Clarke never dreamed that she would lose Bellamy - Until she did.

He had been there from the moment she and Octavia first bonded on the playground, telling her stories and making her feel special even when her most awkward years of life threatened to overwhelm her.

She knew he was hers and she was his and never, ever doubted it.

Even if he didn't quite know it just yet.

But one night and one moment pushed them apart.

Three years later, fate decided to push them together once more. A senior in college and looking to escape what her life had become, she found herself staring at his face at the front of her classroom.

His ridiculously handsome face.

Suddenly, they found themselves propelled toward yet another moment.

Only this time, it was the biggest moment of them all.

Stupid fucking fate.
I will be honest. This started entirely for the reason that the show is exhausting me, waiting for Bellarke to become canon and I wanted a fanfic that included all of my favorite tropes!

So, here you have it, the ultimate Older Brother Bellamy, Professor Student Dynamic, Sexual Tension galore fic.

I always like to start with a little prologue to queue up the story, so here you go! The plan is to update once a week, probably on Sundays and I estimate it will be around 15ish chapters. May end up being more, depending on how things work out.
Prologue

There are moments in your life that can completely and irrevocably change the path you’re on.

They can be small - Your best friend takes five minutes longer than planned to get ready and the movie you were going to see sells out so you have to see something different.

They can be big - You take five minutes to wash your windshield before you leave the gas station and just miss being in a three car accident one mile up the road.

For Clarke, this was a big moment.

The biggest moment.

Standing outside the door of Bellamy’s apartment, she’d never felt the momentousness of a minute in time the way that she did then.

22 years of small moments had led to this big one and as she waited patiently for him to stop ignoring her and answer the door, she thought back to everything that led to where they were now.

The fights… the misunderstandings… they were too numerous to count.

But maybe we shouldn’t start at the end of the story.

Maybe we should start at the beginning.
The Beginning

June 2014

She had actually grown tired of smiling at some point. She was VERY happy to have actually made it through the four years of absolute terror that was high school, but being surrounded by a crushing amount of people in a small, crowded gymnasium who were taking hundreds of pictures was not her idea of a good time.

The stage was being cleared even as the graduates still stood around, milling about and talking to friends and hugging family. Apparently, the teachers and administration were anxious to get home to the start of summer.

She couldn’t actually bring herself to be mad about it, though, as Octavia was practically vibrating with excitement flipping through the pictures she had taken on her iPhone.

“These are great! Now, WHERE did Monty disappear to??” She sighed exasperatedly before turning to fight the crowd of well-wishers in an attempt to locate their other best friend.

Octavia was a year younger than Monty and herself, but she was so unbelievably happy that her best friends had graduated that Clarke could only smile at her exuberance. If her face didn’t hurt so much, she probably wouldn’t even be aware of it.

“She gets a little carried away sometimes.” A voice sounded from behind her. “Remember how she was at my graduation?” Before she could turn around and cause herself further facial harm, two strong arms wrapped around her stomach and lifted her off her feet.
Laughing through a surprised grunt, Clarke playfully hit the arms currently pulling her up against gravity. “Bellamy!” she squealed through her laughter, “Put me down, crazy” He chuckled in her ear and returned her to the floor.

Turning around, she flung her arms around him without thinking before pulling back and smiling at his ridiculously handsome face.

Said handsome face was grinning back at her and the freckles dusting his dimples made her heart start to beat just a little bit faster.

Suddenly, she didn’t seem to mind the pain in her face.

“Hey there, kid” he said as he reached up to steal her mortarboard from the top of her head, Clarke’s heart clenched a little in her chest. While she loved any attention she could get from Bellamy, being referred to as a “kid” made her want to vomit on his boots. “Congratulations by the way! Can’t believe you actually made it through AP World History.”

Clarke rolled her eyes. “Yeah, well, no thanks to you, by the way. Had to struggle through that one alone, without the help of a certain history graduate. Still didn’t end up scoring high enough on the final to earn college credit, though.” She pouted, the insinuation that it was entirely his fault made him laugh yet again.

“Don’t blame me for that. You’re the one who took too many AP classes just for a higher GPA - Even ones you hated.” He looked at her bemusedly and she shrugged as if to say “Yeah, I did, so what?”

“How was your first year of grad school?” she changed the topic.

“Oh, you know, stressful. But fun. That’s a thing, right?” His dimpled smile returns and she tried contain the stars that were likely shining through her eyes, but she was just so proud of him.

Bellamy and Octavia hadn’t had it easy. Their mom was a sweet soul who loved them dearly, but she worked three jobs while they were growing up just to be able to feed them. When it came time for Bellamy to graduate high school, there was just no way his mom could afford to send him. Luckily, Bellamy was some sort of genius and got a full ride to University of North Carolina Chapel Hill to study history with a minor in political science. After graduating last spring, he had decided to pursue his Master’s at Duke University.
Clarke liked giving him a hard to time about betraying the Tarheels for the Blue Devils, but he just shrugged and reminded her that he was never into basketball anyways.

“Sure, Jan.” Clarke drew wryly and smirked. Before she could say anything more she heard a squeal from behind her.

“BELL!!!!” A blur of Octavia breezed past Clarke and almost caused her to topple on her heels as she rushed up to hug her big brother. Bellamy, of course, was just as excited and lifted Octavia off her feet as well. “I’m so HAPPY you made it! I wasn’t sure you would get home in time!”

“Wait. You knew Bellamy was coming? Why didn’t you say something?” Clarke looked at her friend in exasperation before Octavia turned to address her.

“As I said, I wasn’t sure he would make it in time. Obviously he did.” She smirked at Clarke, who shook her head and looked to the sky.

“Hey! I’m here! Sorry! It took forever to find a parking spot.” A beautiful brunette walked up behind Bellamy and leaned in to plant a kiss to his cheek. She saw Octavia and Clarke, recognition flitting across her face before Bellamy stepped forward to introduce her.

“Octavia, this is Gina. Gina, this is my sister, Octavia.” he relayed with a smile, placing his hand on the girl’s lower back.

Clarke was pretty sure Octavia said something back. At least she thought so. But it was like she couldn’t actually hear anything. Or see. Or breathe for that matter. Gina?

Who the hell was Gina?

Why had they never heard her name? Much less the fact that Bellamy had a girlfriend? One that was apparently serious enough for him to bring her home for the summer. Octavia stepped forward and, impressively enough, hid her suspicion (Mostly), and shook Gina’s hand.

Clarke was frozen where she stood, staring at the girl’s face. Her very attractive face. Her eyes panned over to Bellamy who had looked away from his sister and was looking toward her with an
unreadable expression. She realized that he was probably waiting for her to react and greet Gina, much in the same way that Octavia had greeted her, but Clarke couldn’t really get her feet to move.

You see, had you asked Clarke, she was almost certain that Bellamy was her soulmate. Or at least, that was what she had convinced herself of at age 16.

Growing up, Clarke didn’t have a lot of friends. She thought much too logically for a child of age 8 and no one quite understood her or the way her mind worked. She and Octavia met on the school playground when she was in second grade. She was sitting on the swing, idly moving as she read her book when a body slammed into the swing next to hers. She looked up from her book to see a girl not much younger than her with two long braids streaming down her back. The smaller girl smiled at her.

“What are you reading?” Once Clarke was over the shock of the intrusion, she opened her mouth to respond.

“It’s a Nancy Drew book” she replied to the curious girl, who contorted her face in confusion.

“Nancy Drew? What does she do? Is she like… an alien or something?” the girl questioned. And for the first time, she found herself explaining her literary idol to someone else who actually wanted to listen. Octavia didn’t mind that Clarke was a little different, a little more serious than other kids at school. If anything, she liked it. From that day on, Octavia made it her personal mission to get Clarke to loosen up and the two of them were inseparable. Whether it was in middle school when Octavia convinced Clarke to help her set up a homemade slip-n-slide in her front yard to high school or when she helped her realize that it was okay to like both boys and girls, even if her mom didn’t approve.

And then there was Bellamy.

Bellamy, Octavia’s older brother. Clarke was always so enamoured by him. He was just so smart. He would constantly tell them stories about ancient cultures and civilizations and while Octavia never really cared to listen, Clarke did. She was fascinated by the stories and by the person telling them. Growing up, Bellamy tried his very best to keep the two of them out of trouble while also continuing to give Clarke attention that she wasn’t really getting at her own house. Because of this, she liked to stay at Octavia’s, mostly.

When Bellamy left for UNC, Clarke cried along with Octavia and he assured them both that he would be back to visit. That was when Clarke was 13, and by then, she was already sure that the sun rose and set with Bellamy. It was also around that time that her stupid hormones started to kick
in and suddenly it wasn’t just that he was smart, but Bellamy was also just... really cute. The years passed, and by 16, he wasn’t really cute anymore. He was really hot.

Like, the hottest.

The summer before her junior year, Bellamy came home. She had always had this stupid crush but suddenly, she saw things differently. When he pushed himself out of the community pool, the tendons in his arms flexed and she fantasized about helping him towel off the water dripping down his torso. At first, she had been appalled by the direction her thoughts had started to turn, but it was hard to feel bad when she realized just how much Bellamy had to offer. He was easily the most attractive male she’d ever seen in real life, kind, the best older brother, and he was about to finish a college degree.

Suddenly, she didn’t find any of the 16 year old options around her appealing. The boys were all immature and the girls were all petty. Especially when she compared them to Bellamy.

Two years later, and she was more sure than ever that Bellamy was it for her. The one.

The one who apparently didn’t get the message and was attached to an equally beautiful woman that she could never compete with. So much for her plan. Her perfectly thought out plan.

Now that she was 18, Clarke was finally going to come clean with Bellamy. Over the past two years, they had shared moments. If you had asked her, they were significant, heated moments in which her feelings for Bellamy only grew. And up until seconds ago, she really thought that her confession might be reciprocated. Obviously she was wrong.

“And you must be Clarke!” the girl said. Clarke was annoyed, really, at this girl who came and ruined all of her intentions, but instead of lashing out, she smiled and was secretly pleased that Bellamy had told Gina enough about her that she recognized her on sight.

Clarke leaned over to return the girl’s hug and caught Bellamy’s unsure gaze over her shoulder. Pulling back, she hesitantly smiled.

“It’s nice to meet you. We had no idea Bellamy was bringing someone home this summer.” She tried to keep the disdain from her voice and thought she was mostly succeeding, as Gina reached over and lightly pushed Bellamy’s shoulder.
“Bell! You told me you would let everyone know!” she grinned playfully at him. Bellamy smiled down at her before returning his gaze to Clarke.

_Bell_? What the fuck kind of nickname was that? Images of Bellamy’s head juxtaposed on top of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia while he went on and on about the founding fathers flooded her mind. Gross. Why would you shorten an amazing name like _Bellamy_? It was the perfect length and number of syllables to scream while you were orgasming.

Not that she knew that from experience or anything.

“Haven’t had a lot of time here at the end of the year, grading papers and all.” he responded. Clarke decided to forgo mentioning to Gina that until a few minutes ago, no one even knew Bellamy had a girlfriend.

Didn’t want to hurt her feelings, after all. She seemed nice enough.

That didn’t stop her from fantasizing about ripping the hair tie out of her perfectly coiffed braid and mauling her to the ground.

“Well, now that we are all acquainted, why don’t we head back to the house, O. Mom is waiting by the door, she just texted.” Bellamy informed them.

Sure enough, Clarke looked toward the entrance to the gymnasium to see the petite, smiling woman waving at them, beckoning them to meet her at the car.

“We’ll meet you there” he continued, grinning at Octavia before turning to Clarke and winking in her direction. Grabbing Gina by the hand, the two of them slowly made their way through the crowd of graduates and well-wishers toward the entrance.

“Huh.” Octavia says. “She’s cute. Seems nice,” she nodded. “I give it a few more months tops. Especially once she spends a whole summer with him. What say you, Clarke?” she turned to grin at her best friend.

Clarke only smiled slightly in response before she looped her arm through Octavia’s and they followed the happy couple to the parking lot.
The laughter coming from outside actually made Clarke nauseous. Honestly, who laughs that much? It’s not like Bellamy is the second coming of Kevin Hart or some shit.

Carrying her towel outside and self-consciously straightening her cover-up, Clarke walked out onto the back deck. She looked down over the railing to see Bellamy and what’s-her-face sitting side by side on matching lounge chairs and gazing adoringly at each other.

Cue eye roll. Clarke took the steps down to the pool slowly, joining them, placing her towel on the chair beside Bellamy’s.

They had decided to have pre-graduation-party pool time at Clarke’s house while Octavia and Bellamy’s mother prepared for the shindig at their place. Aurora was nice enough to throw the graduation party for Clarke since her own mother was out of town at some stupid medical conference.

At first, Clarke had thought it would be a great opportunity to showcase for her new swimsuit for Bellamy.

Now she just wanted to accidentally throw Gina into the deep end.

“Clarke! I forgot to mention earlier, Gina here is an art minor at Duke, finishing up her final year. You guys might have a lot to talk about!” Bellamy seemed a little anxious for Clarke to actually like Gina and she didn't want to disappoint him, so she smiled at her.

“That’s awesome! I think I will end up completing an art minor as well. Pre-med major though.” She paused looking in Bellamy’s direction. “It was hard trying to decide between two passions, so Bellamy told me I should just do both” Clarke smiled a genuine smile at Bellamy and sat down on her towel.

“I’m so happy that you decided to keep studying your art.” Bellamy said, leaning in Clarke’s direction. “I would have hated to stop seeing you grow as an artist.” He reached over to put a hand on Clarke’s shoulder and it took everything in her not to shiver from the contact.
“Yeah, I don’t think I would be happy without that outlet.” She returned his gentle smile before the scraping of a pool chair signaled Gina standing from her chair.

“That’ awesome! We’ll talk more about it in just a minute. Bell, I’m going to use the bathroom and grab another drink. Did you want something?” She looked to him for a response.

“No, I’m okay but thanks.” He smiled a full smile in her direction.

Coming to her senses at seeing the blatant, affectionate exchange, Clarke turned to grab her sunscreen in an attempt to distract herself. Who was she kidding? Bellamy would never look at her that way. He never had, why start now?

Hearing the slide of the deck door opening and closing, she stood from her seat once more and moved to take off her cover-up, pulling it up and over her head. She made sure to fold it carefully before placing it on her lounger.

“Hey can you help me with my sunscreen? You know how badly I burn.” Clarke asked Bellamy, turning to find him staring at her intently.

Time stopped for a second.

She couldn’t ever recall Bellamy showing any outward appreciation for her appearance the way he currently was. Then again, he was mostly gone these days and probably hadn’t seen her in any form of near-nakedness since she was 15. He usually worked summers, after all.

After what was probably only two seconds (but to Clarke felt like a century), Bellamy’s eyes fluttered and he cleared his throat, standing to meet her with a small smile, “Sure.”

Clarke smiled widely and gave him the sunscreen before turning, allowing him access to the parts of herself she couldn’t reach.

*How cliche*, she thought to herself, sighing.

So he had a girlfriend, but could you blame a girl for trying to find a way to get his big, beautiful
hands on her skin? There was a reason you saw this shit in movies so often.

It took a second, but eventually she heard the click of the sunscreen as it opened, and even though she had mentally prepped herself for it, the hesitant touch to her shoulders caused her to shiver slightly. He gently and thoroughly spread the lotion over her shoulders before moving slowly downwards. When he reached the small of her back, he seems to pause before wrapping his hands around her waist, taking his time to make sure her sides were adequately covered as well.

Thinking he had finished, she jolted a little when his hands returned to her body a second later at the back of her calves.

*What is he doing?* Clarke’s mind raced. Surely he would have stopped at her back, knowing she could probably take care of her own legs.

He must’ve felt the small movement because she heard his voice say, “Easy, just making sure you don’t miss anything.” His voice seems a little rougher than usual but she wasn’t about to complain. She would take what she could get.

His hands slowly move upward past the backs of her knees to her thighs. Again, she felt him pause before wrapping his hands around the outsides of her thighs, switching his hand position and moving inward toward the part of her she really wanted him to touch.

But his hands quickly moved on from that area, briefly sliding over the parts of her ass uncovered by her suit before he stepped away like he was on fire.

Her heart was beating so fast now that she felt like she might physically stumble if she tried to move forward, but Bellamy laid his hand on her shoulder and turned her around to meet his gaze. His very dark gaze.

He minutely shook his head before giving her a smirk.

“All done.” He moved to sit back down on his pool lounger.

Clarke finally moved to take the bottle from him before opening the top back up. She wasn’t imagining things. She wasn’t 16 anymore. She knew she was attractive and she also knew how to recognize when someone else found her attractive. Smirking slightly, she squirted some of the
sunscreen into her palm. *Might as well give him a show.*

She rubbed her palms together and deliberately began to slather the lotion all over the rest of her body, starting with her legs, before moving to her shoulders. She saved her breasts for last because, let’s be honest, she knew she had a great rack. She rubbed the lotion over the tops of her breasts and down the middle of her cleavage, pretending not to notice when her nipples became noticeable through her top.

She slowly made sure every bit of her was covered, pretending to be engrossed in looking at herself to assure she doesn’t miss a spot.

She slyly glanced up at Bellamy to find him openly staring, so much so that he didn’t even realize she was glancing in his direction. Figuring she had tortured him enough, she closed the lid to the bottle and threw it on the chaise.

“Well, now that that’s done, I can FINALLY get a little wet!” she smirked in his direction, hearing him clear his throat slightly while looking away from her now shiny body.

She turned and immediately jumped in the pool. When she rose out of the water gasping for air, she found his attention was still on her. Smoothing her hair back from her face, she swam to the edge of the pool, resting her elbows on the side, facing him.

“So.” she began. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you..”

“Who wants cheesecake???!” A loud exclamation interrupted their conversation and they both turned to see Octavia coming down from the deck with a knife in her hand and a plate with a slice of cheesecake.

“O! You know you shouldn’t run with sharp objects!” Bellamy chastised.

“I’m 17 now, you know. I think I can manage to not accidentally stab myself or those around me on a slightly sharpened butter knife. Now. Who wants cheesecake?? Mom just brought it home as I was coming to the pool!” She wiggled the plate with a smile.

“Nah I’m good. What about you, Princess?” Bellamy asked, turning his head in her direction to stare at her for a response.
Hitching her breath somewhat, Clarke only shook her head slightly, meeting his gaze head on.

Octavia rolled her eyes and turned to walk back toward the house. “Fine. Suit yourselves.”

As she disappeared inside, a small moment of heated tension settled as the two of them realized that, suddenly, the nickname he gave her so long ago had now been delivered with an entirely different tone. Whether by accident or on purpose, Clarke could feel the heat travel down her body. Heat that she recognized in his own eyes.

Before she could voice the observation, the door slid open once again and Gina walked out with a beer in her hand.

“So! What’d I miss??” She smiled in his direction. He returned it with only a slight tilt of his lips before hurriedly glancing away from Clarke then back again.

“Nothing really. Something about cheesecake and sunscreen.”

Gina tilted her head back in laughter and Clarke can only watch helplessly as she laid her hand on his chest.

She turned around, swimming to the ladder (Suddenly not in the mood to swim), only to miss the way his eyes casually roamed over her body, dripping water, while his girlfriend was busy rummaging around in her purse for her cell phone.

“Clarke! Over here!” She heard Octavia’s voice but looked around in confusion, trying to discern where it was coming from.

Finally spotting her on the couch by the window, Clarke headed in that direction. The party was in full swing now and looking around at all the smiling faces of her classmates, she couldn’t help but be a little nostalgic. She would be headed to Duke in the fall, after all, and she didn’t know of anyone else heading to North Carolina. Most of her classmates would be staying in-state to attend various universities throughout Virginia. Duke, of course, had an extremely prestigious pre-med program, but she would be lying if a certain Master's student's presence didn’t slightly influence her decision.
She had almost reached Octavia when someone bumped into her from the side.

“Oh, sorry!” She looked up to find the eyes of some boy she vaguely remembered she shared chemistry with.

“It’s no problem.” She said, smiling and turning to continue her trek.

“Oh Wait! You’re Clarke, right?” She turned to acknowledge the boy once more. He was cute enough, she supposed... If you weren’t already in love with the manliest, most beautiful specimen alive.

“Yeah” She smiled, not wanting to be rude.

“I thought so! Hey, listen, I know you’re probably already busy this summer but we should totally..” He never got to finish his thought because his eyes strayed to something just behind Clarke at the same moment she felt a hand at her waist.

“We’ve been looking for you.” She felt his breath against her ear, making her shiver, and she turned in his arms to meet his stare.

“Have you? Well, I didn’t mean to be so lost.” She smirked at Bellamy before turning to the poor guy-from-chemistry. “Sorry, but my friends are waiting on me. I should probably go.”

The guy only nodded in response, turning and disappearing in the crowd.

“You know,” Bellamy said as he moved his hand to the small of her back, leading her through the crowd. “I don’t know what I’m going to do when you go off to college. I didn’t have to worry about any of these boys because I knew you wouldn’t be duped by their free, illegal beer.” He smirked in her direction. “But what’s going to happen when you’re on a college campus and suddenly the boys are men and they use their charming smiles to convince you to be up to no good?” He glanced from the side of his eyes as she rolled her own.

“You don’t have to worry about me. It’s not like I’m completely innocent in this world of trashy literature and one night stands.” She swore she could feel his arm stiffen on her back before he
responded.

“You know, I really didn’t need to know that.” He growled lightly in her ear.

“Well, maybe you did because you seem to think I’m still the 13 year old that you left behind in Virginia all those years ago.” She responded with a shrug but there was no mistaking the annoyance and exasperation in her tone.

Bellamy pulled on her arm, turning her to face him. “Oh, no worries. I’m well aware you’re not 13 anymore.” He looked at her meaningfully.

She opened her mouth to retort something about him needing to be more blatant in his observations when she felt her other arm being tugged in the opposite direction.

“You’re taking too long, come on!” Octavia smiled at her, pulling her back to the couch.

She sat down, laughing, but even as she pretended to be engrossed in their conversation about the roaring success of the senior prank, she sensed Bellamy’s gaze from across the room, as if it were literal fire running across her skin.

A few hours later, Clarke and Octavia had moved outside to the bonfire and as she looked around at the various faces cast in the orange glow of the roaring fire, she realized a part of her really would miss these dorks.

But a bigger part of her is more excited to be alone in North Carolina with Bellamy and no one around to supervise or judge her for being romantically linked to an older guy that many assumed was like an older brother to her.

“Hey, I’m going to go grab a soda from the fridge” Clarke notified Octavia, who is so busy flirting with Atom that she just waved her hand in acknowledgement. Clarke shook her head and headed in the direction of the kitchen.
She burst through the swinging door to find it blissfully empty and made her way to the refrigerator standing in the corner. Opening the door, she bent over to look for a Coke, finding none.

Until she moved aside the box of yogurt to find Bellamy’s secret stash. She smirked and wrapped her hand around the can and was about to remove it when a voice sounded behind her.

“You know. Those are hidden for a reason.” Clarke gasped and straightened her stance. She turned only to find Bellamy standing a few inches away.

She had been this close to him before, sure, but it felt different now. Of course, she was probably just imagining it, but looking into his dark eyes and remembering the way his hands had lingered over her body earlier, she couldn’t help but feel like the tension had been increased tenfold in their interactions.

Then she reminded herself of his earlier interference and how he had gone literal “big brother” on her and she told herself that he was only looking out for his “little sister.” So what if he thought she had a great body.

Really, who could blame the poor guy? She did have a great body.

“Yes well,” She returned the conversation to safe subjects. Like beverages. “Maybe if you had learned a different hiding spot in the years you’ve been away, it wouldn’t be so easy to make them un-hidden.” She smiled, trying to move past him.

He stepped to the side and blocked her way. She wished he would stop doing things like that. It was putting all sorts of dirty, sordid thoughts in her head that had everything to do with his desire for control and where else he could put it to use, but she shook those thoughts from her brain.

“Yes?” She questioned sweetly, pretending not to notice how his gaze looked completely different than it ever had before.

“You know I can’t just let you get away with my last Coke. It’s just not going to happen.” He said with genuine severity.

She smiled and leaned in close to his ear before breathily responding, “And just what do you plan
to do about it?”

Thinking she had won, she moved past him again only to be startled, releasing a small “Ah!” when she suddenly found herself turned in towards the counter with her hands behind her back, Bellamy breathing heavily against her.

She felt his nose against her neck as he slowly ran it up to her ear, “Now. Be a good girl and let go of the drink, Princess.”

Clarke swore her panties instantaneously combusted as she gasped, feeling her nipples stand up and pay attention against her top. She cursed herself for wearing her more flimsy string bathing suit instead of her more supportive one. She could feel them rubbing against the material and knew they were visible through her cover up.

Bellamy either didn’t notice or chose not to comment because as soon as Clarke released her hold on the can, he let go of her wrists that he had pinned together, dragging his fingertips across her skin as he went.

Her hands now free, she turned to meet his eyes, which briefly dipped down the front of her body, a smile turning the right corner of his mouth. He slowly returned his stare to her own.

Raising his hand, he tucked a piece of hair that had fallen loose from her high bun back behind her ear and dragged his finger down her cheek to her lips.

“See. I always get what’s mine.” He told her, his thumb lightly tracing her bottom lip.

Clarke was certain that he had meant more than his Coke when he said that, but he simply smirked and walked out of the kitchen.

She was more certain than ever that this was not one-sided. She couldn’t be imagining his reciprocation.

The question is: What was she going to do about it?
Later that evening, after the party had cleared and she had changed into her sleep shorts, she quietly opened the door to Octavia’s room and closed it behind her. Making her way down the hall, she stopped outside of Bellamy’s door.

This was it. She was going to do it. She could do this. He definitely felt the same way. He had to. She was not crazy.

She slowly raised her hand to the door knob but before she could reach it she heard a soft moan on the other side.

Clarke gasped and backed away from the door faster than she meant to, causing the floorboard to creak underneath her.

Bellamy’s voice on the other side of the door whispered, “Did you hear that?”

Gina responded airly, “You’re imagining things, Bell, God don’t stop.”

Soon, she heard the moaning start back up and eventually Gina whispered, “I love you so much” and Clarke was shaken out of her daze.

She moved quietly but quickly down the hall, into the kitchen, and opened the refrigerator, trying to gain control of her breathing.

What had she been thinking? That was incredibly stupid. Bellamy had a girlfriend. One that he was obviously in love with, who he brought home to meet his family, and here she was reading into every interaction they had and projecting her own feelings onto him.

She stood there for several moments before finally closing the door and turning to head back to Octavia’s room.

Except when she turned around, she found herself looking at the man currently trampling around in her brain.
“All that time in front of the refrigerator and you walk away with nothing?” He smirked and raised his eyebrow in the way that had Clarke panting with need.

Not this time. She couldn’t continue to be this stupid.

“Yeah I decided I wasn’t hungry after all. I’m just gonna head back to bed.” She moved past him until he once again grabbed her arm and turned her to face him.

“Oh come on, *Princess*. You sure you’re not even a *little* hungry?” He was standing so close to her that she could almost lose herself in his scent.

Until she realized that she could also smell the musky tint of his sweat and she was immediately drawn back to what he had been doing only moments before.

“What are you doing?” She whispered, impatient and tired, his lips mere inches from her own.

“What do you mean?” He responded, his brow furrowed in seemingly genuine confusion.

She waited a beat. “You know what? Nothing, sorry.”

She tried to turn and leave but he just turned her around again.

“Don’t lie to me Clarke. What’s wrong?” He asked his question, clearly annoyed by her evasive response.

“I said *nothing*. Nothing is wrong. You’re not my brother, Bellamy, you don’t get to just demand things from me.” She was so angry at this point that she was slowly losing her grip.

“Oh, I’m well aware that you’re not my sister, Clarke, but here I am demanding you give me answers all the same. Now give them to me.” He said lowly, obviously trying not to wake anyone up with their quarreling.
Clarke jerked her arm free from his grasp and backed away from him.

“Where’s Gina? Isn’t she expecting you to come back to bed at any moment? Wouldn’t want to keep her waiting.” She said quietly, but with barely concealed rage.

Bellamy’s eyes widened and he dropped his arm where it was still reaching out toward Clarke, “Clarke...I...”

“NO!” she said, much too loudly for the middle of the night. “I’m such an idiot…” she mumbled to herself.

“Clarke. Stop this. You’re not an idiot.” Bellamy told her sternly, taking a step in her direction.

“No, yes, I am. Because why am I even here?” Bellamy stopped suddenly and looked at her.

“I don’t know, Clarke, why are you here? Are you angry with me? Is this because I interrupted your rendezvous with that future frat boy earlier? Did you want to sneak off with him somewhere in my house for a quick fuck?”

She reeled back as if he had physically assaulted her.

Bellamy immediately realized the error of his words. “Clarke. I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean that. I shouldn’t have implied-”

“What? That I’m a whore? Too late for that, Bellamy. You can’t take it back now. You know what? This is for the best, really. Because once I leave for school, it’s not like I’ll ever really see you that much again. Probably best to just cut ties now, when I know what you really think of me.”

It was Bellamy’s turn to look assaulted as he stepped away from her again, the visible hurt flashing in his eyes. But it was gone so quickly she could almost imagine she made it up in the first place when his eyes narrowed and he responded, “Maybe you’re right, then.”

Clarke’s heart shatters into a thousand pieces. This is not what she had planned. Never did she anticipate this. The last thing she ever wanted was to cut all ties with Bellamy.
But here she was. And as she turned and practically ran back to Octavia’s room, she knew in her heart of hearts that it really was probably for the best.

She couldn’t continue to be around someone she was so deeply in love with who would never feel the same, especially now that she was starting to see things that weren’t there. It was just too hard to be around him, knowing it wasn’t going to happen.

Decision made, she laid down on the bed beside Octavia and stared out the window at the moon. Tomorrow, she would change her acceptance. There was no way she could go to Duke. Not anymore. She needed a clean break. She had to move past this infatuation.

If it was the last thing she did.

Chapter End Notes

So? Anyone else love the my best friend Octavia's older brother Bellamy who is strictly off limits stories? Because this is one of those.

Chapter 2 will pick up in the future when they are at college.

See you next week!
Chapter Summary

3 Years Later, Clarke and Bellamy stumble upon each other once again.

Chapter Notes

Wow! So I know that everyone says this, but I honestly didn't really expect anyone to read this, much less comment and/or give kudos/bookmark, so.. thanks! Glad people are enjoying it! Also, good to know that there are people out there who like reading the same tropes as me Haha!

I look forward to seeing what you all think of this next chapter.

This takes place in the "Now" time of the plot, a little over three years after the events of the last chapter.

See you on the flip side!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 2017

Letting out a deep exhale, Clarke took in her surroundings. She had to admit, even though Virginia was beautiful, there was just something about North Carolina air that felt more… home. She was learning that August here was similar to August back home but apparently the snow comes in a little later, and after three years in Rhode Island, she could definitely live with that.

Walking across campus, she situated her crossbody in front of her and looked around at the college students milling about and lounging on the grass in McCorkle Place. She had only been in Chapel Hill for a week but she could definitely get used to it here.

Granted, UNC had never been in the plan. Even the early plan, back before everything went to hell. Back before she and the boy she loved stopped speaking and couldn’t be in the same room without glaring spitfully at each other.
After the confrontation with Bellamy the night of her graduation, she moved her acceptance to Brown and never looked back. It was far enough away that she could feasibly stop all communication and it wouldn’t look suspicious. Of course, she didn’t stop communicating with everyone. As if Octavia would let her.

Brown had been good to her at first. She felt like she could really do what she wanted without judgment because absolutely no one knew who she was (Except for a few professors, of course, who knew her mother).

Getting over Bellamy seemed like it was going to be entirely plausible. She met Finn and he made her forget for a little while.

And then two months later she met Raven.

And when her heart wasn’t exactly crushed, she realized that all Finn had done was to help her think about someone else. Not forget.

After that, at least, she made a new friend. Raven was fun, fierce, and totally terrifying. She reminded her a lot of Octavia, actually. And when she realized how shitty Finn had treated BOTH of them she decided that friendships were a lot more important than relationships anyways.

So she decided on friendships - With Clarke AND Finn, actually.

Something about him being “family” and how she couldn’t just STOP talking to him. She decided after that to just stay single, aside from that one night with Niylah.

And then she met Lexa.

But that was an entirely different story that led her to where she is now.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Finishing up her final year of undergrad at UNC. She supposed it was fitting that she finished her degree next door to where she had originally planned to start it. It was unsettling, really, knowing
that Bellamy was just a short drive away, but Octavia promised she wouldn’t tell Bellamy she was there.

That’s how she ended up at UNC - Octavia. Through their constant correspondence, Octavia knew how miserable she was and suggested she finish up her studies at her school in North Carolina. Octavia chose to go to UNC to honor Bellamy, as that was where he studied for his undergrad degree as well.

Clarke agreed to transfer as long as Octavia kept Bellamy in the dark. Octavia (And everyone at that point) knew she and Bellamy were no longer on speaking terms. She told everyone it was just maturity and the two of them growing into two different people. People believed it. For the most part. But sometimes, Octavia would look at Clarke with a gaze so powerful that she almost thought Octavia knew the truth.

But that would be impossible. Clarke didn’t even think Bellamy knew why they weren’t talking. Other than the argument, as she had taken to referring to it in her mind.

She was brought out of her thoughts by the loud laughter of a group of girls across the path. They were sitting under a tree, gathered around a phone, watching something that was obviously quite amusing and for a second, Clarke wished she could have a life so simple.

Her phone started ringing in her bag and she pulled it out to stare at the face of her one true love.

“Hey O! Are you back in town?” Clarke questioned with excitement in her voice. The answering response was tinged with equally undisguised exuberance.

