excitedly and I grinned. We watched the clock, as the second hand slowly closed the distance until it finally hit 12 o’clock.

‘Happy birthday Lexi’, Clarke whispered with a grin on her face. Her face was slightly hidden in the darkness of the room, but the faint light from the moon gave her an angelic look. I smiled back at her and hugged my best friend tightly.

‘Thank you, Clarke,’ I whispered, enunciating the “k” as I always did.

‘I’ve got something for you’, Clarke said and jumped off the bed. She rummaged in her suitcase for a moment until she pulled out something.

Clarke joined me back on the bed and then after a short hesitation, passed me the thing she pulled out of her suitcase.

‘I made you something’, she whispered, sounding slightly nervous. I smiled at my best friend and tentatively took the present.

It was a painting of the view right behind the house, the paint reflecting the different colours of the sky when the sun was setting. And to my surprise, she painted me as well, while I was leaning out of the window.

‘It’s beautiful’, I whispered, my fingers grazing over the paint.

I was so distracted, that I didn’t hear the faint murmur of, ‘so are you’, too distracted by this precious gift Clarke gave me.

‘Thank you’, I whispered, my heart feeling warm and an odd feeling spreading in my stomach.
Clarke shot me a smile which only made the odd feeling in my stomach grow further. It felt like my stomach was fluttering, as weird as that sounded.

‘When did you make this?’ I asked, still staring at the painting and the well thought paint strokes.

‘A few weeks ago. I got up to watch the sunset and I kinda saw you there… I don’t know, if you noticed me but you looked really b-, really nice.’ I heard Clarke’s stutter and saw the blush on her cheek, making me smile even wider

‘Thank you’, I said again and wrapped my best friend in a tight hug.

‘Do you like it?’ Clarke asked carefully, like my answer was the most important thing.

‘I love it’, I answered honestly, and I could feel the smile that was radiating off Clarke.

We stayed in that position for a while longer, just enjoying each other’s presence. It didn’t take long for Clarke to fall asleep though and I smiled down at her and gently kissed her forehead. Not long after, I succumbed to the sweet embrace of sleep as well.

***

‘Happy birthday Lexa’, I heard when I went downstairs to get breakfast. Abby was already in the kitchen, the smell of bacon wafting towards me. Thank you I said, smiling shyly at her.

Ever since I had found out, that Abby, my doctor, was Clarke’s mom, I felt weird to talk to her. Because she had seen parts of me that no one else had ever seen, except for the doctors I used to have to visit.

But Abby never mentioned it and I was thankful, that she separated work from private and didn’t try to talk to me about it. And at least I knew that I could trust her, so that made everything a bit easier too.

Abby smiled back and I joined her in the kitchen, starting to get breakfast ready. Soon, Aurora, Kane and Jake joined us downstairs and helped getting the plates out and making coffee.

The smell must have spread through the whole house because it didn’t take long until everyone was gathered downstairs and wished me happy birthday.

I felt slightly overwhelmed by everything, but Clarke gently squeezed my hand in reassurance, the small touch making me feel safer immediately.

We eat breakfast together and when everyone was done, Aurora told me to wait in the chair while she got something. I was confused for a moment, the others not telling me what was happening. Instead they only shot me secretive smiles, so I waited in anticipation what they were up to.

Shortly after, I heard footsteps coming down the stairs and I knew that it was Aurora, having come accustomed to the way she walked. She was smiling and was holding something behind her back.

When she reached me, she set two things she was holding on the table in front of me and waited for my reaction.

They were two presents, I noticed with astonishment… I had never received a present in my life. And I really wasn’t bothered about it, because I was always more than happy to be fostered by a family.
But getting a present for my birthday… it made it all feel so real, like this was my actual family and that I was their real daughter. I took a few deep breaths, hoping that no one noticed that I was overwhelmed and tentatively opened the first one.

It was a big box and inside was a football. I grinned and thanked Aurora for the present and she smiled back at me.

Next came the second present. It was much smaller, the size of a book and was wrapped in blue wrapping paper. I slowly took the paper away, revealing a leather-bound book. It was just like the one I already had but the pages were empty, and the book was new.

‘I’ve seen that you’ve been writing in one a lot and just in case when that one’s full…’, Aurora tried to explain, her voice giving away that she was nervous.

I felt warmth fill my body that she got me something so thoughtful.

‘Thank you very much’ I said and got up to give both Aurora and Marcus a hug.

‘You’re very welcome’, she said and smiled back.

The rest of my birthday was eventful to say the least. Aurora and Marcus had planned some party games, at some point we had cake and as it got later and the sun was slowly setting, we all sat outside around the fire and cooked s’mores. Or well in Clarke’s case, accidentally set fire to it… multiple times.

These were the moments I knew I would think about once I got older, because it’s the small things that make life worth to live.

And at the end of the day, when I was laying in bed with Clarke next to me, talking until it was midnight, I felt like I might combust of happiness.

‘Good night, Lex’, Clarke whispered with a sleepy voice.

I smiled and kissed her forehead, ‘good night Clarke.’

And with that, we both fell asleep, looking forward to the next day.

***

I woke up to sunlight streaming through the window and birds chirping different songs.

‘I’m fourteen now’, I said to myself. I didn’t feel any different, but I knew that I wouldn’t. Because time was just a concept humans had made, so the thought that I would feel any different as soon as I had been alive for fourteen years, was stupid.

But something was different. It wasn’t because I was older but because of the sleeping girl next to me. I felt different around Clarke. Not in a bad way, more in a nervous but also excited way.

Clarke made me happy and even made me stumble over my own words… which never happened.

I laid in bed for another ten minutes until I got bored and got up. Clarke was still sleeping, and I smiled, feeling warmth spread through my body by looking at her.

I put some shorts and a sweat shirt on, grabbed my ball and headed to the bathroom. After I was done and had my hair braided, I went downstairs. None of the parents were up yet, all of them having stayed up late yesterday evening.
I grabbed an apple and eat it on my way to the main door. Once I had my shoes on, I opened the door and stepped outside in the cold morning air.

I took a deep breath, smiling at the feeling of the fresh air moving through my body. I walked down to the patch of grass, taking in the scenery; the grass was glistening, the sunlight being reflected by the small water drops that had collected there.

The sun was only just rising, so the sky had these beautiful colours of pink, mixed with orange and red. I took everything in while I was eating the apple. I was truly stunning.

When I was done with the apple, I threw it in the compost bin that stood outside. I washed my hands on the wet grass and then took the ball, starting to go through the different drills from soccer practice.

A half an hour passed until Bellamy stepped outside and we grinned at each other. I really enjoyed spending time with Bellamy, because we also had a lot of other things in common than just soccer.

‘Hey Lexa’, he called out and came running outside.

‘Hey Bell’, I said back, giving him a high five.

Since the day that I talked to Bellamy, that I was intersex, something between us had shifted. Like a silent understanding, the other always knowing if something was wrong or what the other wanted to do.

That was the only way that I knew that something was off, as Bellamy and I started passing the ball to each other as a warm up.

‘What’s wrong?’ I asked after a few minutes, having contemplated if I should ask or not.

‘What do you mean?’ Bellamy asked but I saw the short flicker of panic in his face.

‘Look, you haven’t got to talk to me if you don’t want to, but I can feel that something’s off… so just in case you want to talk, I’m here for you.’ I passed the ball back and waited.

Bellamy accepted the ball but didn’t pass it back. He sighed and shot me a smile, walking towards me. We sat down in the grass and I waited until Bellamy was ready to talk.

‘Have you ever… have you ever felt something for someone but you’re not sure, if they like actually like you back?’ Bellamy was looking towards the lake, pulling grass out as he talked.

I nodded and shot him an encouraging smile. ‘Yeah, I have…’ and after a short hesitation, said, ‘well, I do.’

Bellamy looked at me, contemplating my answer. ‘And what have you done about it? Have you asked them, or would that be too much?’

I shook my head, ‘no, I haven’t asked them yet. But… I think I will and so should you. Because it’s better to get things straight and maybe they won’t feel the same but there still is a chance that they will.’ And as I said that, I wasn’t even really talking to Bellamy, but more to myself. Because yes, I should tell Clarke that I think I like her more than just friends.

‘Thanks sis’, Bellamy said and gave me a pat on my shoulder. He stood up and returned to the ball, this time a more genuine smile on his face.

I smiled back, feeling euphoric that he had just called me his sister, and with a new burst of energy, I
jumped up and continued passing the ball with Bellamy.

At some point we switched and I now I was the goalie, having to catch the balls Bellamy tried to shoot between our makeshift goal, or well, between the two stones.

I figured out that I wasn’t such a bad goalie and was able to catch quite a few balls.

As the sun was already up and the sky had more blue than orange in it, Aurora and Abby gathered outside on the porch and drank coffee, watching Bellamy and me.

‘Bell, you’re getting out of shape there’, I teased my foster brother and he grinned, calling back, ‘oh really?’

I grinned back, making myself ready for the next shot. I heard the porch door being opened again and Clarke stepped outside, and I was so distracted, that I didn’t see the next ball flying in my direction.

‘Fuck, Lexa’, Bellamy called out, but it was too late, because the ball had already hit me in a certain area.

I crumpled to my knees and laid on the floor, the pain worse than anything I had ever experienced. The pain spread from my groin up to my stomach and I felt sick, my eyes watering but I tried to hold the tears back.

I barely even noticed Bellamy, Abby, Aurora and Clarke kneeling besides me, too concentrated on the excruciating pain.

‘Shit, I’m sorry Lex.’ Bellamy apologised, panic in his voice.

‘Lexa. Lexa, please listen to me. Stretch out on your back.’ Abby told me but I shook my head, because every movement caused another wave of pain.

‘Lex, please. She’s just trying to help’, Clarke’s voice came panicking voice trough.

I took a deep breath and slowly turned on my back, trying to hold back a moan at the pain that shot through my groin again.

‘Where does it hurt?’ Abby asked in her doctor voice.

‘Everywhere’, I croaked out, concentrating on breathing and not vomiting on anyone’s shoes.

‘Where specifically? Can you show me?’ Abby asked and I nodded, pointing from my stomach and downwards.

‘Okay, that is normal. Because the nerves go through your stomach, you might also feel sick.’

I nodded, still concentrating on not puking and crying, because either would be embarrassing, I thought.

‘Okay, Lexa, we’ll take you inside, is that alright? The grass is wet, and you should cool the area to minimise bruising.’

I nodded again, not able to verbally say anything. With the help of Abby I got up, now also feeling slightly dizzy.

‘Bellamy, can you get some ice cubes and put them in a plastic bag. And a towel please.’ Abby
asked, while she held me up.

‘Of course’, Bellamy obliged and ran inside. Clarke was hovering next to me, a panicked look on her face.

‘Lexa, do you feel any sickness or dizziness?’ Abby asked.

I nodded and said, ‘both’, which didn’t help to calm Clarke down. With the help of Abby, I walked inside, and she helped me lay down on one of the sofas. Bellamy came back with the ice cubes and the towel.

‘Thank you’, Abby said as Bellamy passed both items to her and started wrapping the towel around the ice cubes.

‘Lexa, put this on the area’, Abby said and passed me the bag with the ice cubes.

I looked at her nervously and took the offered bag. With a lot of hesitation, I gently put the bag on my groin, sucking in a sharp breath at the pain.

‘What now?’ Clarke asked, sitting beside me. She took my right hand and gave it a squeeze.

‘Now all we can do is wait’, Abby said. ‘I’ll get something against the pain and the sickness’, and left.

‘Bell, we should leave Lexa to rest’, Aurora told her son and left to give me some privacy.

‘I’m really sorry, Lex’, Bellamy apologised again, but I just shook my head, ‘it’s alright. Was an accident after all.’

‘Yeah’, Bellamy shook his head frantically and with a last apologising look and promising that I could tell him whatever I needed, and he’d get it, he left as well.

Clarke gave my hand another squeeze and I smiled at her, feeling how her presence already helped.

‘This isn’t how I imagined spending time with you’, I joked, and Clarke smiled at me.

‘I don’t care what we do, as long as I can be with you’, Clarke admitted and blushed, only now noticing what she had said. I grinned at her, feeling warmth spread through my body at the admittance.

