Summary

For Clexa Week 2018 -

Clarke and her BFF Raven take a nostalgia-fueled trip to Christmasy Sky Lodge for a little skiing, a little relaxation and the occasional snowy mishap.

Fortunately for Clarke's sometimes clumsy self, there is a gorgeous Search and Rescue volunteer always around - but she has no idea how close they might be getting, thanks to some serious winter weather.

“I want rescue babe to give me a long, slow rub down and cook for me and wash my hair and eat me out until I die. Is that so wrong? Am I asking for too much?”

Settling herself on the bed, Raven patted her knee.

“It’s the season of miracles, Clarke, and you have great tits. There’s always hope.”
Notes

Just taking a little break from Closer, but no worries, I'll be updating soon!

Questions, wanna chat? You can hmu on Tumblr @rivertalesien.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Arrival

Clarke watched from the window of the dining car as snow rushed by, coating the countryside and the trees of the mountain forest. She grew excited at the thought of the weekend, three whole days, just relaxing at the old Sky Lodge, enjoying a little Christmas atmosphere and cheer with her best and oldest friend, Raven. She felt wistful, a little childlike, with fading memories of childhood visits with her parents, learning to ski (well, a little), and building entire armies of snow with her dad. This was her first time back in years and she secretly prayed she wouldn’t be overwhelmed with memories of him. She needs this break so much.

Passengers, mostly middle-aged parent-types with an awkward teen or two, tottered in and out of the car, some trying to keep their voices respectfully low, others announcing their excitement with unabashed glee. Clarke noticed how the kids interacted with one another while parents sat on phones, making texts or checking messages, barely looking up when they spoke. Attendants hurried by wheeling trays of food and drinks, no one paying them much mind.

A voice came over the train’s intercom:

“Passengers for Sky Lodge and Ski Resort, arrival is in twenty minutes. Please have your baggage ready, be sure to check your seats or cabins so nothing is left behind and prepare to disembark. Twenty minutes. Attendants will be available to help you.”

The announcement of their approaching destination had her returning to the cabin she shared with her friend, already packed up and eager to disembark. Lifting a single sports bag from a bunk, Raven pushed it toward her.

“Get your ass in gear, Griffin, its playtime as soon as we check in.”

Clarke caught the bag with a slight grunt, almost dropping it and frowned.

“You want to hit the slopes this early? I’m ready for the hot tub.”

Raven pushed her friend into the corridor with a huff.

“Hot tub is for later, Clarke, when we’ve made a couple of friends who can appreciate a pair of scorching babes in bikinis.”
“Are you that determined to get us laid?”

Raven gave her the Eye.

“Merry Christmas, baby.”

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The lodge is just as Clarke remembered from her many childhood trips, from the large wooden A-framed exteriors to the great hall with its polished wood floors, bearskin rugs, and the silvery chandelier. The worn leather club chairs with stone tables and brass lamps. The rustic feel of the old stone fireplace, blazing, and the large moose antlers over the mantle. The tall Douglas fir in the center, decorated in gauzy gold ribbons, gold lights and silvery baubles. Beneath the tree, an ornate throne of twisted branches and holly and a large sign in gold for an impending visit from Santa. A strong scent of cinnamon and pine from the large wooden bowls of cones scattered here and there. She feels a surge of bittersweet nostalgia as Raven collects their room keys and guides them to the stairs.

“I used to play hide and seek with the front desk agents and drove them nuts.”

Raven nodded toward the downstairs.

“That redhead looked like she wouldn’t mind playing a little something with you. Might be fun.”

Clarke shook her head, not ready to go there, as they found their room.

Through the lacquered wood door, their room laid decked out in holiday finery: two queen beds in twisted log frames with red reindeer quilts; an electric fireplace with fake logs and beside it, a small fir tree with simple red and gold decorations. Above the fireplace, a flat screen television disturbed the quaint atmosphere. Otherwise, Clarke felt they might as well be stepping back in time.

“Please tell me we’ve got a view of the lake.”

Dropping her bag on the closest bed, Clarke rushed to the patio door and stepped outside, her boots
crunching in the pileup of snow.

“Just barely. Wow, it finally stopped snowing for five minutes.”

Setting her own bag beside the second Queen, Raven turned back to the door.