“Of course! Just got back! Where is your new apartment at again?” Clarke rolled her eyes. She had told Octavia the address at least three times, including in writing via text.

“Check your messages, O. It’s on Hillsborough.” Smiling slightly, she stopped at the crosswalk and looked both ways before crossing the street in a hurry.

“Ah, that’s right. Tell Raven I apologize in advance for how many times I will inevitably be using my key for emergencies only ” She said, imitating her exasperated Raven voice.

Clarke laughed, “Will do. You know, now that Raven and I are actually in the same city as you,
you are going to have ample opportunity to get to know her. She’s excited to be here but she’s a little worried about not knowing anyone, even if she will never admit it. At least she’s met you the couple of times you came to visit Brown.”

“Oh, no worries, I plan to make Raven feel plenty at home!” She giggled. “In fact! We’re having a welcome home party for the two of you this Saturday!” Octavia informed her promptly.

Clarke paused her trek. “Octavia. We are not having a welcome home party for Raven and I when literally neither of us is actually from North Carolina. Especially not the first weekend of the school year.” Clarke knew she was wasting precious air supply trying to put her foot down because Octavia was going to do whatever the hell she wanted, with or without her approval.

“Whatever.” She could practically hear the eye roll through the receiver. “You know I meant home as in with me, silly! Besides, it will give me a chance to see Bellamy. I didn’t see him all summer since he stayed down here to work at his job.”

Clarke could audibly hear the air leaving her lungs.

She definitely wasn’t ready to be around Bellamy just yet.

Octavia must have anticipated her reaction. “Okay, Clarke, hear me out. I know you and Bellamy aren’t on the best of terms right now, for whatever the hell reason that is, but he is still my brother. I have to invite him. We can make sure that you never cross paths or if you do see each other, we can just tell Bell that you are in town until Sunday before you go back to Rhode Island.”

Clarke really, really didn’t want to go to the party now. Bellamy was a lot of things but he definitely wasn’t an idiot. One of the things she found most attractive about him was his intelligence. No way would he believe that Clarke made a cross-state trip for a weekend.

Either way, she would have to deal with it later. She had just reached her building and was about to head inside.

“Listen, O, we will discuss this later. I have class now. Fucking World History at that.” She had been dreading this for years. “If I had passed that stupid AP exam I wouldn’t have to even take this course.” She was practically pouting now.
“Oh shut it, you’ve been avoiding taking this course since freshman year. News Flash: It’s going to be a requirement wherever you go. Rhode Island, Chapel Hill, or Timbuktu.” Octavia obviously did not empathize with her intense hatred for the course.

“All I’m saying is that requiring college students to take this course is all a ploy by the university system to make more money off the backs of hard working citizens merely trying to earn their degree in a subject they actually like. What good does a World History class do me in pre-med biology or visual art?” Clarke had obviously delivered this exact same speech multiple times.

“Shut up and go to class. Call me later.” Before she could retort, Clarke heard the dial tone in her ear.

“Well then.” she humphed, opening the door and stepping inside.

If she were being honest with herself, she knew the reason she avoided World History wasn’t just because she has hate flashbacks of her high school history teacher. It also probably had something to do with the fact that the subject matter took her back to growing up with Bellamy and watching with rapid interest as he told her stories of world civilizations.

If only Bellamy had been stupid. Maybe it would be easier to forget how fucking sexy he was.

She found the lecture hall with relative ease. Sighing dejectedly, she found a seat in the middle of the third to last row. Near the back but not the very back. Hopefully, she could get away with being unnoticed, seeing as this was a very large lecture hall and there were supposed to be almost 150 students in this class.

She took out her laptop and began to set up shop, tuning out the noises around her. The sounds of students filing in and chatting about beginning of the year shop talk began and hummed lightly under her breath. Setting up a new folder for the course in her Google Drive, she started a new document for note taking.

She could do this.

She was a strong and freaking capable woman and she would not allow fucking World History ruin her stellar GPA.
Hearing the door to the room shut, her eyes stayed on the screen typing in the days date and titling the document as she took these last few seconds to calm her breathing.

It was like a visceral reaction to being in this class again.

“Oh. My God. The fuck? Is he the professor? Since when do academic types look like that?” The girl next to Clarke couldn’t help but comment.

Clarke snorted into her coffee, but kept her eyes firmly planted on the screen, engrossed in setting up the appropriate font size and making multiple copies of the document to fill in for future classes.

She had seen her fair share of hot professors in her years at college, but considering her classmates in this class were all freshmen and this was an 8 AM class on the first day of school, she was sure these girls had been expecting the typical balding old dude to lead a boring as fuck history course.

“Right? Maybe World History won’t be so bad.” The girl’s friend responded.

Clarke sighed in exasperation and thought to herself, well at least I will have something to look at while all this content goes straight over my head.

“Good afternoon, everyone and welcome to World History 106. If you are in the wrong course, please feel free to exit the way you came and good luck finding where you’re actually supposed to be.” Several students chuckled.

Clarke stopped typing.

And breathing.

Because if she didn’t know any better, she would say that this voice sounded familiar.

In fact, it sounded much like the one that still haunted her very best dreams and her worst nightmares.
She was almost scared to look up, and when she did, she wished she hadn’t.

Because standing at the front of the room was Bellamy fucking Blake.

The class started without hesitation and if she had had the capacity to pay attention to absolutely anything happening around her, Clarke would have found the class as enjoyable as the two girls sitting next to her who were waxing poetic about Professor Blake’s ability to capture their attention.

Snort. All he was doing was going over the syllabus.

She couldn’t blame them though. From what she could see in her seat at the very back of the room, he was just as beautiful as the day she left him. Dark, curly hair falling into his eyes, strong arms, and hands moving wildly as he spoke. The only difference was the facial hair. Except it wasn’t a difference that Clarke minded.

Is it possible that he got even more attractive?

Jesus fucking Christ.

Clarke hadn’t seen Bellamy in at least two years. Not since that Christmas vacation when she came back. And that had been a very brief interlude that ended in them fighting. Again.

Why was he here? Why wasn’t he at Duke? Why did Octavia keep this from her?

Well. At least that one was obvious.

She couldn’t believe this was happening. Here she was, almost four years later, and her heart still
started fluttering madly in her chest just by looking at him and hearing him talk about his passions.

Ugh. Didn’t she move across several state lines to get over this shit?

She had to fix this.

She would somehow sneak out at the end of class without being seen (With 150 people that shouldn’t be hard, right?) and she would switch sections. Easy. It was only the first day of class.

As if he read her mind, Bellamy chose that exact moment to turn his smile to her side of the classroom. She ducked down slightly in her seat as his eyes flitted to the back of the room before turning them back to the front.

Only, as soon as they were back on the front row, they were returned to the back again.

Instantly, her eyes locked on his and she stopped breathing yet again. Damn it. She had to stop this. His presence had become bad for her physical health.

Bellamy had stopped speaking, stopped smiling, stopped moving. And it had become apparent to the students in the class before he seemed to shake himself out of it and dismissed class, promising to start material the following session.

His eyes drifted to her seat at the back of the room and she immediately got up, packed up her things, and fled the classroom.

This is not happening. This is not happening. This is not happening.

And yet, no matter how many times she told herself it wasn’t happening she kept looking down at the syllabus sitting on the table in front of her and there he was: Instructor: Bellamy Blake.
How could Octavia do this to her? Did Bellamy know she would be there too? He had looked just as surprised as she had, but that didn’t mean anything.

She was ripping apart the coffee sleeve around her cup when the seat across from her was unceremoniously filled by none other than the conniving Blake herself.

“Judas.”

“Before you say anything, I didn’t realize you were going to be in his class! I really did think that you two would be able to avoid one another!” Octavia looked a little manic as she tried to ease the backlash she is sure is coming her way.

Clarke simply stared at her.

“Come on, Clarke. You’re my best friend since first grade! Maybe this is a blessing! Think of all the times ahead in our lives that you will inevitably have to see Bell. Maybe being in the same town will allow you guys to at least learn to be in the same room again!”

Continued staring from Clarke. Although, it had now turned into more of a glare.

“Listen. We will get your section changed, okay? We will go online right now and change it and then you only have to see him in passing. Honestly, I wouldn’t want to see his ugly mug three days a week either. Much less spewing on about history of all things.”

At this point, Clarke didn’t even bother correcting Octavia that actually, Bellamy was the single most attractive man she’d ever laid eyes on (still) and that hearing him lecture passionately about intellectual topics of any kind just made her want to crawl all over him and have his babies.

She had a feeling that might not be well received information.

No, she just kept staring, hoping that any minute, she would wake up and this whole sordid affair would have been just a really, really bad nightmare.
Finally, she found the voice to speak, “How did you even know I was in his class?”

Octavia gave her a look of exasperation. “Seriously? I get a panicked phone call from my idiot of a brother yelling at me, ‘Octavia Blake, why the hell did I just see Clarke Griffin in the back of my World History classroom??’ and I knew you would be freaking out just as much if not more, so I came to the coffee shop nearest your lecture hall knowing that after a massacre like that, you would need coffee pretty much immediately.”

Of course she would figure something like that out.

They had only known each other for ever.

Clarke sat up straighter. “Wait. Bellamy called you?”

Octavia eyed her suspiciously, “Well yes, why wouldn’t he? Much like you, he put it together that I knew the two of you were going to be within spitting distance again and was adamant that I give him a proper explanation as to why I left that detail about this school year out of my weekly lunch conversation.” She rolled her eyes and huffed crossing her arms across her chest.

“I just don’t get it,” she continued. “What happened between you two? You used to be inseparable. You were the only people I knew who could sit on the couch and watch the world’s most boring documentaries and have actual conversations about what was happening. And then poof! All of a sudden, one day, you couldn’t even look at each other.”

Clarke didn’t know what to say to that. She didn’t want to tell her the truth. Oh, I’m… was… madly in love with him and he was completely oblivious to my feelings and it was just too hard to be around him and his perfect girlfriend. Oh, and he implied that I wanted to sleep with people willy nilly and I’m just not okay with the “whore” implications of that.

No, instead she gave her the same explanation as always.

“We’ve had this conversation, Octavia. We just grew apart. Two wildly different personalities don’t really mesh as well when they become adults and the childhood adoration wears off.” It was a weak line at best and the look Octavia gave her told her she thought so as well.

“Well, whatever. I’m tired of being the buffer between you and Bell. Whatever your problems are
with each other, fix them. I love you and I love him and I refuse to do this anymore. You don’t have to like each other but whenever you see each other, I want you to at least be polite. I don’t want to have to choose who I invite to group hangouts or to parties.”

Clarke didn’t want to point out that if Octavia had just been honest with her, she wouldn’t have made the decision to uproot her life in Rhode Island and dain Bellamy with her presence again, but that wasn’t fair. She missed Octavia and obviously Octavia missed her too or else she wouldn’t have purposely withheld the nugget that apparently Bellamy was no longer at Duke.

“Why is he here? I thought he was studying at Duke.” She kind of wanted to know. She hadn’t asked about Bellamy in so long in an effort to make cutting ties easier but she was starved for information. What was he doing here? Who was he dating? Was he engaged? Married? A part of her hoped he was. That would make it easier. She knew that he and Gina had broken up. Found out that little tidbit that last Christmas Break.

Too bad.

They were adorable.

She sipped her drink.

“When he finished his master’s at Duke, he decided to complete his PhD here. I was here and he wanted to finish his studying where he started.” She paused to roll her eyes. “I think he kind of wanted to get away from the string of women he left in his wake as well.”

That caught Clarke’s attention. “String of women?” She asked with a raised eyebrow.

Octavia rolled her eyes. “Yes. Since he broke up with Gina, Bellamy hasn’t really been interested in a long term girlfriend. Doesn’t stop him from sleeping around and breaking hearts, though. In his defense, it’s not exactly hidden knowledge that he doesn’t want a relationship, but apparently there’s something about my brother that turns one night stand girls into obsessive, Glenn Close types.”

That was interesting. One, she could definitely see Bellamy’s one night stands taking his rejection badly. I mean, look at the man. And two, this was apparently an all new Bellamy Blake. The one she knew rarely even gave women the time of day (Until fucking Gina), much less slept around like the second coming of Giacomo Casanova.
This was a good thing, right? Maybe he will have lost his appeal!

Doubtful.

“Anyways, since he came here, he’s been able to avoid any of those. I’m sure he’s still doing his thing, but apparently women in Chapel Hill are a little more understanding of his lack of genuine human connection and affection.” She could hear the annoyance in Octavia’s words.

Clarke couldn’t help but bite her bottom lip and look down at the table. She knew what that was like. Hell, she wasn’t in a place where she wanted to date anyone either. After the Lexa debacle, she up and moved to a different state. She had absolutely no room to judge.

She looked back toward Octavia. “Fine. For you, I will make an effort. For you. I’m not saying I will be successful or even kind, but as long as he will make an effort, so will I.”

Octavia’s smile took over her entire face. “AWESOME! Ugh, yes, this is better than I could have ever expected! A dream come true! Okay, listen, he’s coming to the welcome home party on Friday. That will be your first opportunity. I’m so excited!”

Clarke allowed a small smile in her direction but her gut told her that Octavia’s excitement was largely misplaced, as this likely wasn’t going to go as well as she wanted it to.

Later in her living room, Clarke opened her laptop and logged into the university registration website. Typing in the class code for the course she had to take, she waited for it to load her options.

She knew she shouldn’t have waited until her senior year of undergrad to take a required entry level course, but World History was the absolute worst. Maybe if she had a better teacher in high school for AP she would’ve enjoyed it more. It wasn’t that she hated history altogether, but that
particular course and teacher had just ruined it for her. She had been dreading taking it in college as well, but a tiny part of her was hoping for a professor that would restore her faith in the subject again.

Guilt ate away at her as she knew that Bellamy could have been that professor. Had they not been at each other like Persephone and Hades minus the hot, possessive sex and pre-Stockholm Syndrome feelings.

The section list finally loaded and Clarke’s stomach dropped.

They were full.

Every last one of them.

This couldn’t be right. She quickly scanned the side of the page until she found the correct phone number for the Registrar’s department and anxiously tapped her finger on the edge of her laptop.

“UNC Registrar’s Office, how may I direct your call?” A voice answered.

“Hi! Can I speak to someone in undergraduate registration, please?” Clarke responded.

“Of course! What year are you, sweetheart?” Clarke tried to contain her eye roll at the southern colloquialism. She failed.

“Fourth year”

“Okay, one moment please.” The line went quiet as Clarke was being transferred to the appropriate person.

“Undergraduate Registration, Regina speaking, how may I help you?”

“Hi, Regina, my name is Clarke Griffin and I am trying to switch sections for entry level World History but I see that the sections online all say Closed. I was wondering if perhaps these numbers
“Ah, yes, I hate to tell you but that particular course, being a required course, is always full at this point and that likely will not change. Your best bet is to try and tough it out in the section you signed up for or email one of the other professors teaching the course and ask if they can make a cap exception to extend the class number.”

Clarke closed her eyes and tilted her head back, internally cursing toward the ceiling.

“Okay. Thank you for your time.”

She hung up and stared at the screen of her computer.

Okay. Email professors. She could do that. Surely one of them had a spot open.

By Thursday night, Clarke still hadn’t heard anything from the professors she had emailed, and she needed to get away from her apartment in an effort to forget her anxiety. Even if it was for fifteen minutes.

She decided to get off her couch and head to Lenoir Hall for some dinner. When she walked in, she headed straight for Subway and ordered a steak and cheese sandwich. She had to wait behind the guy in front of her who seemed to be ordering enough subs for an entire apartment complex.

While she waited for him to choose his toppings, her eyes drifted over the people sitting at tables in front of the various eating spots.

She swore her eyes were attuned to his very existence because when she looked over to the left, she immediately spotted Bellamy.
And Bellamy definitely wasn’t alone.

He was sitting with an extremely attractive brunette who was laughing obnoxiously at whatever he was saying (What was it with girls and this stupid habit of trying to make him feel hilarious?). He had a grin on his face as he worked his charm and Clarke felt her stomach start to churn.

Of course, she knew in her mind that she would need to get used to seeing Bellamy with other women. Especially with his apparently new-found reputation.

But it didn’t help to see him in action.

She had definitely been staring too long because suddenly, his eyes moved from the woman in front of him and directly onto her.

She quickly looked away, hoping he hadn’t realized she was ogling him from across the hall.

Finishing up assembling her sandwich, she paid and began to make her way out of the hall. No use in lingering, after all.

But before she could make it to the door, trying to skirt around the crowd of people by stepping into the bathroom alcove, she jolted as she almost ran into someone who had stepped directly in front of her.

She stepped back instinctively and raised her eyes to find the smirking face of Bellamy.

“Hello, Princess.”

The way his tongue and lips formed the words caused a shiver to move through her body in what she hoped was not a noticeable way.

“Funny seeing you here. Aren’t you supposed to be in your castle up north?”

She glared at him wearily. “I would hardly call a dorm room a castle. Aren’t you supposed to be at
the school down the road? What?Couldn’t allow Octavia the freedom of being away from you for more than a few months?”

A flash of anger passed over his features before it quickly morphed back into his smirk.

He stepped closer.

“You know. It was good seeing you again.” He tucked her hair behind her ear. “It had been too long, really.” Her heart beat faster at the gentle touch and she couldn’t help the small voice inside of her that wondered if he really missed her. “Almost like you were avoiding me.” His eyes had turned a little hard and the hand that had tucked her hair away was lingering against her collar bone.

She hesitated a little in her glare and looked away toward the ground.

“I have no reason, to avoid you, Bellamy. Don’t be ridiculous.” She sounded weak, even to her own ears.

He stepped even closer, and Clarke stepped back, but he reached out and put his hand around the top of her arm to steady her while he stepped in again, the two of them pushed further into the alcove.

“Well, that’s good to know. Because it would seem we are going to be seeing quite a lot of each other.” He smiled with his teeth this time and looked down at her from where he was towering above her. “And I’m looking forward to it.”

He smiled even brighter, leaning down to her cheek and drawing his fingers from her shoulder down her arm to her waist, lightly pulling her a little closer.

He breathed. “See you in class.”

And then he was gone.

Clarke stood frozen for a second before she turned to look over her shoulder at him disappearing
through the crowd of students who didn’t seem to have even noticed their interaction at all in the mass of bodies.

She watched as her turned around while he was walking to find her eyes before he winked and continued on his way.

Friday morning, Clarke checked her laptop one last time to no avail.

No professor was willing to do a cap exception for someone who was already in a section of the course.

And that settled it. She would have to stick it out. After their interaction last night, Clarke was more conflicted than ever. Her body was still thrumming from his casual touches and her dreams were filled with images of his lips dragging against her skin.

How could she possibly hope to move past this infatuation if all of their conversations involved him inadvertently drawing her in deeper into his web of charm?

She would just have to make certain that their future interactions were from at least 4 feet apart and that she spoke up more often.

Last night, she had been caught so off guard that she hadn’t even had the frame of mind to retaliate his subtle jibes.

That would have to change. She couldn’t allow him to get the upper hand again. Especially not since she was now officially stuck in his fucking World History section.

She sighed loudly before getting out of bed and walking toward the kitchen.
If she was going to be forced to stare at Bellamy Blake at 8 o'clock in the morning every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, she was definitely going to need coffee.

All the coffee.

Chapter End Notes

Well? What do you think? Do you guys think that Bellamy is "inadvertently" drawing Clarke deeper into his web? Or is that shit definitely on purpose?

Let me know what you think so far!

Reading comments is indescribably cool! I will try and answer any questions you might have going forward.

Hope you enjoy the journey as much as I am.

Side Note: A large portion of this story is already written, so I may update some chapters sooner than others, but as a good rule of thumb, I will always post a new chapter on Sundays as that is my free day!
Chapter Notes

Good news, everyone!

The update is coming at you a few hours early!

Unfortunately, I am SUPER busy tomorrow (I just bought a new house!!) so I have to post the chapter now instead. The next update will still be scheduled for next Sunday, September 2nd, but you're getting this one today!

Hope you enjoy!

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3 - The Inevitable

This time, as she walked across campus to her history class, Clarke didn’t see the world in quite the same way as she had two days before.

The happy people sitting in the grass and smiling were annoyingly unbearable and the coffee in her hand wasn’t just a treat, it was her lifeline. She knew she was probably being a little dramatic but fuck that.

She couldn’t believe this was happening, but she also had a plan.

She would walk in right as class was starting and this time, she would grab a seat in the very back row. Preferably in the corner, where darkness dwells and no one would see her or bother her. And she would put on her best resting bitch face to keep anyone wanting conversation away from her safe space of solitude.

It would work like a charm, she was sure.

She walked in and went straight up the steps to the back of the auditorium where she was actually able to find her desired seat selection. Apparently, most people don’t like to isolate themselves in dark corners where spiders breed.
Who knew?

She immediately withdrew her laptop and loaded her Google Drive once again. She had to pass this class. Literally, she had no other option. It was her last year and she couldn’t take it again because she didn’t have time. She would just have to grin and bear it. She and Bellamy had always had interesting conversations, as Octavia so blithely pointed out. She knew he was likely an amazing teacher. Had this been any other situation, she would have been lucky to have him as a professor. She could do this.

And then he walked in. His eyes immediately flew to the back of the room and from her position in the corner, it looked as if he were looking right where she had been sitting last week. His brow furrowed for a moment before he looked down at the floor and kept walking to the table at the front of the room. Sitting his bag on the edge, he pulled out his own laptop and plugged it into the projector.

God he was beautiful. It just wasn’t fair. His hair was falling into his eyes again and the sleeves on his dark button down were rolled up to his elbows, exposing his ridiculously delicious looking forearms.

They were fucking forearms for God’s sake, they should NOT be this attractive to look at.

But if she were honest with herself, her brain was racing with scenarios in which those forearms were straining as he held her up against a wall, her thigh in his grasp as he fucked her so hard her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

She was brought back to reality (Which was much less satisfying) as his eyes scanned the room once more and before she had the chance to snap out of her lust-induced haze and hide herself in the shadows of the corner, they came to an abrupt stop on her own.

His intense gaze locked on her own for what seemed like an age before she looked away first, unable to win this game of wills. She cursed herself for showing weakness. When she looked back up again, she expected him to have moved on with his preparations, but his stare still rested on her.

Of course it did. He was never one to back down from a challenging situation.

She gulped with uncomfortableness and the unwanted feeling of arousal kept her firmly enamoured
with his gaze that, at the moment, was ripping her heart to shreds and causing her uterus to sit up and pay attention.

And then he smirked and licked his lips before he looked back at his laptop and she was reminded of his cocky, judgmental attitude that night and an altogether different heat of anger replaced her initial lust.

“Good morning, everyone. Glad to see you all made it back in one piece. And on time at that! Good way to start the semester.” The class chuckled at his words and he loaded the first slide of his presentation.

“Before we start, I thought we might do a little ice breaker.” Queue collective groan. “Now, now, I know what you’re thinking. There are 150 of you, what’s the point? The point is, we will be having lots of discussions in this class and I think it important that you get to know at least a few of the people you’ll be picking apart with your insightful, intellectual observations.” Muted chuckles were heard from her spot in the corner.

“I’m going to put up a ten minute timer. All you have to do is stand up - Yes, out of your warm, comfortable seats - and introduce yourself to people. You can tell them anything you would like. The catch is... you can’t stop moving for more than fifteen seconds and then you have to move on. Don’t let me see you not following these extremely difficult stipulations as it’s far too early in the semester to be deducting from your overall participation grade. So make sure you keep it moving!”

He clicked to the next slide which, as he said, was a ten minute timer.

“On your mark, get set…. Go!” He smile was wide and excited.

Clarke got up out of her seat. Easy. She would just stay in the back of the room.

Turns out, when you could only talk to someone for fifteen seconds, you really could meet a lot of different people. Which was likely the point of the activity.

She met lots of interesting people and some not so interesting. Apparently the two girls from Wednesday who worshipped at the Bellamy altar all class were named Fox and Bree. Oh, and the guy sitting two rows up who was altogether entirely too interested in her was likely going to be a nuisance.
There was one other girl in the class that was her age. Her name was Harper and she was sweet. She could see the two of them actually sticking together this class and maybe even surviving.

Her fifteen seconds were finishing up with some guy from the front of the classroom, so she smiled and turned to head back in the direction of her seat since it looked like there was less than a minute left, but apparently the gods hated her because standing exactly six feet behind her was none other than the professor himself.

His hands were in his pockets and he was politely smiling at the girl named Bree as she babbled on about how much she was looking forward to the course (Clarke internally rolled her eyes knowing that the only thing this girl was really looking forward to was staring at Bellamy’s ass for a semester) when his eyes left Bree’s face and found Clarke’s instead.

She swore she was developing like a heart arrhythmia or some shit because there was no way that this kept happening because of his stupid eye contact. He said something quietly to Bree, who nodded and moved along and he started to head in her direction.

She was panicking. Oh boy, was she panicking. What was he doing? He was supposed to ignore her during class. This had been their unspoken, unwritten pact until last night, and she would happily go back to that plan. She ignored him, he ignored her, it was all one beautiful picture of complacency in which she could promptly ignore the fact that he made her want to simultaneously push him into the nearest wall and push him down the nearest flight of stairs.

When he was a foot away, staring deeply into her eyes with his patented smirk on his face, the timer rang. She was likely imagining it, but for a second she could have sworn she saw genuine disappointment in his eyes at the sound.

As the students made their way back to their seats, he and Clarke stood across from each other, the crowd of people jostling them from all sides and pushing them closer together.

Before she could find the will to move, he was leaning over toward her close enough that she could hear his low whisper but far enough away to be appropriate for a professor and his student as he said, “Until next time, Princess.”

Clarke’s eyes closed as he brushed past her, his shoulder rubbing her own, slowly and deliberately, as he walked back down the steps toward the front of the room.
How was it possible that she still felt instantaneously aroused whenever he was near? She hadn't seen him in years! And yet, every time he was within shouting distance, it’s like her body forgot that he was the enemy.

She walked back to her seat, glancing in his direction once more to find that he had made it to his station and was watching her walk down the row with interest.

The rest of the class was actually pretty interesting. They were starting with Sumer and Egypt and while she never would’ve found the material interesting in any other situation, Clarke was right to assume that Bellamy was a great teacher. He obviously loved what he was talking about and it made you want to love it too.

“Okay, so it’s weekend time but don’t let all of this information go right out of your head. We will have a check-in quiz bright and early Monday morning. So take it easy Sunday night, eh?” The laughter was louder this time and Clarke couldn’t help but smile, herself.

Suddenly, people were standing and gathering their things, discussing what they were going to do that weekend. Seeing her chance to escape, Clarke grabbed her bag and all but ran through the crowd of people heading through the door.

She let out a loud breath of relief when she made it outside without any further confrontation with her former one-sided love interest and started to make the trek to the same coffee shop as last week. They actually had a pretty good chai latte and that was really saying something because she was kind of a chai snob. An unashamed chai snob, at that.

She walked into the door of the shop and was pleasantly surprised to see it was mostly empty. Oh yes, this was definitely going to be a good time to get her second caffeine fix of the day. She had an hour before her next class and thankfully, this one was an advanced biology.

“Hi, I would like a medium nonfat chai espresso to go, please”

“Absolutely! Can I have a name for the order?”

She was about to supply her name for the polite barista when a deep voice sounded behind her, “Clarke.” Her eyes closed with a sigh. “With an ‘e.’” He continued. “And you can put hers with mine, Cal.”
She inhaled deeply before turning around to find a too-close-for-comfort Bellamy.

“Sure thing, Bellamy! The usual?”

“Yes, please” he responded, his eyes never leaving Clarke’s.

“Bellamy.” Clarke said. Although it sounded strained, even to her own ears.

“Princess.” He responded with that same smirk.

She couldn’t help her annoyance. “You don’t need to pay for my drink, I assure you I can pay for my own.”

He brushed past her and laid a ten down on the counter and told the barista to keep the change. “I’m aware of your ability to provide for yourself, but seeing as I told Octavia we would make nice, it seemed like as good of a time as any to extend an olive branch.” He turned back around to face her and crossed his arms, leaning against the counter behind him. “Although, I’m a little surprised you’re not meeting someone here who should be paying for your drinks. Two weeks not enough to find your Prince Charming?”

She felt the flush of anger rise to her cheeks before she could help it. “You know, contrary to what you think, I don’t feel the need to be attached to someone all the time. And you’re one to talk. Last I heard, you had burned a trail through the female population at Duke and were slowly working your way through the one here. Shouldn’t you be out scouting for the next mistake? Or, by some miracle, are you still with the girl from last night?”

She could his jaw tick as he undoubtedly ground his teeth in anger.

“Careful, Princess. If I didn’t know better, I would say you sound jealous.” The smirk was back in an instant and Clarke wanted nothing more than to reach up and smack it off his face.

“Clarke!” the barista called her name and she quickly turned around to grab it and faced Bellamy once more. “Thanks for the coffee but I have to get to a class that actually matters.” She smiled meanly and pushed past him toward the door.
Before she could make her way past, he grabbed her arm lightly and held her in place, moving himself closer to her. “You can’t run forever, you know.” He whispered in her ear.

She gasped and pulled her arm free from his grasp, leaving the coffee shop while cursing her fucking hormones and her heart in the same breath.

Clarke refused to leave her apartment Friday night in fear that Bellamy might be wherever she went. Raven agreed to stay in with her and they were currently lounging on the couch in the living room, wine glasses in hand, discussing their weeks.

“So wait a minute. You’re telling me that Octavia’s brother the one that you despise is your professor? And Octavia neglected to tell you he was studying here now because she knew you would avoid transferring? I love Octavia, but that’s cold, man. But I mean - It can’t be all that bad, right? From what you’ve told me, you two got along at some point in your lives” Raven gave her probably the most sympathetic look she’d ever actually gotten from the girl.

“Yeah but that seems like a lifetime ago. Now, he’s become this cocky, womanizing asshole who has a penchant for smirking his way into the lives of half the women in North Carolina, apparently.” Clarke stared resolutely at the movie on Netflix they had put on for “background noise” while they really just talked. “Octavia has a point though. I’m going to have to learn to be in the same room with him, eventually. I don’t plan on getting rid of my best friend since grade school because her brother is the world’s biggest asshat.”

She could feel Raven’s curious stare on the side of her face. “You know, you never really told me what it was that happened to cause your falling out with him.”

Clarke thought back to that night in the kitchen. His front press against her back as he held her in place, his breath against her neck, demanding she release what she was holding. Looking back now, she is probably sure 18 year old, lust-minded Clarke remembered things a lot differently than they actually were. The two of them used to rough house all the time. And so what if he checked out her tits in her bathing suit? He is male, after all. But she was right in knowing that she never would have gotten over her feelings for him had she stuck around. She couldn’t keep torturing herself, hoping for him to return her blatant interest.

She left town earlier than she had planned that summer. A week passed after her argument with Bellamy in which they didn’t speak and then she left for Rhode Island. She kept in touch with
everyone back home and Octavia was super pissed she left early. A little voice in the back of her mind reminded her that for the first month after she left, Bellamy called constantly.

She never picked up. And he never left messages. And then it was over. She moved on.

Or so she thought.

“Nothing in particular, really. We just grew out of our friendship. We’re too different.” She responded to Raven’s question with a shrug.

Raven’s look was clearly not impressed. “Whatever, don’t tell me. But to me, it seems like you’re both actually the same person. Stubborn as hell.”

Clarke turned to glare in her direction. “Not amused.”

“Don’t care if you are as long as you don’t brood about this unexpected development. You and I moved here to get away from Rhode Island and I’ll be damned if this feud with Octavia’s lame ass brother is going to get in the way of our bliss.” She leaned forward to refill her wine glass.

Clarke smiled lightly in her friend’s direction and turned her attention back to the screen.

“It won’t. I promise. We will be cordial acquaintances, only in passing. I will pass his history class with flying colors and we will only see each other at special occasions.”

Yet even as she said those words, Clarke couldn’t help the small feeling of disappointment she felt at that very scenario.

Saturday night came and Clarke was lying back on her bed with her legs hanging off the front, arguing with Octavia as she stared at the ceiling.
“You are absolutely NOT wearing jeans and a T-shirt, Clarke Griffin. This is YOUR welcome home party and MY first party of the year and I will not be embarrassed by your reluctance to show off your banging sense of style.” Octavia was flicking through her closet tossing things to the floor that she deemed “unacceptable and must be taken to Goodwill at once.”

“Octavia, how many people did you invite to this shindig, exactly?” Clarke turned her eyes to her friend without moving from her position.

For her part, Octavia didn’t turn around, merely kept throwin garments to the floor.

“You know how parties are, Clarke. It doesn’t matter how many people actually get a personal invite, this party is going to be a blowout. Not that I like to brag or anything, but my parties are pretty legendary.”

Clarke returned her stare to the ceiling.

“Besides, there will be quite a few very attractive males and females at this party and I fully expect you to find some fun while you’re there. It’s been over a year since that crazy bitch of an ex-girlfriend and it’s time you had a rebound.”

Clarke sat up at this. “Octavia, I’m not looking for anything. It’s my last year of school. I’m way too busy to bother with a relationship.”

Octavia turned with her hands on her hips. “I didn’t say a relationship, Clarke. But you need something to help you over this hump you’re experiencing when it comes to personal affection.” She turned back around to look through the closet.

Clarke opened her mouth to respond when Raven barged into the room in some slinky red number and heels that, honestly, outsold the dress.

“What’s up, bitches? Who’s ready to party?” She smiled at the other two girls and noticed Clarke still sitting on the bed in her T-shirt and jeans. “Um. Clarke. Why do you look like you’re headed to the library?”