‘I feel the same’, I whispered, making Clarke smile widely.

Our moment was interrupted when Abby came back with some tablets and a glass of water, asking me to take them as they would help me.

‘Lexa, is it okay if I have a check a bit later? Just to make sure, that everything’s still alright’, Abby asked, and I blushed at the thought that she would see my parts below again.

‘Okay’, I nodded, knowing that it was better if she checked my groin, even though it was embarrassing as hell.

After Abby left, Clarke turned the TV on and carefully laid next to me, making sure that she didn’t accidently touch anywhere around my stomach and legs.

An hour passed like that until Octavia and Raven finally got up and that’s how they found us. Sleeping on the couch together, while I had a bag with ice cubes on my groin.
‘What the fuck happened?’ Raven asked Bellamy who was sitting in the kitchen, the sounds of the TV in the background.

‘I accidently kicked the ball in… um, between Lexa’s legs.’ Bellamy admitted, still feeling awful because of it.

‘You did what?’ Octavia screeched and that was what woke Clarke and me up. Raven and Octavia rushed to us and Octavia asked, ‘Lex, what happened?’

And that was how I told Raven that I was intersex, but like my other friends, she accepted it immediately and offered to help me.

Now that all my friends finally knew the truth, I felt like a huge weight was lifted from my chest and I could breathe again. Also, the pain had subsided, and I finally felt like a human being again.

Around eleven o’clock, Abby asked me if she could do a quick check-up and I agreed, getting up and following her in to one of the bathrooms. My friends wished me good luck and to be honest, I needed it, because I really didn’t want to know how my “friend down below” looked like.

Abby locked the bathroom door behind us and got some hand disinfectant out. ‘Can you please pull your shorts down?’ she asked with a comforting voice.

I nodded and pulled my pants down to my knees, out of reflex covering myself up with my hands.

Abby crouched down in front of me and I took my hands away to let her do the check-up. ‘Does it still hurt?’

‘Just a bit’, I admitted, waiting until this was finally over.

Abby nodded and asked, ‘may I?’, while pointing to my groin. I nodded and felt her lift my dick a bit, to check my scrotum. ‘There is no bruising, that’s a good sign’, she said, and I sighed in relieve.

‘You should be fine’, Abby said, and I nodded, while pulling my pants back up, but more carefully this time. ‘I’ll just advise you, to not try to touch that region too much for a while until the pain is entirely gone. Just to prevent that a blood vessel ruptures or something else happens.’

I blushed at her remark and nodded, not able to look in her eyes. I heard Abby chuckle and she told me that I should also be careful and not to do any extensive exercise for the next week.

‘Okay. Thank you’, I murmured and left, still aware that my face was resembling a tomato.

The rest of the day, I spent inside and so did Clarke, Octavia, Raven, Bellamy, Aden and Madi. We watched TV and played some board games and by the time the sun set, and the sky grew darker, I had forgotten everything that had happened.

When it was time to go to bed, Octavia and Raven brought their mattress inside mine and Clarke’s room, stating that we needed to have a sleep over again. And that’s how our sleeping arrangement was until we had to leave again.

The last few days, I spent with my friends playing outside and I couldn’t have been happier.

But the thing with happiness is that it never lasts forever, and soon enough reality comes back. But for now, I enjoyed the moment for as long as I could, because reality sure as hell had some things in storage for me.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Hi everyone

To the ones who don't know this yet:

I edited EVERY SINGLE CHAPTER up to chapter 15. And for the people who don't want to reread everything, here's a summary:

The only things I edited from the chapter 1 -14 were some typos and the age of some characters. I changed the age of Lexa, now she turned 14 instead of 11, Clarke, Raven and Octavia are 13 and Bellamy is 15.

As for the chapter 15, I suggest you read that again, because I added quite a few things, such as a bonding moment between Bellamy and Lexa ;) and a small accident and the whole chapter is generally much longer now :)

And now to this chapter (which is by far the longest one by the way)

Finn finally makes an appearance and bonding time between Raven/Lexa and Bellamy/Lexa ;)

Anyway, have fun and thanks for reading :)
‘His name is Finn and he just moved here because his dad changed his job.’ Octavia answered while she sat down at the table, an excited look on her face, while I had more resemblance to grumpy cat. I could feel Aurora’s gaze on me, but I ignored her and left with the excuse that I had to do some things.

As I walked upstairs to mine and Octavia’s room, I could still hear Octavia chatting away, talking about Finn. I rolled my eyes, annoyed that the new boy got so much attention… well, if I was honest with myself, it was rather the attention that he got from Clarke which annoyed me the most.

Once I was inside my bedroom, I threw myself on my bed and groaned at the pain that shot up from my groin. Even though the area down there didn’t hurt anymore, I was still very sensitive to touch. That was also the reason why I hadn’t touched myself for more than a week, which probably only fed the frustration I was feeling.

And then that boy transferred to our class, which made me a frustrated and annoyed bundle of nerves. But at least it was Friday evening and I had Saturday and Sunday off to calm myself down.

I got up and headed towards the bathroom. After I stripped out of my clothing and opened my braid, I stepped in the shower and let the warm water wash the day of me.

Once I was done with showering, I got dressed and packed my bag to go to the Griffin’s house. Clarke had asked me earlier on, if I wanted to sleep over. She also asked Raven and Octavia, but both of them already had plans.

By the time I had packed my bag and eaten dinner, it was nearly six o’clock and the sun was already setting, taking the warmth and the light with it.

I walked over and knocked on the door to the Griffin house. Seconds later it was pulled open by a very eager Clarke.

She smiled widely at me and I smiled back. I had already gotten so used to the fluttering feeling in my stomach, that I wasn’t even surprised that it appeared again when Clarke smiled at me.

‘Hey, Lex’, she said and led me inside after a long hug.

The smell I had gotten used to wafted towards me again. It always had a calming effect on me, but that could have also been because of Clarke.

Clarke led me upstairs to her bedroom and I smiled when I noticed a few more paintings hanging on the wall. ‘Do you want to watch Netflix?’ Clarke asked with a shy smile.

‘Sure’, I said and hopped on her bed, waiting for Clarke to join me.

I let Clarke choose something, not really watching the movie anyway, as I was distracted by my best friend who was lying besides me. During the movie, I noticed Clarke change her position every few minutes and I asked if everything was okay, worrying about my best friend.

‘Yeah, it’s just my back and my stomach… they kinda hurt’, she admitted with a pained expression.

I immediately sat up and after a short hesitation, moved behind Clarke. ‘Is this okay?’ I whispered in her ear and I swore that I heard her breath hitch.

Clarke nodded and I slowly put my hands on her back, gently rubbing up and down. ‘Where does it hurt?’ I asked quietly.
‘In the bottom half’, Clarke responded, leaning forward a bit to give me more access. The motion caused her ass to slightly rub against my dick and I had to hold back a moan, the frustration of the past two weeks making me more sensitive to any sort of touch and friction.

I started rubbing Clarke’s back and asked if the pressure was alright. I got a moan and slow nod as an answer, and that certainly didn’t help my situation at all. I could already feel the blood shooting to an area a bit lower and I internally cursed myself.

‘You know you’re really good at this’, Clarke moaned, slightly breathless and in that moment, I was really glad that she couldn’t see my face.

‘Oh god, yeah right there’, Clarke moaned when my hands rubbed at a tender spot and I swore silently, feeling how my dick was straining against my sweat pants and the urge for release grew to a nearly unbearable level.

After a few more minutes of me massaging Clarke (and nearly coming at the sounds she made), Clarke looked back and smiled at me. ‘Thank you, it helped a lot.’

I shot a smile back and said, ‘you’re welcome.’ I put my hands on top of my groin, just in case Clarke happened to look down.

‘I’ll be right back’, Clarke said when she got up and headed towards the bathroom. I sighed in relieve or frustration or both, I didn’t know it myself.

Now that Clarke was gone, I finally was able to reposition my erection, that it wasn’t too obvious. I was just about to lay back down, when I heard Clarke call my name, panic evident in her voice.

I rushed towards the bathroom, my heart beating frantically against my chest and asked what was wrong through the door.

‘I’m bleeding’, Clarke responded with panic in her voice.

‘Okay, I’ll get Abby’, I said and rushed downstairs, calling for Abby to follow me upstairs because Clarke was bleeding. She ran after me, but at least she seemed calmer than Clarke and I did.

‘Clarke?’ she called through the door.

‘Yes?’, Clarke said, her voice slightly shaking.

‘Clarke honey, where are you bleeding?’ Abby then asked, already having the feeling what it could be.

Clarke hesitated before she said, ‘between my legs.’

Abby nodded and said in a gentle voice, ‘okay. That is perfectly fine Clarke. Can I come in? I’ll show you what you can use.’

A few seconds passed and then we heard the door being unlocked. Abby pushed the door open to reveal a pale Clarke and I rushed forward to pull her in a hug.

‘Everything’s okay’, I whispered, rubbing my best friends back. Fortunately, this whole situation caused my erection to go down, so at least I didn’t have that problem anymore.

When Clarke had calmed down, Abby explained to both Clarke and me what tampons and pads were. And even though I would never get a period, Abby told me that it was still important that I
knew it, in case someone else ever got in that situation.

After Clarke got changed and calmed down after the first freak out, we laid in bed together. Clarke turned the TV on, and we watched whatever was on, but I wasn’t watching anyway, too concentrated on Clarke. And when Clarke put her hand on my thigh, my whole focus was gone anyway, because shit, even such a small touch felt great.

Before I could get overwhelmed by Clarke’s hand on my thigh, there was a gentle knock on the door and Abby stepped inside. ‘How are you feeling?’ she asked Clarke and sat down on edge of the bed.

‘Better’, Clarke responded, leaving her hand on my thigh and I swore that my skin felt like it was burning where she touched me, but oddly not in a bad way. It actually felt really good.

‘Okay. I called Aurora to make sure if it was alright to also have this conversation with you Lexa, but I figured that it’s time to talk to Clarke about it and I might as well explain it to you, while you’re still here.’

Clarke and I both looked at her confused, unsure what Abby was talking about, but Clarke’s mother then explained, ‘it’s time to have the talk with you. And I figured that this would be a good timing.’

I felt how my face got warm, because I knew exactly what “the talk” meant. But I didn’t say anything and waited for Abby to start explaining.

‘So’, Abby started, trying to gather her own thoughts, ‘now you both probably know how babies get made. It is usually when a penis enters a vagina during intercourse. The sperms that are released, will then try to reach an ovary and with a bit luck, the ovary gets fertilized.’

I cringed at Abby’s use of those words, but I knew that it was important to know, so I didn’t comment and just listened.

‘And when a sperm manages to get in the ovary, the fertilized ovary will settle down in the womb. Now like I said, that is was happens most of the times There are also different methods, such as an insemination, where the ovary is also fertilized by a sperm, but it is done manually. So without a penis involved in the actual process.’

Abby checked if Clarke and I were still following and then continued, ‘people in a same sex relationship might opt for that method. Now, that is only the process how children are made because there is a lot more to sex than just penetrating your partner or being penetrated.’

Abby took a breath and kept on, ‘I have been telling Clarke this since she was only small because I think that this is very important to know: sex isn’t only between a man and a woman. Sex can be between two women, two men, or more than two people involved. Or to put it easy: sex is between humans. And it is something amazing and really intimate, so always be careful with who you want to share this experience with and never let yourself be pressured in to something. And never pressure your partner and always ask for their consent.’

I looked over at Clarke and she looked at me, shooting me an encouraging smile and squeezed my thigh. Our small exchange wasn’t missed by Abby though, who smiled knowingly.

‘Like I said, sex is something intimate and special. And you are in no way obliged to have sex or even want to have sex. And it is perfectly fine, if you want to wait until you meet someone special. Just always be sure that you really want to do it, and remember that you can always say “no” to your partner, and that it is equally as important to accept no as an answer.’

‘So always ask for consent, no matter if your partner gave you consent the last time. At best, ask
every single time before you do something, instead of just assuming that it is okay. Because if your
partner gave you consent the last time, doesn’t immediately mean that they want it another time.’