“Good time to hit the chairs, Griff. Let’s get our gear and do some showing off.”

“You mean you get to show off, right? I’m gonna land on my ass before we reach the slopes.”

Raven patted her back as they headed out the door.

“Just make sure you look good doing it. That’s all that matters.”

Navigating a chair lift might be easy for some: you just bend your knees a little and wait to be scooped up. For Clarke, it was a nerve-wracking adventure, feeling ungainly bundled in her rented ski gear, and a little nauseous as the lift began to climb toward the first slope.

*Don’t look down, Griffin. Don’t. Look. Down.*

Most of the chairs were empty, only a handful of determined skiers and snowboarders this time of day, so many preferring to wait for the more popular night skiing.

To her left, Raven was smiling to herself, flexing her fingers around the grips of her poles, eager to make some downhill speed in fine packed powder. Clarke thought she looked like a pro in her cap and goggles, her trim figure well outlined in the form-fitting outfit she chose.

“Almost there, Clarke. Get ready to party.”
Raven knew Clarke wasn’t the best of skiers, but she always put a brave foot forward, willing to try anything, and the first slope wouldn’t be much of a challenge for either of them. A nice, casual run at best, not too exciting, but a good starter.

Clarke felt a little impressed with herself when she managed to drop from the chair and clear the lane, instead of face planting in the snow. She followed Raven to the start, and both watched a group of four lacing neatly around one another on their way to the bottom.

“Out of the way, bitches!”

Clarke barely had a moment to pull on her goggles as she watched her friend push off and did her best to catch up.

The initial swoop of fear passed quickly as she wove comfortably down the hill, moving with a grace she didn’t know she had, even passing Raven at one point, though not for long.

Pushing herself to catch up again, Clarke realized she was about to make a slight miscalculation as she felt a small drop and began to veer unsteadily off the course, toward a small juncture of trees.

“Shit!”

She did her best to slow and wedge to a stop, but panic had taken a hold and she found herself, moments later, bending to avoid a large branch before landing on her side in a snow bank, her legs extended and her skis sticking out from the snow.

“Fuck my life.”

Happy to have stopped, but not so pleased to have crashed in the first place, she quickly removed her helmet and assessed a lack of injuries, but still had trouble convincing herself to stand up. The skis simply wouldn’t cooperate.

“Why me, Jesus? Why me?”

Before she could give a cry out for help, however, she felt herself being lifted from behind, strong arms linked around her sides, gently pushing her upright.
“There you go.”

Her rescuer’s voice was so soft she wasn’t sure she heard it.

“Thank you, so much, I feel so stupid.”

Confident she wouldn’t fall over, her savior moved into her field of vision, cheeks pink from the cold, with eyes clear and wintergreen.

“Are you alright?”

Clarke felt herself a little tongue-tied at the tall, striking figure before her, wearing the bright red of Search and Rescue volunteers, and an expression of amused concern.

“Oh, sure, absolutely. I do this for a living.”

The stranger gave a quiet laugh and smiled, reaching up to tuck back the long braid of her hair whipping around her cheek.

“Let me walk you back to the camp, make sure you’re not too banged up. Are you alone?”

Clarke shook her head and adjusted her skis to follow the other woman through the snow.

“No, my friend Raven is with me. Ready to give me a hard time, no doubt.”

Her rescuer smiled again, a lop-sided smirk, and Clarke felt the urgent palpitations of her heart, and wondered if she shouldn’t have had a physical before the trip.

“I’ll make sure she doesn’t make too much fun of you.”

Clarke marveled a little at the woman’s ability to glide through the snow with hardly any effort. She
felt like her own legs were on fire.

“How good luck with that. Hope you got a plan. Raven is hardcore.”

At that, her rescuer stopped and turned toward her, stretching to her full height and offered an intimidating scowl to scare the clouds away.

“Wow.”

“Sort of a trademark. You think it’ll work?”

Clarke couldn’t help but laugh a little as the woman’s expression relaxed back into a gentle smile.

“It just might. Hey, my name’s Clarke, by the way.”

“Lexa.”

“How did you manage to land on your ass so quick, Clarke? And how is it you did not get rescue babe’s number? Are you sure you didn’t hit your head?”

Clarke rolled her eyes as she fell backward onto her bed and groaned.