“THANK you!” Octavia supplied, looking over her shoulder. “She was going to wear THAT to one of MY parties. I just can’t even…” She stopped talking for a second, a slow smile spreading over
her face. “Oh YES. This. Clarke, this. I’ve never seen this. Where did this come from?” She turned around to face Clarke and Raven holding up the dress.

Oh. THAT dress. It was a dress that she had never actually worn. She purchased it after her break up with Lexa in an effort to cheer herself up. She had tried it on in the dressing room and she looked sexy as fuck and at that moment in time, she really needed to feel sexy. It was black and only came down to mid thigh. There were straps that crossed in an X shape over the tops of her breasts and wrapped in a circle around her throat like a collar and the back was pretty much absent. It clung to every curve on her body and made her breasts look fantastic. But she had never actually worn it.

“Octavia, I am absolutely not wearing that.”

“Wanna bet?” Clarke turned to find both Octavia and Raven grinning at her and she groaned in helplessness, flinging herself back onto her bed.

Clarke pulled down on the skimpy material when she walked in the front door. How on Earth did she end up here in this stupid, sexy dress surrounded by wall to wall drunk people who were grinding on each other and dancing to obscenely loud music?

“Damn! Octavia sure knows how to throw a party!” Raven smiled as they walked in, instantly shaking her body to the beat of the bass pumping throughout the apartment.

Clarke looked in the hall mirror as they passed and once again noted that she did indeed look hot that night. The best she’d ever looked, maybe. Not only had those two crazy women forced her into her “Eat your heart out, Lexa” dress, but her long curled hair was messily styled, falling down her back and her make up screamed “You can’t wear this dress without the matching smokey eye.”

She looked around the room taking in the crowd of people who were all, clearly, having a grand old time.

“Heeeeeeeyyy!! You’re here!” Octavia came charging through the crowd with some sort of glass in each hand. “Drink up, ladies!” She had already started without them apparently and was pretty wasted as it was. “Come with me!” She pulled them toward the back of the apartment where a bar was set up in the corner. “
“Ladies, this is Lincoln!” She presented the man called Lincoln in a very gameshow-esque manner and wiggled her eyebrows. “We met last weekend at a bar in Raleigh and I asked him if he wouldn’t mind covering my party tonight.” She turned to him with a charming smile and fluttering eyelashes.

Oh damn. Octavia had it bad. But judging by the look of complete adoration she received in return, it seemed she wasn’t alone in that, at least.

“Three shots, please, Lincoln!” Octavia asked loudly and Lincoln smiled back and supplied the drinks easily.

“Cheers!” Raven and Octavia shouted as the three of them downed the alcohol.

Clarke winced as it slid down her throat. This she could do. She hadn’t had a night to just relax and have a good time in ages.

An hour later, she was well on her way passed buzzed and was dancing up against Raven on the dance floor. Raven was whooping and generally causing the mood of the party to lift even higher and Clarke closed her eyes, enjoying the music and the feeling of bodies around her.

At one point she started dancing with someone behind her who turned out to be an extremely attractive brunette that Clarke vaguely recognized but she wasn’t sure from where.

She kept dancing long after the brunette left and looked up to find Raven had stopped dancing and was staring at something over her shoulder.

She leaned in to Clarke. “Um. Don’t look now, but the world’s most attractive man is sitting in a dark corner staring at you like he wants to eat you alive.” She said close to her ear.

Clarke’s brows came together in confusion, glancing over her shoulder to see who Raven was referring to.

She inhaled sharply upon realizing that she was talking about Bellamy. And he was looking at her. The way a shark looks at its prey.
“Raven!” She hissed. “That’s Bellamy, Octavia’s brother!”

Raven’s eyes widened, hurriedly glancing back at the man in question before returning her eyes to Clarke’s, smiling slightly. “Clarke, that man looks like he wants to throw you down and make you scream his name.”

Clarke felt the blush on her cheeks. “Raven. You’re drunk. He’s glaring at me in hatred. Nothing more, nothing less.”

Raven looked at her like she had three heads. “Are you insane? You are, aren’t you? Why on Earth would you have a falling out with that man?”

“It’s not like it was on purpose, Raven! Besides, remember he has a personality under all that muscle and perfect hair.” Clarke bit her lip and looked to the floor.

“Um, whatever. You might hate each other, but take it from me, hate sex is one of the very best kinds.” Raven grinned in Clarke’s direction before looking toward him again. “Oh shit! He’s coming this way!” She turned around and skipped out before Clarke could register what she had said.

She felt a very large, very solid hand wrap around her waist, pulling her backwards a little toward an even more solid body.

“Princess.” She barely heard the word breathed in her ear. The feeling of his soft t shirt and the thumb of his right hand against her bare back left shivers running down her spine.

“Bellamy.” Clarke returned in an equal timbre before she pulled herself from his grasp and turned to face him. “What are you doing here?”

He quirked his eyebrow in her direction, “Here? As in my sister’s apartment?” He smiled slightly. “Well considering I helped her sign the lease, I’m pretty sure I have an open invitation.”

She glared in his direction. “No, I mean here as in ‘in my space’ here. Weren’t you happy glaring from your little emo corner?”
His gaze hardened and he stepped closer, his hand coming to a rest around her waist yet again. “I came to be polite and say hello. Isn’t that what we are supposed to be doing? Making nice? That’s what I was told.”

She felt momentarily ashamed at her suspicion, but it didn’t last long. “Although, judging from the way you look, you came here for an altogether entirely different reason.” He drawled.

The way he looked at her should have made her disgusted and want to slap him into the next century. Instead, as he studied her from head to toe, his eyes lingering on her heavy cleavage as he licked his lips, she couldn’t help but close her eyes in an attempt to conceal her arousal.

“This” she said gesturing to her get-up, “Is actually all your sister, although now that you mention it, it might be good to find someone to entertain myself with for the night.” She offered a smirk of her own, looking around the room, pretending to search out potential “entertainment.”

If possible, his stare darkened further still and she couldn’t help but back up a step when he stepped further into her space with a tightened grip on her waist. His left hand moved to lightly wrap around her neck and his thumb rubbed gentle circles against her collar bone. “Be careful, Princess.” He whispered, but she had no problem hearing him. “Wouldn’t want you to make a decision you might regret later.”

She refused to be intimidated. “Oh, didn’t you know? I’m a big girl now, Bellamy. I’m perfectly capable of finding fun ways to fill my time. Obviously not as capable as you, I guess.”

His gaze narrowed and hand moved from her neck toward her chest, but Octavia began to come up behind him at that very moment.

“Well hello, you two! Raven came to find me. And how are things going?” She seemed so excited that the two of them talking with nothing broken and no tears shed that she obviously missed the intense staring competition happening between the two of them and the fact that Bellamy’s hands had dropped from her body like she was on fire.

“Just fine, sis.” Bellamy said, turning to smile sweetly in his sister’s direction.

“Yeah, it’s just like old times.” Clarke responded on her own, also turning to Octavia.
“Oh, I’m so happy!” She clapped her hands together. “I thought for sure when Raven came to find me that I would arrive to a crime scene. You guys are actually making the effort! This is great!” She was so genuinely excited and Bellamy’s face melted into an affectionate smile as he hugged his sister into his side.

“Anything for you, O, you know that.” Bellamy turned his eyes to Clarke who stood across from them, itching to escape.

Octavia offered her one. “I’m stealing Clarke now, Bell. Be nice to my friends, old man!” She smiled in his direction taking Clarke’s arm and pulling her away from the penetrating stare of her brother.

“You know,” Octavia began, whispering in Clarke’s ear. “I’m not an idiot. I don’t know what that was, but I’m glad it didn’t end badly.” Octavia said to her as they made their way back to Lincoln.

“Nah, he was perfectly… cordial.” Clarke lied.

Octavia sensed the fib, but let it drop as they finally reached the bar.

The party was obviously dying down and Clarke’s head was swimming. She wasn’t familiar with Octavia’s new apartment, having only been there one other time, but she vaguely knew the direction of the bathroom. She had a few drinks, but it had been long enough now that it had mostly worn off as she sipped on a bottle of water Raven had supplied earlier in the night.

The hallway was dark the further you walked away from the party but she could still hear the faint noise of the music reaching the recesses of the long hall. She felt along the walls for door knobs and counted to three doors, opening what she thought was the bathroom.

She immediately threw her hand to the wall looking for the light switch but found none. The fuck? Who didn’t wire the room’s light switch to be beside the door?
Before she could continue her search she felt hands on her body as she was turned around and pressed against the wall, her chest flush with the wallpaper.

The door beside her fell shut.

“Huh?” She questioned shortly before a familiar voice responded.

“ Took you long enough.” And he laughed roughly under his breath.

Her breath hitched when she realized that the hands curled around her body were Bellamy’s.

And he obviously thought she was someone else.

His breath was ragged on her neck as he spoke, “Thanks for this, babe, I really needed this tonight.” His hands moved quickly up her body and one landed firmly on her breast, lifting it in his palm and squeezing it in his hand. His thumb swiped across her nipple, which hardened instantly under his attention. “Damn, you have great tits.” His hands were huge, but even still, her breasts spilled out around his grasp. “I can’t wait to get my mouth on them.” He whispered against her cheek.

His second hand splayed out across the bottom of her stomach, his pinky finger just grazing the top of her pussy. He flipped her around in his arms again, her hand coming to a rest on his chest.

She finally found her voice, “Bellamy!” She tried to warn him but, unfortunately, her voice came out breathy and weak.

“Keep saying my name like that and I’ll lay you out on this bed and make you scream it.” He breathed, moving his lips to her neck to drop wet kisses as his right hand disappeared underneath her dress, dragging the fabric up her thigh as his fingers moved inward.

He had almost reached her panties when he spoke again. “But first, I have to let Octavia know I’m leaving,” he whispered so that his lips brushed her earlobes. “I’ll be right back.” He backed away from her and opened the door disappearing into the hall.

Clarke stood motionless with her back against the wall, inhaling heavily. She couldn’t believe that
just happened. She didn’t stick around to analyze her response or even who he actually thought she was before she too left the room and made her way back to the party, heading straight for the door. She shot a text to Octavia and Raven to let them know she was out and then she was gone.

By the time she made it to her apartment, she hastily opened the door and shut it, leaning heavily on the wood behind her.

She was still so turned on. If she could just…

It was reckless and she knew she would regret it later, but the small trace of alcohol still in her system convinced her it was okay.

She made her way into the bedroom and kicked her shoes off. When she shut the door to her room, she reached to her side to unzip the dress and carefully pull it up and over her head, leaving it lying on the floor in front of the closet.

“Just this once,” she promised herself, leaning against the door.

The one thing she hadn’t allowed herself to do in the longest time was to think of Bellamy while she masturbated. That would make it too real and would definitely be counterproductive to her whole “Get over Bellamy” plan.

But after tonight, she had to allow herself just one time.

Her nipples were so hard against the material of her bra that she couldn’t get it off fast enough. She couldn’t believe that those hands she had dreamed of so often had been on her breasts that very night.

And boy did he know what he was doing.

This whole plan had been so much easier when she could imagine that maybe, just maybe he was all sex appeal with no know-how in the bedroom.

But as she leaned against the door, breathing heavily and palming her own breasts to the memory of
his touch, she couldn’t help but recall his dirty mouth.

Her mind ventured further to all the small instances she had seen his more commanding side shine through and soon enough, her mind had conjured up her realest sexually explicit version of Bellamy to date. Likely because now, without him knowing, she had had a taste.

She wanted to feel bad about not telling him, but as she pinched her right nipple and slowly slid her left hand into her panties, she couldn’t think about that at the moment. She just needed to get off.

Her right hand continued to fondle her heavy breast while her left hand reached her clit, rubbing in small circles around and around as she bit her lower lip in an effort to contain her noises.

Theoretically, she knew Raven wouldn’t be home any time soon, but just in case…

She continued her path downward, finally reaching the place in most need of attention before she hastily pushed two fingers into her pussy.

“Oh God” she gasped, her head falling back against the door.

In her mind, she allowed herself the memory of Bellamy’s hot breath on her neck as he held her tit in his hand.

She couldn’t ever remember being this aroused in her life.

As she fucked herself with her fingers, she could hear the sounds of her arousal leaking out of her around her fingers and drenching her panties. Combined with her heavy breathing and light moaning, it sounded like a fucking porno in her apartment. Her right hand abandoned her breast and joined her left, resuming the work on her clit.

“Oh!” She tried to keep the noise to a minimum, but everytime she closed her eyes, she was back in that pitch black room, Bellamy’s body pressed up against hers and she just couldn’t contain it.

She added a third finger as she felt herself getting closer to her climax and she started to whimper.
“You gonna come on my fingers, Clarke?” She could hear his rough, gravelly voice in her ear. “Yeah, that’s a good girl. Come on.”

She threw her head back against the door, making a loud noise as her orgasm rushed through her, momentarily blinding her as she rode her fingers to completion.

Post-orgasm, she pulled her fingers out of her underwear and gazed sleepily around the room. It had been too real. The realest vision of she and Bellamy that she had ever had.

She discarded her panties to the pile made by her dress and quickly searched her dresser for something to sleep in.

Her hands came to a rest on the item she normally kept buried at the bottom of the drawer so she wouldn’t be tempted to wear it - Even though she had never had the guts to actually throw it out.

She pulled the large men’s T-shirt over her head and burrowed her nose in the soft fabric. It had long since lost the smell of the man whom it belonged to, but as she laid down on her bed to finally drift off to sleep, she swore she could still smell the combination of cedar and old books that seemed to follow Bellamy everywhere he went.

Chapter End Notes

Well? Still there?

Take a minute to breathe, digest all that, and then get back to me!

I wonder what these two will get into next.. Will Clarke be able to stay away, as planned? What on EARTH is Bellamy up to??

Any thoughts/ideas?

See you all next week!
The Struggle (Is Real)

Clarke spent the entire next day in her apartment berating herself for being so weak.

Raven had come back the night before, bursting into her room and demanding to know how she could be so reckless as to walk home alone.

Clarke couldn’t very well tell her about how Bellamy had mistakenly felt her up in a darkened room and she was so turned on, she practically ran home and got herself off to the memory and then snuggled into his old Pink Floyd T-shirt and lost herself in his scent.

That would make her sound like a crazy person.

Which, at this point, that might be an accurate description. She knew that Bellamy would never return her feelings, but last night, when his hands were on her tits and inching toward her cunt, she knew that she hadn’t spoke up any further because she wanted what his hands were doing. Sure, she was a little shocked, but she was nothing if not honest with herself when it came to acknowledging that she let Bellamy do what he did on purpose. Which then also made her feel
guilty because he had no idea it was her and he would never have touched her like that had he knew who she was.

But instead of explaining all of that complicated shit to Raven, she feigned illness and burrowed further under her covers to hide the fact that she was wearing clothing that was obviously not hers.

The sickness dupe turned out in her favor because it also allowed her the opportunity to spend all day Sunday in her apartment without complaint from Raven.

Not that Raven actually believed Clarke was sick. Actually, she was pretty sure that she didn’t. But that was beside the point.

That afternoon, Clarke was lounging on the couch alone when a key turned in the lock of her front door and Octavia burst in carrying bags.

“Um. Hi?” Clarke greeted her.

She kept walking toward the kitchen, unloading the bags before turning to Clarke.

“Raven called to say that you weren’t feeling well, so I thought I would stop by the store and grab you some nourishment as a reward for playing nicely with my brother last night!” She turned to the bags and began unloading what looked like “the essentials.” Cheez-Its, Baked Potato Soup, Gatorade, etc.

“Although, speaking of my brother, he ended up staying the night last night and was super grumpy this morning. I think the girl he was planning to take home last night bailed before he could close the deal so I hope you’re in a better mood than he was. Serves him right, really. He’s got to stop trying to bury his emotions by wooing every available female.” She started putting the groceries away before turning back to Clarke. “So what’s wrong? What hurts? Do I need to take you to the walk-in clinic?”

Clarke turned her attention back to the television trying not to get lost in what Octavia had just inadvertently revealed to her. Bellamy really didn’t know it was her. And apparently he didn’t end up in bed with the other girl last night either.

Good.
She smiled secretly beneath her blanket.

“Nah I’m okay. I think it was just a 24 hour thing. I should be good to go by tomorrow.” She smiled at her friend then and Octavia’s eyes softened.

“Listen, Clarke. I really am grateful that you and Bellamy are making the effort. He… hasn’t really been the same the last few years. He used to be so happy and carefree. Now, it’s like he has the weight of the world on his shoulders and refuses to feel anything at all, much less something for another human being. Whatever happened with Gina must have really fucked him up.”

Clarke sat silently staring at the hands in her lap. She knew that his relationship with Gina had been *real*, but what happened? Why did they break up? Why did it completely change who he was?

“Anyways, did you transfer out of his class yet?”

Oh. Right. She hadn’t updated Octavia on that front.

“Actually,” Clarke began, “All the other sections were full so I’m stuck in his section.”

Octavia’s eyes widened comically. “Are you serious?! How are the two of you going to survive a whole semester of this? Listen. If he misbehaves, you let me know and I will take care of it, alright.”

Clarke’s mind immediately went to the night before and the way he pushed her against the wall and took her in his hands. She could stand a little more misbehavior on *that* front. “I think we will be fine. I’m sure he will be the epitome of professional. I’m technically his student, you know. He can’t be that much of an obvious asshole to me or he might get in trouble.”

Octavia looked contemplative for a second. “True. Even still, you keep me informed, okay?”

Clarke turned back to her friend and smiled. “I will let you know the second he steps out of line. Promise.”
The next morning, Clarke walked slowly up the stairs in the auditorium until she reached her newfound favorite seat in the back corner of the room and began to set up her “station.”

She was a little early today, so she was good and ready to go and (maybe) doing a little Amazon shopping when the door opened and he walked in.

As if her body had some sort of sixth sense, she immediately raised her eyes to his before hurriedly looking back down, attempting to look unaffected.

“Good morning, everyone!” The mumbled greeting he received in return was lukewarm at best. “I see you all took my advice and took it easy this weekend, yes?” He grinned at them all. “Clear your desk, please. Time for that Check-In quiz I promised.”

Everyone moved sluggishly to obey as Bellamy moved from row to row up the steps giving a stack of papers to the person on the end of each row to pass down. When he reached the top row, he looked up from the last stack of papers in his hand to meet her stare before turning and walking back down the steps.

Clarke stared at the page in front of her. She vaguely remembered some of their last lecture, but she would be lying if she said she had studied this weekend. And World History didn’t come naturally to her like it did to... other people.

She completed the quiz as best she could before walking it down to his desk at the front of the room where he was waiting for the completed papers. She was one of the last ones to turn hers in so she was alone when she reached the table top. She handed in her paper, looking anywhere but at his face.

As she passed it over, his fingers trailed over her own and her head snapped up to meet his intense gaze. She cleared her throat and made the trek back to her seat.

The rest of the lesson was a continuation of the last and before she knew it, it was over. Once again, she grabbed her bag and headed for the door, practically running to the outside.
Just being in the same room as him was enough to make her feel light headed. When his fingers touched hers, she remembered how those hands had felt on her body and she immediately had trouble concentrating for the rest of class.

Walking into the coffee shop, she noticed the same barista, who she now knew was Callie, and ordered the same drink as last time. She waited patiently until it was finished and turned to walk to a table next to the door to call Monty.

Monty was working on his engineering degree at NC State, which was actually really close by, but the final year on an engineering degree was apparently harrowing and already crushing his soul into three thousand tiny pieces only for him to have to figure out how to put it back together himself. His words, not hers.

When it went to voicemail, she left a message telling him how disappointed she was that she hadn’t gotten to see him yet and that he better make time for her and soon or she was coming to his campus to drag his scrawny butt to the nearest bar.

Taking out her book to read, she had read only a few pages when the chair across from her was occupied yet again.

“Not now, Octavia, Monty still hasn’t come up for air and I’m pretty sure I just failed a World History quiz and I need at least an hour’s worth of fictional literature to ease the inevitable anxiety I’m feeling.”

“Well, now that’s unfortunate because I heard that the teacher in that class even warned the students that a quiz was coming.”

Her head shot up so fast she almost gave herself whiplash to find Bellamy sitting across from her, smiling sardonically.

Clarke raised an eyebrow, “You know, for two people who agreed to avoid each other unless it was unavoidable, you’re doing a terrible job at keeping up your end of the bargain.”

“Did we agree to that, now? I don’t recall making that agreement.” He looked at with what actually looked like a genuine smile before continuing. “Seriously, though, you know you’re going to have to actually study for my class, right? I can’t just give you the grade you want.”
Clarke blushed madly, responding, “I’m aware. I just had an… interesting weekend.” If anything, her blush deepened.

He looked at her with indecipherable expression, his eyes cloudy for a moment. “Yes, O mentioned that you weren’t feeling well yesterday. I was sorry to hear that.”

If she was shocked at his concern, she didn’t show it. They had obviously been apart for too long because where she had once been able to read him like a book, now, she felt like she couldn’t figure him out at all.

“As nice as that sentiment is, what can I help you with, Bellamy? Or are you here to get your daily kick out of torturing me?” She asks dryly, picking up her drink and sipping lightly.

“Torturing? You think I’m torturing you? That’s a little bit of an exaggeration, wouldn’t you say?” He says, that infuriating smirk back in place.

It was true. It wasn’t really fair to Bellamy. He couldn’t possibly know that she broke her years-long streak of refusing to masterbate to images of his stupidly beautiful face.

“Well, I don’t know. You generally make comments about either my lack of a love life or my apparently erroneous sexual habits, which is actually rich coming from someone who quote ‘was angry because the woman he was going to take home bailed on Saturday night.’”

The smile on his face dropped immediately and his eyes shifted to momentarily glance at the space occupied by his hands on the table. “Well, I’ll be sure to try and limit my verbal torture from now on.” He stood from where he was seated and started toward the door.

“Wait! Seriously, did you need something?” Clarke called after him.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head, Princess. I have every I need.” He smirked before ducking out the front door.
Tuesday night was Clarke’s first life drawing class. The first class would have been Thursday but the professor pushed it to the following week.

“Good evening, everyone! My name is Professor Crawley and I will be your guide on this artistic journey for the semester!”

Clarke was seated on a stool with her easel set up in front of her as a part of a larger circle around a center platform - Obviously where their biweekly subjects would be modeling.

She enjoyed the first lesson of the semester and she could tell she was going to have a good time in the class. On her way out, she was stopped before she could reach the door.

“Hey! Clarke, right?” Clarke turned to find that cute bartender from the other night behind her.

“Oh hi! Lincoln, wasn’t it?” She smiled at the relief he showed at her recognition, apparently he was worried she wouldn’t remember him. But honestly with arms the size of tree trunks and intricate tattoo work up and down the sleeves, he would be hard to forget.

“Yeah. Mind if I walk you out?”

“Sure, that’s fine.” She wanted to make a comment about not being interested (Octavia would kill her), but he beat her to the punch.

“I’m not coming on to you or anything. In fact, I wanted to talk to you about Octavia.”

Clarke grinned in spite of herself. “Oh? What about her?”

“It’s just that… well… I… do you think she might be interested in going out with me? If I were to approach her?” Clarke stopped walking and turned to him, smiling. He was so cute. He was so nervous.

“Actually, Lincoln, I think it would make her week if you asked her out.” She answered honestly.
Lincoln smiled a big smile in return. “Really? You think so?”

“Oh, I know so. Do you have her number? I could give it to you?” They continued walking down the stairs toward the entrance.

“I actually do have her number from where I helped at the party the other night. I was just too scared to actually call her about something personal.”

Clarke bit her bottom lip to keep from laughing at his hesitance.

“No worries. In fact, whenever you're ready, I’m sure she will be as well.” They had now reached the middle of the quad outside the door and were facing each other smiling.

“Wow. Well, thanks, Clarke! I’m so glad I talked to you. I don’t know if I ever would’ve actually done anything about it.” He laughed a self-deprecating laugh and nervously rubs his hand along the back of his neck.

“Anytime, my friend. Just don’t wait too long! I might spontaneously combust waiting for it to happen and accidentally tell her before you do.” She laughed out loud at that.

“Oh, I won’t. Have a good night, Clarke.” He smiled at her sheepishly before turning and walking in the other direction.

Clarke turned to continue her walk back to her apartment when she felt him fall into step beside her.

“Isn’t he a little old for you?” Bellamy glared angrily at the back of Lincoln’s body as he walked away.

“I’m going to ignore the fact that you are approaching me of your own volition yet again and the fact that I’m actually not even remotely interested in Lincoln and respond to you with this,” She paused, “Who I date and or am interested in is absolutely none of your damn business and for your information, I actually happen to like older men.” She probably should have left that last part out, but her mouth worked faster than her brain most of the time.
Bellamy stopped minutely as she kept walking before he jogged to catch up to her.

“Why are you walking home alone? Is this some habit of yours?” He asked when he caught up.

She sighed and turned to face him. “Listen. I appreciate that you are making an effort to show Octavia we can be polite to one another but you don’t have to worry about me. I survived three years in Rhode Island knowing next to no one and I am just fine.” She stared pointedly before turning and continuing to walk away.

“I’m well aware of your self sufficiency, Princess, but this is a college campus after 9:00.” He moved his left hand to the small of her back and guided her away from a group of people lounging on the lawn to a more deserted area of the quad.

“And what are you suggesting I do? Make Octavia or Raven meet me after my evening class every Tuesday and Thursday and hold my hand as we walk home together?” She heard the facetious tone in her own voice.

“I’m suggesting that maybe you be a little more aware of your surroundings. You didn’t even know I was here until I was right beside you.”

Clarke couldn’t help but bristle at that. “Fine. If I promise to be more aware will you promise to stop treating me like I’m your 13 year old little sister again?”

The hand resting on her lower back moved to her side and turned her in his direction. “I’ve never thought of you as my fucking sister, Princess, I have one of those already.” The way he looked at her caused her to stop breathing momentarily. “But I am allowed to worry for your safety on a campus that I’m very familiar with and know of several female acquaintances who have had run ins on this very same lawn.”

Clarke couldn’t even concentrate on the point of his statement as she was still stuck on the part where he vehemently stated that he didn’t think of her as his little sister and said it in a way that the thought disgusted him to his very core. She could have been insulted by that except Clarke had spent her whole life lusting after the man in front of her whom she firmly believed thought of her as family. And here he was suggesting otherwise.

But if he didn’t think of her like a sister, that just meant he wasn’t interested at all. He would have
already made a move.

And that might’ve been a little more depressing than thinking the reason he didn’t find her attractive was because she was de facto family.

“I’m sorry to hear that. I promise to be more aware.” She pulled her arm out of his grasp and tried to contain her shiver as she walked away from him.

He once again jogged to catch up to her and fell into place beside her.

“Are you really going to walk with me all the way back to my apartment?” She said in annoyance.

“Abso-fucking-lutely, Princess.” He growled.

Clarke tried really, really hard to not be attracted to that statement.

And failed spectacularly.

They continued walking in silence this time for ten more minutes until they reached her front door. She put her key in the lock and opened it to step inside only for Bellamy to follow her.

“Um. What are you doing? I’m inside. You can go home now.” She said staring at him incredulously.

“I think I will walk you to your door if that’s all the same.” He said waiting patiently for her to lead the way with no intention of going anywhere.

Honestly, it was sweet. Even if he said it in a tone that suggested no room for discussion. And she would be honest with herself and admit that this strong, stubborn Bellamy was her very favorite version of Bellamy.

She huffed and turned to the stairwell, lazily clunking to the third floor and opening the door, walking down the hall to apartment 3B.
“Here we are. Now that you have creepily stalked me to my home, you can leave.” She said facing him with her back to the door.

Without pausing, Bellamy leaned over and placed one hand on the door jamb just beside her head and the other on her waist. “Sleep well, Princess. I’ll see you in the morning” he whispered and with that, he pushed off the wall and walked back down the stairwell without another glance in her direction.

Clarke slowly gained her bearings and turned around to enter her apartment before closing the door and leaning against it, breathing heavily, eyes skyward trying to control her reaction to his proximity. She was so fucked.

A month later, things were much the same as they were before Bellamy had unceremoniously come back into her life. Clarke had gotten much better at avoiding him and she was rather surprised that he hadn’t shown up out of the blue anymore. It was suspicious, almost. He went from walking her home from her evening class one night and being almost handsy with her at every opportunity to vanishing into thin air. Sure, she had been making a concerted effort to not see him, but he’s Bellamy. He always knew where to find her. And if he wanted to see her… he would.

But everyone was busy, including her actual friends. She felt like she hadn’t seen Octavia or Raven in ages.

In her defense, however, Octavia was secretly seeing Lincoln and hadn’t even told Clarke about him yet. She only knew because of her newfound friendship with the man himself.

And Raven was constantly fussing over some hot guy in her class named Shaw of all things. Clarke was almost certain that was actually his last name, but Raven only spewed out the moniker with vitriol and annoyance and she was scared to ask for more details.

The Wednesday before Fall Break, Clarke decided to get up earlier than usual before she made her way to World History. She actually took the time to shower and wear something other than her usual choice of athleisure for this particularly brutal early-morning course.
Juggling her coffee and her bag, she pulled down on her shorts before taking her usual seat in the corner of the classroom. She was already regretting wearing real clothes. So what if the tank top she elected to wear showed off her amazing cleavage and her shorts revealed her long smooth legs, it’s not like it was on purpose. Nope.

Definitely not.

She set up her workstation and began to focus on making sure she correctly labeled and sorted the previous class’ notes. How is it possible that a pre med biology major with a perfect GPA could be struggling so badly in World History? It was like her brain was suffering a case of The Yips for this particular subject area, triggered by her dismal experience in high school.

Bellamy was an amazing teacher, truly, but she just couldn’t keep the many civilizations straight. Honestly, wasn’t it bad enough that she had so much to memorize for her actual major? Granted, she was happy to memorize the differences between the different types of cells and all the parts of the body. These were things that held her interest. It was as if her brain recognized that she needed the precious space in her short and long term memories and refused to retain any of the material in the course. It all made sense as Bellamy spoke about it, but when it came time to regurgitate the material, she froze and her mind was like a clean slate. Useless.

Why couldn’t it compute with her the way her other history courses had? Art History, European History… hell, even her survey of the history of American Literature stuck better than this.

She ignored the small voice in her brain that wondered if it was because she was constantly distracted by her beautiful professor.

She paused before she allowed herself to explore that train of thought any further. Her notes were meticulous, as usual. She just had to find the missing link.

“Good morning, everyone!” Bellamy greeted as he walked in, sitting his laptop bag on the desk. At this point in the semester, people were accustomed to his cheerful demeanor but this morning in particular, Bellamy seemed more… chipper than usual. Odd.

“I have your unit exams graded and ready to give back, so when I call your number, please come to the front and grab your paper.” Everyone sat up nervously and shifted in their seats. “Don’t forget, you also have the opportunity to earn some credit back by doing a little further studying and writing a paper on the unit topic. The new grade will completely replace your old one.”
Clarke loved this about Bellamy. He legitimately wanted everyone to succeed and learn the material. Most professors would hand you your grade and that would be the end of it. Not Bellamy. If you studied and proved that you had genuinely learned the material after the fact, he would completely erase the bad grade and replace it with the new one. Something about “Not letting your initial misunderstanding of the topic penalize your final grade for the unit.”

Genius, really.

“47!” Clarke was jolted out of her thoughts by her identifying number for the class. She was dreading this honestly. She was sure she would be writing a paper this weekend.

Walking hasty down the steps to the front of the classroom, she looked up when she reached the bottom to find Bellamy staring at her as she approached the table.

“Hello 47.” He said with his smirk as he handed her the paper in his hand. He leaned forward to speak so that no one else could hear, “I need to see you after class, please, Miss Griffin.”

Clarke froze with the paper in hand but Bellamy merely picked up the next and called out, “83!”

As she made her way back to her seat, she couldn’t help but wonder what Bellamy wanted. He had never asked to see her after class before.

When she sat down and looked at her test, she softly groaned and suddenly she knew the reason.

She was failing.

Awesome.

—

“And that’s it for today, folks! See you all on Friday.” Bellamy dismissed them all with a nod.

Desks scraped all across the room as the students pushed the table tops out of their way and made
their escape to the door. If only Clarke were so lucky. Instead, she made her way down and turned left toward the desk where Bellamy was standing as opposed to her usual hustle to freedom.

Clarke waited patiently as Bellamy spoke with another student. Some girl that had a question about her exam. She watched intently as the girl openly flirted with Bellamy who, to his credit, didn’t return the sentiment at all. Rather, he remained completely professional as he explained the answer to her question and smiled politely at her lecherous grin as she made her way out of the room.

Stepping forward, she watched his gaze shift to her own and there was an immediate change in demeanor.

“You have quite the fan club, you know. I would keep my office door open at all times, if I were you. I happen to know of one or two plots to steal your virtue in student teacher conferences.”

Bellamy smirked at her warning. “Ah yes. Unfortunately for them, I have no interest in girls just out of high school. And my virtue has been gone for a very, very long time.” He looked at her heatedly then and Clarke turned her head away to prevent him from seeing her cheeks flush.

He chuckled, “You still get so embarrassed, I see.”

She pursed her lips at his insinuation. “You asked to see me?” Time to bring this back into the field of appropriateness.

“Ah, yes.” He was smiling suddenly and Clarke was momentarily caught off guard by the brightness of it. “Well, you see, you’ve now entered into a very dangerous category of student, Clarke.” He seemed to be taking far too much enjoyment from this. “I find that I am worried you are at risk of not passing. Now, as you know, I offer all the students the opportunity to replace old grades with new ones through rigorous post-studying and demonstration of current mastery of unit topics, but it would be quite intensive for you at this point, as you likely should try and write new papers for at least three of the units.”