‘And if you decide to have sex, always use a kind of contraception, unless you are actively trying to
get pregnant. But not right now obviously, because both of you are still far too young.’

As for contraceptions, there are a lot of different methods. Condoms are most commonly used,
because they are cheap, reliable, easy to use and also very important, they protect you from STD’s.’

‘Then there’s birth control, which is a pill you swallow regularly. They are more expensive than
condoms, but also more reliable. But if you ever choose to have sex with a partner, who could
impregnate you, I recommend using both. Not only for double protection from a pregnancy, but also
to prevent transmitting or receiving an STD.’

‘And STD’s are sexually transmitted diseases, and I advise you to protect yourself from receiving
one because they aren’t only uncomfortable, but can be quite dangerous.’

‘Now, the last thing I want to tell you is that, no matter which sexual activity you perform, always
use protection. So if you use fingers to penetrate your partner, wash your hands before you do
anything. And if you decide that you want to penetrate your partner with something else, like a penis
or a dildo, use a condom.’

‘And I know that this seems a bit early, since I hope that you aren’t doing anything of that yet. But I
still want that both of you know, that you can always say no, and you should always ask for consent.
And that protecting yourself from an unwanted pregnancy and STD’s is also extremely important.’

‘Have you got any questions left?’ Abby asked. Neither Clarke nor I made a sound, both blushing so
hard that we probably resembled tomatoes. I shook my head and after Clarke shook her head as well,
Abby finally got up.

‘I know that, that this was quite much to stomach, but if you ever have any questions, you can
always come to me. And if you ever need any condoms, please rather ask me or Jake instead of not
using any at all’, Abby added before she finally left Clarke’s room.

‘Wow’, I murmured. ‘I’m so glad, that I won’t have to go through that again.’ Oh, if that only was
the case.

‘Yeah’, Clarke agreed, trying to organize the new found information.

‘How’s your back?’ I asked, trying to change the subject.

Clarke looked at me with her bright blue eyes and shot me a smile. ‘Feels better now. But it still hurts
a bit.’

I nodded and asked, ‘do you want to lay down a bit?’

Clarke nodded and I laid back down, opening my arms for Clarke to lay on me and cuddle. Once she
was comfortable, with her head on my chest, I finally felt at peace. And that’s how Abby found us
later on, sleeping together in a tight embrace.

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The weekend had passed fast, and it was Monday morning again. Octavia and I had just arrived at
school but neither Clarke nor Raven were to be seen. It wasn’t unusual that Raven wasn’t here yet,
because she usually got to school in the last minute. But the fact that I hadn’t seen Clarke this
morning unnerved me.

Octavia and I went to class and sat down, waiting until the class started. ‘Two more minutes’, I thought nervously, and Clarke still wasn’t here.

The door to our class room opened and I perked up, thinking that it was Clarke, but instead Raven stepped in. She smirked at the look Pike shot her, loving to annoy her teachers, because they couldn’t really do anything if she wasn’t actually late.

I looked at the clock that hung on the wall. ‘A few seconds left, where the fuck is Clarke?’ I asked myself and that was when the door was ripped open, revealing Clarke… and Finn. I furrowed my eyebrows, feeling annoyed at the fact that Finn nearly made Clarke late to school.

Both Finn and Clarke rushed to their seats but before Finn sat down, he shot Clarke a look. I didn’t know what it meant, but I wasn’t happy at the smile Clarke shot back at him.

‘Hey’, Clarke whispered slightly out of breath, her cheeks having turned a slight shade of pink, probably from the cold outside.

‘Hey’, I murmured, trying to get the odd feeling of annoyance under control, because if Clarke wanted to do something with Finn, it was her choice… but that didn’t mean that I had to like it.

‘Sorry that I’m late, but Finn asked me if I could show him around and we kinda forgot about time.’ Clarke explained with a glint in her eyes.

I didn’t know what to say so I just shot her a forced smile. And usually Clarke would have detected that my smile wasn’t genuine, but she didn’t, probably too focused on that annoying boy. And I tried to talk myself that I wasn’t bothered by it, but deep down I knew that it hurt more than I wanted to admit to myself.

Fortunately class started and I had an excuse to look down at my book for the next few hours. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Clarke occasionally looking at Finn and when he shot her a smile, she smiled back, blushing hard.

I clenched my jaw, getting even more annoyed. The rest of the lessons up to lunch break passed in a blur and as soon as the lunch bell rang, I got up and left the room as fast as I could, leaving back a stunned Clarke and Octavia.

But not Raven, because she was the only one who had noticed how I felt regarding Clarke and Finn together.

‘Where did Lexa go?’ Clarke asked concerned and Raven shrugged, even though she had an idea, but she didn’t want to tell Clarke, since I probably wanted to be left alone.

As soon as I was out of the class room, I rushed towards the main doors and made my way towards the bleachers that were positioned right besides the soccer field. When there was a game, they were usually full, but right now nobody was there, and I was happy about that because I didn’t want to have to deal with anyone seeing me right now.

I sat down on the bottom row, pulling my jacked closer because it was quite nippy, the cold autumn air having replaced the warmth of summer.

I sighed and put my head in my hands. ‘Fuck’, I said, to myself. Because seriously, why did I have to fall for my best friend? I didn’t notice it at first, but slowly I learned that what I felt for Clarke was more than what you felt for your friends.
Even the thought of Clarke made butterflies appear, a touch made my skin feel like it was on fire and when we cuddled, I felt like my heart would explode from happiness. Because that was what Clarke did to me; she made me feel safe and wanted. And that’s why it hurt so fucking much, to see that she had her eyes on someone else.

I tried to distract myself by eating my lunch, but my stomach felt queasy and this time not in a positive way. I packed my lunch away, and stared at the soccer field where we trained on. I could still see the yellow patches where the grass was damaged from the warm summer. It reminded me of the time at the cabin where Clarke and I would… no, don’t think of her.

I groaned, annoyed with myself that I couldn’t get Clarke out of my head. I took a deep breath and then finally got up and walked back to school. Fortunately we had pe after school, so I wouldn’t have to concentrate because that wasn’t really possible in this state.

I still had a half an hour lunch break left so I intended to join my friends in the cafeteria. But one look at who was sitting next to Clarke and I decided otherwise. I turned on the spot and headed for the gym to get ready. I would just spend the rest of my time in the locker room.

Just as I turned back around, Raven noticed me and one look towards Clarke was enough to know why I left. Finn was talking with Clarke, sitting closer than necessary and Clarke was laughing at whatever he had just said.

‘Hey O’, Raven said, trying to get her friends attention.

‘Mhm?’ Octavia asked with her mouth full of food.

‘I’ll go check after Lexa. Will you stay here with Clarkey?’ Raven shot Octavia a pleading look and when the latter nodded, Raven grabbed her things and ran after Lexa.

I had just stepped inside the changing room when the door was pulled open. I looked at who just stepped in and sighed in relieve when I saw that it was only Raven.

I sat down on the bench and got my sports gear out. ‘Can I sit?’ Raven asked and when I nodded, she sat down next to me with a concerned look.

‘Look, about Clarke and Finn-’, Raven began but I quickly shut her up and asked pleadingly, ‘can we please not talk about it?’

Raven sighed, not wanting to overstep my boundaries but also wanting to help me because she knew how I felt. ‘Okay’, Raven finally relented. ‘Just know that you can talk to me about it, if you want to.’

I nodded, feeling grateful that I had such a friend and then we both got dressed for our last two lessons. We spent the rest of our lunch talking about Pike and his annoying habits.

At some point Raven tried to mimic him when he was angry, making me laugh so hard that for a moment, I forgot everything around me. But it only lasted for a short moment when the door was opened and the other girls from my class walked in to get ready for the next lesson.

I shot Raven a grateful smile and mouthed, ‘thank you’, in her direction. She smiled back and mouthed, ‘you’re welcome,’

When Octavia and Clarke finally got to the changing room, Raven and I already left to go the hall where we had our next lesson.
When Clarke and Octavia joined us in the gym, neither of them mentioned anything of me not eating lunch with them and I was glad about that, because I couldn’t just say that it hurt to be in Clarke’s presence when she was talking with Finn.

Fortunately, we didn’t have pe with the boys, so I didn’t have to look at his annoying face until tomorrow morning. Or so I thought.

When I left for soccer training right after pe, I met Bellamy on the field. When the coach called us all together, he announced something which made me groan silently.

‘Listen up. Finn here-’, he clapped on his shoulders and I smirked with satisfaction at the pained look on Finns face. Gustus, our coach sometimes slightly underestimated his strength. ‘-wants to try out for the team. Let’s start with three laps around the field, then we’ll do some drills and then we’ll have a match.’

‘Let’s see how he holds himself’, Bellamy grinned and I smirked back, not intending to go easy on Finn.

We started our jog around the field, this part having become routine by now. After we were done, Bellamy and I went through some drills Gustus told us to do. This time I was careful to not get another ball in my groin, since I was still kind of traumatised from that.

And after we were done with the drills, we had a match for the last 30 minutes. Gustus divided all the players in to two groups and I breathed out in relieve, when I noticed that Finn wasn’t in my team. Thankfully Bellamy was put in my team and I grinned at him, looking forward to the game.

Gustus blew the whistle and Bellamy passed me the ball as he was the right striker. The game started out slow as the ball was passed around in our team, trying to find a whole in the defence. When I noticed that one of the defenders was standing a bit too far right, leaving a large gap open, I signalled Bellamy with a nod, shooting the ball in his direction.

He caught it with his chest and started running forward, dribbling past the other team’s players. I ran up to the front and when I saw Finn, I smirked and ran past him. Bellamy shot a high ball in my direction and I caught it with my feet, running towards the goal. I was just about to shoot when I was tackled and fell hard to the ground.

Another player from the other team’s defence took the ball and ran off. ‘Fuck’, I swore and got up from the ground to see who had tackled me and of course it had to be Finn.

He shot a smirk in my direction and I could feel the anger burning up inside. ‘Oh, the game is on’, I thought.

And from that moment, the game had turned aggressive and there were quite some accidents by the end of the game.

At some point, I had gotten an elbow to my nose and blood was flowing down but I didn’t care, because I still was mad at Finn for ruining my shot… well, that was one of many reasons why I disliked him.

When Gustus finally blew the whistle to signal that the game was over, he called us all together. ‘You played well, but please try to keep it a bit more accident free next game’, he told us, shooting a knowing look in my direction. ‘Have a nice evening everyone. And Finn, can you please stay back for a moment?’

The whole team, except for Finn, dissipated and went to the locker room to get changed. Now that
the anger had subsided slightly, I felt how much my nose actually hurt but I just tried to ignore it.

Once in the locker room, I got showered and then put my clean clothes back on. As usual I met Bellamy outside and we walked home together.

‘You should put some ice on that’, he commented, and shoulder bumped me.

I snorted, regretting it immediately though, when a sharp pain shot through my nose. Bellamy lifted his eyebrow and shot me a stern look.

‘Okay, I’ll put some ice on it when we’re home.’ I gave in, shoulder bumping Bellamy back.

‘What do you think of Finn?’ Bellamy asked, a curious look on his face.

I shot him a disgusted look, that being answer enough. Bellamy laughed and I asked him, ‘what about you?’

He pondered my question for a moment until he answered, ‘he’s not really a bad player, but… I kinda get this weird vibe off him, you know?’

I nodded, trying to hide just how much I disliked Finn. But even I had to agree, that Finn wasn’t a bad player. But that still didn’t mean that I liked him. I tolerated him at best, but certainly not more.

When Bellamy and I got home, I got an ice bag out of the freezer and put it on my face, wincing at the pain. Bellamy shot a smirk in my direction and called over his shoulder, ‘should have punched back.’

I smiled and shook my head. It was an accident after all and the guy who had accidently elbowed me, had apologised about hundred times, asking if he could do anything to make up for it.

With the ice bag pressed to my face, I sneaked past Aurora, who was watching the news in the living room. I ran up the stairs and then walked towards my bedroom, intending to dump my bags off. But before I opened the door, I heard voices… Octavia, Clarke and Raven to be exact.

I didn’t intend to eavesdrop but just as I was about to open the door, I heard Octavia saying Finn’s name and I froze.