“I’m a loser, Raven. The Griff has lost her game. I’m getting old.”

A pillow landed, with force, on her face.

“You’re so full of shit. We haven’t even had lunch yet.”
“I’m not hungry.”

“Did you see the way rescue babe was checking you out? That is what I call hungry.”

Clarke raised her head and threw the pillow back at her friend.

“She was making sure I didn’t have any injuries, Raven!”

Raven shrugged and shook her head.

“Call it what you want. She was ready to go downtown, Clarkey. Get it together, babe. This might be your weekend.”

Falling back against her pillows, again, Clarke closed her eyes and sighed.

“I just want the hot tub.”

“We’re getting lunch, Clarke.”

Ignoring her, Clarke went on.

“I want rescue babe to give me a long, slow rub down and cook for me and wash my hair and eat me out until I die. Is that so wrong? Am I asking for too much?”

Settling herself on the bed, Raven patted her knee.

“It’s the season of miracles, Clarke, and you have great tits. There’s always hope.”

Clarke opened her eyes and gave her friend a grateful smile.
“I do have great tits. Thanks, Rae.”

“Cool. Can we eat now?”

The most popular item on the hotel restaurant menu, as Clarke remembered, was the fondue. Her parents had always ordered it and it had been her father’s favorite. A warm pot of melting, gooey cheese mixed with beer, and plates of diced bread, sausages and small vegetables.

As the waiter approached with their order, Clarke felt a wistful pang that dulled her hunger somewhat. The smells were all the same, the décor, and the chairs; even the menus were all the same. She could almost imagine her ten-year old self, hopped up with excitement, snow boots tapping on the floor as snow melted beneath them into the carpet, smiling at her father as he showed her how to use the skewers.

“Hey, where’d you go?”

Raven was already dipping a chunk of bread into the cheese when Clarke realized she had drifted off. Reaching for a skewer, she stabbed a piece of sausage and raised it to the pot.

“Nowhere, sorry. I was thinking about the first time I ate here. This place has barely changed.”

The sweet of the smoked meat and the savory tang of the cheese were a perfect compliment, and Clarke nearly moaned at the flavor, quickly skewering her next piece, shoving Raven’s attempt aside.

“Hey, slow down, Mavis. We’ve got all day.”

“We should have ordered two.”

Smiling with her mouth full of the delicious treat, Clarke’s eyes were caught by the arrival of a small group of red coats, a tall brunette in particular, and she found herself swallowing too soon and too hard.

“You okay?”
Trying to stifle her cough and the tears that accompanied it, Clarke covered her face in a napkin and shook her head.

“Went down the wrong way.”

Following her friend’s eyes, Raven noticed Rescue Babe seated not far off, close to the enormous stone fireplace.

“Well. There’s someone who probably knows how to go down the right way. Maybe you should ask her for help?”

Recovering, and blushing scarlet, Clarke tossed a small carrot at Raven’s head.

“Shut up!”

“Seriously. You should invite her over. She did save your ass this morning.”

Dipping the carrot into the cheese, Raven gave her best innocent smile. Clarke wasn’t about to have it.

“First, I was in no danger and she didn’t “save” me. She just helped me up. Second, she’s probably forgotten about it already and third, she’s with her team and they’d probably like to eat in peace.”

Raven’s eyebrow shot up as Clarke kept giving herself away by staring over at the other woman, who was sitting quietly while her team chatted away. She might have been bored for all Clarke knew, but the moment the woman’s eyes caught hers, she felt nothing but excitement.

Clarke felt dumbfounded as the woman raised her hand and waved a little, enough so that Raven lifted her hand for her to wave back.

“Hey, stop that.”

“Rescue babe is interested, Clarke and you haven’t been laid in a year. Get. It”
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Glaring at her friend, Clarke grabbed her skewer and stabbed two pieces of bread into the steaming pot.

“I’m trying to eat here, Raven.”

Raven nodded to Rescue Babe who had begun fiddling with a table knife while a waitress took her team’s orders.

“Look at the poor thing. She’s starving. You should offer her something. You know you want to.”

Giving her friend a final glare, Clarke stuffed her mouth with the cheese-covered bread, and huffed with annoyance as a gooey glob landed on the front of her shirt.

“Fuck my life.”