Clarke, of course, knew all of this. She was just trying not to dwell on it too much because she had zero time to worry about it.

“...so I’m recommending that you start working with a tutor.”
She had stopped listening to him at some point, so this line brought her back to the present.

“I’m sorry,” she paused. “Did you just say a tutor?” She asked in a squeak. She had never had a tutor in her life. But he was right. She was seriously struggling. Maybe one on one help might be what she really needs to overcome her Historical bout of The Yips.

“Yes” He reiterated with an amused raise of his eyebrow. “A tutor.” He continued. “Now, unfortunately, all of our department tutors are overbooked at the moment so we are going to have to get creative. I’m afraid your only options are to receive extra help from Professor Lorde or… myself.”

And suddenly his cheery demeanor and mischievous smile made sense. That bastard had found an unavoidable way of making her spend time with him. He knew very well that she wouldn’t agree to study with Lorde. That lecherous, middle aged man would leer at anything with legs.

She countered his smile with a glare.

“I see.” She said, “And when is it that you are available, Professor Blake?”

Bellamy’s eyes grew dark at her works and pulled up his calendar on the laptop. “Well, I know you have class on Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the art building, so how would you feel about an hour session afterwards on those days? We can look at your two lowest unit scores and formulate a plan of study from there.”

She stared at him. Why was he enjoying this so much? Did he know how she felt about him? Was he actually, deliberately trying to torture her? She had been kidding before but the idea of spending two hours a week with him in a small study room off the library while she was forced to sit next to him and watch the veins in his forearms as he spoke softly to her?

What could go wrong?

As she stared out the window to the view outside, Clarke nervously fidgeted with her hands. She had managed to escape her conversation with Bellamy when another one of his fangirls approached
him, asking a question about her exam. Now, she was waiting for Octavia to meet her at the coffee shop for their usual pre-afternoon class break. There were only two more days of school after today and she had never been more pleased. After everything going on lately, she really needed the break.

Hearing the bell above the door ring, she looked up in time to see Octavia duck inside and head to their table. She was wearing a scarf and it trailed behind her as she walked. Clarke could hardly believe it was already October and the temperature was starting to drop.

“Whew.” Octavia huffed as she dropped into her seat. “October is giving me whiplash. One day is freezing, the next day its 80 again.” It was like she had read Clarke’s mind.

“Well it is North Carolina. The weather here is kind of notoriously bipolar. At least if you ask Twitter.” She shrugged.

Octavia giggled. “Oh, Twitter is right. This is year three and I can happily report that the weather here is nice but wildly changing from day to day.” She unwrapped her scarf and laid it on the table. “So.” She started. “Why is my brother texting me and asking me to ask you if I can give him your phone number? What are we? Eighth Graders?”

At first, the question didn’t register to Clarke, but when it did, she jerked her head away from the window and gave Octavia her full attention. “I’m sorry, what?” She asked stupidly.

“Bellamy. Texted me about an hour ago and said that when I got to our coffee date to ask you if I could give him your number. Why? And is there a reason why he can’t get it from you himself?” Octavia looked atypically interested in Clarke’s response.

Clarke, for her part, blushed of course. “Um. Well I suppose we are still not on great terms, but he probably wants to go ahead and set up a tutoring location.”

Octavia’s eyebrows rose quickly to her forehead. “Tutoring? Are you two so desperate to spend time together without people knowing that you’re resorting to calling it tutoring??”

“It’s not desperation and we aren’t desperate to spend time together!” She said, slightly panicky. “He is my World History professor, after all, and I just happen to… not be doing so well in that class.” Clarke responded, lightly taking a sip of her latte.
Octavia’s nose scrunched at that. “The creepy old guy that always hits on me when I go with Bell to those stuffy history department formals? Ew. Well I can see why you would choose Bellamy.” She said as she gulped down her coffee. “Although, I’m a little surprised Bellamy is even an option.”

Clarke made a face at that. “What do you mean?”

“Well. Generally PhD students are discouraged from tutoring students because of the added workload. I always thought Bellamy used that as an excuse not to take personal pupils. Not that every female in his classes hasn’t *tried* at some point.”

Clarke looked away. “Well, he is probably getting flack from his advisor for not having any tuttees or something and is using me to fill his quota.”

She could feel Octavia’s stare on the side of her face even as she looked out the window. “Sure, Jan.” She could practically hear the eyeroll.

“It’s not like he’s doing it because he *wants* to, Octavia. You know we don’t get along. He just wants the students on his roster to do well, otherwise, he isn’t going to look like a very good teacher now is he?” Taking another sip, Clarke studiously avoided Octavia in favor of the window.

Octavia was silent long enough that Clarke turned to see what was holding her up, only to find Octavia looking at her with surprising empathy. “Clarke. Has it ever occurred to you that your falling out with Bellamy might have had just as much of an impact on *him* as it did on you?”

Clarke gulped before responding, smiling lightly. “Oh, I doubt that, Octavia. I was just some silly teenaged girl who followed him around all the time. I’m sure he was relieved when I moved to a different state.”
Octavia huffed and rolled her eyes.

“Whatever. So is it okay if I give him your number? You can always block him whenever tutoring is over.” Octavia asked holding her phone up.

Clarke thought about it for a minute, biting down on her lip in concentration. Did she want Bellamy to have her number? Absolutely. Did she want it to be to set up study sessions for World History? Gag.

“Sure. That’s fine.” She looked over to see Octavia already clacking away at her phone.

“Awesome. Well listen, I’m going to have to cut coffee short today. Gotta get to class early and talk to Dr. Hill. But let me know how tutoring goes, okay? If he gives you a hard time, notify me and I shall take care of the issue immediately.” She smiled and leaned over to give her a side arm hug before turning and walking toward the front door.

She turned and started walking backwards right before she reached the entrance. “By the way. Tell Raven that it has been entirely too long since I have actually seen her and we must fix that as soon as possible.”

Clarke rolled her eyes. “Yeah, me too. Something about an advanced robotics project with this guy from her program who, quote, ‘Is pretty, insanely intelligent, and he knows it.’” She smirked as she stirred her drink.

Octavia humphed. “Well, she is going to have to put pretty boy out of mind for an afternoon, isn’t she?” She sighed and continued her exit.

Clarke smiled at her friend’s retreating back and resumed her view out the window. Her wandering brain was interrupted by the sound of her phone dinging on the table’s surface.

Her heart clenched and without even looking she assumed it was Bellamy. She wanted it to be him.

Touching her finger to the screen she saw the unknown number flash up in a text message icon. Sliding her finger to unlock the phone, she opened her message box to find that, yes, it was Bellamy.
Clarke rolled her eyes. Of course Bellamy would use correct grammar even when texting.

Clarke Griffin *Hi. It’s Clarke, rest assured.*

If he was going to use correct grammar then, damn it, so would she.

*(336) 589-2390* Awesome. *So you want to go ahead and do our first study session tomorrow night then? Or are you planning an early Fall Break?*

Clarke’s eyes widened at the message. Already? They had just had the conversation. Well. I guess it would be better to start sooner as opposed to later. The sooner it would be over with, that way.

Clarke Griffin *Yeah, that’s fine. And no, I’m not going home for break. Mom and Kane are going to be in the Bahamas for another two weeks.*

Of which, Clarke was happy about. She didn’t particularly want to go home and play nice with her mom’s husband. He was nice enough, but… too nice, really. He really, really wanted Clarke’s approval.

*(336) 589-2390* *Oh, got you. Well I will be in town for break too. We should try and get in a few sessions next week as well, if you want.*

Clarke hesitated responding. What she wouldn’t give to see Bellamy during her free time for reasons other than school work. But she had worked so hard to get past this infatuation and lately, she felt like all of her hard work and well-built walls were crumbling to the ground.

The reality was that they would probably spend an hour arguing over bullshit and she would be lucky to actually get anything accomplished.

But then again…
Clarke Griffin Okay, sounds good.

She roughly bit down on the side of her thumb, waiting for his response.

(336) 589-2390 That it does. See you tonight, Princess.

She sucked in a breath through her teeth. She should probably say something to him about the nickname. When she was 10, it was sweet and all. But the way it sounded now… well it didn’t sound so sweet anymore.

In fact, when he used it in her fantasies, it sounded the exact opposite of sweet.

And yes, she had officially lost it. So many years of denying herself the image of Bellamy shot down the drain. Every since that night after the party, it was almost as if her body refused to even find release until her mind’s eye was filled with flashes of dark eyes, curly hair, and the phantom feeling of his rough hands on her body.

Refusing to get worked up in a fucking coffee shop, she exited out of the text message and pulled open her contact. Might as well save his number in her phone.

Looking at the edit screen, she hesitated before giving him his own text tone and ringtone as well. Better to be emotionally prepared whenever she heard his tone.

Otherwise, she was certain her heart would skip a beat everytime her phone rang, hoping it would be him.

She had just gotten out of her art course and was typing out a text message to Bellamy as she walked with Lincoln to the entrance.
Clarke Griffin Where are we meeting?

“So, I took your advice.” Lincoln started. Clarke looked up from her phone. “I booked a reservation at the restaurant you recommended for our next date. Octavia is over the moon. She was baffled at how I knew that she had been wanting to try it out.” He smiled widely.

Clarke laughed. “You know, one day, she’s going to figure out that I was the Cyreno in this situation and you are going to have some ‘splainin to do.” She grinned in his direction.

“Yeah well, she is still adamant we keep it under wraps for now because of her brother. She has already said that she is planning to introduce me to her best friend slash sister in the next week or so. How mad is she going to be when she finds out we know each other?”

Clarke shrugged, “She will pretend to be mad but secretly she will think it’s sweet that you wanted to impress her and get her friend’s approval beforehand.”

Lincoln blew out a breath. “If you say so.”

Clarke’s phone dinged with Bellamy’s tone. “I do.” She looked down at the screen.

Bellamy Fucking Blake Please, Princess. Did you really think I was going to let you walk to the library alone at 9:00 at night?

Clarke looked around in confusion before noting Bellamy standing right in front of the steps leading out of the art building.

She was annoyed. One, she could fucking walk herself to the library, thank you. Two, how dare he be so sweet and considerate, borderline condescending. And three, no one should look that attractive after a long day of work. No one.

“Well, I’ll see you later, Lincoln! Gotta go study.” She said with a smile and a wave.

“Yeah. Have fun with that.” Lincoln returned, glancing in Bellamy’s direction.
She rolled her eyes and turned to walk to the man in question.

Bellamy was glaring daggers at Lincoln. “You know, he really is a good guy.” she started. “You’ve never even met him, so I’m not sure why you are mentally sending throwing darts at his back.”

Bellamy turned and they started walking in the direction of the library. “There are plenty of reasons, actually. One, he and Octavia are secretly seeing each other behind my back and they think I don’t know it.” Clarke stopped and turned quickly to stare at him with wide eyes.

Bellamy kept walking, “Two, he’s way too fucking old for her.” She rolled her eyes. “And three, I don’t like that he seems to also be so attached to you if he’s so crazy about my sister.”

Clarke couldn’t keep the venom out of her response. “90 percent of our conversations are about Octavia and what he can do to impress her and make her happy. The other 10 percent are about art. Also, there are approximately six years in age difference between the two of them, not twenty. Are you telling me that an age gap matters that much to you?” She looked at him head on, genuinely curious about his response.

He avoided looking in her direction and kept walking. “I reserved a study room for us.”


“Yeah, that’s what I was thinking. I’ll rebook it for us at the beginning of each week.” He nodded in agreement.

“You know, I guess I should thank you for agreeing to help me. Octavia said you don’t really tutor.” She looked at the side of his face and noticed the clenching of his jaw. “So thank you. You really are a pretty great teacher, you know. You actually care about whether or not your students learn the material. Want them to enjoy it, even.”

He did turn to look at her then. “Thanks.” He mumbled and looked back ahead of them.
She knew she wouldn’t get anymore from him, but it was a start. Maybe there was a way for them to get along after all.

—

Turns out, she definitely spoke too soon.

“You know, if you had just paid attention the first time I went over this in class, maybe you wouldn’t be where you are.”

“Conversely, maybe if you should just realize that not everybody in the world fucking loves this shit.”

Bellamy glared from his spot, safely across the table from herself.

Clarke crossed her arms across her chest and turned to gaze heatedly out the window to the night sky. How did they ever think this was a good idea?

Obviously, it wouldn’t matter if she explained to him that she did listen to his lectures, but it didn’t make a difference when it came to retaining said knowledge.

She turned to look back in his direction to find his gaze quickly moving up to her eyes.

She paused in her turn and glanced down at where her crossed arms had propped up her cleavage in the low cut tank top.

“Listen.” He shook his head, looking to clear his thoughts. “These sessions aren’t going to be productive at all if we can’t at least find some semblance of getting along.” He sighed. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t imply that you don’t listen in class.” He chuckled. “Especially when I know for a fact that the entire front of row of freshman girls sits there for the entire hour staring at my face, not hearing a word that comes out of my mouth.” He rolled his eyes.

Clarke briefly flitted her eyes in his direction before chuckling along with him and turning her gaze back to the view outside.
“Well, at least you’re aware of that little tidbit of information.” She said slyly, feeling his eyes on her from across the space.

“Yeah. For some reason, every female seems to think I’m some sort of Adonis with an advanced degree.” He admitted. “Every female but you, huh, Princess?” His stare continued.

She refused to look in his direction. Surely if she did, he would notice her blush and immediately see on her face every dirty fantasy she had concocted involving him since she was 16.

And she couldn’t allow that to happen.

She snorted. “That’s because I know that underneath all the sex hair and heated staring, you actually have a personality. One that is less than desirable.” She turned her smile to the ceiling, biting her bottom lip to keep her truth from accidentally spilling out.

You are the sexiest fucking man on Earth and if you would let me, I would eat you alive.

Nope. Better keep that to herself.

“You have a thing for my hair, do you?” She jumped, turning to find that he was no longer in his seat across the table. Rather, he was standing right behind her chair, leaning down and speaking directly in her ear.

She laughed lightly, “Not really. Too long.. And greasy.” She was struggling to come up with adjectives at the moment, as she uncrossed her arms and moved her hands to tightly grip the arms of her chair.

He laughed. “Too late, Princess.” She could feel his breath as he spoke. “You’ve already admitted you find me and my sex hair ruggedly handsome.” She could practically hear the smile in his voice.

She stood up quickly and turned around to face him. “I hardly believe those were the words I used.” She looked at him pointedly.
“I was just connecting the dots.” He smirked and stepped closer to her, coming around her chair. She backed up toward the window, eyeing her position and its distance to the door.

Bellamy tsked and brought his finger up, wagging it back and forth. “Now, now, Princess. No escaping this time.” He continued his steps forward and she officially backed into the window sill.

“Oh, come on, Bellamy, I told you that you have nice hair. That’s hardly news.” She looked behind her and turned back toward him. “Now, I do believe our hour is over. If you will kindly step aside, I need to get back home and sleep. I have a class bright and early, if you recall.”

His smirk firmly in place, he had finally reached the spot right in front of her and she could feel the heat coming off his chest that was highlighted by his fitted sweater. Her eyes drifted to where he had rolled up his sleeves, revealing his forearms.

Those stupid fucking forearms again. What was with her?

Fidgeting, she brought her arms in front of her and pushed lightly on his chest. Of course he didn’t move. The man was a fucking wall of muscle. He wasn’t going anywhere if he didn’t want to.

While this would terrify her if it were any other man who, quite literally, had her cornered, this wasn’t any other man. This was Bellamy. And God, he could corner her any damn time he liked.

Just knowing that he was crowding her space and she didn’t have the strength to push him away, made her heart race in the very best of ways. She knew that all she would have to do was request for him to back up and he would. For all his bravado, he was a good man underneath.

But she didn’t want to.

“Oh, I know” He finally responded. “And you’ll get there ten minutes early, as usual, and head to the spot furthest away from me, thinking that the distance makes you safer.” He leaned forward to whisper in her ear, “But it doesn’t, Princess.” His left hand wrapped around her waist and his fingers pressed lightly into her lower back.
He moved his right hand so that it was resting against her collarbone, lightly tracing back and forth with his thumb.

“Bellamy.” She hesitated. “What are you doing?” She was so incredibly turned on, she was having trouble seeing through her own blinders of infatuation. If she didn’t know better, she would say he was coming on to her.

Bellamy hummed and continued his light caresses, his eyes traveling along her body and back up to meet her own.

“You know” he began. “Earlier, you mentioned something I feel I should address.” His right hand, still light, moved down her right arm until it too hooked around her waist.

Clarke gasped as he pulled her into his body, the hard panes of his chest rubbing against her own. She could feel her nipples rubbing anxiously against her bra, itching to make contact with the hard surface.

Leaning in, he rested his forehead against her own. “I’ve never thought of you as my sister, Princess.” She could feel his breath puffing out against her own. “That… would have been highly inappropriate.”

She didn’t know how to respond. Was he saying what she thought he was saying? Surely not.

She took him by surprise and quickly disentangled herself from his embrace, backing slowly toward her seat.

“I suppose no more inappropriate than you cornering your students in dark study rooms.” She countered, trying to cover up her nervousness at the moment.

However, instead of growing angry as she would have expected, he turned slowly and smirked, “Oh. Much more inappropriate than that, I assure you.”

Clarke gulped down a response that went something along the lines of *You are more than welcome to demonstrate your definition of inappropriate if you so wish* and instead replied, “You’re
delusional, you know.” She started to pack up her bag. “My seating choice has nothing to do with distance and everything to do with the outlet at the wall and being as far away from your harem of followers as possible.” She could feel him moving to his side of the table again and breathed a sigh of relief. No more heated confrontations tonight, it would seem. “It’s nauseating having to hear them all talk about your physical attributes and their diabolical plans to get you alone.”

At this point, she had finished and was heading toward the door. She felt a hand on her elbow guiding her into the hallway and looked up into his eyes which were smiling down at her.

“Jealous, Princess?” He asked as he led them toward the library entrance.

She scoffed. “Hardly. I feel bad for them if anything. Just because you’re attractive doesn’t mean that you’re any good in bed or that you would actually ever give any of them the time of day.”

He laughed lightly. “At least you’re right about one of those.” He smiled in her direction.

She gave him the side eye and kept walking. How dare he smile at her like that? Didn’t he know what it did to her stomach? Or to her uterus for that matter?

“Don’t worry, then. I’m sure when you ask out Kelly in the front row that the answer will be exactly what you want it to be.” It was Clarke’s turn to smirk this time.

As they exited the building, Bellamy kept walking in time with her.

“You can continue to try and delude yourself with those thoughts, if it makes your life easier, but I assure you that I have no interest in any of those girls and that you will be very satisfied by my performance.” He cast a sly glance in her direction, but she seemed to be distracted by the hand that was now resting on her back once more.

Clarke was so unnerved by the whole conversation, she simply let the matter drop.

“You don’t have to walk me all the way to my apartment. Again.” She said in a grumble.

“Get used to it, Princess. You’re out this late because of me. No chance in hell I’m letting you walk
home by yourself.” He looked around as if watching for people who were possibly up to no good.

She sighed heavily. “If you must. Just know that I walk home late every other night of the week as well. Without you, I might add, and I make it home just fine.”

“Well maybe I should start walking you home every night.” He started, and Clarke actually believed that he would do it.

“Absolutely not, don’t be ridiculous!” She was fully giving him her attention now. “Besides. I find myself disinclined to share the rest of my schedule with you.”

He smirked. “You’re adorable if you think I don’t have ways of finding it out.” She jerked her head in his direction. “I’m just not comfortable with you out this late walking two blocks away from campus to your apartment.” He returned her attention, stopping their trek.

“Well good thing you have absolutely no say in how I conduct myself.” She was glaring now.

He glared back. “Yet.”

She scoffed and started walking again. “I haven’t seen you stalk Octavia to walk her home from class.”

He practically growled. “Please stop comparing yourself to my sister.” She rolled her eyes. “And I’m sure Lincoln has that covered, no thanks to you.”

“Hm.” She pondered aloud. “You’re right. Maybe that’s what I should do. Maybe I should get a boyfriend who will walk me home from classes. Then you won’t feel the need to walk two miles out of your way every night of the week.”

He was silent, but she knew he was looking in her direction. “Careful, Princess.”

“Oh please, Bellamy. It’s not as if I haven’t dated people in the three years I haven’t seen you. I don’t think you have to worry about my virtue.” She paused. “Although, last time we had this conversation, you seemed to be of the opinion that I didn’t have a virtue at all, so why it matters to
They had reached the stoop of her apartment building and she started to walk up the stairs and to the door.

“Clarke.” She heard him say her name. The fact that it was her given name made her pause. She heard his steps as he ascended the stairs to stand behind her but giving her space.

“That night...I...I’m sorry.” She turned to face him now. “I never apologized for how I treated you that night. The things I said… I didn’t mean them.” He was looking directly into her eyes and she couldn’t hold his stare, so she looked away at the call box beside the door.

“Then why did you even say it?” She whispered, refusing to look at his face.

She felt rather than saw his hand come up to cup her cheek, maneuvering her face to look at his once more.

“I don’t know” He replied, honestly. “There isn’t an excuse and even if there were, it wouldn’t matter, but for what it is worth.. I am sorry.”

No. He couldn’t do this. After all these years, he couldn’t just apologize and everything go back to the way things were before that night. She was getting too close again, allowing him leeway into her life... into her heart. And she had worked far too hard to close that door to give him an inch.

They could be cordial. Even productive. But never friends. Never... whatever they were.

*But weren’t they already?* That small voice whispered. More and more she was seeing that maybe her teenage hormone-addled self *hadn’t* been “seeing things that weren’t there.”

She turned silently and pressed in the code to open the door. As it opened she stepped inside before turning around.

“Goodnight, Bellamy”
If she allowed herself to consider him, she would almost say he looked devastated.

But she knew better.

The next morning, Clarke was awoken by a very spritely Raven jumping onto her bed.

“CLARKE!” She said, very loudly she might add, as she jostled the bed.

Clarke sat up and looked at her phone in nightstand mode beside her bed. “Raven. It’s 6 in the morning. My class isn’t for another 2 hours. I’m going to need you to go away and come back in an hour.” Her voice sounded like gravel and she winced at her obvious need for water.

“Nope! Here’s the thing. I um. Kind of need to borrow a dress.”

Clarke immediately sat up straighter and felt her eyebrows hit her hairline. “I’m sorry, I must have misheard you. Come again?”

Raven rolled her eyes. “Yeah, yeah. Seriously. I need a dress. My advanced robotics team is presenting our project today and we are supposed to look nice, and considering the only formal clothing I own is the dress I wore to a funeral three years back, you’re my only hope.” She managed to even give her puppy eyes.

“Fine. Take your pick, but I doubt anything will fit you. Your several inches taller than me, you know.” Raven squealed and immediately started rifling through her closet. “Also, did you have to wake me up for this? Next time you need clothes, just take whatever you want and let me sleep a little longer.”

“Nuh uh, fiesty one, I will need your opinion!” At that, Clarke grew suspicious.

“Why the need to wear formal clothing that requires an opinion? I thought this was for a
Raven slowed down her search and turned to meet Clarke’s suspicious stare with an innocent one of her own. “No reason.”

“Mmhmm. So this has nothing to do with the extremely hot and intelligent guy in your group that you ‘hope falls into an uncovered sewer grate and can’t find his way out?’” Clarke grinned.

Raven grabbed a bright cobalt blue dress and turned back around. “This is in no way has anything to do with Shaw.” She took the dress and promptly left the room.

Clarke shook her head and grabbed her phone. Might as well go ahead and get up. No way was she going to fall back asleep now. She tapped the front of her screen only to find that she had a new message. Sent the night before at 12:30 AM.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** Thank you for listening. See you in class.

Clarke could feel the butterflies hit the walls of her stomach as she read the message. She put her phone back on the wireless charging pad without responding and got out of bed, heading for the shower.

When Clarke went to class that day, she had gone to her usual corner of the room, and in an attempt to be somewhat rebellious to Bellamy’s observations of her, she sat in the seat five over from the wall.

Bellamy walked in, saw her new position, and laughed out loud, quickly averting his eyes before the other students in the class realized what he was laughing at. Clarke couldn’t help but smile a little.

“Good morning, esteemed learners!” He shouted to the mostly empty class. It would seem most students on campus had already left for Fall Break, seeing as classes after 12 were cancelled for break and most professors didn’t have an attendance policy.
“I salute you for making the effort to come to class this morning. And on that note, pop quiz!” He said smiling.

The unimpressed glares he got in return made him chuckle. “Oh, don’t worry, you will like this pop quiz. Take out a scratch sheet of paper, please.” Everyone moved sluggishly to retrieve said paper, not quite trusting his word that they were going to like what he had planned. “Put your name and student number at the top of the page. This quiz will be one question.” He was still smiling. “What… is your favorite curse word?”

Everyone stared at him unbelievingly. “No seriously.” He stated. “This is what is called an attendance quiz, my friends. There is no wrong answer. Your turned-in paper is just proof that you were here today and you get full credit. I ask for your favorite curse word because I’m on the market for some new vocabulary, so be creative! If you don’t curse, you can put “Golly Gee” or “Gee Wiz” or something.” All the students were smiling now and writing gleefully.

Clarke stared at him a moment longer until he returned her stare. She smiled widely before putting her pencil to the paper, remembering his words when he walked her home the month before.

“And on that note! You’re free to go! Enjoy your fall break and make sure to turn your quiz in on the way out the door.” Whoops and cheers filled the hall as students practically ran to the door, likely already on their way home.

Clarke took her time packing her bag and was one of the few students left in the room by the time she reached the front. She turned her paper in to a smiling Bellamy.

“Nice quiz, professor. Very diabolical of you.” She said with a small smile.

“I try” He wryly replied looking down at her paper and laughing lightly, his eyes briefly glanced up at her from his position leaning on the table. He shuffled the papers in his hand and she had started to walk away when she heard his call.

“Ms. Griffin!” Hearing him call her that did very, very bad things to her vagina. She turned around to give him her attention. He stepped in closer from around the table. “Are we still on for our tutoring sessions over break?”

She smiled, “Absofuckinglutely.”
Well??? What’d you think? Did you catch Bellamy’s slip? Cause Clarke sure as hell didn’t. And we got a tiny bit more info on Bellamy’s life and what is happening on his side (There will be more tiny bits in each chapter). The ball really starts rolling in the next chapter!

Hope you liked it! See you next time!
The weekend passed pretty uneventfully. Raven had returned to Rhode Island for break, so Clarke had the apartment to herself. She decided to take advantage of that and lounge around all day in her pajamas, eating Ben and Jerry's Milk and Cookies Ice Cream whilst binge watching the Great Food Truck Race on Food Network.

You know, since there wasn’t anyone there to judge her.

Monday started much like every other day. She had just started season six and was openly yelling at the smug waffle truck bastards that she really hoped lost spectacularly when her phone dinged.

It was Bellamy’s ding.

Looking over at where it was lying on the end table, her heart pounded loudly in her ears and she hesitantly reached over to grab it from its resting place.
Bellamy Fucking Blake Good Morning, Princess. Hope you aren’t too lonely in that big empty apartment without the robotics genius to keep you company.

Clarke bit her lip. She didn’t know how to approach this newfound, seeming truce of theirs. Would it actually last? Did she want it to? Every time she spent an extended period of time around Bellamy, she ended up fantasizing about pushing him down on the nearest surface and going to town on what she was sure was an extremely well-endowed dick.

Clarke Griffin Been keeping myself pretty busy, actually, but it’s nice to know you’re bored enough to wonder about how I’m filling my time.

She put the phone down on the cushion beside her, thinking that he would probably just answer when he was available.

Which was apparently right then because his response was immediate.

Bellamy Fucking Blake Always, babe. I was actually wondering if you wanted to move our tutoring schedule up tomorrow. Since you don’t have class, I thought we could make it a little earlier in the day.

She felt the air leave her lungs. Fucking babe? Yeah, no.

Clarke Griffin That’s fine and don’t ever call me that again, shouvanist.

Bellamy Fucking Blake I knew you preferred Princess ;) See you at 2?

She sighed.

Clarke Griffin Fine.

She put the phone down once more only for it to ding yet again.
Bellamy Fucking Blake *See you then...Princess.*

She threw her phone on the floor.

The next morning, she was up bright and early, showered, and out the door before any normal college student had even turned over in their sleep.

She walked into the coffee shop and found that Octavia was already in her usual seat by the window.

“You know, we could have had this meeting at literally any other time today.” She said as she plopped down in her own chair. “It being break and all.” She raised her eyebrow questioningly.

“Actually, I happen to know that you are meeting my brother later for ‘tutoring’ so that’s not really true, now is it?” She held up her hands and did finger quotes around the word tutoring.

Clarke tried not to think about how she knew that. She looked up to find Octavia staring at her with a bemused expression.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Octavia questioned.

“I am so terribly sorry that I didn’t tell you that I am being forced to sit in a tiny room with your semi-asshole turned not-as-much-of-an-asshole older brother while he talks about the Incas and the Mayans.” Clarke responded with only a tiny hint of malice.

Octavia’s eyes rolled. “No, you idiot. I’m talking about Lincoln.”

Clarke paused in the middle of pouring sugar in the coffee Octavia had bought for her and looked
into her friend’s eyes.

“He asked me not to.” She replied honestly. “Are you mad?” She questioned with a tinge of anxiety.

At first, Octavia seemed to think about it. Then she replied “No. I was upset at first but that’s what he told me too. Honestly, I’m just frustrated because I could’ve told you about him earlier! Clarke! He is literally the kindest, most attentive boyfriend in the history of boyfriends! And freaking hot, at that. I’m not sure how I got so lucky.” She was smiling by the time she finished. “And I can’t wait for all of us to hang out together! Maybe we can even convince Raven to bring this guy she most definitely doesn’t like…” She grinned mischievously.

Clarke hated to be the one to break the next bit of news but, alas, she might as well at least prep the girl.

“Well, you’ll be happy to know that Bellamy also knows. And doesn’t approve. But I mean is that really hard to believe?” She took a sip of her drink, studiously avoiding looking at Octavia.

“Oh, I know. I already gave him an earful about being rude to Lincoln last week. How do you think I found out about your ‘tutoring’ session today?” She finger quoted again.

“You know, using quote fingers everytime you say the word ‘tutoring’ doesn’t make what we’re doing anything less than just that.” Clarke glared at her. “Tutoring.”

“Mmhmm.” She eyed her dubiously. “So listen. Lincoln has a friend. His name is Ricky… Rocky?… Oh, I don’t know I can’t remember his name, but he is new to town too and so Lincoln and I thought it might be fun if we all went bowling or something! Like, the four of us.”

Clarke placed her cup back on the table more loudly than strictly necessary.

“I’m sorry. Are you setting me up on a double date?” She asked loudly.

Octavia looked around to make sure no one was disturbed by Clarke’s outburst.
“Of course I am. I’m your best friend and you’re single. It’s practically my job, I’ll have you know. Besides Lincoln says he’s very attractive AND he’s a political science major so he has to have a brain. Theoretically.” She shrugged.

Clarke looked at her dubiously. “Well at least your boyfriend is comfortable enough in his manliness to admit when his friend is hot.”

Octavia smiled. “I know, right? So what do you think? Friday night work for you?”

Clarke sat and thought for a few seconds. Honestly? Going on a date with some hot rando was the LAST thing she wanted to do. But maybe this is what she needed.

Bellamy’s handsome face appeared in her mind’s eye. The earnest way he had apologized and the way her heart ached just thinking about it. It helped her make up her mind.

“Fine. But no bowling.” She concluded.

Octavia squealed and clapped her hands together. “That’s okay! We’ll go to a concert instead! There’s a band playing at A.L.I.E. on Friday night!”

“Whatever.” Clarke mumbled, trying to ignore the fact that the aching in her heart didn’t seem to go away.

By the time she made it to their study room off the library, Bellamy was already there, leaning back in his chair, pencil resting on his mouth, and staring out the window to the courtyard below.

Ignoring the appetizing picture he made, she practically threw her bag in the chair across the table and got a small bit of satisfaction from the way he almost jumped out of his seat.

“My bad.” She smirked without remorse.
He sat up and leaned his elbows on the table.

“No worries” He smirked back. “I was beginning to think you were lost.”

She had been unpacking her laptop from her bag when she suddenly looked up and found his eyes trained on her chest before he quickly moved them back to her face.

She hurriedly looked away as well, hoping he didn’t notice her noticing. She casually glanced down at her top and internally cheered herself on for wearing the low cut V-Neck top. She had been feeling confident that morning and wanted to show off her best assets.

And she may or may not be taking advantage of the fact that apparently Bellamy really, really had a thing for her tits, if all of the times she caught him staring were anything to go on.

Discreetly using her arms to give them a boost, she swiveled around in her chair to face him once more, and his eyes were very firmly fixed on her face.

She smirked.

“So, Professor Blake,” She began “Where should we start?”

The next fifty minutes were actually pretty productive. Now that she and Bellamy were back on decently steady ground, it was almost like pre-fallout Bellamy and Clarke who could have actual intellectual conversations.

“This actually is looking really good, Clarke” Bellamy was saying as he finished reading over the rough draft of her first make-up paper. “Just make sure that you add in some primary resources at the end and you should be solid.” He sat the paper down on the table and leaned back in his chair, pinching the place between his eyes.

“Where are your glasses?” She questioned without hesitation.
He looked up at her and smirked. “Home, of course. I guess I will have to start bringing them out with me now that I’m getting old.” He sighed.

Clarke rolled her eyes. “You’re not old, Bellamy. You act as if I won’t be your age in just a few short years. Will you call me old then?” She questioned with a raised eyebrow.