‘-being hanging out a lot with Finn lately.’ I heard Octavia saying.

‘We’re just friends’, Clarke exclaimed, and that remark made a spark of hope appear… because, if Clarke really was just interested in him as a friend… ‘and anyway, he’s not interested in me in that way anyway.’ Clarke continued.

I furrowed my eyebrows, that spark of hope suddenly put out and replaced with annoyance toward that stupid boy.

‘So, would you want to be more than his friend?’ Octavia asked and I clenched my jaw, unsure if I really wanted to know.

Before Clarke could answer, I opened the door and stepped inside. Fortunately I had the ice bag covering half of my face, so I didn’t even have to try to fake a smile.

‘What the fuck happened?’ Clarke screeched when she saw me. I took the ice pack of my face, but that didn’t make it any better, since my nose was red and swollen.

‘Accident while training’, I answered curtly, not really in the mood to explain what had happened.
‘But are you okay?’ Clarke asked with concern. I nodded and joined the others on the floor.

‘Everything’s alright, I promise.’ I lied but none of my friends noticed because I covered my face with the ice bag again.

‘Was Finn in soccer practice?’ Clarke asked, trying to change the subject. It was such a simple question, and yet, I felt like someone had stabbed me in the heart.

‘Yes’, I said, trying to sound as normal as possible and not show the hatred I already held towards that boy.

‘Cool’, she said with a soft smile directed towards me. ‘Did he get in the team?’

‘Okay, fuck this shit’, I thought and got up. ‘I think so. I’ve got to ask Bellamy something for soccer practice next week.’ And with that, I stormed out of the room, not bearing to be in there for another minute.

‘What’s up with Lexa?’ Clarke asked, feeling slightly hurt, that I had left her twice today.

‘Maybe she wants to be left alone’, Raven said, trying to explain my situation without revealing the real problem.

***

Once I closed the bedroom door behind me, I took a deep breath. This was just too much, having to listen to the person I had feelings for, talk about her apparent crush.

I took another breath and put the ice bag back in the freezer, not caring if my nose would stay swollen, because right now, I had other problems.

Once I had made it back upstairs, I headed towards Bellamy’s room. The door was slightly ajar, and I knocked on the door frame. When Bellamy looked up and saw that it was me, he smiled and stopped the game he was playing on the Xbox.

‘What’s up?’ he asked.

‘Can I stay in here for a bit?’ I asked tentatively. Bellamy shot me a confused look but still said sure and budged over on his bed, that I could sit down as well.

‘What are you playing?’ I asked.

‘Battlefield. Want to play?’ Bellamy asked. I shot him a grin and he got a second controller out and turned the game on multiplayer.

While we were playing, or in my case, figuring out how to not die, Bellamy asked me, ‘by the way, what’s up?’

‘What do you mean?’ I asked, concentrating on trying to shoot one of the enemies.

‘You just seem a bit… I don’t know. Sad?’ Bellamy looked in my direction and I sighed.

‘Can you please not tell anyone? I asked and Bellamy paused the game.

Taking a deep breath, I admitted, ‘I kinda like Clarke… in a not only friendly way.’

‘Can you remember what you told me when we were at the cabin? About telling the person you like
how you feel? And yeah, I know that it might be fucking scary to tell your crush that you like them, but I think that you should tell her.’

Nodding, I pondered what Bellamy just told me. ‘So you think that I should tell her, even though she might not feel the same way?’

‘Yes. Because then you at least know, that she’s not interested. Otherwise, you’d be constantly wondering, if there was ever a chance that something could evolve between you.’ Bellamy wasn’t looking at me but at his hands and I had a feeling, that he was talking about himself.

‘Thank you. And you’re right. I’ll tell her how I feel and see what happens.’ I hugged Bellamy and he seemed slightly surprised, that I initiated the contact but wrapped his arms around me in a tight hug.

‘Good night’, I said, before I left his room. When I got back to Octavia and my room, Clarke, Raven and Octavia were still sitting on the floor, talking.

‘Hey’, Octavia said, when she noticed me. ‘You know, it’s Clarke’s birthday in a month and she said, that we should have a party.’

‘Yeah, cool’, I said, smiling at the prospect that Clarke was going to be fourteen soon as well.

‘Oh, by the way, Clarke told me that her mom had “the talk” with both of you.’ Octavia exclaimed. Blushing, I groaned and said, ‘god, it was so awful.’
The weeks up to Clarke’s birthday passed fast, because between school, soccer training and even more training at home, I didn’t have a lot of free time.

The distraction was good for me, because if I wasn’t so busy, I would have had a lot more time to think about Finn and Clarke who seemed to spend a lot of time together. It wasn’t that Clarke left her friends, it was just that Finn also sat with us at lunch.

And that shouldn’t have been a problem, since a few other kids from our class who I was slowly befriending, joined us as well for lunch; such as the class clown Jasper, Monty who was the polar opposite of Jasper and yet they were always found together. Then there was Nathan, but everyone called him Miller. Murphy who always looked grumpy but was actually a really nice guy once you got to know him. Atom, who probably only sat with us because he had a very obvious crush on Octavia, and then there was Harper who also seemed quite nice, even though we didn’t really talk much.

The fact that Clarke talked more and more with Finn during lunch, made me talk more with the other kids from our class, which wasn’t necessary a bad thing because I was making friends. And yet, I still missed Clarke.

***

It was a Friday night, the day before Clarke’s birthday and I was heading home after I had spent some time with Murphy, working on something for school. He was quite a funny guy and I liked to hang out with him as I found out, after being forced to spend time together to get the group project done.

Murphy was one of those misunderstood guys. Everyone thought that he was mean and just generally an asshole but that wasn’t the truth. I had seen how I acted with his little sister, how he was when nobody was around, and I felt only warmth for him. I had never seen him be so gentle and caring and being an asshole on the outside was just an act. A very well executed one.

Once I got home, I headed upstairs and went to mine and Octavia’s room. I heard sounds from inside, so I knocked on the door and stepped in.

Stopping dead in my tracks, I raised a solitary eyebrow because Octavia and Atom jumped apart like a deer caught in headlights, both of them slightly blushing and not daring to look in my eyes.

‘Did I interrupt something?’ I asked, although I was quite sure that they had been kissing. I smirked,
trying to hold back my laughter and said, ‘I mean I can go back out again, if you want some privacy…’

Octavia looked like she was seriously considering my offer but then shook her head with an apologising look in Atom’s direction. ‘I’ll bring you to the door?’ She asked shyly and he nodded, quickly gathering his things.

Trying to hold back my laughter, I stepped aside and waited until Octavia accompanied Atom downstairs to say good bye. A few minutes later, she joined me back in our bedroom, still blushing but she was glowing with happiness.

‘What did I miss?’ I asked and Octavia smiled.

‘We kissed’, she admitted shyly and I grinned at her, jumping up to pull her in an embrace.

‘How was it?’ I asked, sitting on my bed and tapped the space next to me, wanting to hear all the details.

Octavia sat down and smiled, admitting, ‘it was really nice. We were working on our project and then he looked at me and kissed me. But he was really gentle and asked if it was okay.’

Grinning, I pulled Octavia in another embrace, feeling an immense happiness for my foster sister.

‘So do you like him?’ I inquired, even though I already knew the answer.

Octavia blushed slightly and nodded. ‘He’s really nice and gentle. And when I told him that I don’t want to do more, he told me that it was fine and that he would wait, even if that means that he’ll have to wait two years.’

‘So, you just kissed?’ I asked, trying to make sure that I understood it right.

‘Yeah. I’m not ready to do more, because I want to wait until I’m at least sixteen to do… you know, more stuff.’ Octavia said, thoughtfully.

‘Yeah’, I agreed, thinking back to Clarke and the kiss we shared. And now that I thought about it, I had never told Octavia nor Raven about it. ‘Can I tell you something?’

‘Sure’, Octavia answered, not even trying to hide the curious look on her face.

‘Can you remember when we played spin the bottle?’ Octavia nodded and I continued, ‘well, that evening when you and Rae were asleep, Clarke and I um… we kissed.’

‘What?’ Octavia exclaimed. And when her initial shock dissipated, she grinned at me. ‘It makes so much sense now’, she muttered in thought.

‘Wait, what makes sense now?’ I asked confused, my eyebrows furrowed.

‘Well, Clarke came to me and asked how to know if someone has feelings for you. But she didn’t want to tell me who, so I guessed that it was Finn. But now that I think about it, I am sure that she meant you. Because when we’re alone, she practically never talks of Finn and if she does, it’s always because it’s got to do something with you too.’ Octavia explained, making my heart beat erratically, because if this was true, then Clarke wasn’t in to Finn after all.

‘But wait, why does she always talk to Finn?’ I asked, still confused about that part.

Octavia furrowed her eyebrows and thought about it for a long moment. ‘Maybe because he’s
obviously in to her and she doesn’t know, if you actually like her in that way… because he’s the safe choice and she doesn’t want to ruin your friendship.’

My heart was beating erratically by now, because suddenly everything made sense. Clarke didn’t want to risk ruining our friendship and to get over her (hypothetical) feelings for me, she got closer to Finn, because it wouldn’t matter if that between them wouldn’t end well.

‘Wow, you’re a genius O’, I said, feeling like everything had just changed.

‘I know’, she said, winking at me and I laughed, feeling hyped up like nothing could kill my mood.

‘Go tell her’, Octavia finally said, after I was staring at the floor, revelling in the knowledge that I had an actual chance with my best friend. Or at least thought that I had a chance.

‘Are you sure?’ I asked nervously. Because it was possible that Octavia was wrong and misinterpreted things.

‘Yes, because it’s better, if you just tell her and that she knows how you feel, instead of you two idiots pining over each other.’

I nodded, not having really listened but yeah, that sounded like it actually made sense.

Still in deep thought, I got up from the bed and rushed outside. Octavia followed me downstairs and once I had my shoes on and stepped outside in to the cold night air, she called after me, ‘go get your girl.’

Laughing, I shot her a grin and walked over to Clarke’s house, my heart beating erratically. Still hyped up, I climbed the few stairs up to the main door and rang the bell. It was only now, that I thought to myself, ‘what the fuck am I doing?’ but it was already too late, as the door was being opened by Jake.

‘Hey Lexa’, he said, his kind blue eyes that always reminded me of Clarke staring down at me. He shot me the same warm smile I always got from Clarke, the one that made you feel comfortable in an instant.

‘Hi Mr. Griffin’, I greeted him nervously.

He chuckled and said, ‘Lexa, you can call me Jake.’ He shot me a warm smile and I apologised, ‘sorry, old habit.’

He smiled and then asked, ‘so, I don’t assume that you were looking for me?’

I shook my head and he faked to be hurt, making me laugh. I liked Clarke’s dad, because he always made me feel at ease.

‘Is Clarke home?’ I finally asked, my heart still beating erratically.

‘No, unfortunately not’, Jake answered. I tried to hide my disappointment, telling myself that I could just tell her tomorrow how I felt about her. ‘She went to the cinema with this boy… I think Finley was his name, or something like that’, Jake continued, and I felt how my heart fell.

‘Finn’, I murmured more to myself, but Jake heard and nodded.

‘Yeah, that one’, he said and from the look on Jake’s face, he obviously disliked him as much as I did. ‘They should be back soon though’, Jake said as he checked his watch, a stern look on his face
as if he was planning what to do if Finn didn’t bring his baby girl home on time.

‘Okay, thanks. I’ll um, see Clarke tomorrow anyway, so it doesn’t matter.’ I murmured. I didn’t see
the look Jake shot me, obviously seeing through my disappointment that Clarke went out with Finn.

‘Have a nice evening, Jake’, I said, right before I turned around.

‘You too’, he called from the door and I shot him a forced smile, thankful that it was dark outside
and that he didn’t see the tears in my eyes.

Once Jake closed the door, I finally let the tears fall, not able to hold them back any longer. My heart
ached and I felt an immense helplessness, because Clarke went on a date (was it a date? Because it
seemed like one) with that boy I couldn’t stand. And I didn’t even want to think about, if they held
hands or even worse, if Finn dared to kiss Clarke at the end of the night.