Evenings at the lodge were aglow with pre-holiday activities: for the children, there were visits with Santa in the great hall, rides in horse drawn sleighs and a snowman-building competition. Adults were entertained with live music in the bar, dancing and, what Clarke was most looking forward to.

“I mean it, Rae, my body needs a break from falling down. I am going to get a rub down to relax me within an inch of my life and then I’m going to soak my sore, gorgeous tush in a spa until I prune. Fight me.”

Helping with the skis as they walked back from the lifts to the lodge, Raven smirked and nodded, using a free hand to pat Clarke’s snow-covered bottom.

“Am I holding you back? No. But I really feel we should invite those guys who checked in this afternoon. They looked a little on the lost, lonely and in need of temporary companionship side.”

Clarke snorted.
“They looked like football frat boys who have never done more than body shots off a basement ping pong table. Pass.”

“Too bad rescue babe and her squad disappeared.”

“They’re volunteers, Rae. Probably only work one day a month.”

As if the universe felt the need to contradict her, Clarke was immediately chastened by the arrival of a horse-drawn sleigh and its driver: rescue babe herself.

“Would you ladies like a lift?”

Momentarily dumbfounded, Clarke found herself prodded with a ski pole and began to nod, words failing her.

Smiling, Raven lifted herself up into the back of the sleigh with all their gear, leaving Clarke the only option of sitting up front with the driver.

“Are you alright?”

Shaking herself out of her brief stupor, pausing only to glare at Raven’s toothy grin, Clarke reached out for the hand offered to her.

“I’m fine, thanks. Never been on a sleigh, actually.”

From the back, Raven’s voice was filled with innuendo.

“But she really needs a ride today, so you’ve made her happy.”

Pulling a heavy tartan blanket across their laps, Rescue Babe gave Clarke a gentle nod.
“Well, I do live to serve.”

Settling into the small space, thighs touching under the warm covering, Clarke felt a flush of warmth up her spine and across her cheeks - and she could almost hear Raven's smirk from behind her.

Giving the reins a small snap, Rescue Babe relaxed her arms as the sleigh began to glide slowly through the well-plowed path toward the lodge. Turning to her passenger, she held out the leather strap.

“Would you like to give it a try? I don’t mind.”

Clarke stared at the driver’s gloveless hands for a moment, impressed at the strength of the long, slim fingers, imagining their gentleness and dexterity…what they must feel like rubbing and massaging tense shoulders…caressing bare thighs or other…sensitive areas…before a cough from behind broke her reverie.

“I think Clarke prefers to be the one that gets handled, actually.”

“Raven!”

Embarrassed beyond belief, Clarke smiled apologetically at the red-faced driver before turning to give Raven a dangerous glare.

“Hey, you know what? I think I left my goggles back at the lifts…would you mind stopping? I’ll just run back to get them.”

Bringing the sleigh to a halt, the driver turned and offered a hand to help Raven out.

“Would you like us to wait?”

Landing on the ground, Raven waved her off.

“No, thanks, that's okay. You guys go on ahead.”
Wide-eyed, Clarke tried to communicate via inflamed expression, but Raven only grinned and ran back toward the lift.

“See ya later, Griffy!”

Turning slowly back in her seat and straightening the blanket, Clarke only shrugged at the beautiful woman with eyes as deep as the forest smiling back at her.

“I guess it’s just you and me then.”

Clarke returned the smile, letting herself drift a little closer to her companion, as she snapped the reins and they set off once again down the path, a purple-pink and red sunset flushing gently across the sky.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It's been over a year since this one got an update and many apologies! But I don't give up on my stuff.

So after Clarke and Raven arrived at the Sky Lodge, with Clarke dealing with memories of her late father and her time there as a child, she meets Lexa a S&R volunteer with her own roots in the area.

In chapter 2, Clarke and Raven do a little hot-tubbing, Clarke does some more reminiscing that leads to getting much closer with Lexa and a literal cliffhanger.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next day proved sunny and bright, and Clarke spent much of the morning wandering the resort’s halls and grounds hoping to run into a certain brunette. By the time noon rolled around, she’d had no sightings and Raven had other plans.

“Since you have foregone skiing and you’re moping after Rescue Babe had to leave, I figured we stick to something safe.”