He looked at her for a moment, biting his lower lip in thought. “You really don’t see me as being that much older than you, do you?” He seemed genuinely interested in her response.

She shrugged. “I never have. Not really,” She replied. “I was always more mature than everyone else my age. And you never spoke down to me like I was a kid. Instead, you went out of your way to talk to me and push me intellectually. I appreciated that.”

He continued gazing at her and seemed to be deep in thought. “What happened to us, Clarke?” She looked up in surprise. “I mean. I was there. I know we argued, but… it was an argument. We had those all the time. And I know this one was bad and I screwed up, but…” He stopped and made sure he had her eyes. “I called you. Every day I called you. You never answered.”

She looked away. “I needed space. And it’s not like you left voicemails or anything so it couldn’t have been that important.” She couldn’t bring herself to look back in his direction, afraid that if she did she would cave to his intense gaze.

“Or maybe I just didn’t want to talk to you about it over voice message.” She could hear the heat in his voice and she finally looked up again. “I wanted to apologize. I wanted to talk about it. But Octavia said you didn’t want to talk to me and that I should just give you your space.” He spat the last word like it was offensive. “Which, now that I hear you use the term, it occurs to me that she was just relaying a word for word explanation from you.”

Clarke sighed sadly. “I did need the space, Bellamy. You really hurt my feelings and I took it personally. I was eighteen and idealistic and…” She paused. “I needed to be away from home. From my mother, from Octavia, from…” She couldn’t find the words.

“Me.” He finished. “But why? I don’t understand. One minute we were close… friends, even. And then you were just - “He looked out the window. “Gone.”

Clarke considered his words before deciding to change the topic. “I never told you I was sorry to hear about you and Gina” She responded. “She was a really nice girl. I know you haven’t dated
really since the two of you broke up” She bit her lip, wondering if she should’ve revealed the information Octavia had given her. “She must’ve been very important to you.”

Bellamy let out a strangled laugh of sorts, looking down at the floor and shaking his head. “Yeah” He answered. “Yeah, I guess she was.” He looked up into her eyes and suddenly she wasn’t so sure of what he was referring to. “But that was never going to end well, really. She knew it, I knew it. It was inevitable.”

Clarke’s brow furrowed in confusion. “But why?”

He smiled slightly, one side of his lips quirking up in seeming amusement. “Just wasn’t meant to be.”

Clarke nodded to herself and looked down at her watch. “Well, it looks like our hour is up. You’re free to go.” She smiled warmly in his direction.

He rested his elbows on the arms of his chair and brought his right hand up to rest against his mouth. “It’s only 3:00. What are you up to for the rest of today?”

She blew out a little bit of breath and thought of her apartment and the Ben and Jerry’s waiting for her. “Oh, terribly busy, you see. I’m just extremely social and fall break is always packed for me.”

Bellamy barked out a surprised laugh at her obvious sarcasm. “Well. I’m sure your next appointment won’t mind you taking a little side adventure, right?” He smiled in her direction. “Let’s go for a walk.”

“Alright” Clarke smiled in return.

She knew she shouldn’t. She could feel her heart already breaking in two over the eventual emotional turmoil she was going to go through when she couldn’t move past her feelings for him and he started dating someone else again. But she couldn’t bring herself to say no either.
They were strolling leisurely through the courtyard when they came across the shaved ice truck.

“Want some?” He asked as he pulled his wallet out of his back pocket.

“I don’t know. Is it appropriate of my professor to buy me shaved ice in the quad?” Clarke asked lightly.

Bellamy snorted as he removed his card and approached the window. “One strawberry mango and one blueberry, please.” He requested, passing the girl at the window his card.

Clarke’s heart picked up at the order. How was it that even after so many years, he could remember something as inconsequential about her as her favorite fruit flavor combination?

He turned back around with the two bowls in hand and passed the strawberry in her direction.

“Thanks” She said quietly.

“Anytime, Princess” He said, bringing his spoon up to his mouth and taking a bite.

Clarke looked down at her bowl and contemplated before she began to eat. They sat on a bench next to the fountain in the square. She wasn’t kidding when she asked Bellamy about the whole ‘him being her professor thing.’ Did it bother him? Was it a bad idea? She couldn’t stand the thought of him getting into some hot water with the school.

“You really won’t get in trouble for spending time with me?” She questioned seriously.

Bellamy paused, setting his spoon in his dessert and turning to look at her with a sigh.

“Honestly? It could happen. But usually those cases are professors who grossly take advantage of teenage girls in exchange for good grades. I’ve known you my whole life, I would never take advantage of you, and I’m technically still a student. So while it’s probably possible, it’s much less likely than you imagine.” He took another bite of the blueberry ice and looked out at the people passing by.
She hummed and continued eating her own. “Well, that’s good. I wouldn’t want you to lose your job or anything.” She took a bite and turned to find him smiling at her side.

“Good to know that you care, Princess” He leaned toward her slowly, giving her a chance to stop him as he place a chaste kiss on her forehead.

Clarke couldn’t breathe. She glanced up to find him staring down at her in return. She was about to either question the action or demand that he do it again but on other parts of her body when a loud voice called their names.

“CLARKE! BELL!” Their spell broken, Clarke looked up to see Octavia approaching them, eyeing them suspiciously. “Well this seems like an odd place for tutoring.” She looked at Clarke pointedly.

Clarke huffed exasperatedly. “We are finished tutoring, Octavia. Bellamy was kind enough to buy me a shaved ice before I went home to finish working on my paper.” She looked up at her friend with an impatient face.

“Oh huh. Well, that’s cool. That was very nice of you, Bell!” She turned to give Bellamy an equally suspect look to which he immediately responded to with an impeccable poker face.

“Yes, well, I would’ve thought you would be happy the two of us are getting along again.” He said with an odd tone.

“Oh I am!” Octavia replied with a smile that was way too large for the occasion. “This is exactly what I wanted! I’m so glad I ran into you though, Clarke!” Her grin turned a little mischievous in that moment and Clarke instinctively wanted to run and hide. “I just spoke with Lincoln and he says that he and his friend are both available Friday night! Isn’t that great?”

Clarke closed her eyes and slowly opened them again. She had completely forgotten about the stupid fucking concert with Lincoln and Robert or whatever the fuck his name was.

“Yeah, Octavia. Awesome.” She said in a tone that implied she was less than thrilled.

“Friday night?” She suddenly heard Bellamy question. She looked over to find him staring back and forth between herself and Octavia with the same poker face as before.
“Oh she didn’t tell you, Bell?” Octavia started and Clarke begged her with her eyes to stop right there. “Clarke agreed to go on a double date this Friday at A.L.I.E. with Lincoln’s best friend! About time, really. When was the last time you went on a date, Clarke?” She directed her question in Clarke’s direction.

“Uh.” Clarke didn’t know how to respond. “It’s been a while, I guess.” She looked over in Bellamy’s direction but he was staring straight ahead, not looking at her or his sister.

“A while? Please. If you went go any longer without sex, you might actually forget how it works.” She snorted.

Clarke immediately blushed from head to toe. “Octavia! I’d rather not discuss my sex life in public, if you please.” She clutched the long forgotten shaved ice in her hands tightly.

Octavia laughed. “It’s just Bellamy, Clarke. It’s nothing he hasn’t heard before. He’s a grown ass man, after all.” She patted Bellamy on the back.

Bellamy remained strangely quiet and kept his gaze straight ahead momentarily before he turned and looked in Clarke’s direction with his blank face still in place. “True, I suppose.” He smiled tightly. “I’m going to head out. I will text you about our next session, Clarke.”

He stood quickly, hugging his sister lightly and hurried away from them toward the history building.

Octavia watched him go with a smirk in place. “Well. That was interesting.”

Clarke’s insides felt like they were melting into a pile of goo. “Octavia, that was highly inappropriate.”

Octavia rolled her eyes. “Nah, he’ll be alright. He needs to know that other people also have sex. Can’t let him think he’s the only person around here gettin’ any.” She sat down in Bellamy’s spot beside Clarke.

Clarke looked at Bellamy’s retreating figure, now far away from where they were sitting and then
back down at the treat he had bought her.

She really wasn’t sure what to feel.

But whatever it was, it sure as hell wasn’t pleasant.

Thursday morning came and Clarke once again awoke to the sound of Bellamy’s text tone.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Hey. Same time today?*

Clarke frowned a bit. That was significantly less upbeat than their last text conversation.

**Clarke Griffin** *Sure! Sounds great! :)*

He never responded.

—

Clarke got out of bed that morning and thought carefully about what to wear. She knew she shouldn't. It was just Bellamy.

But it was *Bellamy*.

She wanted to look good for herself but damn it if she didn’t want to look good for him too.

Things were never going to be what she wanted them to be, but that wouldn’t stop her from at least
trying to get that little bit of attention she got when would occasionally catch him staring at her just a little too long in inappropriate places.

She ended up settling on a sundress that she hadn’t worn in a little over a year because it was just borderline too short for comfort if a breeze blew, but it was super comfortable and made her legs look four miles long. Cute but casual and show off-y without being too obvious.

By the time 2:00 rolled around, she was walking very slowly, hoping that a breeze wouldn’t catch her by surprise.

As she pulled open the front door to the library and headed for the elevator on the fourth floor, she took deep breaths and prepped herself to see Bellamy. He had just seemed off when he left their shaved ice date.

Not date.

Shit.

She was just so happy that they had started getting along again and she didn’t want to regret getting her hopes up.

She stepped off the lift and rounded the corner to see the door to their study room already propped open.

Taking a deep breath, she continued forward and into the room, closing the door behind her.

Bellamy was seated in his usual seat, engrossed in his writing. So engrossed, it would seem, he couldn’t bother looking up at her or greeting her when she walked in.

“Hi.” She said hesitantly and somewhat awkwardly, waiting for him to acknowledge her.

“Hey. Go ahead and have a seat and we will get started.” He glanced up briefly before returning his eyes immediately to the paper in front of him.
Clarke felt uneasy and off kilter. What was going on? Why was he being so short with her?

She sat down in her seat and hung her bag on the back of her chair.

“So, I thought today, since your paper on Unit 1 is mostly done, that we could get started reviewing Unit 3. Your score on that exam was your second lowest so far.” He continued to write on his paper.

Clarke stared at the top of his head, seeing as that it was the only thing she had a view of. “Okay.”

He nodded and started to open his textbook.

Clarke sat in her chair as he went over the material for the next forty five minutes, really too distracted to actually listen. This was worse than she could have ever imagined. They had finally gotten back to a good place in their relationship and now… This… Whatever this hell this was?

Hell no. Not gonna happen.

“So as you can see,” She cut him off.

“What the fuck is wrong?” She blurted out, unable to contain her frustration any longer.

Bellamy paused and glanced up for the first time since she walked in and his face said nothing. No hint as to what was bothering him. “I’m sorry, I’m not sure I know what you mean?” He questioned.

“I mean you’re treating me like I’m one of the harem girls on the front row of your class. So what’s up?” She tried to contain the venom in her voice, she really did. But it wasn’t working very well.

Bellamy sighed, sitting back in his seat. “Honestly, Clarke, I think it’s best that we just have a professional relationship. I got to thinking about it, and you’re right. I could get in trouble for
treated you differently from the rest of your classmates and I really don’t want that to happen.” He didn’t even have the balls to look at her in the face as he lied and she felt her breath hitch.

He was using her words against her because he knew that she couldn’t refute them. She had even said herself that she didn’t want him to get into trouble.

What the fuck ever. He was bullshitting her and they both knew it.

Fine. If he wanted to be a dick and pull away from her when they were just starting to reconnect again because he was a scared little bitch then she could do the same.

She smiled icily.

“Oh, you can continue. I was just getting a little cold and thought sitting in the window with the sunshine might heat me up a little.” She smiled sweetly.
He shook his head lightly and responded, “Well I was just finishing up, unless you have any questions.” He turned back in her direction.

With his gaze on her, she uncrossed her legs and recrossed them in the opposite direction, taking her time. “Nope, I’m good. I should probably get going, anyways. Need to go buy a new outfit for my date tomorrow. Special occasion, after all.” She smiled brightly.

His eyes unmistakably darkened across the room and she cheered at finally having witnessed a legitimate emotion cross his face.

But as soon as it was there, it was gone. “That sounds nice. Have fun and make sure that you and Octavia stick together while you’re out.” He started to pack up his bag.

Clarke began to panic when she realized that her teasing wasn’t accomplishing what she wanted it to.

She stood up and made her way over to him as he was just finishing his packing.

“Bellamy.” She whispered as she placed her hand on his bicep. She felt him tense beneath her skin.

“I’m going to need you to let me go, Princess” He whispered in return, he looked down at her suddenly and she could see the fire in his eyes.

She was momentarily stunned by what she saw and he took it as an opportunity to brush past her toward the door.

Clarke turned. “Have a good day, Mr. Blake.” Her voice was soft and sad.

Bellamy paused in his trek for a moment but then he opened the door and left without another word.

Clarke felt so frustrated she could cry. This was something new and completely unexpected. They
were just starting to reconnect and now this. Why was he pushing her away?

Somehow, this was worse than when they were fighting and not speaking, because now she had once again started to let him in only for him to go into a entirely different mode.

*Professional*?

It was bullshit. She knew that. There was a reason he was doing this.

But she was so pissed about the entire situation that she wasn’t even going to bother trying to figure it out. If he wanted to act this way, that was on him.

Sure, she could go back to being cordial. She would.

Her heart started to fail just a little bit in her chest.

She was putting the finishing touches on her makeup when the knock sounded on Octavia’s front door.

“I’ll go get that!” Octavia squealed and zoomed from the room.

Clarke took a deep breath and stepped back to look at herself in the vanity mirror. She *had* gone shopping yesterday in her fit of rage against Bellamy. *He* might not be interested in her but other people *were*. And her date tonight wouldn’t know what hit him.

Her dress was red and flashy with an indecently low square neckline. There were two thick straps that started at her shoulders and wrapped around her back, crisscrossing and connecting to the fabric at her hips, exposing much of her back. The hemline fell just above her knees and the heels she was wearing were strappy and understated stilettos.

Didn’t want to take away any attention from her dress, after all.
She smirked at her reflection and prepared to play her role of a good date. She was going to have a good time tonight.

She was.

“Clarke! Are you ready yet?” Octavia shouted from the living room.

Clarke grabbed her clutch off the bed and headed in their direction.

When she came up the hallway, the two men standing by the door turned in her direction. Lincoln smiled politely at her, but his friend grinned charmingly and immediately broke from the group of three to walk in her direction.

“Clarke” he smiled. “It’s so nice to meet you.” He shook her hand and pulled her in slightly to kiss her politely on the cheek. “Lincoln has told me so much about you.”

Whew, this guy was really laying it on thick. She knew that if things were different, she would be just as charmed as the other two.

“Clarke, Roan and Lincoln have made reservations for us at Vivace before the concert, so we better get going.” Octavia smiled at her friend and gave her an encouraging nod behind Roan’s back.

Clarke smiled slightly. “That sounds nice, Roan. I actually haven’t gotten to eat there just yet.”

Roan grinned and threaded their fingers together leading the two of them to the front door.

“You’re going to love it. They have a tiramisu that is to die for.” He led them out into the hallway.

She looked down at their intertwined fingers and she was immediately overwhelmed by images of her and Bellamy in the same situation. Him taking her hand without hesitation, opening her door for her. The two of them smiling and laughing over dinner, Bellamy giving her his jacket
afterwards for the cold walk back to the car. It would all be so easy and perfect.

But that wasn’t real and Bellamy would never feel that way about her. She had to at least try to move on.

Clarke looked back to find Octavia smiling at her excitedly as the door shut behind her and Lincoln. Clarke turned to Roan’s handsome face and smiled, even as her chest ached with an unknown pain.

Dinner was nice. Roan was nice. He paid for everything, pulled out her chair, asked her questions and listened as she responded… He was the consummate gentleman, really.

Everything was… nice.

She was bored out of her fucking mind.

He was attractive, of course. Sexy features, strong build, and he had some pretty gorgeous hair himself. She enjoyed his snarky remarks from time to time, but everytime she closed her eyes, she could see Bellamy’s handsome face and his chiseled features.

She sighed.

If anything, this date proved to her that she needed to be dating. She was never going to get over her feelings for Bellamy if she was constantly around him, being reminded of how much she wanted him, and she wasn’t getting her needs met by someone else.

So she smiled as Roan led her into A.L.I.E. for the concert. The club was packed and was definitely standing room only but Octavia had managed to secure them a place in the VIP lounge, which is where Clarke found herself as the opening band started playing.
Octavia, Lincoln, and Roan were all merrily carrying on their conversation, loudly talking to each other over the sound of the music.

“Everyone smile!” Octavia said cherrily, snapping a picture of the group. Clarke smiled widely and Roan put his arm around her shoulders pulling her in close.

He smiled nice at least.

See? There we go. Nice, positive thoughts about the perfectly acceptable man-date.

Honestly, if she weren’t so caught up in her feelings for Bellamy, she would be lucky to be on a date with Roan.

But she was caught up.

So caught up.

“Awwww we’re so cute, guys! Definitely going on my SnapChat story!” Octavia said sweetly, cooing at her phone.

Clarke huffed at a laugh at her friend’s obvious state of alcohol inebriation. They hadn’t even been there an hour and she was already on her way to ‘less-than-stable’ sober condition.

She looked down her own phone and tapped against the screen causing it to light up brightly in the dark atmosphere of the club.

Nothing.

She shifted in her seat and quickly turned her phone over. Maybe if she drank enough she wouldn’t think so much about how desperate she was to see his name across her screen.
An hour later, Clarke herself was starting to feel the effects of the alcohol. Not to the point of being drunk, but definitely tipsy enough that she was holding her hair off the back of her neck to keep from overheating. She had elected to leave her hair down that night in curly waves, knowing it looked good with her outfit, but now the heat in the club, it was getting to her.

“I’m going to go to the bathroom!” Clarke yelled to her friends over the music. “I may stop by and grab a water on my way back too!” All three nodded in her direction and Octavia told her to make sure she had her phone with her too, just in case.

Clarke approached the end of the VIP section and the rope was lifted to allow her to pass through. She climbed down the steps, only slightly wobbly on her heels and searched the room for the sign indicating where the bathroom was.

Seeing the bright, neon light with the restroom symbol, she headed to the doorway, squeezing herself through the crowd of people who were jumping up and down along with the music.

She finally made it to the hallway where the bathroom was and stepped into the sparsely populated walkway. She made her way down, checking each door, and had just made it to the door marked ‘Restroom’ when she felt herself pulled backward several feet.

She gasped as she was pulled and once she stopped, she immediately spun around and rose her hand toward the face of her abductor only to find her wrist stopped inches from his face by a very firm grip.

“Now, Princess.” She heard through her adrenaline haze. “Is that any way to greet someone?”

Clarke focused in the almost darkness to find herself looking into the eyes of one Bellamy Blake.

She was confused but even through her confusion her body recognized his and she felt herself flush in surprise and arousal. She backed away slightly and lowered her hand only for him to continue his hold on her wrist, even after it was no longer a threat. “What the fuck, Bellamy?” She questioned. “What are you even doing here?” She may have been just wishing he would call her but she was still pissed at him and his new “We must stay professional” bullshit.

Bellamy didn’t look pleased with her interrogation. “How much have you had to drink?” Yet, even as he said it, she could hear the slur in his words as well.
Clarke rolled her eyes. “I’m sorry, dad, did I need your permission to exercise my right as a 21 year old to get wasted with my friends?” She turned to leave but Bellamy lightly pulled her back by his hold on her wrist, his right hand coming to rest softly on her stomach.

“Now, now, be a good girl and don’t try and run away from this again.” She felt him whisper in her ear.

She felt the hand on her stomach trace gentle circles across the fabric of her dress.

“Run away from what?” She whispered softly, eagerly anticipating his response.

“I think you know what, Clarke.” He whispered back and she could feel his small smile against the skin of her neck.

Her breathing was coming heavy now and it took her a moment to recognize the smell on his breath that was coming across her shoulder.

“You know,” She said in the hardest voice she could muster because it was really hard to stay mad at him when all she really wanted was for him to come save her and now… here he was. Like some goddamn fairytale prince. “It’s awful hypocritical of you to criticize my drinking habits when you seem to be even more in the bottle than I am.” The unmistakable tinge of whiskey filled her nostrils as he nuzzled his nose into her shoulder and laughed softly.

“Nothing gets by you huh, Princess?” He said softly, but there seemed to be an ironic undertone to his statement.

“What do you mean by that?” She stuttered nervously.

His hand had moved slowly up her stomach and was resting right below her chest, lightly pulling her closer to him. She inhaled suddenly when she felt the tips of his fingers begin to trail lightly against the underside of her breast, her nipple immediately coming to life at the stimulation.

Suddenly, he spun her in his arms, his hands resting at the bottom of her back and hers landing on his chest.
“It means,” He started, lowering his nose to her collarbone. “That you are observant when you want to be.” She strained her head up toward the ceiling and whimpered slightly as his nose made its way down into the generous cleavage created by her dress. “If only you were that observant all the time.” His voice almost sounded pained.

She looked down to see his eyes watching her from his place at her chest. “What would I see?” She whispered her right hand leaving his chest and drifting down his chest lightly. She watched him shiver from the touch.

He laughed again and returned his attention to her breasts, gently knocking his nose between the two and inhaling. Clarke gasped in surprise. She couldn’t believe this was happening. Was Bellamy finally making a move? The fingertips of his right hand drifted up and traced patterns at the top of her right tit as he spoke.

“I saw you on Octavia’s story.” He started, still creating the dizzying patterns on her skin. “You looked so… happy. So… delicious.” Her heart started beating unbearably fast inside her chest. “I’ve tried so hard to resist.” His eyes closed and he rested his forehead against her chest, almost like he was talking to himself. “So hard.” He whispered.

Clarke couldn’t hear anything except the steady pulse under her skin. What was happening? She still wasn’t sure. If it were anyone else she knew what she would assume, but this was Bellamy. And he had been drinking. What if this wasn’t really what he wanted to be doing with her? What if he regretted this in the morning?

“For so long, I’ve done anything, everything I’m supposed to do.” He was still speaking down into her chest. “Would it really be so wrong to do something for myself?” He looked up into her eyes. “Just this once?” His eyes were begging her for something. What, she just wasn’t sure.

She couldn’t breathe as his right hand returned to her body, resting just below her breast on her rib cage.

“How did you even get here, Bellamy?” He was truly wasted. Beyond drunk.

He laughed and moved his face close to her own, his cheek resting against her own as he spoke into her ear. “There are these new things called Ubers, Princess. They generally tend to take you where you want without asking too many questions.”
She backed up a step out of his embrace, feeling guilty that she hadn’t already even after knowing he was drunk, but he followed her backwards.

“So you were drinking, saw that Octavia and I were having a good time and decided to what? Crash our party?” She whispered heavily watching his body as it made its way back to her own, molding itself against her front.

“No.” He said roughly. “I was drinking, saw you wrapped around that glorified American Ninja Warrior contestant looking like *that* and decided to make sure he was being a gentleman.” His left arm came up to cage her into the corner of the room and his right rested on her waist.

She could feel his fingers stretch out halfway around her back and the feeling of his touch against her skin combined with the feeling of how big his hands were did horrible, *wonderful* things to her body. She could feel her arousal gathering at her opening, tingling and waiting for his fingers to find her ready and willing.

His right hand was slowly becoming more adventurous as it continued its journey up her body and slowly, hesitantly found a home against the side of her breast, gentle pressing into it.

She whimpered. “So let me get this straight.” His eyes were flickering between her face and his hand. “You came to make sure that Roan was behaving gentlemanly but somehow we are now pressed in the corner of a dark hallway?”

His eyes burned as they settled on her own.

“You don’t seem to mind, Princess.” His eyes drifted to her nipples, now obvious through the material of her thin dress. “In fact,” His left hand left her waist and moved silkily down her leg to the hem of her dress. “I would say you’re even *enjoying* it.” He moved the dress up her thigh.

She knew she should do something. Move to stop him. He was obviously more intoxicated than she was, but *God* she had wanted this for so long. And this time, *he knew* it was her and her head was spinning and…

“Wait.” She spoke and his hands immediately stopped their movement and he looked up into her eyes. “You’re drunk.” She reasoned.
He scoffed. “Hardly. I’ve had a few drinks, maybe.”

But as she looked into his eyes, she knew that it couldn’t be like this. She ached to know that Bellamy wanted her when he was sober.

“Just today you were talking about how we couldn’t even be friends, really.” She continued. “Tomorrow morning when you wake up, you’ll regret this, if you even remember it.”

She watched his eyes close and he leaned forward yet again and placed his forehead against her own. “I could never forget you, Princess.” He said softly. “Believe me. I tried.” He exhaled shakily.

Clarke’s heart stopped beating but she knew that this was the right thing to do. She placed her hand on top of his at her thigh and lifted it to intertwine their fingers together.

“Bellamy…” She started. She wanted him so badly and this was it. This was everything she ever wanted.

Suddenly, he pulled away from her, a startling clarity taking over his features.

“I… I have to go.” He struggled with the words. “I’m sorry, Clarke.” He refused to look at her as he made his way out of the bathroom hallway and toward the entrance.

“Bellamy!” She followed him quickly. “Bellamy, wait!” She shouted into the crowd of people.

She could see his hair almost to the exit, making much more leeway than she was with his height. She threw herself into the crowd, slowly making her way through the crushing bodies who were still screaming above the sound of the band on stage.

When she finally made it to the edge of the crowd, she broke out into a run to the exit. She came to an abrupt halt on the sidewalk outside and looked around, her head turning to look both ways up the street. She could see her breath in the air as her heavy breathing tried to slow down.
And she could feel the tear as it trailed down her cheek, but she didn’t reach up to wipe it away.

He was gone.

The next day, Clarke woke to a text from Roan.

**Roan** Hey, babe! Had such a great time last night. Hope we can make it happen again soon. ;)

Clarke placed the phone back on her bedside table and flopped down on her back against her pillows.

Last night after Bellamy had ran away and she chased him only to come up empty handed, she had gone back inside and told Octavia she was ready to go home.

Octavia could immediately see that she was upset, so she told the other two that she and Clarke were going to call for a ride and that they should stay and enjoy the rest of the concert.

Roan and Lincoln had been polite and understanding, Roan reaching out to kiss her on the cheek and telling her he hoped she felt better.

So apparently her upset-ness wasn’t very well hidden.

On the way home, Octavia questioned her about what was wrong but Clarke just leaned her forehead against the window in the back seat and watched the streets zoom by.

This was just something she couldn’t talk to Octavia about. After tonight, she was 99 percent sure that Bellamy also felt something for her. I mean. He showed up on her date and cornered her, and before he had a push of conscience, she was pretty sure he was going to confess something.

But then he ran away.
She had to talk to him.

So she and Octavia returned home without conversation and she immediately went to her room to lay on her bed.

For the longest time, she lay there and looked at the ceiling, occasionally glancing at her phone and wishing Bellamy would call. Or text. Anything, really.

That was the last thing she remembered before she fell asleep. When she woke up this morning, she immediately checked, but all she saw was the text from Roan.

Definitely not who she wanted to hear from.

She sighed deeply and slowly sat up, squinting against the sun drifting in through her bedroom window.

Her door bounced open and in walked Raven, snacking on a bag of White Cheddar Skinny Pop. She walked up to Clarke’s bed and sat down, scooting back to lean against the headboard and looked at Clarke thoughtfully.

“So” Raven started. “I got an interesting text from Octavia this morning.” She munched. “Something about you getting suddenly upset at the club last night and refusing to talk all the way home.” Clarke knew that Raven was looking at her so she turned to meet her questioning gaze.

“Is there a question in there somewhere?” Clarke said dryly.

Raven shrugged. “Just an observation.” She put the popcorn down. “What happened?” Clarke knew that she wasn’t getting out of this without giving something up, Raven was far too persistent.

“Bellamy came to the club last night.” She gulped. “We had a… run in.” She refused to give more away.

Raven snorted. “Okay, I’ve been patient because I know how notoriously close to the vest you are about what happened with him, but that patience is now at its end.” She leaned down on her elbow
and turned her body to face Clarke. “You have feelings for him.” She stated plainly., without question.

Clarke knew she could deny it, but it would be useless. Raven always knew. “I was eighteen. Of course I had feelings for him. He was my best friend’s hot older brother who was kind and intelligent and treated me like a human being and not some freaky teenager.” She tried to play it off like teenage infatuation. “And then he hurt my feelings and I ran as far away as I could, trying to forget all about him.”

Raven sat quietly for a beat. “No, Clarke.” She began. “I mean you have feelings for him now.”

Clarke turned quickly to stare at her friend in disbelief. “I haven’t even talked to him for years until we came back here.”

Raven shrugged. “What does that matter? You’ve been in love with him for years. There’s a reason why nothing worked out in Rhode Island.” The way Raven said it made Clarke feel silly for ever even thinking she was hiding it from her. “I always knew you were keeping something about someone from me, but I never wanted to push. Then I saw Bellamy at that party and the way you two look at each other and it clicked. It was him all along.”

Clarke could feel herself starting to tear up but she blinked them away and steeled herself. “Yeah.” She said in a slightly croaked voice. “Yeah I guess it was.” Then she realized just what Raven had said “What do you mean ‘the way we look at each other?’”

Raven gave her an unamused stare. “Cmon, Clarke. He’s not exactly trying to hide it.” She laughed lightly. “He was glaring at anyone who dared look at you at that party, scaring away anyone that wanted to approach you. Hell, I honestly thought you guys fucked after that night with the way he was holding you and the way you were drinking it in. And then I found out you walked home alone that night and I knew something had happened but nothing of the “good” variety.” She mused. “Honestly, I was a little surprised he let you walk home alone that night. He seems… protective of you.”

Clarke couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “He.. what?”

Raven gave her a sympathetic look. “Clarke. You have to see it, right? Everyone else sees it. Even Octavia sees it.”
At this Clarke started to shake her head. “No. Octavia would have said something she would have...” She trailed off.

Was she really the last to know? Why hadn’t anyone else *said* anything?

“All I’m saying, is that you two need to talk. And actually talk this time. Not the hot foreplay-esque bickering that usually happens. Maybe figure out what happened all those years ago and where things are now. Because all I know is that that man looks at you like you hung the stars. And that he wants to fuck you against every available nearby surface, but that’s beside the point.” She smirked.

Clarke let out a disbelieving laugh. “God, what I wouldn’t give.” She closed her eyes and tilted her head backwards. “You know.” She said, opening them back up and smirking at Raven. “You have an awful lot of advice for me but I happen to know that you have it *bad* for a certain robotics classmate and are in very deep denial.” She laughed.

Raven bit her bottom lip and sighed. “Yeah, yeah, I know. I’m going to do something about it, don’t worry. I’ve tortured him enough, the poor guy.”

Clarke laughed deeply. “Well, at least you’re aware.” She smiled and inhaled. “Well, I guess I need to find a certain dark haired professor and have a real conversation then.”

“That you do.” Raven said as she stood up beside the bed. “And with that, my work here is done.” She wiped her hands together and moved to the door. “Time to report.”


Raven turned to look over her shoulder. “To Octavia, of course.” She turned back around and sauntered out the door.

Clarke groaned loudly and buried her face in her pillow.

Fucking friends.
At lunch, she was walking across campus when she saw him.

She had walked into Lenoir Hall and there he was, just like that first night. He was sitting at a table in the corner of the hall where it wasn’t very well lit, but this time, he was sitting alone. No beautiful brunette in sight. Her sigh of relief at that observation was not lost on Clarke.

He had his laptop open and his headphones in, obviously engrossed in whatever he was doing.

Clarke took a deep breath. She could do this.

She hesitantly approached his table, placing her bag on the floor before sitting down in the chair across from him.

The movement caught his attention and he glanced up. When he saw it was her, he sat up straight in his seat and pulled the earbuds out of his ears.

“Hey” She said softly.

His lips parted slightly and he looked over at the crowd of students eating in the middle of the room and then back toward her. “Hi.” He replied.

That’s it? That’s all he was going to say?

“Where did you go last night? You just. Disappeared.” She kept her tone light and quiet, almost like he was a skittish animal she was trying not to scare away.

She watched his adam's apple bob nervously. “I, uh.” He looked down at the table and then up into her eyes. “I don’t really remember much about last night, actually.” He looked down again. “I really don’t even remember what happened after I called the Uber last night.” He wouldn’t look at her in the face. “It’s good to know where I went, though. Thanks for letting me know.” He closed his laptop and finally looked at her again.
She stared blankly, trying her damndest to not let anything show on her face. She was going to cry. She knew it. But she couldn’t right now. Not here. Not in front of him.

“You… don’t remember… anything?” She whispered.

Bellamy looked to the side then back to the table and rubbed the back of his neck. “No, I’m sorry.” He sighed. “Why? Did something happen?”

She froze in her seat.

Yes, asshole, you all but felt me up in the hallway of a club and confessed that you had kept your feelings from me for years because you felt guilty.

“No.” She said instead. “Nothing important, at least.” She forced herself to smile.

His eyes flickered with some unknown emotion as he looked at her, almost like he too was hurt, but that couldn’t be true. And if Raven and Octavia were right and he did have feelings for her, why wouldn’t he just say something? Was it all just drunken instinct on his part?

“Well that’s good.” He said lowly. He roughly shoved his belongings in his backpack and stood up. “I’ll see you in class then, Ms. Griffin?” His tone was clipped.

Clarke could literally feel her heart being torn to shreds in her chest. Professional Bellamy was back. Fuck this.

She turned to look up at him. “Absolutely, Professor Blake.” She smiled her very best “I’m okay” smile.