Not wanting to head home right now and have to tell Octavia what happened, I crossed the road and
walked towards the park. It was pitch black and I was only wearing a small cardigan, not having
expected to spend this much time outside. But I pushed through the biting cold, since I couldn’t
really feel it through the heart ache that I was experiencing.

Once I arrived at the park, I sat on the swing and watched the cars that drove passed on the street.
There were a few people walking passed, but other than that it was mostly quiet. Until a group of
teenagers, probably around Bellamy’s age, also came to the park and gathered around the tower,
some sitting on the slide and some sitting on the floor.

They were all laughing, blasting their loud music from a boombox and just enjoying their Friday
night. Some were smoking and I could occasionally hear the clank of glass bottles against each other
but other than that, they didn’t really do anything to bother me.

That was until one of the guys noticed me and came staggering in my direction. I tensed up and
mentally slapped myself for coming here, since this was obviously a common place for hanging out.

‘Hey, you’, the guy slurred, nearly falling over a stone. A few of his friends laughed at his
intoxicated state.

‘What’s your name?’ he asked, as he slumped in the swing next to me. I clenched my jaw, thinking
whether I should answer or not, but I decided to just tell him, since he would probably leave me
alone soon.

‘Lexa’, I said, just loud enough that he could hear me.

‘Lexa’, he repeated, nodding his head slowly, looking a bit confused because he was so wasted. ‘So,
Lexa’, he slurred, ‘what are you doing here, all alone?’

Clenching my jaw, I mentally prepared myself to run away if things got out of hand. ‘Just hanging
out’, I answered, trying to keep my voice from shaking.

‘Mhm’, the guy said, nodding his head again. ‘Want some beer?’ he asked, and I was surprised by
the question.

I was even more surprised, when I found myself actually considering his offer. But I thought better
of it and politely declined.

‘Hey guys, come on over’, the drunk dude called to his friend and I mentally swore. Just as I was
about to get up, his friends joined us though and sat down on the floor. Now that they were closer, I
could finally make out what they were smoking, because those definitely weren’t cigarettes.

‘Hey, I know you’, one of the girls said and I had to admit, that she did seem familiar. She had high cheekbones and a fierce look, like she didn’t take anyone’s crap. ‘Wait, you’re Bellamy’s foster sister, right? He talks a lot about you, you know? I’m Anya by the way.’

I was so surprised by the admission, that I only now remembered that I had seen her at school a couple of times.

The drunk guy on the swing looked confused for a moment and when he finally grasped what was going on, he slurred, ‘oh, so you go to the same school together?’

His three friends started laughing and I snorted, starting to feel at ease with these strangers.

‘You want a beer?’ This time it was Anya who offered and this time I said yes, because hell, why not. It felt good to be around strangers who didn’t remind me of Clarke and to be honest, I was starting to enjoy myself. And if that was very stupid and impulsive, I didn’t give a shit in the moment.

The drunk guy whooped, and I smiled, thanking Anya when she opened a bottle and passed it to me. I tentatively took a sip, trying to figure out if I liked the taste. But the more I drank, the more I started to like it. But that could have also been because I started feeling tipsy, everything around me turning and all my sorrow was gone, leaving me in a warm and oddly content state.

‘You okay there?’ Anya asked and I grinned back, making the whole group cheer. And as the night continued and it went from one bottle to two, I was starting to feel bolder because right now, I felt good and everything felt like a great idea.

That’s how a few hours later, I was sitting next to Anya and was listening to Dax (the guy who was “slightly” intoxicated but actually seemed quite nice) how he retold us a story how he lost his virginity in a car.

We all pissed ourselves laughing, when he recalled the part where he and his girlfriend got caught by her dad, and he had to run away in only his underwear while her dad followed him with a baseball bat.

The night went on and at some point, Anya gave me her jacket, stating that I should wear it that I wouldn’t get hypothermia. I thanked her and the five of us kept on drinking.

The hours passed fast and by the time the clock hit two in the morning, I had drunk three beers and I certainly noticed them. The other four, who had drunk the double amount up to now, were in the same state of inebriation as I was, since it wasn’t the first time that they had drank alcohol.

‘Already two o’clock? Damn’, I slurred, and the others laughed. I started laughing as well, because in the moment everything seemed funny.

‘Well my lords and my ladies’, Dax slurred loudly while trying to get up, making us all laugh again. ‘I am going to head home now. I wish you all a lovely evening.’

His other two friends joined him and after saying their good byes, the three of them staggered away. Anya and I snorted, watching Dax as he nearly fell over and then started laughing hysterically at himself.

‘Wow’, I murmured, feeling how the beer made me tired. Anya nodded slowly with a tired expression on her face.
I snorted and tried to get up myself. Only I miscalculated how dizzy I would feel and nearly fell face front in to a pole. But Anya caught me in the last second and laughed at my failed attempt.

‘Come on kid, let’s get you home’, she mumbled, wrapping one arm around my waist to help me stay upright. The walk back home was quiet, and the cold air helped to sober me up. After about ten minutes, we arrived at my place (which would usually be a three minute walk, but we were both very drunk, so everything took a lot longer).

‘Thanks a lot’, I slurred, while trying to take Anya’s jacket off to give it back. Anya snorted at my failed attempt and helped me out, making me laugh at my own inability.

‘It was fun. Would be nice, if you hung out with us again’, Anya offered, but still left it open to me if I wanted to agree. I nodded with a grin, because even though I knew that it was wrong to drink, I felt great and I hadn’t thought about Clarke for the whole evening.

Anya smiled back and with a last curt and drunken hug, where we both nearly fell over, Anya left laughing, making her way home in the dark.

I turned to the door and tried to get in, only noticing that it was locked. ‘Shit’, I mumbled to myself, having forgotten to take a key with me.

A minute passed until my alcohol clouded mind remembered the spare key that we kept underneath of a stone, for the case that someone forgot their key (that someone usually being Octavia).

I went to the respective stone, glad that I at least could still remember which one it was, and took out the spare key. After unlocking the door, I put the key back and stepped inside.

Shutting and locking the door as quiet as possible, I took my shoes off and gently laid them next to the door. I sneaked towards mine and Octavia’s bedroom but when I got to the stairs, I forgot about the step that always made a sound and stood on it.

I froze, feeling how my heart was pounding in my chest and waited for a few seconds. But fortunately, nobody woke up and I sneaked up the rest of the stairs, holding myself on the railing because otherwise I would have either fallen down the stairs or fallen in to the wall.

Once I managed to get upstairs, I went to the bathroom and sat down on the toilet, holding myself on the wall. I didn’t want to risk standing, because in this state, I didn’t trust my aim at all.

After I was done, I flushed the toilet, regretting it a moment later when I noticed just how loud it was. But nobody woke up again, so I continued to wash my hands and brush my teeth, staggering around and laughing over myself. Once my face was also washed and my braid was undone, I drank some water, remembering what Anya told me to prevent a hangover in the morning.

I made it to mine and Octavia’s bedroom, without waking anyone up. That was until, I accidently banged my leg on my bed and fell over, landing hard on the floor.

‘Fuck’, I muttered in pain and then again when I noticed that I woke Octavia.

‘Lexa? What are you doing here? I thought that you were at Clarke’s house?’ she asked, sounding confused and tired.

‘Apparently not’, I slurred, thinking that I sounded sober, but the reality was totally different. Because even though Octavia was still half asleep, she could make out that something was wrong.

‘Wait, Lex what’s up?’ Octavia got up and turned the bed side lamp on, now finally able to see me. I
was laying on the floor in only my underwear and an undershirt, after having stripped out of my clothing.

‘What are you doing on the floor?’ she asked, and I sighed, my intoxicated brain betraying me by not coming up with a good excuse. Instead I said, ‘laying?’ and shot Octavia a look, which I thought was a serious one but probably looked ridiculous.

She helped me get up from the floor and I plumped on my bed, nearly moaning at the feeling of the soft material. ‘Wait Lex… are you drunk?’ Octavia asked, finally connecting the dots.

‘I wouldn’t say drunk’, I retorted and made it all much worse by adding, ‘maybe slightly inebriated.’

‘Shit, what the fuck happened? And where did you get the alcohol from?’ Octavia asked with concern, unsure if she was dreaming this or if this was actually happening.

After Octavia covered me up, I retold her the whole story of what had happened, only leaving out the crying part, because even though I was absolutely wasted, I wasn’t going to admit that. I had a reputation to keep up after all.

By the time I got to the end of the story, I was practically mumbling the words and my eyes felt like lead. It barely took me a minute to fall asleep after I spoke the last sentence, ‘-and that’s how I ended here.’

While I retold Octavia the whole story, I didn’t see the heartbroken look she shot me, feeling sorry for what had happened. And when I finally fell asleep, she sighed and rubbed her face with her hands, making sure that I was underneath of the blanket before she got back to bed.

With one long last look at my sleeping form, she turned the light off, hoping that Clarke would see her true feelings and not just take Finn as a way to get over me.

But only tomorrow would reveal what happened and with that last thought, Octavia closed her eyes and soon fell back asleep.

Chapter End Notes

So, before some people voice their concerns regarding Lexa already drinking at the age of 14, let me explain why I wrote out the scene like I did:

Nowadays, it isn't uncommon for 14 year olds to drink. And yes, Lexa's character isn't someone who would do something so irresponsible, but she also went through a heart break and that can mess up pretty much anyone. And I want to show the characters growing up and the mistakes they make, because seriously, who never makes mistakes? Nobody.

And that is absolutely fine, because making mistakes is a crucial part of life and the most important thing is, that we learn from them.

And that is the reason, why I decided to keep that scene, because the drinking part will have a consequence which will help Lexa in future.

And thanks for reading :)
Mistakes, regrets and revelations

I woke up with a pounding head and I felt sick. I groaned, trying to remember what the fuck had happened. As I was slowly waking up, the memories came flooding back; there was drinking involved (a lot of it) and I also met someone from Bellamy’s class.

‘Shit’, I murmured to myself. I knew that drinking was a bad idea, especially as I had never done it before. But it had felt good and it made me forget the pain from hearing that Clarke went out with Finn.

My body seemed to hate Finn as well as I got a wave of nausea at the thought of him. I jumped up and ran (or rather staggered in a fast pace) to the bathroom and threw up in the toilet, not even having time to close the door.

Wave after wave went through my body until I was retching, nothing coming out anymore because my stomach was empty.

Once I felt like I wouldn’t throw up again, I closed the toilet seat, flushed and sat down to lean on the floor. My whole body was shaking, and I felt like shit. I probably didn’t smell any better either.

A few minutes later, I finally managed crawl towards the door and lock it before anyone saw me like this. With a lot of effort, I got undressed and sat down in the shower, not managing to stand up yet. I swore loudly when I turned the water on, and the shower head sprayed cold water directly in to my face.

‘Fuck’, I swore loudly and my whole body shivered from the cold while I was waiting for the water to finally heat up.

After a long shower, I dried myself off and with the towel wrapped around my body, I got some clean clothes from Octavia’s and my room. Once I was fully dressed and looked halfway presentable, I went downstairs to get something to eat.

When I arrived in the kitchen, everyone (except for Octavia who probably knew why I only showed up now) was staring at me.

‘Good morning Lexa’, Marcus said, checking his watch with a confused look.

‘Everything alright honey?’ Aurora asked and I nodded, regretting it seconds later when the head ache came back from the sudden movement. ‘Are you sure?’ she asked again, and I could hear the concern in her voice.

‘Yeah, just um, went to bed late.’ I answered, trying to sound nonchalant about it.

‘Okay’, Aurora said, and I could feel her gaze on me while I was getting breakfast (or was it already lunch?) ready.

‘It’s Clarke’s birthday today’, Marcus stated, trying to ease the tension a bit. It did help to get Aurora’s attention of me, but it certainly didn’t help the inner turmoil I was having, the feeling of nausea coming back. Only this time, it wasn’t because of the alcohol.

‘What time is the party?’ Aurora asked and when I didn’t say anything, Octavia answered her question. ‘At three. Oh and by the way, Clarke also invited us to sleep over.’
Aurora nodded and told us to say happy birthday to Clarke. Before she left the kitchen, she shot another concerned look in my direction, but I was too focused at not throwing up all over the table to see the look on her face.