Glancing over at Raven’s slim, toned figure, dressed in the skiniest of bikinis, Clarke wondered how “safe” hot tubbing could be.

Not to be outdone, Clarke had brought her own, a black number that tightly accentuated her fleshy bosom and made her friend pout.

“Show-off.”

“Aren’t you the one that says if you got it, flaunt it?”

Raven’s pout deepened.

“I say that about me.”

Clarke grabbed a pair of towels from the bathroom and tossed one at Raven.
“C’mon sexy, let’s show off together.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

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The resort’s hot tubs were located on a small rise overlooking the ski lifts and slopes, just out of range (and sight) of the more family-friendly areas, but still easily accessible from the main building and its many winding paths. This meant that while young children might not pass by, hikers and skiers on their way elsewhere just might.

Sipping mimosas while they soaked, Raven was most certainly hoping on the latter.

“This is awesome, but how long do we have to stay in here? I’m going to prune.”

Raven splashed water at her friend and frowned at the lack of foot traffic around their steaming spot. She settled back against the smooth stone of the tub and slipped a pair of dark Ray Bans over her eyes.

“Well, maybe if you sat up a little higher, the sun could reflect off those pale but fabulous tits of yours and bring forth the faithful to worship.”

Clarke wasn’t about to follow more of Raven’s advice, but the heat was starting to feel a little uncomfortable, and she sat up from the water, hoisting herself onto the side of the tub and reached over for the bottle of champagne to refill her glass.

As if on cue, a small group clad in red came sauntering by on their way toward the slopes.

Clarke’s heart rate quickened as she noticed the last in line, who, squinting in the sun, turned her head toward the hot tubs in time to see Clarke’s small wave…and fall face-first into a glass deck table, shattering it.

“Oh fuck!”
Bolting from her seat, Clarke rushed to the fallen woman before her own team had realized what had happened.

Lexa was already sitting up, holding her bloody face, and put a hand out, stopping Clarke in her tracks.

“You’ve got bare feet. Don’t come any closer.”

From the hot tub, Raven watched with a mixture of shock and awe, her raised eyebrows slowly lowering as the Search and Rescue team scrambled after their fallen comrade. She took a sip from her glass and a little delight in noticing how all of them did their best to avoid looking too long in Clarke’s direction.

“Can I help?”

One of the taller members of the team had crouched down beside Lexa and was examining her face, sweeping small bits of glass out of the way. A cut on her forehead was bleeding nicely, as well as a thin stream leaking from her nose, but that seemed to be the extent of the damage. Clarke had retrieved one of her towels and handed it over while the other members did their best to clear the glass and fetch someone from the hotel.

Clarke watched, a little worriedly as Lexa was helped up, but she waved off everyone’s concerns.

“I’m fine. Just a scratch.”

Clarke shook her head.

“Your nose though? You could have a concussion. You hit that table pretty hard.”

The tall team member was peering into Lexa’s face, shining a small flashlight into her eyes as she held the towel over her still dripping forehead.
“Any dizziness? How’s your vision?”

“It’s fine.”

Clarke hovered, expectantly, shivering, crossing her arms over her chest and bouncing on the balls of her feet.

“We’ll get her checked out. Takes a lot to put this one down. Don’t worry.”

With her teammate helping her and steering her away, Lexa turned toward Clarke and gave a regretful shrug and a short wave.

“Thank you, Clarke. I’ll make sure your towel is cleaned and returned to you.”

Clarke shook her head, feeling the chill spread along her bare skin.

“It’s the hotel’s.”

Giving a small smile, Lexa turned with her friends and started heading toward the hotel, staggering a little as she tried to navigate half-blind.

Clarke watched until the group was out of sight before giving a little jump and a shiver and turning back to Raven, who was looking very much like the cat that ate the canary.

“What?”

“I think Rescue Babe will be just fine.”

Hopping back into the hot tub, Clarke submerged to her shoulders to warm up.

“I hope she doesn’t have a concussion. That was terrible.”
Raven smirked.

“Totally your fault. I told you not to wear the black one.”

Clarke sat up and glanced down at her chest.

“My boobs are not dangerous.”

“I bet Rescue Babe would beg to differ. Or maybe she’d just beg.”

Clarke sent a small wave in her friend’s face and reached for her own glass.

“My face is pretty great, too, Rae.”