She knew that he wasn’t fooled, but it didn’t stop him from turning and walking away from her.

As she turned to look over her shoulder at his retreating figure, she saw him pause and grip the shoulder strap of his backpack tightly, clenching his fingers until they were red.
And then he kept walking.

Clarke watched his head disappear into the crowd of the students, vanishing around the corner toward the entrance.

The sob sounded before she even realized she was crying. She knew the tears were falling and that she was having trouble seeing through the haze, but she felt strangely detached from herself, almost numb to the sensation.

What she wouldn’t give to go back to a simpler time when she was blissfully unaware of Bellamy and his importance to her. Before she knew how in love with him she was. Because while she loathed the thought of ever just being Bellamy’s “friend,” anything sounded better than soul-crushing heartbreak.

*Anything* would be better than *this*.

Chapter End Notes

....You guys still there? Haha!

What do you think? Is he telling the truth? Lying? Did you see the whole "Octavia/Raven already know" thing coming? (I tried to plant some clues in earlier chapters)

I know this ending is like a stab in the gut, but like I said, next week is the beginning of the very best kind of turmoil. Hopefully, you're still here for it!

Until then, leave a comment. I like to read and answer back, so if you comment, make sure to look for a response.

See you next Sunday!
The Confrontation(s)

Chapter Notes

IT'S HEREEEEE (Early, YW)!

Hope you're strapped in because from here on out it's very much a bumpy, frustrating, angsty, smutty ride. My favorite kind of ride, actually.

Sitting through Hurricane Florence so I had time to get this out early this week! :D
*Dances with You*

I also have the next 24 hours to maybe push out a one shot, so if there is something you're just DYING to see in written form, shoot it my way on my Twitter @MallidayWrites or my personal Twitter - I have like 4 followers, y'all, it's pitiful LOL This is where I'll post about updates tho.

Get your reading glasses ready cause this one is on the long side. I struggled with this chapter more than the others for some reason and by the time it came around to going back to edit it, I did a major rewrite. *Shrug*

Enjoy!

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Confrontation(s)

Monday morning came far too soon, if you asked Clarke. How was it even possible that fall break was already over? Hadn’t it only just started?

Then again, it was a pretty eventful one.

What with, becoming friendly with Bellamy again, becoming not-friendly with Bellamy again, going on her first date in years, having said date interrupted by the man she had secretly been in love with for years (Also, hot touching in the hallway of a public venue), finding out that said man had also harbored an attraction for her for years, and finally, then finding out that he didn’t remember anything that happened in the hallway of the public venue and was steadfastly still refusing to come clean about any of his potential feelings.

If she weren’t living it, she would swear her life was the subject of amusement for an angsty fanfiction writer.
Alas.

As she lay in bed pondering her life, she realized that she wasn’t the one out of line in this particular situation.

Bellamy was.

She knew that some part of him had less-than-platonic feelings for her, as evidenced by his jealous interruption the Friday before, and even though he didn’t remember that particular incident happening, that didn’t make his feelings for her any less real.

Right?

Clarke wasn’t about to let him avoid this. She knew how his brain worked. If he really did find her attractive but was denying himself her company, then it was because he was beating himself up for some reason.

And yet, there for a solid 24 hours, he was open about his apparent attraction to her and seemed to have gotten past all of his hangups. Including the professor shtick. It was he himself who said that the professor/student rule was in place to protect young coeds from creepy old predators who tried to force them into uncomfortable situations to maintain their GPAs.

Not life-long friends turned lovers.

But then Octavia opened her big mouth and told him about her date with Roan, and suddenly, he had shut down again.

She couldn’t help but roll her eyes as she thought about it.

Looking back now, Octavia likely thought that setting her up on the date and rubbing it in Bellamy’s face would make him man up and do something about his attraction.
Except it backfired and now, skittish-I’m-not-attracted-to-my-little-sister’s-best-friend Bellamy was back.

She sighed. She had been so close to getting him to cave.

And if he was attracted to her in a sexual way, maybe one day he would feel just as strongly about her as she did him.

A girl could dream, right?

She roughly pushed her covers down and used her legs to push them off of her and onto the floor at the foot of her bed.

It was now or never.

The way she saw it, she had two paths ahead of her.

One. She could continue on about her life as if Friday never happened (As Bellamy would, no doubt).

Or Two. She could man up and make him do something about it.

Smirking, she realized that it really wasn’t even a choice.

She schooled her features into a determined look and swung her feet over the edge of the bed, walking purposefully to her shower.

—

It was way too cold for this shit.
Clarke knew it was too cold when she picked out her outfit but damn it, she wasn’t going to take Bellamy’s chickenshit attitude lying down and if she wanted to speed this process along, the easiest way to do that was definitely to test his self control.

And he obviously had dynamite self control.

She decided to try and make herself look tempting in an “unintentional” kind of way. She would be an idiot if she walked around campus in shorts and a tank top right now as October had officially flip flopped over into Fall Mode. But there were otherwise to show off in the cold weather.

So as she walked away from her morning coffee stop, she felt the chill run through her upper torso. She had elected to wear leggings and a low cut, long-sleeved tunic with a camisole underneath. She wrapped her jacket a little tighter because while the tunic was low cut, she had decided to forgo wearing a bra.

She smirked. If she had gleaned anything over the past few weeks it was that Bellamy definitely had a think for her breasts.

And she fully planned to use that to her advantage on her quest to crack him.

He wouldn’t know what hit him.

Clutching her coffee in her left hand, she opened the door to the building and stepped inside, immediately feeling herself shiver from the sudden change in temperature at the warmth inside.

She walked toward Bellamy’s room with an extra bounce in her step.

She could do this.

She was a strong, beautiful, and powerful woman and that man wanted her.

Even if he didn’t feel the same way she did, she at least knew that much. The feelings could come later, but now that she knew Bellamy was attracted to her, she didn’t plan to let up until he caved and gave them a chance.
Opening the door to the classroom, she found that it was still relatively empty except for a few do-good overachievers. Good. Exactly as she planned.

She smiled brightly and headed toward the third row from the front and took a seat just off to the side, about 7 seats from the wall of the auditorium.

No matter sitting in the back corner. No more hiding. Nope. Today she was going to have as much of a front-row seat to his uncomfortableness as she dared possible. Didn’t want to be too close though. Just close enough that her plan would be effective.

She couldn’t stop smiling.

This was going to be fun.

She unwrapped her jacket from her torso and let it fall over the back of her chair. The neckline of the tunic stretched from one tip of her shoulder to the other, exposing all of her collarbone and much of her cleavage that wasn’t covered up at the bottom by the camisole. She could feel her nipples immediately respond to the temperature change without the added padding from her bra. She discreetly looked down to make sure that they were just visible enough for it to be apparent but not ostentatious.

She smiled.

Perfect.

The students started to file in the room about 5 minutes before class was set to start and she couldn’t help but smirk at the dirty looks she was getting from the harem girls as they whispered to one another and made their way to the front row.

Eat your hearts out, bitches.

She smiled and chewed thoughtfully on the end of her pen as she leaned over the desktop in front of her.
She could feel the atmosphere in the room change when he walked in. Almost like her heart recognized his proximity without even seeing his face. Her body remembered the way it felt when his lips had grazed the tops of her breasts and his face had been buried in her chest.

Soon, she told her body. Don’t worry, girls, I’ve got this.

She glanced slyly up at Bellamy who was distractedly unpacking his bag as he also tried to make it look like he wasn’t searching her out in the back corner of the room.

Come on. She willed him to look her way as she covertly adjusted her position so that her cleavage was directly in his line of site as she leaned over with her pen in her mouth. It could definitely be interpreted that she was simply waiting for class to begin, but in reality, she was just waiting him.

Slowly, a look of confusion overcame his features before he looked down and finished unpacking his laptop, loading his presentation, and placing it in the docking station that allowed him to project it onto the wall.

The room was pindrop quiet but she couldn’t help it when a giggle slipped from her mouth at his obvious disappointment in her absence.

A few heads snapped to look in her direction. Including his.

His eyes went from surprise and confusion to heated intensity in about 3 seconds flat. She watched him visibly swallow at the view she provided and she smiled around the pen top in her mouth, sitting up. She watched his eyes shift downward and narrow at the way her breasts swayed underneath the material of her dress, her nipples now more visible than they had been before due to his scrutiny.

Poor sap, she mock lamented in her head. She watched the fog clear from his vision as he shook his head and looked down at the tabletop in front of him and then briefly send a dark stare in her direction.

“Greetings, everyone” he said, returning his attention to the room. “Today we will start preparing for your final paper.” The groans broke out and Bellamy smiled. “I know it’s October but you must remember that your paper will be due at the beginning of December so now is the time to start thinking about your topic. Today, I will start one on one conferences with the first part of the
alphabet, so if you are a last name that starts with I-Z, you can actually go ahead and leave and I will see you on Wednesday or Friday.” This time it was woots mixed with groans that met his words and Clarke watched his eyes meet hers through the crowd of students now moving toward the exit.

She smiled and bit down her bottom lip, watching as his eyes drifted to her lips and back to her eyes.

Oh yeah. She could work with this.

There were about ten other people still in the room when Bellamy finally called her name.

She knew it was coming because when he turned to his paper as his last student walked away, she saw his shoulders tense and his fingers clenched into fists while he looked down at the list.

His head lifted and he was looking straight at her. She looked back and waited for the words with a smile and an intense satisfaction.

“Clarke Griffin” He called out in a voice far more horse than the one he had used to call out the rest of the names. None of the other ten students seemed to notice as they were all heavily engrossed on their various devices, all of them with earpods resting in their ears.

She smiled, grabbing her belongings and walked slowly and deliberately down the steps toward his table. She could feel her breasts move with each movement but she kept her eyes trained on the steps, pretending to look at where she was walking.

When she reached the bottom, she finally looked up to see Bellamy’s gaze leaving her direction and she knew that she had him.

She placed her laptop on the table in front of her and leaned over his tall desk to reach for the jar of pencils he kept beside his work station for students to use, her chest grazing the surface of the
table. She grabbed one and brought it out, decided it wasn’t sharp enough and put it back before grabbing another one. All the while, she could feel Bellamy’s eyes on her, waiting, watching. When she decided she had teased him long enough, she settled on a pencil and leaned backwards to her side of the desk, pencil in hand, poised over her notebook.

Bellamy’s eyes were darkened and decidedly un professional .

Smirk.

“Ms. Griffin.” He greeted gruffly.

“Professor Blake.” She primly responded, sticking the end of the pencil in her mouth and biting down lightly to disguise her smile as she rested her elbow on the table.

“What were you thinking of covering for your paper?” He questioned, obviously trying to avoid looking directly at her as he turned back toward his laptop.

“Oh, I don’t know.” She sighed dramatically. “What would you suggest, Professor Blake? You are my personal tutor after all.” She said personal far more suggestively than she meant to but it seemed to have a desired effect as his eyes raised to meet hers and she could almost see the panic there.

He leaned over the table to whisper “What are you doing, Clarke?” He looked around at the other students left who were so not paying attention.

She leaned over to meet him halfway and felt giddy when his eyes drifted down to her neckline and back up quickly. She almost felt bad for him. It was like it wasn’t even voluntary on his part, his eyes were just drawn there.

“What do you mean, professor?” She whispered back innocently.

Obviously this was not the correct response. Or maybe the correct one. Because his eyes narrowed immediately and his bottom lip drifted open. “Oh that’s how you’re going to play this?” His voice was so low she had to strain to hear it.
“Absolutely, Bellamy.” She let her tongue linger on his name as she breathily responded to his question, her eyes studied him from his face to his torso and back, smiling sweetly.

“Don’t test me, Princess.” Was his response. And she couldn’t help but notice the way he clenched his hands again, scratching against the smooth surface of the table top.

“Why not?” She simpered. “Not afraid you’ll fail, are you?” She looked up at him through her eyelashes and let the right side of her mouth drift upward.

She heard something fall on the floor behind her and she and Bellamy both jumped up in surprise at the interruption to their little bubble.

She heard Bellamy’s throat clear and she turned back around to meet him.

“We will continue this in your tutoring session tomorrow evening” He said lowly and looked back at his laptop, effectively dismissing her.

She smirked, picking up her messenger bag and looping her arm through it. She walked around to his side of the table and as she passed him on her way to the door, she leaned over to whisper in his direction, her breasts brushing against his back, “See you then, Professor.”

She walked to the door slowly and confidently, feeling his eyes on her back the whole way.

Immediately after class, she rushed to her apartment to change into more sensible cold weather attire before her Monday date with Octavia. She burrowed her nose into her hoodie as she took her newly acquired latte outside the coffee shop to sit on the unoccupied bench in the quad to wait for her friend.

They had some things to talk about.
She saw Octavia before her friend noticed and she studied her as she walked across the lawn. Her hair was down today, a knit beanie sitting on her head. She was laughing at something she was reading on her phone and when she was close enough to the bench, Clarke cleared her throat loudly.

Octavia’s eyes immediately jumped to hers and she quickly put her phone away.

“Love life going well then, I take it?” Clarke was only slightly sly in her tone.

Octavia gave her an unamused eye roll. “We are not pretending to have that conversation. I’m going to get my coffee and then I’ll be right back for whatever the hell it is you really want to say.” She continued past Clarke, dropping her bag on the bench and disappeared inside the coffee shop.

Clarke laughed and took out her own phone, fingers hesitating before she decided fuck it and typed out whatever the hell she wanted.

**Clarke Griffin** Hey you. Still good for tutoring tomorrow tonight? ;)

Sure, the winky face was probably too much but if she was all in, she was all in.

His response came pretty immediately.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** Sure. See you then.

She pushed aside that small voice of uncertainty and reminded herself that he was only being this way because he was a stubborn ass, not because he didn’t actually want her.

**Clarke Griffin** What? No angry tirades about my safety as I walk to the library after class?

She put her phone away as she saw Octavia returning to the bench to unceremoniously plop down beside her with a huff.
“Okay. Before you start, this was not an intentional, diabolic plan or anything, so keep that in mind.” She took a sip of her coffee and looked shyly through the strands of hair at the side of her face.

Clarke smiled slightly and continued to stare at the couple laying under the tree across the way.

“When did you know?” She questioned simply, earnestly.

Octavia sighed. “Know what? That my brother has the hots for my best friend?” She leaned her head back and looked at the tangle of branches above them. “I don’t know. Just something I observed over the past few weeks.” She looked away and Clarke couldn’t help but feel like maybe Octavia was keeping something from her. “The point is, he has obviously noticed that you’re a hottie so I thought I would make him sweat a little.” She shrugged and laughed lightly. “I didn’t think you would mind that much, judging by your reaction to his advances at my party that night.”

Clarke looked quickly in her direction. “You saw that?” She didn’t know whether to be embarrassed by the thought or impressed that she had kept it from her for this long.

Octavia snorted out a laugh. “Everyone saw that, genius. You were in the middle of the room so you weren’t exactly hiding it.” She turned to meet Clarke’s stare. “So when you two continued to antagonize one another, I figured it was happening was because you had both grown desperately attracted to one another and didn’t know how to deal with it.” She took another sip of her drink and turned around again.

Clarke thought through everything that happened after that. “So. The whole Roan thing?” She questioned.

Octavia smirked. “Yeah, that was my attempt at pushing Bell a little bit. Obviously, that backfired and scared him away.” She looked at Clarke once more. “Sorry about that, by the way.”

Clarke sighed. “It’s okay.” She bit her lower lip. “Are you really okay with this? I mean. Not that anything is actually going to happen, but knowing that your brother thinks I’m hot doesn’t bother you?” She genuinely wanted to know. Octavia was her best friend, after all. Long before Bellamy and her stupid hormones.

Octavia looked out in front of her, seemingly deep in concentration. She was lost in her thoughts for a second before she smiled slightly and looked down at her lap.
“Yeah. It’s okay.” She responded simply.

Again, Clarke was hit with the feeling that Octavia wasn’t being forthcoming. Not about her “permission,” but about something else altogether.

She decided to let it go and looked back toward the tree where the couple had been, but they had since moved on.

She sighed and played with the sleeve around her coffee cup. “I won’t lie to you, Octavia. I completely and 110% plan to make him suffer, but…” She trailed off and lost the words that had come to her. What were her intentions?

Well. Ideally, she planned to make him lose his mind in lust before she eventually got him to cave and give a real relationship a try.

Maybe one day he would feel the same way about her. Maybe.

Octavia laughed under her breath. “Drive him crazy, kid.” She reached over to ruffle her hair.

Clarke humphed out a breath and pushed her away. “I’m older than you, idiot.”

Octavia smiled back, keeping her hands to herself. “Yeah, but now that Bellamy obviously isn’t going to be calling you that anymore, someone else needs to take up the mantle.”

Clarke could feel the blush on her cheeks. “I think that’s why he doesn’t let himself admit he finds me attractive. Maybe he really does just see me as a kid. A kid with nice boobs.”

A loud bark of laughter from Octavia drew a smile of her own and she looked at her friend as she struggled to breathe through her laughter.

“Clarke.” Octavia blinked away tears of laughter. “I think we can safely assume that Bellamy does not think you’re a kid anymore. I don’t think he has for a while, really. Now, me? I will always be
“Well. You are a kid.” Clarke said lightly, choking on her drink as Octavia almost pushed her off the bench.

Clarke heard the ding from her phone and immediately her heart started racing.

“I’m out of here, loser. If you and my brother start to like… bang on the DL, I definitely do not want the details.” She waved over her shoulder as she walked away.

“You’ll be the first to know!” Clarke shouted at her retreating form and Octavia flipped her off over her shoulder.

Clarke laughed and turned to grab her phone from her bag.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *No angry tirades. I’ll be waiting outside the building after your class. No discussion.*

That afternoon and the next day passed so slowly that Clarke feared for her sanity.

When she went to her life drawing class the next evening, she decided to pull out the big guns. The outfit was totally unassuming to your average person, but she knew the effect that it would have on Bellamy.

For the entire class, she was skittish and paid minimal attention, even garnering a reprimand from her art teacher who told her that her focus was not where it needed to be that evening.

*No shit.* She wanted to respond.
But that would be inappropriate.

After class, she and Lincoln walked together as usual and Lincoln brought up their scheduled group hang for the upcoming weekend.

“Yeah, I’m pretty excited.” She was saying. “I haven’t seen Monty in ages. And I can’t wait to meet Miller!” The fact that Monty had found true love in spite of the fact that he was constantly occupied by his extremely demanding degree program made her head spin.

“He’s a cool dude. You know he and Bellamy are friends right? That’s how Monty met him.” Lincoln stated as if this were common knowledge. Which of course it was. To everyone but Clarke.

“Oh?” She questioned. “Well that’s… cool, I guess.” She tried for nonchalance.

“Yepp.” Lincoln agreed. “Well, speak of the devil and he shall appear, I suppose.”

They had reached the end of the stairwell and could see through the glass panes of the door to the outside where Bellamy was waiting for her to come out of class.

“You guys are still tutoring, then?” He questioned, his eyebrow raising in her direction.

“Yeah, but I’m not sure for how much longer. I’m actually pretty caught up at this point.” She looked at Bellamy leaning against the railing of the stairs outside and got a little sad thinking about the fact that she wasn’t going to have an excuse to see him outside of class much longer.

She was going to have to act quickly.

“Well that’s good.” Lincoln said, opening the door for her to exit.

As she walked down the front steps, Bellamy turned to face her. He glanced quickly at Lincoln and nodded.
“Lincoln.” He greeted.

“Bellamy, good to see you.” Lincoln nodded back, friendly smile in place.

Clarke, looking at Bellamy and upon seeing that he obviously had nothing else to offer, pushed him toward the bottom of the steps. “I’ll see you Thursday, Lincoln!” She called out.

“See you then.” He replied and made his way in the opposite direction.

She and Bellamy had made it to the bottom of the stairs and were headed in the direction of the library.

She stuffed her hands in her jacket pockets and let out a deep breath.

“So. What are we doing tonight?” They were about a three minute walk from the library and she wasn’t going to spend it in silence.

“Well. You’ve finished the first two papers, really, so I guess we start on your final make up paper.” Was all he offered, his right hand rested in the pocket of his slacks and his left hand gripped the strap of the bag draped over his shoulder.

“Huh.” She started. “I guess that means we’re almost done with tutoring.” She turned to look at him.

“Yeah.” He sighed. “Guess it does.”

They reached the doors to the library and he leaned forward, gripping the handle and holding it open for her. She took it as an opportunity and brushed her shoulder lightly against his chest as she walked passed him and through the doorway.

She heard his intake of breath but kept walking toward the elevator, across the lobby. She pressed the button to take them upstairs.
“Are you coming to hang out with us on Saturday?” She asked. “I know Miller is coming with Monty.”

He turned his body toward hers. “How did you know Miller and I were friends?”

She tilted her lips upward. “I know everything, Blake.” She teased. She could hear him grumbling under his breath. “I’m sorry, what was that?” The elevator doors dinged open.

“Nothing.” He mumbled and stepped into the elevator.

They both turned to face the doors as they closed and even though the ride to the fourth floor was a short one, she could feel the tension hanging in the enclosed space between them. She watched his reflection in the back of the gold door and she could see his grip tighten and loosen on his shoulder strap.

The door dinged and opened once more and he gestured for her to step out first. She led the way to their usual study room in the corner of the fourth floor.

Opening the door, she reached over and turned on the lamp next to the door. She watched Bellamy walk to the chair he usually sat in and she had a sudden bout of inspiration. She grinned, turning away from the lamp and instead of heading to her normal seat across the table from Bellamy, she sat her belongings down in the chair beside Bellamy instead.

She watched him visually startle at her movement.

She arched her brow in his direction, daring him to say something.

Instead, his jaw clenched and he turned to his bag to unpack his belongings. She leaned over to take her own supplies out and by the time she righted herself in her seat, he was ready to go.

They spent the majority of the hour actually talking about her last make-up paper before he broached the topic of her final exam paper.
“What are you thinking of researching?” He asked, his eyes fixed firmly on the paper in front of him as he wrote notes on his notepad.

“I was thinking maybe something around the French Revolution. I know we only just started that information but I think it’s the most fascinating topic we have covered so far this semester.” She answered honestly, trying not to allow herself to get distracted by the way he was concentrating so deeply on what he was writing.

“What about Marie Antoinette? You could take a further look into her reputation as a monarch and how that led to public disent leading up to the Revolution? You know, she wasn’t always so hated.” He was almost mumbling and Clarke was again struck by how much he genuinely loved what he taught. She tried to contain her smile, but apparently she wasn’t very successful.

“Something funny, Princess?” She looked up to find him smirking over her.

She could either brush it off or be honest and make him uncomfortable.

She sighed.

“Oh nothing.” She waited a beat. “It’s just intellect in a guy is really… attractive.” She leaned back in her chair, lounging casually but looking at him suggestively.

The smile dropped from his face immediately and she could see the moment his gaze changed from playful to something slightly… not playful.

“I’m not sure that’s appropriate, Clarke.” He stated seriously, but Clarke could hear the strain in his tone.

She decided to step up her game.

She sighed dramatically and reached toward the bottom of her hoodie that she was wearing on top of her leggings and began to pull it slowly up her torso. She could tell instantly the moment he noticed what she was wearing because she heard his breath hitch and stop altogether. As she pulled it up and over her head and tossed it onto the table in front of her, she turned toward him in her chair.
His eyes were fixed on her shirt and she could see the tendons in his neck flexing as he struggled with himself, clearly affected.

“Where did you get that?” He whispered roughly.

“Oh this?” She fingered the Pink Floyd t-shirt lightly, the collar had widened over the years and dipped off her shoulder somewhat, exposing her left collarbone. “I’ve had this for years. Pretty sure you left it at my house my senior year of high school when you came over for my 18th birthday party.” Her left fingers were playing with the collar of the shirt that fell low across her chest from her neck to her shoulder.

He stood abruptly from his seat and walked to the window, leaning over the sill and gripping the edge tightly while he looked out over the view below. He was mumbling to himself.

Clarke stood quietly and slowly approached him from behind.

“You can’t do this, Bellamy. It’s wrong. You’ve made it so long...” He was whispering.

“Can’t do what?” She asked quietly and he jolted slightly, having not realized she was right behind him. He turned quickly and she watched his eyes shoot down to her shirt and back up. She tossed her hair over her right shoulder, further exposing the skin at her shoulder and looked up into his eyes, willing him to look at her.

“You don’t know what you’re doing” He said lowly, looking into her eyes, willing her to help him out.

No can do.

She stepped in closer and put her hand on his left forearm, trailing it slowly up his arm, her eyes following the movement.

“Oh, I think I do.” She whispered, looking up at him again.
“Clarke…” He growled, his voice warning her. “I don’t think your boyfriend would like this.” He practically spat the word and she could see his eyes trained over her shoulder and his hands flexing at his side. His self control was staggering.

“Hmmm.” She hummed, her hand finally reaching his shoulder only to continue its journey and finding a place behind his neck, buried into the hair at the base. “If I had a boyfriend, I would probably be more worried.”

She felt rather than saw his head turn toward her then and she moved her gaze from her hand to his eyes.

His hand slowly came up to her waist and wrapped around her, his fingers resting against her lower back. She shivered at the contact and worked ridiculously hard to contain her cheer of victory.

His head came to rest beside hers, his mouth resting just beside her ear. “It’s not nice to tease, Princess.” His voice had reached new depths and she could feel the effect immediately in her core, her thighs clenching together at the rough timbre of his words.

“Who says I’m teasing?” She whimpered, unable to contain the arousal in her voice.

She felt the rumble in his chest as she suddenly found herself flipped around, resting on the sill of the window, Bellamy now standing where she had been planted only moments before.

His lips moved from her ear, trailing lightly over the skin of her neck to her collarbone where it was exposed by his t-shirt.

“So fucking beautiful.” He whispered into her skin and she heard herself make a noise of pleasure as her head tilted further back to allow him more access.

Both of his hands were around her now but one left her side and made its way down her thigh. She could feel the heat of his hands through her thin leggings and when he made it to her right knee, his fingers dug in between her legs and pressed outwards, pushing her knees apart with his hand as he stepped between her thighs.

“This what you wanted, Princess?” He pressed further and she could feel the hard press of his dick against her center.
“Oh God” she moaned wantenly. “Yes.” She felt herself nod.

He rolled his hips into hers and her eyes drifted backwards, her head falling back to rest on the window behind her.

His left hand moved back to her waist and his right suddenly pulled the collar of his shirt further down below her shoulder. His mouth immediately latched onto the delicate skin on the front of her shoulder for a few second before he released her with a wet sucking sound. She felt his hand come up to rub his thumb over the place he had no doubt left on her skin.

She looked up to find him smirking.

“What will he think now, Princess? When he sees my mark on your skin? Hm?” He said in a lilting voice. “When he sees that you’re mine?” His lips were inching closer to her own. “But you’ve always been mine.” Their lips were touching heatedly now. “You just didn’t know it.”

She wanted to moan in frustration and tell him Of course I knew I was yours. But she couldn’t actually find the will to talk so she just nodded again.

“Bellamy.” She whined. “Just kiss me.” She pleaded, out of breath like she had run a marathon.

Suddenly, he stilled.

The hands on her waist tightened almost imperceptibly and then loosened. She could feel him distancing himself both physically and mentally.

“Oh God.” He breathed out shakily. “What am I doing?” He brought his hand up to rake through his hair, now several steps away. “What have I done?” He seemed almost panicked now.

Clarke immediately jumped down from her spot on the window sill.

“Bellamy.” She said his name in what she hoped was a calming voice. “It’s okay.” She consoled.
He turned away from her and immediately started hurriedly shoving his belongings back into his backpack.

“No, Clarke.” He almost shouted. “It’s not okay.” He finished packing and folded the flap over and clicked it into place. “I can’t believe I just did that to you. I’m so sorry.” He wrapped his bag around himself and took out his phone.

Clarke stepped closer now, wanting so badly to touch him and comfort him, but she stayed away. “Bellamy!” She said sternly. “You didn’t do anything to me that I didn’t want.” She tried to convince him while she practically threw her things into her bag and slung it over her shoulder.

But he was already out the door, talking to someone on his phone. “Yes, as soon as possible, thank you.” He tapped the phone screen and shoved his phone into the pocket on top of his bag. “Safe Ride is on the way. They will take you back to your apartment.” He was still walking, taking the stairs instead of the elevator and she followed him quickly.

They had made it to the bottom and to the front steps in front of the building when she caught up with him and reached her hand out to grab his arm and stop him from going further.

“Bellamy, please!” She could hear the sadness in her own voice. “I don’t want fucking Safe Ride, Bellamy, just take me home like you always do.” She remembered back to a time when she loathed the thought of him walking her home and now it was all she wanted. Anything to get him to talk to her, spend time with her.

“I can’t be around you right now, Clarke!” He said loudly, turning around, his eyes wide and unnerved.

She stopped her movements immediately.

“Well then.” She said quietly. “I’m sorry my presence is so abhorrent to you.” She immediately started walking in the direction of her apartment.

“CLARKE!” Bellamy shouted, running after her. “Stop! Safe Ride will be here any second! You can’t walk to your apartment alone!”
She stopped and turned around. “Well I don’t have to, do I? That’s all on you.” She turned to start walking again when she felt his hand wrap around her arm and turn her around.

“Clarke, please. Listen to me. You’re not abhorrent, God…” He trailed off, his hands once again worrying his hair into his fists. He turned to look at her searchingly. “I just… I just don’t trust myself to be around you right now, Clarke.” He willed her to understand but she just wasn’t having it.

“No, Bellamy! This is stupid. You act like being around me, touching me, it’s just so terrible for you, and that’s fine but don’t expect me to understand your idiocy.” She is almost screaming now and she takes a step back, her voice going quiet all of a sudden. “Unless. Oh God, unless you just… really don’t want me. Oh God.” She was going to have a panic attack and that wasn’t going to happen in front of Bellamy. Not today.

So she immediately turned around and started running in the direction of the road where the Safe Ride had pulled to a stop. She made it to the back door, pulled it open, and was about to get inside when she felt his grip on her wrist.

“Clarke, it’s not…” He started but she cut him off.

“NO! Just.. just let me go.” She whispered, still facing the back seat, willing him to let her leave as she could feel the tears tracing down her cheeks., her embarrassment palpable

“Clarke…” She could hear the pain in his voice but she pulled her wrist free and threw herself into the backseat, pulling the door shut and giving her address to the driver.

She refused to look out her window as they drove away but a quick upward glance in the rearview mirror confirmed that he stood and watched her leave until she was out of sight.

—

Thirty minutes later, she was tucked into bed and staring at her ceiling.

She wasn’t sure what to think.
She knew that Bellamy wanted her, theoretically, but why did he seem to hate it so much?

She heard her phone ding and immediately her eyes moved to the light in the dark, watching it brighten with the sound of his text.

Taking a deep breath, she leaned over and picked up the device, pressing her finger against the screen and unlocking it.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake I’m sorry.**

That was it. That was all it said.

It didn’t take long to respond.

**Clarke Griffin I’m not.**

The next day she was making lunch at the apartment when Raven burst through the front door smiling like a fucking fool.

“I did it! I asked him out!” She said excitedly.

Clarke put the pan she was using to cook her stir fry aside and turned to give Raven her full attention.

“That’s awesome, Raven! I want all the details!” She smiled brightly and drug her friend to the couch.

“Well. We were in the library with our study group when he said something really insightful and I just.. Did it. It was like I couldn’t help it. He’s just so damn sexy when he gets one of his ideas and
I just had to ask him out. Right then. And well…” She bit her lip.

“And what??” Clarke was practically squealing in anticipation. It didn’t escape her that she had a similar moment with Bellamy the night before. Hers ended badly, however.

“Well. He fell out of his chair. Like, literally.” She started laughing.

“Oh my God, Raven! You literally shocked the poor guy to death.” She joined in laughing and leaned back against the couch.

Raven giggled. “Oh he’s definitely not dead. Trust me.” She wiggled her eyebrows.

“UGH! Raven! Already ?? Damn, girl, get it.” Clarke grinned at her friend.

“Yeah well. It had been a long time coming.” She shrugged helplessly. “What about you? How are things between you and the idiot slash asshole older brother?” She questioned.

Clarke stopped laughing and looked down at her hands. “I don’t think it’s going to work out.” She shrugged helplessly and looked out the window behind the couch.


“Don’t worry about it. I just don’t think he wants it to work out, is all.” She continued to avoid Raven’s gaze and instead watched her fingers as they picked apart the seam of the blanket laying on the couch behind them.

She could feel the weight of Raven’s gaze. “I won’t push.” She started. “But listen to me, Clarke.” She took Clarke’s hand into her own and urged her to look at her. “That man wants you. Never, ever doubt that. It’s not some unknown factor. Whatever his hang ups are, they have nothing to do with his feelings, I promise. But until he gets over whatever the fuck it is that’s keeping him away, you can’t let yourself worry about it.”

Clarke knew she was right. It was pointless. She had said her piece and he knew what she wanted.
If anything was going to happen, it was going to have to come from him.

It was just so confusing. Before she realized he wanted her and before her date with Roan, he had seemed okay with the two of them. She knew he had come on to her several times those first few weeks.

What was different now?

*Nothing*, she told herself. He’s just overthinking things. As usual.

She squeezed Raven’s hand in gratitude and looked back out the window.

It was Saturday and Clarke hadn’t seen Bellamy since Monday.

She didn’t have class Wednesday or Friday because Bellamy was still meeting with students individually to talk about final papers and she didn’t have tutoring Thursday because he texted her to tell her something had “come up” and he couldn’t make it.

Basically he was avoiding her.

Chicken shit.