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‘Are you sure that you’re alright?’ Octavia asked with concern. We were getting ready for the party and during the whole time, I hadn’t said a single word and just stared at the floor with a grumpy look on my face.

‘Yeah, everything’s fucking peachy’, I retorted, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

I heard Octavia sigh and step closer to me. She touched my arm and when I finally looked up, she looked in my eyes and said, ‘look, I know that it hurts. But you don’t even know what happened yet. Maybe Clarke and Finn just went to the cinema as friends. So, just don’t give up yet, okay?’

I nodded and got ready, holding on what Octavia had said like my life depended on it.

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‘Sure, just friends’, I murmured in Octavia’s ear. We had arrived at Clarke’s party a bit over an hour ago and I barely had a chance to talk to Clarke, as she was too busy either playing some games or talking to our friends… and Finn.

Octavia was just about to say something when Finn and Clarke laughed at something and Finn slung his arm casually around Clarke’s back. What annoyed me the most though, was that Clarke didn’t seem to mind at all.

I shot Octavia a last defeated look and went outside to the garden where Murphy was sitting on his own and drinking something out of a bottle.

‘Hey’, I said while I sat down next to Murphy. He nodded his head in greeting and we sat next to each other in silence for a few seconds until I broke it. ‘Once someone told me that “love is weakness” and I kinda agree now.’

To my surprise, Murphy chuckled darkly and nodded. ‘Want a sip?’ he asked, offering me the soda bottle he had been drinking out of since he arrived here.

‘What’s in there?’ I asked and took the offered bottle, sniffing at the content of it. I raised a solitary eyebrow and asked, ‘beer?’

Murphy nodded and without a second thought, I took a long drink. ‘Where did you get it from?’, I asked and passed him the bottle back.

‘My friend.’

I hummed and stared at the blue sky. It was quite cold, Autumn having finally caught up, but the cold didn’t really bother me in the moment, since I was too distracted by my own thoughts.

‘How come you know what beer tastes like?’ Murphy asked with sudden interest.

I smiled humorously and answered truthfully, ‘I met some people yesterday and they offered me some. It was quite nice actually and I might have gotten slightly wasted.’ At that Murphy looked at me surprised.
‘Well, well, never would have pictured you as a rule breaker. But if you ever want to just hang out and you know, have a drink, I’m in.’

I smiled at his offer and nodded, taking another sip of his beer. We stayed outside for another few minutes until Raven called us inside, telling us that they were going to play a game. Murphy and I shot a look at each other, neither of us really in the mood for playing games because in all honesty, I was quite enjoying hanging outside with Murphy… and not having to look at Clarke and Finn.

With a sigh, we both got up and headed inside. When I passed Raven, she gently touched my arm, signalling me to stay and then asked, ‘everything alright?’

I clenched my jaw and tried to hide my annoyance that everyone was asking that. Instead, I shot her a forced smile and nodded, catching up with the others who had gathered in a circle on the living room floor.

Clarke was sitting next to Octavia and… Finn, of course. I clenched my jaw at the sight, telling myself that it didn’t mean anything. I plopped down next to Murphy and we waited until Raven finally joined us, sitting down next to Bellamy.

‘So, how about a good old round of truth or dare?’ Jasper asked. I groaned but the cheers of the others (except for Murphy of course who looked just as enthusiastic as I was) covered the sound I made.

‘Who wants to go first?’ Finn asked and I rolled my eyes, because basically everything he did annoyed me to no end.

‘I’ll go first’, Raven announced and without hesitation she said, ‘dare.’

Finn thought for a long time and then finally said, ‘say “banana” after everything you say until it’s your turn again.’

‘Seriously, that’s all? Banana’ Raven said, making the group of friends laugh.

‘Monty. Banana.’ Raven picked and everyone laughed again.

‘Truth.’

‘What’s the most embarrassing that ever happened to you? Banana’ Typical Raven question, I thought.

Monty thought for a long moment and then blushed, shyly admitting, ‘I once fell on the floor… right in front of, um… someone I like.’

Everyone laughed, making Monty blush even harder.

The questions went on like that, but after Raven, nobody really seemed to be brave enough to take a dare. Until it was my turn and I said, ‘dare’, just to prove something, or rather to myself that I wasn’t scared of having to do a task. Only, that wasn’t a good idea, since it was Jasper who would dare me to do something.

I regretted it moments later, when he grinned deviously and said, ‘I dare you to go in the closet with Murphy for five minutes.’

‘What?’, I asked, annoyed at the stupid dare. The group laughed at the look Murphy and I had on our face, obviously enjoying our misery.
We got up and were shoved in the small closet where Clarke’s family kept coats. Before the door was closed, I looked in Clarke’s direction, the first time since we started playing and the small smile, she shot me, both warmed my heart but also felt like a punch in my guts.

‘Is she happy for me, that I was forced in this small closed together with Murphy? No, I’m thinking too much about it’, I thought to myself, trying to not ruin my mood even more.

The door was finally closed, and Jasper called, ‘five minutes starting now’, from outside, leaving Murphy and me together in the small room.

We both sighed and slid to the floor, waiting until the time was over.

‘Have you still got some of that beer left?’ I asked quietly, not wanting the others to hear. Murphy smirked and pulled a bottle out of the inside of his coat. I couldn’t see anything but when he passed me the bottle, I felt that it was a different one. It was actually a flask, I noted.

‘What’s in here?’ I asked, already opening the lid of the flask.

‘Whiskey’, he responded quietly, and I chuckled, not bothering to ask how he got to this.

I took a hearty sip, regretting it moments later when the liquid burned my throat, making me cough. I heard Murphy chuckle next to me and I shoved him slightly, chuckling as well and murmured, ‘ass’, but not without taking another sip.

The next few minutes, we drank, passing the bottle around and occasionally commenting on the weird discussion between Bellamy and Jasper. It was about food of course, Bellamy claiming that peanut butter was better than Nutella while Jasper disagreed with him.

When the five minutes were over, both Murphy and I had taken several sips of the alcohol and when Jasper opened the door for us two come out of the closet (no pun intended), I had to concentrate on not falling over as the effect of the alcohol suddenly hit me once I stood up.

Murphy wasn’t faring any better, also having to lean on the wall for support. We joined the others on the floor and fortunately none of them noticed that we were slightly tipsy. Well, I was a bit more than tipsy, the effect of the alcohol surely making its way to my brain.

The rest of the game got funnier, not only because of my slightly inebriated state, but also because the questions finally got deeper and the dares bolder.

It was probably a good thing, that I had to concentrate so hard on not showing that I was slightly drunk, because otherwise I would have seen the small touches between Clarke and Finn, or the fact that they were sitting closer than before.

As the hours passed, I noticed my level of intoxication slowly dropping. And when it was already seven o’clock and we were all gathered on the couch or living room floor and watching a movie, the effect of the alcohol was practically gone. It was only then, that I started to notice how close Clarke and Finn seemed.

I clenched my jaw and tried to push the waves of jealousy away, concentrating on the movie and the popcorn. I was sitting on the floor next to Murphy, Harper, Miller, Aden and Madi, while Octavia, Raven and Bellamy were sitting on one of the couches. Clarke, Finn, Jasper and Monty were squished on the other couch.

When it was nearing ten o’clock, and the second movie was nearly over, Jake came in to the living room, telling us to get ready for bed. Clarke had invited us all over to sleep here, so everyone got
their sleeping bag and spread it out in the spacious living room.

A half an hour later, everyone was ready and laying in the sleeping bag. With a last, ‘good night’, and a pointed look in Clarke’s direction, Jake left and turned the lights off.

It took nearly an hour until everyone was asleep, the soft sound of breathing filling the room. I was still awake though, thoughts filling my head and keeping me from sleeping.

After ten more minutes of not being able to sleep, I finally got up as silently as possible and slipped outside of the living room. I grabbed my coat and shoes, making my way outside to the backyard. I sat down on the porch and stared at the moon shining down, gently illuminating the trees and the pool.

Everything was blurry since I didn’t put my glasses on, but I didn’t care, not seeing much anyway since it was dark.

A few minutes passed until I heard the door being opened and a figure slowly sneaking out. I scrunched my eyes together, trying to figure out who it was, finally recognizing Murphy’s ascending figure.

‘What are you doing out here?’ I asked, watching my breath come out as a white fog.

‘I was going to ask you the same’, he retorted, sitting down next to me.

‘Couldn’t sleep’, I answered.

‘Same.’

A few minutes passed until I finally asked the question that had been nagging at me since Murphy offered me alcohol, ‘why do you drink?’

Murphy stared at the sky, not showing what he was thinking. ‘To forget things’, he finally answered quietly.

I was slightly taken aback at Murphy’s honesty, not having expected such a truthful answer.

‘You?’

‘Same I guess.’ I answered.

We stayed silent for another few seconds until Murphy asked me again, ‘so, why are you sitting out here?’

‘Can’t sleep’, I answered, ‘and you?’

‘Same’, he said. Murphy hesitated and then asked, ‘can I ask you something personal?’

‘Sure.’

‘But you have to promise that you’ll never tell anyone that I asked you this.’ He said and I nodded, waiting for him to ask his question.

‘Have you ever had feelings for someone, you know that you probably won’t ever have a chance with?’

I clenched my jaw, immediately thinking of Clarke and that she seemed to be getting closer to Finn
the more time she spent with him.

‘Yeah’, I murmured, wondering who Murphy was talking about.

‘And what did you do to get over it?’ he asked quietly. Even though he hid his emotions very well, I could still see the sadness in his eyes.

‘Well, to be honest, I haven’t really done anything against it.’ I sighed and rubbed my neck. ‘I mean, I don’t think that… that they actually like me back, you know?’ My jaw clenched, because even thinking about it was really painful.

Murphy snorted and took his flask out of his jacket. I raised an eyebrow but didn’t say anything when he offered me the bottle after taking a sip of his own.

We stayed outside, sitting next to each other and drinking until the flask was empty and we were drunk, all of the pain forgotten for the moment.

‘So, who’s the person you want to forget?’ Murphy asked, the alcohol effecting his speech.

I sighed, feeling dizzy from the alcohol. ‘Can you, um… can you promise that you won’t tell anyone?’ I slurred my words. I felt oddly brave from the alcohol, which probably was dangerous but the time I had spent with Murphy, made me see who he really was and that I could trust him.

When Murphy nodded, promising that he’d keep it a secret, I answered, ‘Clarke.’ I held my breath, waiting for Murphy to comment that I was crushing on my best friend… who was a girl. But the comment never came, instead he nodded and shot me an understanding look.

‘And who is your mystery crush?’ I asked. Murphy hesitated and I could see the conflict in his eyes. ‘You know that you can trust me, right?’ I asked and Murphy nodded.

He took a few deep breaths and then finally murmured, ‘Bellamy.’
I'm sorry

Chapter Notes

Well, this was one hell of a chapter to write… not cause it's a longer chapter than usual, but because of what happened… and in that regard:

TRIGGER WARNING:
A nasty fight scene and some punching

Anyway, have fun everyone because the ending… ;)

Clarke woke up in the middle of the night, having heard something. She looked around the room, the faint light from the moon serving as a light source. She noticed that two sleeping bags were empty. Lexa’s and… Murphy’s?

Clarke got up as quiet as possible and slipped out of the room, trying not to trip over someone on her way out. Once she was in the hallway, she checked the kitchen to see if her best friend and Murphy were there. When she didn’t find them in the kitchen, she checked the backyard.

She opened the back door quietly and what she saw made her stop dead in her tracks. Lexa and Murphy were hugging. Clarke didn’t even know that Lexa talked to Murphy and most certainly not that she was friends with him.

‘Are they… no, they’re not together’, Clarke told herself, feeling a spark of jealousy. She watched Lexa and Murphy for a while longer. After their hug, they stayed outside talking and they were drinking out of something… was that a flask?

Clarke felt guilty for watching them, because if Lexa wanted to be with Murphy, that was her choice. She had never actually told Clarke that she wanted to be more than friends with her… yes, they had kissed but Lexa obviously didn’t want her after all.