Raven scoffed.

“Did you see her one eye? I don’t think it left your boobs for a second. She’ll be dandy.”

Taking a sip from her glass, Clarke frowned and looked over at the shattered remains of the table.

“You don’t suppose I’ll have to pay for that?”

-----------------------------------------------------------------

The Sky Lodge had been known for years for its colorful winter festivities, with an old-fashioned Christmas fair in the surrounding village, concerts, parades and various contests. Sleigh rides, toboggans, sleds and skis were the favored forms of transport to and from and Clarke felt overwhelmed with childhood nostalgia that had her parting from Raven on the slopes in the late afternoon to do a little exploring. The lodge itself was actually a series of lodges, some much older than the others. The main lodge or
hotel they were staying in was one of the oldest, but the smaller lodges or cabins lying on the hillside just above were even older. Clarke remembered them well when she and her family stayed in the same one, year after year when she was younger. When her father was alive.

Wandering up the lantern-lit path, Clarke felt warmth over the chill; pleased to see the old wood cabins were still in use, though several looked empty. She peered into darkened windows and smiled at the ancient rustic décor, stone fireplaces, pine-framed beds, old skis and sleds as wall decorations. She found the cabin her own family had stayed in, but it looked occupied with a pair of snow boots sitting outside the door. A spike of grief hardened and fell, as she sniffed the air, looking around, wistful, wondering if this had been such a good idea after all.

“Clarke?”

Quickly brushing back unshed tears, Clarke turned to face the voice coming from her family’s old cabin.

“Lexa? Oh, hi. How are you?”

The ranger was sporting a strip of thin bandages over the stitches in her forehead. Her nose looked a little red, and a purplish bruise lingered on her brow. Clarke noticed she was barefoot in just jeans and hoodie, and looked considerably less banged-up than earlier.

“Fine, I think. Thanks. Did you come up to see me?”

The ranger’s confusion threw Clarke off; she hadn’t even known Lexa was staying there, and she found herself nodding then shaking her head.

“Yes, no, I mean, I didn’t know, this is just, that is, I was just walking.”

Fists shoved in the pocket of her jeans, Lexa leaned into the doorframe, examining Clarke’s harried expression.

“Are you all right?”

Dropping her gaze anywhere but the ranger’s concerned face, Clarke shook her head and shrugged.
“I used to stay here. As a kid, I mean. I was just looking around.”

Lexa straightened and brightened a little.

“Here? As in this cabin? Would you like to come in?”

Clarke looked up. “Oh that’s ok. I really didn’t mean to bother anyone. I didn’t know anyone was up here.”

Lexa stood back from the door, an open invitation.

“They just give them to the Search and Rescue volunteers while we’re here. Look, you’re very welcome. I don’t think this place has changed in years.”

Blood pumping loudly in her ears, Clarke felt herself nodding and stepping forward, pausing just to kick her boots her off and leave them beside Lexa’s.

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The inside of the cabin was just as she remembered: the old moose antlers over the stone fireplace, the low-sitting wood-stove in the corner by the kitchenette, the carved log couch with its worn (and probably faux) Native American designs. A small round dining table with two chairs looked newer, especially with the open laptop and the pile of books sitting on it.

The cabin had two bedrooms, and Lexa hung back at the dining table as Clarke explored, poking her head first into the room her parents used, noting the unmade bed with the open suitcase half-packed on the floor.

She smiled at Lexa as she turned toward her old room, and felt her heart contract at the sight: the wooden bunk beds, the small pine dresser, and something she’d left behind.

Hanging on the wall over the dresser, a simple wooden frame that had once held a photograph of a black bear: within it now, a crayon memory of her ten-year old self with her father, holding hands, standing beside a lime-colored Christmas tree in the snow.

A hungry, empty part of her wanted to take it down and take it home with her, one more thing to bring her father back, one more memory to fill in the blank spaces. Another part of her thought better of it, knew it belonged there, she and her dad in their favorite place, always.

She hadn’t realized that she’d been staring for a while until she felt gentle fingers touching her shoulder and she turned to see Lexa’s concerned face.
“Did you make that?”

Clarke nodded, suddenly unable to speak, the saddest of feelings surging up her throat, and she wanted to feel anything else, anything but that terrible sense of loss and regret.