Clarke was determined to be patient, however. She knew what he wanted and she also knew that he was just freaking out.

Besides, she would see him tonight.

Everyone was headed to Octavia’s apartment for what she had dubbed “Catch Up” time. She really
was happy to be going. She hadn’t seen Monty in ages and she couldn’t wait to grill him about Miller.

As long as Bellamy didn’t try to avoid her like the plague, it promised to be a good night.

She opened the front door and walked in without knocking. “I’m here!” She shouted over the sound of the music coming from the living room.

“We’re in here!” She heard Octavia call back.

She walked around the corner to the living room and found Octavia sitting on the couch beside Lincoln, Monty in the arm chair and who she assumed was Miller sitting on the floor in front of it. She could see Raven through the doorway in the kitchen grabbing snacks and, surprisingly enough, a man she assumed was the infamous Shaw sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace looking only slightly awkward and out of place.

“Got it!” A man she didn’t recognize came in through the doorway from the direction of the front door and startled when he saw her standing there. “Oh, my bad, man! Didn’t mean to scare you or anything.” He had a bottle of some clear liquid in his hand and was holding it up to show it to whomever he had been talking to. He let his hand fall down to his side and stuck the other one out for an awkward handshake. “I’m Jasper.” He said. “You must be Clarke?”

She nodded. “Nice to meet you, Jasper.” He seemed like a nice enough guy if not awkward.

Monty laughed. “I forgot you hadn’t met Jasper, Clarke. He’s my friend from school I’m always talking about.”

Suddenly, Clarke put the name in place. “Oh! Jasper! I know you!” She smiled. “You’re the idiot who snuck moonshine into your and Monty’s freshman dorm room, almost got you both expelled, and had to bribe the RA with free booze for the rest of the year.” She started laughing.

She could see the blush tinge his cheeks. “Yeah, that’s me. Thanks for sharing that particular misfortune, Monty.” He glared in the direction of her friend.

Monty shrugged. “And this is Miller.” He introduced the man sitting on the floor in front of him.
The man in question rose from his spot and walked toward her for a much less awkward handshake. “You’re Clarke, huh?” Was all he said.

Clarke raised an eyebrow. “Yeah?”

He smirked slightly and looked at Monty and back to her. “It’s nice to finally meet you then, Clarke.” He smiled politely and returned to his seat.

Clarke wasn’t sure what that was all about so she looked at Monty who seemed just as confused as she did.

Raven suddenly burst into the room. “And THIS,” she started. “Is Miles! Miles, say hello to the nice people.” She sat down beside him on the floor.

“Uh, hi.” He greeted lamely and Clarke could see he was much more nervous than he appeared. “Nice to meet you.” He raised the beer in his hand and took a sip.

Raven rolled her eyes. “Great impression.”

She watched Miles’ eyes move over to Raven who was looking away and smile at her with pure adoration and Clarke couldn’t help but feel a little envious. He was obviously already smitten with her.

Clarke took the third seat on the couch next to Octavia and threw the pillow resting there onto her lap, sighing.

“Long day?” Octavia questioned.

_Not really. She wanted to say. Just exhausted waiting for your brother to pull his head out of his ass._

Probably shouldn’t say that.
“Nah, just tired.” She responded instead.

That chatted that way for about thirty minutes, catching up on Monty’s life at NC State.

Apparently his degree program was just as time consuming as usual, and the time he wasn't occupied by engineering he was spending with Miller. They were adorable together, of course. Miller seemed like a really great guy and... very different from Bellamy.

She had almost forgot he was coming until she heard a gasp from Octavia. She looked up at her friend to find her looking back at her in horror.

“Um, Octavia? Are you okay?” She asked. Why was she looking at her that way?

“Clarke, listen, I had no idea, I just now read the text message, I…” But she was cut off by the sound of the door opening and Bellamy’s voice.

“O! Where are you guys?” She could hear his heavy footsteps, but… strangely enough, it didn’t sound like he was alone.

Before she could even process that thought, he came around the corner into the room his hand reaching behind him.

Connected to someone else.

Clarke couldn’t breathe.

He hadn’t come alone.

And she was beautiful.
with-my-attention kind of way.

She was tall, slim, and brunette. AKA Bellamy’s type and everything Clarke was not.

She briefly recalled hearing him introduce her over the pounding in her ears that made it sound like she was in Jumanji.

Ella? Esther?

She wasn’t actually paying that much attention to what he was saying because her eyes were glued to their hands.

Hands that were willingly clasped together. In public. Without remorse or guilt.

And she still hadn’t breathed.

Through the thrumming of her pulse in her head, she heard Octavia call her name.

“Clarke?” She turned her head in Octavia’s direction

“Hm?” She mumbled.

“Did you want a drink?” She had stood up and was obviously headed toward the kitchen to grab a beverage for the new guests, ever the hostess.

“Um, no, I’m fine.” She hadn’t even realized she had not been drinking anything until that moment, really.

She turned back in her seat and looked up at Bellamy and his guest. His guest who apparently knew Miles and was speaking to him from her position at Bellamy’s side. But when she turned her attention to Bellamy, he was looking at her.
Suddenly, she didn’t want to be the source of his attention.

“Actually, Octavia. I’m not feeling so good. I think I’m going to head out.” She stood from the couch and walked over to where her friend was still hovering between the living room and kitchen.

Octavia’s face morphed into one of concern. “Are you sure?” She was obviously worried.

Clarke put on her best smile. “Of course, O. I’ll see you tomorrow, okay?” She reached over and hugged her tightly and turned to do the same to Raven who had approached her from behind.

When she turned back to Octavia, Octavia’s attention was focused on something over her shoulder and she didn’t have to turn around to know her murderous look was directed at Bellamy.

She returned her attention to Clarke. “Of course, sweetie.” She hugged her again. “Do I need to call you a ride?”

“Not necessary. I’ll walk her home.” A voice sounded behind her and Clarke turned, startled, to see Miller standing from his place on the floor.

She smiled hesitantly at him. “See? No worries. I’ll text when I’m there.” She squeezed Octavia’s hand before facing Miller and walking toward the door.

She looked up and saw Bellamy still standing in the place where he had stopped when he first walked in and she couldn’t help but see the anguish on his face, his jaw locked in place.

When he didn’t say anything, she brushed past him and continued toward the front door.

After she stepped outside and inhaled the cool night air, she felt immediately like she could breathe better. She heard the door open and close behind her as Miller followed her out.

“Uh, I don’t really live very far. Ten minute walk, tops. But thanks for volunteering to walk with me.” She scuffed her foot against the asphalt as he walked down the steps to the sidewalk.
“It’s no problem, Clarke.” He said softly as they fell into step. “Besides, Bellamy would kill me if I didn’t.” She looked over to see him smirking at the ground.

She couldn’t help but snort. “I don’t think Bellamy really cares about *anything* I do right now if the way he has been avoiding me is any indication.” She stared straight ahead and sighed in resignation.

Miller was quiet for a beat so when he spoke again it took her by surprise.

“You know that’s not true, right?” He seemed so earnest, she had to look over. He was staring at her with a look that spoke of the apparent insanity behind her words.

She smiled ruefully. “I wouldn’t have used to think so, no. But I haven’t seen him in a week. And it’s mostly my fault, I guess, for making him so uncomfortable, but it just feels *terrible* and excessive.” She couldn’t help the slight anger in her tone.

She heard him chuckle.””Yeah well. Excessive. That pretty much describes Bellamy, doesn’t it?”

At that, she couldn’t help the laughter that escaped. He was right, after all. “Yeah, I guess it does.” She smiled down at her shoes, watching the cracks in the sidewalk pass underneath her.

He was quiet again. “You know.” He began. “For the longest time after I met Bellamy, I couldn’t figure him out.” She listened quietly. “We met our freshman year at UNC. So you would have been like. What? 13 or something ridiculous?” He laughed. “I mean, we were kind of still kids too at that point, but all Bellamy ever talked about was his kid sister and her best friend Clarke. He pretended to be annoyed but really, he was proud of you two and everything you did.”

At this point, she was enraptured by everything he was saying. “Sometime around the spring of our first year in Master’s, conversation about you two had shifted. Octavia was still his annoying kid sister, but suddenly, it was ‘Clarke is going into pre-med. She is going to do so well. I don’t think she’s decided where she’s going yet but how awesome would it be if she ended up here?’”

He paused and she digested this information. If only he knew that she really *was* planning to go to Duke. “I didn’t really notice it at first, but you kind of went from being this ambiguous kid off somewhere in Virginia to a burgeoning adult who might have been joining the two of us on our college adventures.” Her heart ached at what might have been had it not been for *that night*. 
“After one particular trip home, he came back and was kind of off kilter. I didn’t really know what was wrong, but eventually after a night of drinking and trying to coax it out of him, he admitted something to me.” He turned to look at her and she allowed her gaze to meet his. “He told me that he felt guilty as shit because of what was going on in his head.” He turned around again. “He said that when he went home, he had thoughts about you. Less than friendly ones at that. He said he felt like a predator for even thinking about you like that.” He sighed looking down. “I, of course, reminded him that not only were you not really his sister but that you were also 18, not 13, and that he wasn’t a terrible human being for thinking that someone only 5 years younger than himself was attractive.”

Clarke felt like she couldn’t breathe. That long?

“It didn’t matter what I told him though. You know Bellamy. He immediately sought to purge his brain of his impure thoughts and decided to start dating a girl. Pretty, smart, and kind, Gina was. Everything any straight guy would want in a girlfriend.”

Oh God. Gina.

“Things were going pretty well between those two. He was happy.” He sighed deeply. “And then he went home again.” Miller chuckled. “And everything changed. It was your graduation weekend, he said. He couldn’t miss it. He hyped himself up. Had himself convinced that he would go home and that he would see you in a different light. He was in love with Gina, he said. He wouldn’t see you that way anymore.”

Clarke gulped. She didn’t know how to feel about where this was going.

“So he went home and when he came back… He and Gina weren’t as happy anymore. Poor Gina didn’t really know what was wrong with him, but he was so upset all the time. Refusing to hang out, not really wanting to do anything. And he always had his phone with him, glancing at it, like he was waiting for something. Gina tried to bring him out of it but it only seemed to get worse over time. Eventually, things came to a head between the two of them and Gina left him.” Miller reached up to rub his forehead. “And then Bellamy became a new person. Suddenly, he was stoic. Unfeeling, even. Didn’t “do” relationships anymore. Wouldn’t even talk to me about it.” He sighed and turned to her, pausing his movements.

Clarke stopped walking and shakily brought her eyes to his.

“I don’t know what happened when he went home that last time, Clarke. He never would tell me. All I know is that whatever happened changed him.” He paused for a deep inhale. “And then one
day, a few weeks back, he came back to his apartment in a panic. I happened to be there because we were supposed to work on our dissertations together. When I asked what was wrong he said ‘Nothing’ and locked himself in his room. Imagine my surprise when I get a call from Monty later that day telling me the good news, that his best friend Clarke has moved back to town and was finishing up her Bachelor’s at UNC.”

Clarke could feel the tears coming. Why, she wasn’t sure.

“I’m telling you all of this because I don’t believe that these events are unrelated in the slightest. I don’t know what is going on in Bellamy’s head because he doesn’t want to share his thoughts on the subject of you anymore, but I will tell you this: Bellamy is terrified. Whether that is because you’re his student now or because his knee jerk reaction will always be to be horrified with himself at even the thought of being attracted to you, he is not taking it well. And that is entirely his fault. But I don’t want you to be ill equipped without at least some of what is going on in his head.” He shrugged one shoulder and turned to continue walking, leaving Clarke standing and staring at thin air.

She turned to catch up with him.

“I… I don’t even know what to do with that information.” She admitted.

He chuckled again. “You don’t have to do anything with it. Bellamy is making an ass of himself all on his own without any assistance and you don’t have to put up with it at all.” He exhaled roughly. “But I do think that this whole thing came about more easily and more naturally for you. It snuck up on Bellamy and he has stayed away from those thoughts for so long that I don’t think he even knows how to let himself feel them anymore.”

They had reached her apartment building and Clarke came to a stop. “This is it.” She said gesturing to the towering building. “You don’t have to walk me all the way to my door.”

He looked at her bemusedly. “I’m guessing that’s a Bellamy thing?”

She laughed lightly and looked at the door. “Yeah. I guess it is.” She nodded.

Miller pulled a beanie out of his pocket and covered his head. “It’s because he cares about you, you know. I know he can be overbearing sometimes, but Bellamy doesn’t care about a lot of people. And when he does, he cares with everything he has.” And with that, Miller turned and
walked away, leaving a dumbfounded Clarke in his wake.

After everything she heard from Miller, Clarke was having trouble processing.

She was just so confused. If what he told her was true, her interactions with Bellamy that last summer hadn’t been exaggerated. He really had been flirting with her. Because he found her attractive. And didn’t see her as another kid sister.

But apparently he was also struggling with extreme guilt over it.

Which would explain why the second it appeared she was interested in someone else, his mind redirected once again, likely afraid he had misinterpreted her interest.

And now he was dating someone else and apparently she had ruined everything by agreeing to go on that stupid fucking double date. She knew she should have said “no,” but at the time, she had no idea that Bellamy was interested. Not that he hadn’t made it apparent because he had, but because she was too consumed in her own feelings that she couldn’t even see that maybe those feelings were actually reciprocated. Never in a million years could she have imagined that Bellamy Blake was intentionally coming on to her.

Looking back, she knew it was obvious and to him, it likely looked like she was responding favorably. Which, let’s be honest, she definitely was shaking in arousal everytime he so much as looked at her.

So it must have been pretty confusing for him when she up and decided to date someone else.

Almost as confusing as it had been for her when he came home with Gina.

So he second guessed himself and apparently asked out Eggo.
Or whatever the fuck her name was.

When Monday came, she couldn’t bring herself to go to class. How was she to be expected to sit there and listen to him and *learn* when all she would be able to think about was him and his new girlfriend.

I mean, he really didn’t wait long did he?

She went out on one date with Roan and suddenly he was ready to be singularly attached again?

Jesus.

So she ditched.

Tuesday came and her phone dinged. Where his text tone would have once excited her, this particular day, it only gave her extreme anxiety.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Morning. I’m not sure if you are sick (Since you weren’t in class yesterday), so did you still want to meet for tutoring?*

She couldn’t respond.

So the week continued in much the same fashion.

She ignored his text messages about tutoring, didn’t go to class, and avoided actually answering Octavia’s questions.

“Why is my brother texting me asking about your well being? Something about you not being in class or coming to tutoring?” She asked with a raised eyebrow as they walked away from the coffee shop on Wednesday.
“Uh.” How did she respond to that? “I just haven’t made it to anything this week. Been kind of busy with my class load for my major.” She looked away. She was a terrible liar, honestly.

“Right. So this has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that he has apparently lost his fucking mind and started dating the super intense warrior woman who’s TA-ing for Flick?” She sounded amused which annoyed Clarke to no end.

“Glad you find it all amusing.” She gritted through her teeth, shoving her hands in the pockets of her hoodie.

Octavia laughed openly. “Do I find it amusing that you two idiots are obviously into each other, but he has some guilt complex that causes him to date the nearest available single woman, no matter how intense the personality, in an effort to put up a buffer between the two of you to give himself a reason to stay away? Absolutely.” She huffed out a breath. “Stupid fucking history repeating itself, really.” She mumbled so low Clarke had trouble hearing.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” She questioned confusedly.

“Nothing. Listen. If he wants to be self-torturing asshole, that’s on him.” She was borderline hostile in her description of her brother. “But don’t let him ruin all the hard work you’ve put into passing this fucking course.”

She had a good point, Clarke could concede.

So she had decided to return to class on Friday morning. But before she could she received a text from Bellamy on Thursday afternoon.

Bellamy Fucking Blake Tutoring tonight?

Clarke Griffin Hey, still not feeling too well. I’m going to try and go to sleep early so I will hopefully feel well enough to go to class tomorrow morning.

She had just decided to return to class. She needed at least an afternoon to mentally prepare for his standoffishness and crazy guilt complex.

He didn’t respond immediately, so she sat her phone down on her coffee table and lay back on her
couch, book in hand.

*Just a few pages*, she thought. Then dinner.

She was asleep before the first chapter.

–

She was having such a good dream.

Bellamy was with her and they were lounging in bed on a Saturday morning just talking and smiling at each other, his hands were constantly touching her, almost like he was trying to assure himself that she was actually there.

A loud, consistent sound interrupted their solitude.

“What was that?” Dream Clarke asked, sitting up and looking around.

“Clarke!” She turned to find Bellamy gone, but she knew it was his voice calling her name.

“Clarke! Open the door!”

She gasped loudly, waking up with her heart racing.

The knocking continued and she realized that it wasn’t in her dreams.

Bellamy Blake was at her front door.
She slowly swung her legs over the side of the sofa and turned to eye the door dubiously.

“Clarke! I know your home, please come to the door.”

She was going to have to stop him soon. She had neighbors after all, and judging by the way the sun was no longer shining through her window, it was now night time.

She sighed and padded toward the door, slipped back the lock, and opened it to find a very harried-looking Bellamy.

“Well, good to see you’re still living and breathing.” She thought he was using a joking tone, but there was almost an edge to the way he said it.

“Yeah, sorry about missing class.” Her voice was still hoarse from sleep but she returned the edge equally. “I’ll be sure to get notes from that guy two aisles up. I’m sure he will be more than happy to provide them.” She could feel his presence behind her on the other side of the island.

She moved to the kitchen and started to work on her coffee maker. If she was going to have to deal with this tonight, she was going to need the added boost. “I’ll be sure to get notes from that guy two aisles up. I’m sure he will be more than happy to provide them.” She could feel his presence behind her on the other side of the island.

“Yeah well. Here’s hoping that they make sense, then. He’s not the brightest of bulbs in the box.” He said lowly, messing with the bowl of fruit she had left on the counter.

She was just so annoyed (And likely sleep deprived) that she couldn’t stop her next words from coming.

“You know, you’re giving me whiplash.” She turned around sharply and sent him her very best glare. “One minute, you are all about being the consummate professional and the next you’re casually making disparaging comments about one of your students because your jealous I’m going to him for notes. You can’t have it both ways, you know.” She was full on glaring at him now. “You want to see other people, fine, but you don’t get to dictate or make comments about who I study with.”
“You’re right, I’m sorry.” He said but his tone didn’t match his words at all. He wasn’t even a little bit sorry. “I apologize, won’t happen again.” His eyes were hard. “And I would hardly say that comment was made in jealousy, Clarke.” She could see how hard he worked to spit those words at her.

But she wasn’t blind anymore.

She laughed out loud and she could see how her amusement affected him immediately. His eyes narrowed and he took a step forward almost like it was an instinctual reaction.

“Please, Bellamy. So it doesn’t bother you at all, huh?” She took a step toward him this time. “So on Friday when I go to class, if I go up to him and ask him for his notes, maybe even suggest that I can thank him by taking him out for a drink that night, it wouldn’t bother you at all?” She looked at him mockingly, waiting for him to outright deny it yet again.

When it didn’t come, she continued. “What about if I were to get really close to him and put my hand on his chest, like this.” She mimicked her words, bringing her right hand up to rest on the skin above where she could feel his heart racing.

Definitely not unaffected then, idiot.

“When? And what if I were to lean in really close, like this.” She leaned in no her tiptoes so that her chest was pressed against his and her lips just grazed the bottom of his jaw. “And tell him that if he lets me borrow his notes, I promise I’ll make it up to him?” She could feel his jaw move underneath her lips, his hands tensing at his sides. “Nothing?” She whispered. “Yeah, I thought so.” She stepped back and turned to continue making her coffee.

Before she could make a single step, she felt his hand on her wrist pulling her back and flipping her around, moving quickly, backing her up against the counter behind her.

His right hand came up to cradle her face, bending her head slightly to the side and moving in close, his hand gripping her gently but firmly at the same time, his left hand wrapped around her waist.

“What do you want from me, Princess?” He whispered roughly in the quiet of the apartment, the air still and sleepy in the night. His lips rested on her forehead. “Do you want me to say that I would be jealous?” His left hand moved up her torso, finding her rib cage and coming to a stop just
under her breasts. “That the thought of someone else touching you makes me blind with envy?” His lips trailed lightly from her forehead to her ear, nipping lightly on the lobe and making her whimper lightly. “That the idea of some boy thinking he has the right to touch what’s mine makes me want to rage with anger?”

Her whimpering had turned into moaning at this point as he made a path from her ear to her neck with his tongue and instantly started kissing and biting the beating pulse he found there. His hand came to the collar of her thin shirt and pushed it aside to reveal the fading discoloration of the mark he had left the week before.

“He blushed and his mouth descended sucking hard against her skin yet again, undoubtedly seeking to leave his mark yet again. His left hand had slowly drifted down to the bottom of her shirt and his fingers felt cool against the skin of her stomach as they found their way underneath the material, tracing circles above the drawstring of her pajama pants. His mouth finally stopped its actions as he pulled back slightly, still leaning into her.

“You know, don’t you?” He said into her neck, pulling away to stare intently into her eyes. “You know how much I want you. Finally.” He laughed lightly, ruefully. “After all these years, you’ve figured it out, haven’t you?”

He looked so lost looking into her eyes, Clarke wanted to comfort him. To tell him that she was sorry she took so long, but his right thumb moved upwards and started caressing her lips and suddenly she was having trouble breathing much less forming complete sentences.

He looked down at where his hand was moving, watching her lips part slightly, and she willed him to finally bring them together.

“Too long enough.” He growled, and before she could even process what was happening, he had pushed his way in between her thighs and lifted her onto the countertop, bringing his mouth to her own.

She had often imagined what it would be like to kiss Bellamy Blake, but nothing could have ever prepared her for the way his essence consumed her entire body.

His mouth closed over her own and immediately, he took control of the kiss, opening her mouth to his tongue, invading in a way she would only ever allow him to do.
She moaned wantonly at his ministrations and she could feel his lips turn upwards into a pleased smile, happy with her response.

His left hand was now completely under her shirt and the coolness of his fingers as they traced lightly up her stomach toward her rib cage made her shiver. She could feel the slickness from her core pressing up against her pajama bottoms as he stepped in closer to her.

The hardness of his dick rubbed against her pussy and, instinctively, she rolled her hips into his trying to get him as close as possible.

She could hear him chuckle as he broke their kiss. “You want my dick don’t you, sweet girl?” His right hand left her head where it had been holding her and moved down to the waistband of her pajamas.

She whimpered and nodded hastily, begging him with her eyes to continue what he was doing.

His left hand finally reached the bottom of her sports bra and he wasted no time pushing the band up and over her right breast and fully encasing her in his hand, rubbing his palm back and forth over her nipple.

Unable to contain her moan, she leaned her head back against the cabinet behind her head, the banging of it echoing throughout the empty apartment. His lips immediately moved to her jaw and then down to her neck, pushing aside the fabric at the collar again, trying to reach any skin he could get to as he placed heavy, wet kisses against her chest.

The thumb of his left hand had now taken up the job of stimulating her nipple while his hand squeezed her roughly, drawing her most intense moans yet. He moved down and gently bit down on her nipple through the fabric of her shirt, sucking lightly and causing it to harden and lengthen further against the scratchy surface.

He slowly started rubbing his groin against her, his dick creating delicious friction against her clit.

“Can’t wait to get inside you.” He whispered against her lips. “Bet you would be a good little girl for me, wouldn’t you?” She reached forward trying to kiss him some more but he pulled back, waiting for her answer.
“Yes” She whimpered pitifully and she watched him smile.

“You would let me do whatever I wanted to, wouldn’t you?” His lips were back to hovering over hers. “Let me fuck your little pussy all night, watch you suck my dick.” She whimpered as his right hand finally moved underneath the material of her pants only to pause momentarily when he didn’t find a second layer of fabric.

“Were you waiting for me, Princess?” He teased. His fingers moved slowly down her body finally finding her cunt dripping wet. “Did you know I would want you ready for me when I came?” His fingers dipped in between her folds and he hissed at the warm slickness he found there. “So fucking wet.” He tapped his finger lightly over her entrance, listening to the sound of her juices gathered at the opening. “Do you hear that, Princess? Hear how much your pussy wants me?”

She nodded, her head falling forward to lean against his shoulder, looking down at his big hand as he gently touched her cunt, teasing her.

“So beautiful.” He breathed against her. “I knew it was you.” His left hand continued its work, lifting her heavy breast in his hand. “As soon as I had my hands on you.” He sighed. “I would recognize these anywhere.” He squeezed her tit once again as she struggled to understand his mutterings. “As if it could’ve been anyone else.”

His mouth returned to hers and immediately she responded to his kisses, her hands aching to touch him the way he was touching her, but she was afraid to move them from their places on his shoulder and chest, for fear that he would snap out of whatever he was doing and revert to the guilt-addled Bellamy she knew so well.

“But I had to leave you there.” He broke apart again to make his way to her left ear this time, his left hand had abandoned her breast to wrap around her waist, pulling her closer as the tip of his right finger finally dipped inside her.

She could’ve cried in relief.

“Wha-? Huh?” She asked in what she knew was her breathiest voice, having trouble understanding what he was talking about.

When she voiced her confusion, his hands immediately stopped what they were doing and she couldn’t help the whine that left her mouth. Her left hand finally found the hand that had stopped moving at her pussy and motioned for him to continue.
Instead, he pulled back abruptly, stopped touching her altogether, and she looked up to find his eyes wide and unfocused in the moonlight streaming through the windows.

“I-” He started, his hands finding his hair like he was so likely to do when he was stressed out.

“No!” She moved from her place on top of the counter. “Bellamy, stop. Don’t do this. I wanted it. Don’t do this to yourself, Bellamy. Don’t go there again.” She pleaded with him, stepping forward into his space only for him to take a step back.

“I’m so sorry.” He whispered. “For everything. For tonight. For that night. I- I should have told you. But I didn’t know it was you at first. You weren’t supposed to be there. It was supposed to be someone else. I didn’t even know it was you until I touched you and by then it was too late.” He was speaking quickly, trying to get every word out.

“Bellamy, wait. What? What are you talking about?” She was so confused now.

“At Octavia’s party. I took advantage of you. I’m so, so sorry, Clarke. I really, I-I didn’t know.” He looked so distressed and Clarke longed to take him into her arms and assuage his anxiety.

Suddenly, Clarke remembered that night. How he pulled her into the dark room and touched her. She knew it was him and she had been so happy to be touched by him that she hadn’t even bothered to stop him, even though he had thought she was someone else.

“No! Bellamy! I knew it was you and I didn’t even try to stop you because I wanted you to do it. You didn’t take advantage of me.” She was pleading with him now and she watched as his face registered what she was saying, the surprise and relief staggering after seeing him so distraught. “I’ve felt terrible this whole time because I didn’t tell you it was me. You didn’t even know it was me and I was so selfish, I let you keep going.” She paused, stopping for a breath. “But. Wait. You did know it was me? How-?” She was really confused now.

Bellamy stopped moving completely. “I need to go.” He whispered and instantly started moving toward the front door.

“Wait, no. Bellamy, we should talk about this. You can’t just keep running away everytime something like this happens!” She was angry now, tears of frustration building.
He reached the door and turned around to face her, his face echoed his guilt and devastation.

“You don’t get it, Clarke. This isn’t a normal relationship.” He was breathing heavily. “There’s a reason why I’m trying so hard to resist you.”

“Well please, enlighten me, because I obviously don’t see things the way you do, Bellamy.”

*Just don’t go* she begged him internally.

“I just- I need some time to think.” He closed his eyes. “I- I’ll see you in class tomorrow.” He whispered.

And then he was gone.

She retreated back to her corner the next morning and she watched the smarmy smirks of the harem girls when they realized that she had moved back to her self-isolation.

*His hands worshipped my tits and practically fucked my cunt but go off, I guess.* She wished she could say.

Instead, she quietly sat up her laptop and waited for Bellamy to start class. She really had missed two whole days and she knew she had missed quite a bit of material, so she got up from her seat and approached that guy a couple of rows up.

“Hey” She tapped him on the shoulder. “I was sick the past two days. Any chance you could email me a copy of your notes?” She smiled sweetly at him and watch him fluster his acquiesce.
She heard the door open and looked up to find Bellamy walking in, staring down at the floor.

She turned and smiled again at the nice guy and stood up to return to her seat, but not before she caught Bellamy’s gaze. He had been watching her interaction.

She was suddenly very tired.

She looked away without acknowledging him and moved to her spot, sitting tiredly, tucking her hands into the pockets of her hoodie and watching her professor as he got ready for class.

Her phone dinged and she looked around apologetically at her classmates before silencing it and looking at the screen.

Roan Hey there. What are you doing this weekend? Want to hang?

She looked up at the man she really wanted to see this weekend to find him looking back curiously.

She couldn’t keep doing this. She wanted him. He wanted her. But as long as he was torturing himself, he would never give them a real chance.

He wanted her.

Just not the way she wanted him, obviously.

She sighed and looked away from his sad eyes toward her phone.

Clarke Griffin Sure! Sounds like fun.
End Scene.

Well?? Are you crying angry, frustrated tears yet?? NO?? Are you human??

*Inserts Captcha*

Anywho. At least Clarke isn't being an idiot anymore, now it's just our beloved Bellamy.

Almost like where we are in the show right now, huh?

Interesting.

Almost like I planned that shit.

...

Nah.

*Side glance*

Additional Note: I agree with commenters who are happy Clarke isn’t putting up with his shit anymore and is giving Roan a shot. Bellamy is 100 percent being an asshat who needs to man up. Guess we shall have to see what happens...

Hope you liked this one! Next chapter is scheduled for our regular update day, so Sunday, September 16.

See you then! :)


The Disceptions

Chapter Notes

Update time!

So it occurs to me that I should let you guys know that I live in East Coast Time Zone in the US, so you can expect my updates on Sunday mornings in ET.

That being said, this chapter, a lot of things are put into motion for the last half of the story. Clarke's relationship with Roan evolves and more mystery is spun around Bellamy's relationship with Echo as well as why he is being so hot and cold.

Hope you enjoy!!

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Disceptions

A few weeks passed after the incident in her kitchen and Clarke was trying to move on.

Really, she was.

Roan was great. He really was a nice guy and they had such great times together. He was never too pushy with her either, probably sensing that she wasn't ready for anything remotely sexual at that time.

She hadn’t told him about Bellamy. All she told him was that she had recently gotten out of a bad relationship and that she just needed someone to hang out with.

So hang out they did.

They went to the movies together, bowling, putt putt, they even took a day trip to Charlotte to go to Carowinds theme park which was a blast .

But try as she may, she couldn’t get Bellamy out of her thoughts. She would think of him at the
most inopportune times.

Roan asked if she wanted to watch *Return of the King* on tv.

She thought about how she and Bellamy used to spend entire Saturdays together, rewatching the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy until she broke the disc for *Fellowship of the Ring*, and then Bellamy bought her a replacement for Christmas to make it all better.

Roan took her the zoo in Asheboro.

She thought about that time she and Bellamy went when she was in middle school and she twisted her ankle walking up the sidewalk to the monkey cage, so he carried her back to the car.

She just couldn’t do it.

At this point in her life, she was unsure if she ever would.

*No*. She scolded herself.

People do this all the time. People break up and move on from others that they love deeply literally all the time.

It would happen eventually. In the meantime, she just needed to distract herself.

And it would be easier once she was out of his class.

She would be lying if it wasn’t like being stabbed in the gut every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning as she sat in the far back corner of the room (She was now very firmly against the wall again, thank you very much) and watched him speak animatedly about the subject he cared so much about. She had stopped wearing her cute outfits and wore sweatpants and hoodies in an attempt to blend in with her surroundings as much as possible.

And if she pretended that she didn’t see all the glances in her direction, that was her business.
The tutoring had stopped. After that night, she hadn’t really needed anymore help anyways. Her make up work was done and she was finally absorbing the material now that she wasn’t worried about her relationship with her professor. So when he didn’t text her the next Tuesday about their sessions, she didn’t bring it up again.

And for all his bluster about how much he wanted her, Bellamy didn’t approach her again.

So she did what she did best. She tucked all her feelings deep, deep inside, ignored them, and put on a big smile for her friends.

It seemed to work for the most part. She didn’t think Roan suspected anything at all and Octavia wasn’t around as much due to her blossoming relationship with Lincoln. She was still present enough to be a good friend, but honestly, Clarke didn’t want to taint Octavia’s happiness with her own depression.

The only person who eyed her suspiciously all the time, waiting for her to have a nervous breakdown, was Raven.

Raven would not be fooled.

“You know if you press down any harder on that paper, I’m going to have to buy you a new sketching pencil set for Christmas.” She heard Raven’s snarky tone and turned as her friend plopped down into the chair in front of her. The library open space was practically empty with only two other people occupying the room, but they were far enough away they wouldn’t be disturbed by conversation next to the window.

Clarke returned her eyes to her paper. “I’m just trying to get the right effect.”

“Sure you are” She could practically hear the eyeroll in that statement. “And it has nothing to do with the lingering, unresolved tension between you and the elder Blake sibling.”

Clarke looked up to see her friend staring at her with a raised eyebrow.

“Absolutely not, that’s history.” She returned her attention to her work.
This time, Raven didn’t attempt to hold back her laughter. “Clarke, sweetie.” She started. “I think we both know that’s not true.” She let out a sigh before continuing more softly. “It’s okay to admit that you are still struggling with your feelings for Bellamy.”

Her tone was so earnest and worried that Clarke exhaled quietly and sat her art aside, giving her friend all of her attention.

“I know.” She admitted. “But I’m afraid that if I say it out loud, I’ll never move past it.” She just wanted the feelings to go away. Why wouldn’t her brain cooperate?