Clarke felt the tears gather in her eyes and before Lexa or Murphy saw her watching them, she shut the door and sneaked back to the living room.

It wasn’t long after, that Lexa and Murphy came back as well, quietly laughing together and leaning on each other to not fall over… yeah, they were definitely both drunk.

Clarke fortunately had her back to her best friend and Murphy, because no matter how well Clarke could pretend that she was sleeping, she couldn’t pretend that she was alright, couldn’t hide the tears that were slowly seeping through her closed eyes.

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The morning after was… different to say the least. Something between Murphy and I had changed. It was like a silent understanding that we would never mention what we had talked about yesterday evening, but that we could talk to each other if something was up. Because quite frankly, I really liked to hang out with Murphy and that feeling seemed to be mutual.

But the more I seemed to get closer with Murphy, the more Clarke seemed to distance herself from
me… and get closer to Finn instead.

There were the small things that changed between Clarke and me. For example, instead of sitting next to me like she always would, she choose to sit next to Octavia, Finn or Raven. And she didn’t look at me as often as she used to. When she laughed, she would have always unconsciously looked at me but now, she looked at the floor more often than not.

She didn’t smile at me as often anymore and when she did, the smile didn’t reach her eyes like it used to do. And the thought that I had done something wrong or hurt her… it was unbearable because Clarke was my best friend and I never would hurt her intentionally.

So on Monday, the week after her birthday, I decided to finally ask Clarke what was wrong. We were sitting in the back of the class, at our usual table, listening to the monotone voice of our teacher, while he tried to explain something.

‘Can I ask you something?’ I whispered, my heart starting to beat faster, because quite frankly, I was scared shitless to ask Clarke what was wrong or if I had done something.

Clarke just nodded, her eyes fixed on the book in front of her. She hadn’t looked at me a single time in this whole lesson and I felt my heart clench.

‘Clarke, please look at me’, I begged, my voice nearly breaking.

With an annoyed sigh, she finally looked at me. ‘What?’, she whispered frustrated, and I could see the anger in her eyes.

‘What is wrong? Have I done or said anything? Because you’re acting… I don’t know. Different.’ I murmured and clenched my jaw, something I did when I was nervous.

For a moment, I could see the pain in Clarke’s eyes, but that moment passed as fast as it came and changed to annoyance again. ‘No, everything’s alright’, she murmured, annoyance lacing her voice.

I sighed in frustration, and whispered, ‘please Clarke, I know that something’s up. Please just tell me, if I have done anything wrong.’ My voice broke in the end and I clenched my jaw so hard that I was sure, that my teeth would break soon.

Clarke stared at me for a long moment and then finally answered with defeat, ‘Finn asked me out and I… I said yes.’

As soon as those words were out of her mouth, I wished that she had never told me. Suddenly I felt like my whole world was breaking apart and that I was hit by a truck. Fortunately the lesson was nearly over and as soon as the bell rang, I grabbed my bag and left without another word.

Octavia and Raven stared at Clarke in confusion, because they didn’t know what the hell had happened. But Clarke just stared at my descending figure, having regretted that she told me that her and Finn are dating, the moment those words tumbled out of her mouth.

***

A few weeks had passed since Clarke told me that her and Finn were dating. A few weeks of me feeling like shit and drowning my feelings in school work, soccer or alcohol. And I knew that it wasn’t healthy at all, but right now, it was the only thing that kept me sane.

It was Friday evening and I was heading home after our last soccer practice before our winter break. Usually I would have walked home with Bellamy, but he had the flu and didn’t feel hundred percent
yet, so he passed on training for this one time.

I wished that I had done the same because I felt exhausted and all I wanted to do right now, was pass out in my bed and catch up with the sleep I had missed in the last couple of weeks.

But out of some fucked up reason, this universe obviously had other plans when I was suddenly pushed and fell hard on the floor. On my way down, my schoolbag and glasses fell down, the latter breaking from the hard impact.

I grunted in pain and turned around to see who the hell had pushed me. But before I could get up, something heavy landed on me and pushed me back down, making my head slam hard on the floor. I swore in pain and clutched my head, trying to blink the haziness and tears away.

‘Remember me?’ a familiar voice asked, his voice full of hatred.

‘Fuck’, was all I could think, when I slowly recognized the guy that had harassed Aden on his first school day and then got suspended not only from school but also got thrown out of the football team. He was called “John Mbege”, if I remembered correctly.

‘Because of you, I was fucking grounded for two months you freak’, John spat at me. His grip on my arms tightened and I could feel my heart pounding against my chest in fear and anticipation.

I was nowhere near of being ready though, when John’s fist made contact with my face. And then again and again. I cried out when the pain shot through my head, making my pounding head ache even worse than it already was. My eyes were watering, I could taste blood and I felt light headed like I was going to faint.

But I was literally punched back to reality, when John’s fist made contact with my ribs, an agonizing pain shooting up my side. I gasped for breath, unable to make a sound.

I tried to push John away and curl up to save my sides, but the movement only sent another wave of pain, together with the next two punches he landed in my ribs again, making me cry out.

My vision was blurry and all I could feel was the pain spreading through my whole body. I barely even noticed when John got up off me, the pain blocking out everything. The last thing I felt, was the sharp kick to my stomach, before I passed out on the freezing floor.

***

It was a few minutes later when I woke up, only now the guy was gone, and I was alone again. My eyes were watering, and I could taste blood. I groaned and cried out when I tried to get up, a sharp stabbing pain shooting through my ribs.

My breathing was shallow, tears and blood were streaming down my face and my whole body was shaking either from pain, the cold or both.

I clenched my teeth and after a long moment, I was finally able to get up, my anger powering my body enough to bite through it.

When I finally managed to get back up, I crouched down to get my glasses and bag, groaning in pain and from exhaustion.

Walking home was agony, because every step I took, shot another stabbing pain through my body. But I bit through it and tried to ignore the cold winter air. But today seemed like the whole fucking world was against me, because just as I finally reached our neighbourhood, I felt the first few rain
drops on my face.

‘ Fucking great’, I pressed through clenched teeth, my anger growing even more. The small rain drops started to get bigger and soon I was walking home in the pouring rain.

After what felt like an hour, I could finally see my home. The lights were on but fortunately, Aurora and Marcus were out on some business dinner, so at least I wouldn’t have to deal with them for the moment.

I closed the last distance and then finally entered the warm house. My clothes were dripping wet and I rushed upstairs as fast as I could, trying to not make a mess on the clean floor.

When I entered Octavia’s and my room, there were a few things I didn’t consider: Firstly, the voices coming from our room, meaning that Octavia wasn’t alone. I also didn’t consider what I looked like, with my face full of bruises and blood.

So it actually shouldn’t have been a surprise that when I opened the door and Octavia, Clarke and Raven saw the state I was in, they looked at me in shock.

I felt a wave of déjà-vu, because it reminded me of the incident a while ago, when I came home with a black eye. Only, that was due to an accident from soccer practice and this one certainly wasn’t an accident.

‘Omg. Lex are you alright?’, Clarke screeched and shot up, trying to check my face. I nodded and put my bag and broken glasses on my bed, wincing when another stabbing pain shot through my ribs.

‘What the fuck happened?’, Raven asked, the shock evident in her face.

‘Nothing’, I murmured, not really wanting them to know what had happened. And even though I knew that neither of my friends would leave me alone until I finally told them, I still tried to get them to back off.

‘Please, Lexa’, Clarke whispered pleadingly and my heart nearly broke.

I clenched my jaw and sat on my bed, wincing a bit when I was reminded of my aching ribs. Clarke sat down next to me and the scared look she had, was enough to convince me to tell my friends what had happened.

I took a deep breath, regretting it a second later when a stabbing pain shot through my ribs. But I tried to not show it, not wanting to make my friends even more worried. ‘Well, I was walking home from soccer training when the guy that had harassed Aden, um’ I swallowed the lump in my throat and continued, trying to ignore the scared look on my friends faces.

‘He pushed me and um, when I was on the floor, he… he punched me.’, My jaw clenched, remembering everything vividly. ‘And yeah, at some point he left me alone.’ I half lied, deciding to not tell my friends about everything, because I didn’t want them to worry even more.

‘I’m going to fucking kill him’, Clarke seethed when I was done talking and from the look Octavia and Raven had, it seemed that they had the same idea.

‘We’ve got to tell the principal’, Clarke said after a while.

‘No, no way’, I objected, not wanting to have even more people involved. ‘I’ll tell Aurora and Marcus, but no way in hell will I tell the principal.’
Clarke sighed but at the pointed look I shot at her, she nodded defeatedly.

‘Obviously you’ll have to tell our parents, I mean how the fuck do you want to cover that up?’, Octavia added, making me smile a bit.

‘How about we say that you walked in to a door?’, Raven offered, making the whole group laugh. ‘What? I’m serious’, she added, making me laugh even more.

When the laughter slowly died down, I smiled at my three friends, happy that I had them in my life. ‘Thank you.’

I felt Clarke take my hand tentatively. I looked up in surprise and when she shot me an apologising smile, I smiled back.

‘I’m sorry for how I acted’, I whispered a moment later, giving her hand a small squeeze.

‘I’m sorry too’, she murmured, squeezing my hand back and shooting me the first genuine smile in weeks. And for the first time in a while, I finally felt alright again, because I had my best friend back.
I woke up with a smile the next morning, not even the pain able to dampen the happiness I was feeling. Clarke and I were finally okay again and nothing seemed to be able to ruin my mood.

That was until I headed downstairs, forgetting about how messed up my face must have looked like and scarring the shit out of Marcus. What followed was a very long conversation with Marcus and Aurora, a lot of calls with school and the police about what had happened and an emergency doctor appointment to check my ribs, which turned out to be okay.

But I knew that this was only the beginning and that a lot more conversations with the police and school would follow, regarding the incident with Dax. Fortunately though, Clarke was with me the whole time and even held my hand when I had to talk to the police to give them my statement.

The next few days following up to Christmas and new year passed in a blur. I went shopping with my friends to get Christmas presents with the pocket money I got from Aurora and Marcus. As the first snow came, we played outside, throwing snowballs at each other or making snow angels. And when it got too cold, we spent our time inside with a hot chocolate and watched a movie.

Those few days were filled with happiness and this Christmas had been the first one I spent with a foster home. And this was the first New Year’s Eve, I didn't spend alone too. My foster family and friends with their respective parents were all gathered outside, waiting to greet the new year. I was standing next to Clarke, Octavia and Raven, watching the firework light up the dark sky.

‘One minute left’, Raven announced at some point, and I grinned, eager for the new year to finally begin. The last seconds slowly passed and soon the countdown began.

‘Ten’, Raven stated, and I smiled in Clarke’s direction.

‘Nine’, Clarke smiled back at me.

‘Eight, seven, six’, she took my cold hand in hers, the warmth emanating from her, warming my whole body.

‘Five, four, three’, she turned in my direction and pulled me closer, the light from the bonfire we were standing around, making her eyes shine even brighter, the reflection of the fire dancing in her eyes.

‘Two, one’, she shot me a smile which I returned.

‘Happy new year’, Raven shouted, but I barely heard her, as all of my focus was on Clarke and the way her smile got even wider.

‘Happy new year’, she whispered and pulled me in a hug.

‘Happy new year’, I murmured in her neck, my heart pounding against my chest at the closeness of
my best friend.

When she pulled away, she shot me another grin and kissed my cheek, before she turned to Octavia to wish her a happy new year too. But what she didn’t see, was the look of recognition on my face, my eyes widening when I finally figured out how much I actually felt for Clarke and that it wasn’t only a harmless crush, as I had initially thought.

‘I am so fucked.’

***

The new year certainly did bring changes. Since Clarke and I were back on good terms, I had gotten used to Finn hanging around a lot more. Of course, I still felt a stinging pain when I saw him hold Clarke’s hand or generally just be close to her, but I was slowly getting over it (at least, that’s what I told myself).

Clarke had asked me one evening, if I was okay with them being together and I had nodded, not wanting to hurt my best friend. I was too focused on myself though, that I didn’t see the flash of hurt cross Clarke’s face, when I assured her, that I was okay with it. I didn’t notice how she had hoped, that I would tell her that I wasn’t okay with it, because that would have meant that I felt something for her too. But I didn’t tell her how I felt, too scared of how she would react.