Without making any conscious decision to do so, she reached up to Lexa’s brow and caressed the covered wound, letting her fingers run down the side of her face to her chin, the fullness of her lips and stopped there. Her heart was hammering away as she pressed forward, pushing Lexa into the wall, her face between her shaking hands, serene with understanding.

Lexa closed the distance, allowing their lips to taste the other. Tenderly at first, then with growing hunger, she felt herself drawn down by Clarke’s fingers grasping her scalp, pulling until it almost hurt.

“Oh fuck.”

Shivering in the thrill of another delicious orgasm, Clarke looked down, a single bead of sweat dropping from her chin onto Lexa’s forehead and smiled. She felt exhausted and didn’t want to lift herself away from the woman’s mouth. Caressing the brunette’s scalp, she continued to thrust softly against her offered tongue, a perfectly combined sensation of pleasure and comfort.

Lexa’s hands were surprisingly soft and gentle as they ran across her thighs and circled her tummy and her breasts in as much an effort to soothe as delight and Clarke simply didn’t want to come down from the exquisite high.

“You know I don’t want to move, like, ever again?”

She could feel the smile against her lips and the tender suck to her clit had her gasping, as she pressed down further.

“Fuck…keep doing that.”

Lexa’s lips formed a sweet seal around her, sucking slowly and softly as her tongue circled the tip of her, over and over and over.

At Clarke’s groan, Lexa switched to wiping thick and heavy strokes around her, and Clarke pushed back, grinding harder, chasing the sweetest of escapes.
It rose up and burst through her like a caged animal and she felt wild with it, fucking her cunt all over Lexa’s face, until the weakness in her limbs took over and she collapsed to the side, breathing heavy, one hand pressing between her legs, aching.

She turned to look at Lexa whose eyes were closed, her face sticky with Clarke’s fluids.

Turning, she pressed over the other woman, laying herself on top, pressed limb-to-limb and flesh-to-flesh. She licked carefully at the woman’s lips, then her cheeks and eyelids, nuzzling into her hair and the strong musky scent of salt.

She felt arms around her waist, one grasping at her bottom, holding her firmly, the other pressing between her shoulders, and she fell open and in, squeezing herself around this woman like she would die otherwise.

Eyes had not opened and no more words were said.

Sleep caught them and curled around them like a cloud.

“‘There is no way we’re on the last day here and you got laid before me.’”

Clarke had not said a word about the night before, only smiled as she adjusted her goggles and did her best not to look down from the lift.

“So what happened? Just dine and dash or…?”

Clarke gave her friend a sour look.

“She had to get packed up. She’s heading home today.”

“Did you get a number?”

Clarke’s silence told Raven the answer and she frowned.

“You are a free agent, Griff. The douchebag is gone and you are free and clear to navigate your life as far from him as you want. That’s what this is all about. Moving on.”
“She said she’d be back in the morning for a meeting. I’ll catch her before we leave.”

“Back from where?”

“I guess she’s got a place around here somewhere. Her family used to live around here.”

“Did someone order a blizzard?”

Snow was starting to fall quickly and hard as they pushed off from the chairs onto the slope.

“I guess we can get one last run in. I don’t want to be out in this. Come on, Griffy.”

Gritting her teeth, Clarke pushed off to follow Raven, smarting at the sting of the snow in her face.

She had an eye on Raven for a moment before a splash of white smothered her vision and she felt the ground disappear and the slope gave way to trees.

“Oh shit!”

She cried out at the sudden loss of control as she realized she’d lost a ski and was dropping, plunging headlong into the woods.

All the breath had gone from her body as she felt the ground return and realized she'd come to a stop. Looking up, all she could see was a canopy of snow-covered trees and the only sound was of the wind picking up, sending snow in heavy drifts around her.

Pushing herself upright, she hissed at a sudden sharp pain in her ankle and looked around her: she had fallen to the bottom of a long, steep hill.

All around her were trees and with the snow coming down so fast, she could see no way out.

Chapter End Notes

If you've been waiting, I'm so sorry, and if you haven't, I'm writing this to myself!

In any event, if you like, please let me know, I love comments and you can still hmu on Tumblr @rivertalesien.
Many thanks for reading!

End Notes

Hope you like! Please let me know if you'd like to see this story continue!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!