It was Monday morning and I was waiting at the main door, eager to get out. Not particularly because of school, but because I would see Clarke on my way to school.

‘Come on, O. Move your ass’, I urged Octavia who was slowly slipping on her shoes. She shot me a glare which I returned with a grin.

When Octavia was finally ready, I opened the door, taking a deep breath and letting the cold winter air fill my lungs. I stepped outside with a smile and rushed towards Clarke’s house to wait for my best friend.

Octavia joined me and when the door was opened, revealing Clarke and Aden, I smiled in her direction, warmth flooding my stomach when Clarke smiled back.

If I wouldn’t have been so distracted, I would have seen the smirk on Octavia’s and Aden’s face. But as always when I saw Clarke, my whole focus was on her.

Together, we made our way to school, listening to Aden who was chatting away, talking about Madi and that he was looking forward to seeing her again.

‘Aden has a crush’, Clarke sing sang, and Octavia and I laughed, when Aden blushed and stuttered that he didn’t.

When we reached school, Aden practically ran off, his face resembling a tomato and Clarke, Octavia and I burst out laughing.

We were still laughing, when we reached our class room and made our way to the back. And when Clarke smiled at me, I felt like I would burst with happiness. But like every emotion, that one was as fragile as a flower and as soon as Finn stepped closer and kissed Clarke on the cheek, the flower was thrown on the floor and stamped on.

I felt an unpleasant tug at my stomach at the sight and the way Finns eyes raked down Clarke’s early pubescent body.
‘Collins, take a seat’, Pike called, having stepped inside the room. ‘Open up your text book on page 73 and read the chapter. We’re going to discuss-‘, he was interrupted when there was a knock and the door opened.

I heard the annoyed sigh and smirked. ‘At least someone isn’t having a great day either’, I thought while I had my eyes trained on our table, opening up the book to read the respective chapter.

There was murmuring coming from my fellow classmates and I heard a few people talking at the front, but it was too quiet to decipher what they were saying.

A few minutes passed and I heard a door slam shut, before Pike called, ‘everyone’, to get our attention.

I looked up and the moment I recognized who it was, my heart felt like it stopped beating.

‘This is Costia green.’
Reunions and jealousy

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. To make it up to you, things are finally progressing, slowly but surely (and will be progressing faster, now that they are slowly getting older and able to do more things... ;)

Anyway, hope you like it ;P

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

‘Please don’t notice me, please don’t notice me’, I thought to myself like a mantra, holding my head low. When I had told her good bye those few months ago, I hadn’t thought that I would see her ever again.

And yet, here she was and no matter how often I told myself that I hadn’t thought of Costia since I had left, I did. I thought of her many times, because we got so close and if I was completely honest with myself, I had missed her... a lot.

Costia still looked the same and yet she looked different. I couldn’t pinpoint what was different though, still too shocked that she was actually here. My heart was beating erratically, and I had trouble breathing. This all seemed like a dream and I didn’t know if I wanted to wake up or not.

I was forced out of my shocked state, when Pike’s voice piped up another time. ‘Griffin. You’re going to show her around for the next few weeks. I trust that you can manage that?’

Clarke blushed slightly and nodded. Pike seemed to have a soft spot for the blonde, probably because she helped to keep Raven and Octavia in line, certainly not an easy task for that matter.

‘You can sit next to Miller’, I heard Pike tell Costia and watched her take a seat next to him.

The rest of the lesson passed in a blur. I was aware of everything Costia did, looking up every other second. I was still trying to decide on how to greet her and I figured that I still had time until the end of the morning, but my time was cut short when Pike announced, ‘okay. Now, make groups of five people and discuss what you just read and if it correlates with each other’s opinion.’

Since Clarke was Costia’s new elected “guardian of sorts”, Clarke stood up and went to the lost girl, making a relieved smile appear on her face. I knew how Costia must have felt, since I was the new girl not so long ago.

In the meantime, Octavia and Raven sat down at the table in front of mine and turned around in their chairs, that they were facing my direction. I was distracting myself with sorting my notes, using that as an excuse to be looking down and to prolong the inevitable reunion with Costia.

Clarke and Costia joined us at our table and I could feel my heart slamming against my chest, my palms were sweaty, and I felt light headed.

‘So, this Raven. You haven’t got to be worried about her, she’s more bark than bite’, Clarke winked in Raven’s direction and I could hear the others laugh when Raven retorted with, ‘oy, bitch. I’ve got a reputation to hold up.’
‘Yeah’, Clarke continued laughing, ‘and that’s Octavia, we all just call her “0” though.’

I heard a gentle, ‘hey’, and my heart fluttered at the memory, having forgotten what Costia’s voice sounded like.

‘And this is-’, I looked up and the moment Costia caught my gaze, I saw the recognition in her eyes.

‘Lexa’, Costia whispered in shock, which morphed in to something more profound than happiness. Something akin to coming home after a long journey and to finally be able to lay in your own bed. In something you were familiar with after being in so many new places.

‘Hi Costia’, I said, keeping her gaze.

***

‘Wait, that is Costia? As in, your Costia, from the other group home?’, Raven asked in disbelief. We were at Clarke’s house, sitting on her bed.

‘Yeah’, I retorted with a blush, unable to keep the small smile appearing on my lips.

After the more or less awkward reunion, Costia and I retold my friends how we had met in the foster home. Raven asked her how she had landed here and Costia had told us, that there was this couple who had offered to foster her, all thanks to my social worker, Hannah Green who must have pulled some strings again.

The more time Costia and I spent together in class, the stronger the familiar feeling got, when I used to be around her. And it was only now, that I noticed just how much I had missed her.

‘And she was your first kiss?’ Raven asked, unaware that ever since her and Octavia started inquiring me about Costia, Clarke had gotten unusually quit. ‘Ow, what?’ she whined, after Octavia slapped the back of her head.

I cleared my throat and nodded awkwardly, because contrary to Raven, I was fully aware of Clarke and the look that crossed her face whenever someone mentioned Costia.

‘Hey Clarke, didn’t you say that Finn was coming over?’ Octavia asked, trying to change the topic. She shot me an apologetic look, since she knew just how much I disliked him.

‘Mhm? Oh, yeah’, Clarke murmured rather emotionless. I raised a solitary eyebrow, not having expected that reaction, since he was Clarke’s “boyfriend”.

Speaking of the devil, the door bell rang. We heard Abby open the door and tell him that Clarke was in her room.

Seconds later, the door swung open, revealing Finn with a smug smile on his face, probably assuming that he was going to be able to spend some alone time with Clarke. But as soon as he noticed that Clarke wasn’t alone after all, he frowned before he could hide it behind a forced smile.

I clenched my jaw, trying not to think about Finn and Clarke doing things together, stuff like holding hands, hugging, kissing... no, they probably aren’t doing those things, I told myself, trying to hold on to that thought.

‘Hey’, Clarke said to her boyfriend and gave him an awkward hug. I raised a solitary eyebrow, wondering what the hell that was.
I cleared my throat and got up, murmuring, ‘we should probably leave you two alone.’ Before I
could take a step towards the door though, Clarke quickly said, ‘no, stay.’ She looked at me with her
big eyes, hope shining in them.

I nodded and when Clarke shot me a relieved smile, I smiled back and sat back down on the floor.

Finn might have been able to hide his initial disappointment with not being able to spend the evening
with Clarke alone, but now he wasn’t able to hide the frown and slightly betrayed look, that his
girlfriend was choosing her friends over him.

I shot a smug smile in his direction, this moment feeling like a small victory, that Clarke had chosen
me over Finn, her boyfriend.

***

We were all watching a movie together in the living room when Abby came down and said that it
was late, shooting a pointed look at Clarke. Clarke nodded and we all got up, getting our stuff to
leave.

When we were standing at the door, Clarke said good bye to Finn first with another hug. I could see
from the look in his eyes that he wanted to do so much more than just hug but apparently Clarke
didn’t want to do so, which made my heart flutter with hope.

Next, Clarke said good bye to Raven and Octavia, and just when I was about to hug her good bye,
she whispered in my ear, ‘do you want to sleep over?’

I looked at her in surprise but then nodded at the shy smile she shot in my direction.

‘Thank you’, she whispered, and I smiled at her, ignoring the fluttering feeling in my chest. Raven
and Octavia shot a confused look at me when I didn’t follow them out, so I explained, ‘I’m sleeping
over.’

‘Okay, have fun but not too much fun’, Raven winked, and Octavia wolf whistled, calling, ‘use a
condom’, over her shoulder making both Clarke and me blush furiously. Finn looked like he wanted
to punch me by the looks of it, but he only sent me a death glare before leaving as well.

‘Sorry for that’, Clarke murmured when she closed the door behind us, blushing even harder now. I
laughed and took her hand, leading her upstairs to her bedroom, ignoring the fluttering feeling. I was
used to it by now anyway, whenever Clarke touched or smiled at me.

‘Do you want something to wear?’ Clarke asked when we were in her bedroom, after brushing our
teeth. I was sitting on her bed, waiting for Clarke to get ready.

‘Um, no thanks. I’ll just sleep in this’, I said, motioning to the sweat pants and t-shirt I was wearing.

Clarke nodded and got a pair of shorts out and a baggy t-shirt out of her wardrobe. Without a
warning, she pulled her sweat pants down and T-shirt off, standing there in only her underwear and a
bra.

My eyes widened and I looked away immediately, blushing furiously. ‘I’ll um, I’ll wait outside if
you want’, I said with my eyes closed, ready to get up.

I heard Clarke laugh and ask, ‘why? We always get dressed in front of each other.’

‘Yeah, but this is different’, I blurted out. My face scrunchup when I noticed what I had just said
and I blushed furiously, my eyes still closed. I tried to not think about the fact, that Clarke was standing a few feet away from me in nothing but underwear, but apparently, not every part of my body got the memo.

‘Different how?’ I heard Clarke say, much closer this time. ‘Fuck, please don’t do this to me now’, I swore internally at my region below, willing for it to stay soft but to no avail. I could already feel the heat travelling downwards. Fortunately, I had loose sweat pants on, so if I wasn’t fully hard, I could hide it.

I cleared my throat and murmured, ‘um, just because- because we’re… um.’

Clarke chuckled and god, did that sound do things to me. ‘Yes, we are what?’ Clarke whispered, grazing my ear in the process, making a shiver run up my spine. God, she was killing me. And if she was going to do this any longer, I would definitely not be able to hide my problem down there anymore.

‘You know that you can look again’, Clarke said, after I hadn’t answered for a long moment. I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded my head, but still didn’t open my eyes.

‘Lex, what’s wrong?’ Clarke asked, concern laced her voice.

I took a deep breath and finally opened my eyes, staring in to the deep blue orbs of my best friend. My best friend who I was in love with. My best friend who was also in a relationship with fucking Finn. Fortunately, she was wearing something more skin covering, but even that was an imposition in my current situation.

‘Sorry, just a weird phase’, I half lied. ‘Can we go to bed?’

Clarke stared at me for another moment, trying to figure out what was up, but at the pleading look I shot her, she gave in and nodded. She crawled in to her bed and opened the quilt up for me to join her. As soon as I was lying comfortably next to Clarke, she laid one arm and leg over me, snuggling her body firmly against mine.

I stiffened when I felt her leg brush against my semi erection and nearly groaned when Clarke shifted her leg, rubbing against my centre. Fuck, was she doing this on purpose or was it really an accident?

Clarke noticed how stiff (fuck, don’t say that word) I was lying next to her and leaned up to look in my face. ‘Lex, what’s wrong? And please be honest with me.’

I clenched my jaw, feeling my face heat up with embarrassment. ‘I um- I’m kinda…’

‘Yes?’ she asked, waiting for me to finish my sentence.

‘I’m hard’, I blurted out, blushing furiously as those words passed my lips.

Chapter End Notes

like i said, Things are progressing ;)

What is up with Finn and Clarke?

How will Clarke react to Lexa's "problem" down below? ;)


Which role will Costia play in all of this? ;)

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