“Or it could have the opposite effect and talking about it might help you move on quicker.” She countered. When Clarke didn’t respond, she continued. “Look. I don’t know the details and I probably don’t want them, but I do know a few things. One, Bellamy feels the same way.”

Clarke opened her mouth to retort when Raven stopped her.

“Nope. I’m still talking, Ms. Denial. Two, He obviously used to carry a lot of guilt, some of still lingering, over his attraction to you.” She paused and Clarke nodded so she moved on. “Three, he had obviously moved past most of it by the time you moved back home because he was moving in hot at first.” Clarke sighed, wondering where she was going with this. “Until suddenly, his hesitation was back. So this tells me that something is keeping Bellamy from acting on his feelings. And I don’t think it’s all guilt anymore, either.”

Interesting, Clarke thought. Not that she would ever say that out loud to Raven and validate her suspicions, but she had some good points.

“There’s a reason why I’m trying so hard to resist you.”

She could still hear his agonized voice pleading with her in his head.

Maybe there was a good reason Bellamy was staying away, but that was Bellamy’s problem. Not hers. And if he wasn’t going to share, that was on him.

Because she was done and she was moving on.
For good.

Really.

She laid back on her couch and placed her copy of *Lord of Shadows* on her chest, pages down, and let out a loud sigh.

Maybe reading about a forbidden romance wasn’t in her best interest right now.

“What’s wrong?” She heard Roan ask from his place leaning against the couch on the floor.

This was becoming a regular occurrence between the two of them. He would come over, bring take out, she would lay down and he would sit on the floor, and they would watch Netflix. Currently, they were making their way through Zumbo’s Just Desserts. She had learned in the past few weeks that Roan was actually a wannabe baker and he loved to watch baking shows to glean new tricks. She didn’t really have the heart to tell him that he wasn’t a master baker just yet.

“Nothing.” She lied, closing her book, marking her page, and laying it on the end table behind her.

Roan turned to look at her over his shoulder. “I’m offended that you think I would believe that.”

She smiled sadly and looked back at the ceiling.

“Just thinking is all.” She wished she weren’t thinking. This would all be so much easier if she would just... stop thinking.

“Yeah, well. In my experience, stopping all thoughts of an Ex is easier said than done.” She turned quickly and watched his shoulder raise and lower in a shrug, his eyes still on the screen in front of him. “Especially if it was the real thing.”
Clarke couldn’t stop staring at the back of his head.

“How do you know if it was the real thing?” She knew she shouldn’t ask. He was technically the guy she was seeing, but he was just so easy to talk to and was always willing to listen.

He turned to look over his shoulder. “When you start asking yourself if it’s the real thing, then it has likely become the real thing without you ever noticing it.” He smirked and turned back to the television. “Think about it. We never ask ourselves that question about people we know it isn’t going to work out with because we instinctively know it isn’t the real thing. When you have to stop and wonder? You really aren’t wondering at all. It’s just a matter of admitting the truth to yourself.”

He hadn’t turned back around and Clarke was back to staring at the back of his head. He said it so matter-of-factly. Like it was general knowledge.

“Can you ever move on from the real thing? Or are we doomed to live the rest of our lives emotionally dedicated to one person?” She wondered aloud. She had meant to ask herself that. Like. In her head. Somehow, the words left her mouth before she could stop them.

At that, Roan turned completely around to face her, his right forearm rested on his propped up knee and his left leg tucked underneath him.

He sighed. “I don’t really know the answer to that. I haven’t experienced the real thing yet.”

Somewhere, deep down, she knew that she should be offended by that statement, but she realized with startling clarity that he was right. She wasn’t offended because she knew definitively that her relationship with Roan wasn’t the real thing. She didn’t have to ask, she just... knew.

He was looking at her now. “I do know this though, Clarke. If I ever am lucky enough to experience the real thing, I want to believe that I would do everything in my power to never lose it.” He said sadly and Clarke knew that while she and Roan were great together, they would never be anything more than friends.

And it looked like he knew that as well.
After their conversation that day, Roan became one of her very best friends. He was funny, loyal, and she could go to him about anything.

She had given him the gist of her relationship with Bellamy without actually supplying his name. She may be mad at him, but she didn’t want him to get fired and she didn’t want to risk Roan turning him in out of a sense of loyalty to her.

He was an understanding presence and he fit in well with Octavia and Raven. He had even gotten to hang out with Monty twice over the past few weeks and everyone seemed to really like him, so they kind of just adopted him into their friend group. He and Miles both.

Raven was ridiculously happy and it made Clarke ridiculously happy for her. Miles was a great guy and he was head over heels for Raven.

*Smart People.* She sassed inwardly.

It was rapidly approaching Thanksgiving and she knew she wasn’t going to be able to avoid being in a social situation with Bellamy for much longer.

She had worked overtime to make sure she was passing his class with flying colors so he wouldn’t have a reason to approach her. She was almost finished with her final paper, and she had gone with his advice, deciding to research Marie Antoinette.

He was right. She did find it compelling.

She supposed that was a safe topic of conversation should she could need to attempt speaking to him at Friendsgiving.

Apparently, Friendsgiving had become a tradition for their friend group while Clarke was in Rhode Island. They would all make the trip home for Christmas in a few weeks, but in an effort to assert their independence, they had all elected to spend Thanksgiving together in North Carolina.

Her mom was a little bummed. She and Marcus had sent her a selfie on Snapchat with sad faces.
and a “We will miss you” caption. She would get over it, Clarke was sure. Especially when the two of them went on that trip to Pigeon Forge they had been planning.

Raven started a group chat on the Sunday before Thanksgiving to start planning for the occasion. She was just a little excited because this was the first Thanksgiving in a while that wasn’t just she and Clarke.

**R-Baby** *Hey Guys! Let’s plan this party, people! Who’s bringing what? Go!*

**Monty Boo Boo** *I shall bring the green bean casserole, per usual. Also, Miller says he will bring mashed potatoes and gravy.*

**O** *You know I got you on the pies! Apple, Pumpkin, and Sweet Potato coming your way!*

**R-Baby** *Woooo! This is gonna be ballin, you guys. I love me some Thanksgiving!*

Clarke couldn’t help but roll her eyes at the ongoing chatter on her phone, the dinging sound ringing out every so often.

**Clarke Griffin** *You’re all dorks. I will be contributing homemade mac and cheese and deviled eggs.*

**R-Baby** *You guys are going to DIE for Grif’s mac and cheese. Die, I tell you.*

**Clarke Griffin** *Let’s not get everyone’s hopes up before they try it, Raven.*

She smiled secretly at her friend’s praise.

**R-Baby** *I’m bringing some of my grandma’s homemade yeast rolls! Wear adjustable pants!*

Clarke couldn’t help the giggle that slipped out at that. Raven was right. Her grandmother’s recipe for yeast rolls was out of this world, *insanely* good. She made a mental note to tell her to make
She settled on to her couch once again, trying to decide which episode of *Monk* she wanted to watch when she heard the group text go off again.

**R-Baby** Where ru, Bellamy? What shall be your contribution?

Clarke’s breath hitched as she waited for a response.

**O Bell is tutoring right now, but he usually handles the turkey!**

*Tutoring?* Clarke wondered. She was under the impression that Bellamy didn’t tutor often.

So much for being special.

With Friendsgiving mostly planned out, she muted the conversation and focused on her weekly Sunday television binge. *Monk* wasn’t going to watch itself after all.

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She woke up suddenly, sitting up on her couch, the moonlight streaming in through the window. She had done that a lot lately, falling asleep when she should be working on something. In this case, at least, she had only been watching tv.

She checked her phone to find a myriad of text messages.

**Roan** Food? I need to bring food to this shindig? Do they all have a death wish?

She laughed out loud at Roan’s private message.

**Clarke Griffin** LOL Don’t worry about it. We can go to the grocery store on Wednesday and get
my ingredients and you can just pick up something premade and harmless.

She shifted to her message list and clicked on the group chat. She let out a sigh when she saw Bellamy’s name but she scrolled up to the top of the messages from where she last read.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** Yes, I will supply turkey expertise. No worries. It will be the best you’ve ever had.

She rolled her eyes at the cockiness of that statement, but a voice in her brain whispered That isn’t the only offering from Bellamy that will be the best she’s ever had.

She pushed that voice to the back of her mind, refusing to admit defeat in the eyes of her libido.

**R-Baby** Whatever loser, as long as it’s edible and I don’t have to eat sides for Thanksgiving.

**Monty Boo Boo** Miller and I can confirm that Bellamy’s turkey is the best turkey.

**O** We bet you can ;)

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** I would love it if you could refrain from turning statements about my skills into innuendos, O.

Too late, Clarke thought. Her brain was already focused on the memory of Bellamy pressed up against her, his dick hard and rubbing up and down her slit.

She sighed and put her phone on the side table.

She was never going to survive Thanksgiving.
“We are not buying Oreos as your Friendsgiving contribution.” Clarke said sternly.

Roan put the package back on the shelf and sighed loudly.

“Come on, Griff, what else am I supposed to bring? Cheez-Its?” He questioned with a whine in his voice.

*Men.* The voice in her head offered.

“We will pick up a nice pound cake or something from the bakery section, but you most certainly will not be purchasing packaged goods.” She stopped at the end of the aisle, eyeing the different boxes of Velveeta with interest.

She felt Roan lean on the shelf next to her.

“So what do I need to expect at this party? Everyone knows that we aren’t ‘together’ now, right?” He used finger quotes at the word ‘together.’

“Yeah” She responded absentmindedly. “Well” She hesitated. “Everyone except Bellamy, that is.” She picked up a box from the shelf and put it in the buggy, continuing their route down the aisle.

“Ah, yes.” He said, falling into step beside her. “The elusive Bellamy Blake. Brother of Octavia and professor with a perfect HOT score on Rate My Professor dot com.” He smirked. “Been wondering when I would finally meet him.”

She bit her lower lip, thinking of how to best respond. “Yeah, he’s been pretty busy this semester.” She said lightly. “But it’s almost over now, so…” She trailed off.

She felt Roan look at her with his patented 100-Watt grin. “So…. you’re almost free of World History then! Congratulations, by the way. I know you hate that class. And it appears that it isn’t going to tank your GPA either.”
She snorted. “I’ll have you know that I currently have an A in that class, thanks to all the tutoring help I got from Bellamy. It won’t even touch my GPA.” She smiled a little in the pride she felt.

They reached the bakery section and Roan laid his arm across her shoulders. “I’m proud of you, kid.” He laid a friendly kiss on the side of her temple and she laughed at his dramatics.

“Clarke.” She heard someone say, softly. Honestly, a voice she would know anywhere because she so often heard it in her dreams.

She inhaled slowly and turned to find Bellamy. He was standing in the next section over in front of the deli counter. His hands were gripping his cart tightly and he had a small, decidedly fake, smile on his face.

She looked away briefly before matching his smile and clearing her throat. “Hey Bellamy.” She looked back to find his grin had morphed into something a little more genuine at the sound of her voice.

She felt Roan shift beside her and his heavy arm lift from her shoulders and she immediately stood up straighter.

“Bellamy, this is Roan. Roan, Bellamy.” She gestured between the two of them, both of the men having resorted to sizing the other up.

Roan was the first to move, ever the gentleman, he leaned forward and extended his hand. “Nice to meet you, man. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

They shook hands and she could see the tendons flexing in their arms.

Stupid men and their petty games.

“Oh?” Bellamy said questioningly, looking in Clarke’s direction.

“Yeah!” Roan replied. “Octavia is always talking about her amazing big brother.” Roan smirked and his arm once again came to rest across Clarke’s shoulders.
She could see the change in Bellamy’s face like it was written across his forehead in permanent marker.

“Of course.” He said with a strained smile. “I suppose I’ll see the two of you on Thursday then?”

Clarke opened her mouth to answer but Roan beat her to it.

“Of course! Clarke can’t stop talking about Friendsgiving! It’s going to be a blast!” She resisted the urge to give her friend the side eye. She could count on one hand the number of times she had mentioned the upcoming holiday.

“That’s great.” Bellamy responded, as he picked up the turkey the worker had just passed over the counter and placed it in his cart. “Well. I guess we’ll see you then.” He nodded and pushed his cart away, passing Clarke and heading toward the front of the store.

She sighed deeply, her body feeling the loss of his potently.

—

They had paid for all of their groceries and made it to the car before Roan broached the subject. He had been strangely quiet for the remainder of their shopping trip and she should have known it was coming.

“So. Bellamy. He is certainly a ball of sunshine.” He began, sarcasm dripping from his statement.

She started the car and pretended to give all of her concentration to pulling safely out of their parking space. “Yeah, he’s a man of few words.”

Once they were out the space and had left the parking lot, Roan spoke again.

“Were you ever going to tell me that it was him?” He asked quietly.
Her hands tightened on the steering wheel.

“That what was him?” She played dumb.

Roan sighed and brought his hands to rub at his face tiredly.

“Bellamy is the man you’re in love with.” He said matter-of-factly, leaving no room for her to argue. “I mean, God, Clarke. It isn’t exactly a secret. You two are terrible at hiding it.” She could feel the blush rising on her cheeks. “I can’t believe none of his students have noticed and reported him for unequal treatment or some shit.”

She felt her breath hitch and she stuttered. “What? You don’t think?”

She saw Roan shake his head. “No, I don’t think anyone has at this point or he would’ve said something to you, but come on.” He was looking at her, his eyes burning holes into the side of her face. “I mean, I knew you had it bad for someone, but you made it sound like it wasn’t reciprocated.”

She glanced over in his direction. “It’s not.” She said, firm in her denial. “I mean, is he attracted to me? Sure. But he obviously doesn’t care about me the way that I care about him.” She sighed, giving up on hiding anything from Roan. “And you absolutely cannot mention this to anyone, Roan. I don’t want him getting into any trouble.”

Roan sighed. “I’m not going to turn him in, Clarke. Is that why you didn’t say anything?” She cringed at the hurt in his voice. “I don’t want to do anything to hurt your friends. Specifically friends that you are in love with.” He paused momentarily. “But I don’t think it’s a good idea to pursue anything right now if you want him to stay in the green with the university.”

Clarke knew this was true. It’s part of the reason why she couldn’t really be upset with Bellamy. What if he was just protecting his own best interests? It made her look selfish by comparison, hoping for him to go against school policy just so she could get off.

She kept her eyes on the road in front of her, wondering if she and Bellamy would ever just have a fucking conversation for once.

“I do believe it will work out, though, if that helps.” She heard Roan console her.
And she wanted to believe him. She really did. But she just didn’t know anymore.

She did her best to ignore Octavia who was dancing around the kitchen singing along to the Christmas music on the radio, but it was becoming increasingly difficult.

“Octavia. Can you please move your karaoke session to the living room at least?” She huffed in annoyance, blowing her hair out of her eyes, as her hands were currently occupied mixing the macaroni.

Octavia rolled her eyes. “You know perfectly well that everyone is in there watching the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day parade and Monty would one hundred percent kill me if I interrupted the Waitress performance.” She continued her dancing.

Clarke sighed. Everyone had made it to the celebration at this point. Except for Bellamy’s date. Whatever the hell her name was. He had been here since 5 this morning working on the turkey and when Octavia asked him about his girlfriend (Not that she was eavesdropping from the next room or anything), he mumbled something about her not being able to come until right before Linner (Lunch and Dinner, as they affectionately referred to it).

Clarke had saved preparing her dish for just before service because macaroni is never delicious when it has been sitting out for a while.

“What time is it anyway?” Octavia question, stopping her dance momentarily to stare at the electronic clock on the stove. “It’s almost time to eat isn’t it? Echo should be here soon, unless she plans to miss eating time.” She wondered.

Echo. That was her name.

Stupid fucking name at that. Why didn’t her parents just call her Snooty bitch who talks down to everyone around her, she didn’t know.
She had been fortunate enough to only run into she-who-must-not-be-named one time since that first surprise appearance at Octavia’s get together.

The second time was at her usual coffee shop. She was waiting for her coffee when the brunette walked in and Clarke had recognized her immediately. She quickly turned away before she could notice her staring but apparently she was just as easily recognizable.

“Clarke, right?” She turned to find the girl in question staring at her curiously.

“Mmhmm” She hummed, turning her attention back to the counter, willing her drink to magically appear.

“I thought I recognized you. You’re Bellamy’s little sister’s friend?” She continued, either oblivious to Clarke’s unwillingness to speak or just someone who didn’t care about other people’s feelings.

Clarke nodded but continued looking at the counter.

“Well, it’s nice to finally meet the girl who Bellamy’s always calling his second little sister.” She turned to see the girl smirking in her direction, hand outstretched.

“Clarke!” She heard Callie call from behind the counter.

She moved forward to get her drink and stepped back to where the other girl was waiting.

“Nice to meet you too, Eleanor.” She had nodded with a tight small and walked past her, quickly making her escape.

Thinking back to that day, she wanted to be sorry she got her name wrong.

But, let’s be honest, that shit was on purpose.

In the present, Octavia had noticed Clarke’s silence and that she had stopped preparing dinner.
“Clarke.” She turned to see her best friend looking at her with a sympathetic face. “I really don’t know why he’s dating her. Honestly.” Clarke sighed and resumed her stirring. “Echo has been around for years. She’s in the same program as Bellamy. She’s made a move on him more times than I can count but he’s never seemed interested.”

Well that is a little odd.

“I mean, I’m pretty sure he slept with her once in the beginning, but who hasn’t he slept with at this point?” Octavia mused.

Clarke winced. She didn’t want the reminder that apparently Bellamy would sleep with anyone with a vagina, except her, but Octavia continued on. “She always wanted more and Bellamy never reciprocated. Until now. I don’t know why or what’s up, but I have a hard time believing that he’s actually interested in her.”

Clarke wanted to snort but held it in. Why wouldn’t he be interested in her? She was gorgeous. Sure, she was obviously an entitled snob who liked belittling other women to make herself feel better about her own insecurities in her relationship, but who was she to judge?

The sound of the doorbell rang throughout the apartment and Clarke knew that her short-lived reprieve was now over.

Octavia sighed and moved toward the front door. “I’ve got it!” She yelled to the apartment and went to let the she-devil in.

“Mmmmmmm” Octavia moaned as she bit into one of Raven’s rolls. “GIRL. You weren't lying. These are sinful. I’m glad you made enough for seconds!” She took another enormous bite. Everyone seated at the table nodded in agreement and Clarke could only smile at Raven’s genuinely pleased expression. Miles reached over and grabbed her hand, squeezing lightly in agreement.
She was doing pretty well keeping things together, all things considered. That’s not to say this wasn’t the most awkward meal she had ever had in her life because make no mistake, it definitely was.

Roan was seated to her left, going to town on her mac and cheese and she couldn’t help but smirk at his obvious enjoyment.

However, Bellamy was seated across from her and that was garnering the majority of her attention.

Echo was on his right, barely touching her food. The two of them had barely interacted all night. Clarke may or may not have heard them arguing on the back deck where Bellamy was deep frying the turkey and she was so, so sorry to hear there was trouble in paradise.

So sorry.

She looked up at the man in question to find his gaze trained on her, only for him to quickly shift his attention back down to his plate.

Unfortunately for the two of them, Echo was at least an observant snob and she glared at Clarke from across the table for seemingly daring to take any of her boyfriend’s attention away from her.

Clarke wanted to tell her off. Maybe even tell her about their rendezvous in her apartment before she and Bellamy had officially become a couple.

But she didn’t. She sat silently and returned Roan’s questioning gaze of comfort with a smile of reassurance.

The food really was delicious. Everyone had their fill plus some until there was absolutely nothing left on the table. Afterwards, they all migrated into the living room to watch TV and chat over what they were going to do for the rest of their holiday breaks.

“What about you, Bell? How are preparations for the end of the semester coming along?” Octavia asked.
Bellamy sat his glass of bourbon down on the table beside him and leaned just a little further away from where Echo, who was seated beside him, was obviously trying to snuggle in closer.

“Good. Only a few classes left, really. Finals are a week and a half away.” At this, she noticed his gaze minutely drift in her direction and she quickly turned her attention to Roan.

“True.” Clarke agreed. “I’ll be so happy when this semester is over. Only one more until I graduate! I’ve already started applying to different MD programs.” Might as well attempt conversation and this seemed like safe topic.

Bellamy’s head perked up at the mention of her applying to schools.

“Oh, really? Where are you applying?” He asked, unable to contain his curiosity and maintain their facade of uncaring when it came to one another.

“A few places. Duke, Wake Forest… And UNC of course.” She said, adding the last one on shyly.

Echo bristled slightly from her position on the couch. “Well, I hope you get into your school of choice.” She contributed to the conversation, like anyone actually wanted her to. “Don’t feel bad if you have a hard time getting in at UNC though, I’ve heard that the graduate pool for the med program next year is quite extensive.”

No one spoke for a beat, the insinuation behind her words clear as day. She could practically see the rage building in her friends’ faces..

“I think Clarke will be just fine, actually.” It was Bellamy who came to her defense first. “She has a perfect GPA and glowing professor recommendations. I doubt she will have any trouble at all getting into the school of her choice.”

Clarke looked to find him glaring at Echo from his spot beside her, clearly upset that she would even try and belittle Clarke.

“Agreed” Octavia added on. “Not that there would be anything wrong if she were waitlisted. I mean. You were waitlisted, right Echo?” She stared the poor girl down with a heated glare.
Echo glared back, obviously put out at having both her personal information released to the room and Bellamy and Octavia clearly calling her out on her bitchy statement.

“That’s true, I suppose.” Echo returned. “Well, I think it’s time for me to go. I have a lot to do this evening to prepare for my trip to my parents for the rest of the weekend.” She stood and began to move toward the front hall. “Bellamy?” She turned expectantly to her boyfriend.

Bellamy, who had once again picked up his glass, sat it back down, his fingers holding the glass tightly. “I’ll walk you out.” He ground out and stood from his place on the couch and the two of them moved to the entryway.

Clarke watched them leave with an unabashed interest.

“Careful.” Roan whispered in her ear. “Otherwise, he might think the two of us are in trouble with the way you’re staring him down.” She turned to find him smirking her direction. “I mean, I am assuming that you still haven’t told him we’re just friends?” Clarke looked away to see if anyone else was listening, but everyone else was turned in conversation.

“How did you know that?” She questioned with a pointed glare.

Roan laughed lightly. “Please. He’s been glaring daggers at me all night, dork. Hasn’t made his girlfriend too happy either.”

Clarke could feel the pleased settling of her stomach and mentally berated herself for being happy at this turn of events.

“I need a drink” She moved to the kitchen to pour herself another glass of wine. She and some of the others were staying the night at Octavia’s so it wasn’t like she was driving anywhere.

She walked into the kitchen and was startled when she heard voices.

“You’re seriously staying ?” She heard a voice whisper yell from the other side of the door in the kitchen. The one that led to the front hallway.
“Of course I’m staying, Echo. I always stay. It’s my sister’s favorite holiday. It’s tradition.” He was obviously trying to reason with his girlfriend’s anger but she could hear the edge of frustration in his voice.

“But she’s staying. What is that going to look like, Bellamy?” Echo returned.

She could hear the pause in conversation and she was confused. What was going on? What did she mean?

She moved closer to the door, quietly leaning in and pressing her ear against the crack of the hinges.

“It looks like I’m staying the night at my sister’s house, Echo, and anyone that would question that would look like an idiot considering I’ve done the same thing for years.” Bellamy had lost all pretense of polite conversation and was practically growling back at her. “I’ve done everything you’ve fucking asked me to do. I won’t back down on something that I share with my sister.”

Silence.

“Fine. Be careful, Bellamy. Wouldn’t want anything bad to happen.” She heard Echo hiss before she listened to her footsteps and the sound of the door slamming shut.

Clarke’s mind was reeling.

What the fuck?

Later in the evening, Clarke had retreated to the kitchen to clean up the mess they had left while fixing dinner when they had declared, “Ah, we can clean it up later.”

Only now, Clarke was cleaning it up by herself because Octavia was bundled up with Lincoln on the couch.
The party had dwindled down and now the only people still present were those who were staying the night: Her, Bellamy, and Lincoln.

And while, previously, she would’ve been joyous in her opportunity to tease Bellamy within an inch of his life, now she was simply trying to make it through the night without having any run-ins with the aforementioned.

But apparently God really could read minds because at that moment, Bellamy walked in.

He paused slightly, seeing her standing by the sink but he continued his trek after a brief hesitation. He walked to the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of water, closing the door behind him.

In the tiny space, she could feel his eyes on her back as he walked in her direction.

“Here. Let me help.” She heard him say softly. He moved to the side of the sink and grabbed the dry towel she had laid on the countertop and began to dry the dishes she had cleaned.

They worked silently for a few minutes before either of them spoke.

“Dinner was great.” She offered quietly. “The turkey really was the best I’ve ever had.”

She glanced from the corner of her eye to his lips which were upturned in what appeared to be genuine delight.

“I’m glad you liked it.” He said in a pleased tone. “Your macaroni was something else. You’ll have to make it again for me sometime.” He continued drying dishes, placing them on the rack beside the coffee maker. “We make a good team.” He said decidedly, nodding his head in affirmation.

Clarke wanted to take his phrase at face value, she really did. She knew he was referring to the dinner, but her heart clenched on to the words and morphed them into something else entirely.
We really would make a good team. She wanted to say. In more ways than one.

She sighed lightly and continued washing her dishes.

“I’m sorry Echo couldn’t stay tonight.” She offered. But she didn’t sound sorry at all.

She could practically hear the amusement in Bellamy’s voice when he responded. “Are you really?”

Clarke thought about lying for about a second. “No.” She answered instead.

Bellamy barked out a loud laugh at that. “Yeah. Sorry about that. She’s... difficult to warm up to.” He consoled.

“You seem to have warmed up to her just fine.” Clarke said, trying hard to keep the disdain from her voice. She knew she had failed.

Bellamy placed the dish he had picked up back into the sink.

“Clarke.” He said tiredly. When she didn’t stop her motions, he brought his soapy left hand to her right one and stilled her movements, forcing her to look at him. “There’s so much you don’t know.” His face spoke of how hard he was trying to keep it together.

She brought her hands out of the sudsy water with a small splash, uncaring of their wetness as she placed them on her hips. “Well, why don’t you update me then, Bellamy? Because I certainly don’t want to not know things.”

Talk to me she pleaded wordlessly.

He ran his dry hand through his hair anxiously.

“I can’t.” He said, his pain lacing the words. “Not yet.” He continued at her look of anger. “I will, I promise. But...” He paused and she waited for him to continue. “It’s not the right time.”
She scoffed. “Of course it’s not the right time, Bellamy. It’s never the right fucking time with you, is it? First I’m too young, then I’m too close to family, then I’m your student, then you have a girlfriend.” She was talking heatedly now, using her hands as she spoke. “Well you know what, now it really is the wrong time because you’re just too fucking late. I’m happy.” She lied. “I’ve found someone who will listen to me, who will talk to me.”

She just chose to leave out the part where he was only her friend.

Bellamy’s gaze was hard and she could see the hurt in his eyes.

“That guy? Really? That’s what gets you going, huh?” He stepped closer. “Does he have the same effect on you that I do?” He questioned. She glared in return. “You have no idea what I could do for you, Princess. The things I could show you. How I could make you feel.” He stepped closer and Clarke place her hands on his chest, stopping him before they ended up back in the same fucking situation they always found themselves in. She had to be strong.

“I guess we’ll never know will we, Bellamy?” She countered with a heated glare. “You had your chance, you know.” She continued.

She probably should’ve stopped but she found herself continuing. “You could’ve showed me everything you wanted to do to me and I would have let you. Whatever you wanted. But now? You’ll never know what it feels like to be inside me, what I taste like. How does that feel? Hm? Knowing that he has something you never will?”

She knew it was too much. She shouldn’t have pushed him so far but she was altogether unprepared when he closed the distance between them and kissed her soundly, his hands coming to rest on the back of her head.

This kiss was unlike any of their previous interactions. Sure, it was heated but it almost felt like he was pleading with her, convincing her of something.

What, she wasn’t sure.

He pulled away slowly and placed two sweet, soft kisses on her lips, resting his forehead against hers.

She could feel her frustration, a tear building up at the corner of her eye.

“For what?” She whispered in return.

“For me.” He answered, backing away slowly, releasing her from his hold.

He turned away and walked briskly out the kitchen door, the look of anguish on his face hidden from her view.

Clarke huffed, lifting up and falling back on the bed, trying to get more comfortable.

There was nothing wrong with her bed. It was soft and fluffy and wonderful.

She just couldn’t sleep.

She looked over at the clock on the bedside table of Octavia’s guest bedroom to see the glowing numbers declaring the time to be 1:32 AM.

She sighed dramatically, pulling the covers away from her body and moving to the bedroom door, pulling it open quietly, trying not to wake her housemates.

She stepped out into the hallway and lightly walked down the hall, stepping carefully, making sure she didn’t press down on the loose floorboard by the bathroom door. She had reached the end of the hallway and was about to round the corner when she heard it.

A moan.
She stepped quickly but quietly back to her spot around the corner and listened again.

There it was again. A light moan. Almost like someone was stifling the sound.

*Go back to bed* the voice in her head screamed.

She warred with herself as she heard the noises continue. She would know that voice anywhere.

It was Bellamy.

She knew he was sleeping on the couch, but…

Apparently he couldn’t sleep either.

She stepped slowly to the corner again and slowly peeked her head around.

*Just one look* she promised herself. She could practically see her internal mini-me shaking her head in defeat.

When she finally had a view of the couch, she couldn’t bring herself to regret her decision at all.

There he was. Bellamy was laid back across the sofa, blanket kicked to the end of the couch bunched around his right foot, his left foot resting on the couch cushion, his knee in the air.

His left hand rested behind his head propping himself up and his right hand was wrapped around his cock.

Dear *God*. She almost groaned out loud.
For there he was, Bellamy in all his glory.

She had felt him several times, but seeing him was something else entirely.

_Dear Sweet Jesus_.

She had never been fascinated by someone’s dick before. Until now.

He was whimpering something as he fisted his hand around himself and moved in a quick pace, stopping occasionally to drift over the head before returning, moving up and down, pulling the skin back and forth.

Her mouth watered at the sight.

His abs were on full display where he had pulled up his shirt in his haste to reach his destination and Clarke knew, without a doubt, that she would be putting this image to paper later when he brain was properly functioning again.

Even from a distance, she could tell that he was extremely well endowed, and the sight of his huge dick immediately made her pussy clench, imagining the delicious stretch she would feel as he forced it deep inside of her.

_Would he even fit?_ She wondered. It would definitely be an adjustment. Might even take a minute or two.

Some small part of her brain was still screaming at her to stop and go back to her room. That she was violating his privacy.

But he had asked her to wait for him, whatever the hell that meant. And if she was going to have to wait for _that dick_ she sure as hell was going to have some good mental material to come back to later on.

He was still moving his hand, obviously getting closer now as he moved his left fist to his mouth, biting down to contain the noises leaving him.
She couldn’t help herself as her own hand drifted down to the waistband of her pajama shorts, dipping underneath and finding her slit soaking wet and her clit puffy and swollen. She bit down on her lip and started rubbing small circles as she watched Bellamy get himself off. Her left hand made its was down as well and two fingers moved to her entrance, finding themselves inside, easily moving in and out. She moved quickly, noticing that he was almost finished, and she was rapidly approaching her peak, the sounds he was making spurring her on.

“Clarke” She heard him breathe out and watched as his cum began leaking from the tip of his cock, dripping down the head and covering his hand where it had started slowing down.

She whimpered quietly at the sound of her name leaving his lips. She closed her eyes and she could almost imagine the feeling of him releasing himself inside of her, coating her instead of his hand. She gasped when her climax hit, her fingers stilling momentarily at the feeling of her walls clenching and unclenching around her before she resumed her thrusting more softly, her right hand pulling out the last little bit of shocks, rubbing furiously on her clit.

When she came down, she looked up, but Bellamy wasn’t on the couch anymore.

She jerked upward and started to gasp when she felt a hand clasp over her mouth, stifling her shocked reaction.

“Shhh” Bellamy urged her.

His right hand remained on her mouth while his left hand moved downwards, into her pajamas, wrapping around the hand that had been inside of her and pulling it out of her and upward, his grip unwavering.

He turned her around to face him, switching her hand so that he was gripping her left wrist in his right hand, looking into her eyes. He was extremely disheveled and if she ever thought she could picture Bellamy post-coitus, she was wrong. So wrong.

“Did you enjoy the show, Princess?” He whispered.

Her eyes were dark and she knew she looked every bit the mess she felt. She nodded, unashamed in her admiration.
He smirked and before she could comprehend what he was doing, he pulled her to him, dragging her left hand toward his lips. He closed his mouth around the two fingers that she had fucked herself with and sucked lightly, using his tongue to lick up all that remained of her juices.

He released her fingers with a pop, smirking at the way her mouth hung open in shock. Or arousal, either one really.

_You’ll never know what it feels like to be inside me, what I taste like._ She had mocked him.

He wasn’t about to take that lying down, apparently.

He lowered their hands and turned them so their palms were facing inward, threading his fingers through her own.

He sighed. “We’re almost there. Just a little while longer, I promise.”

She shook her head slightly. “I don’t understand, Bellamy. _Please_ tell me.” She urged him desperately.

He stepped backwards, unlinking their hands with sadness.

“Next time, Princess. Next time, we will talk.” _Why not now?_ She thought, but he was continuing. “And the next time I put my hands on you, I won’t be stopping.”

The following Monday, Clarke found herself back in her World History class, waiting for Bellamy to arrive.

After their confrontation in the hallway that night, he retreated to the bathroom and she all but ran to her bedroom.
She didn’t know what she waiting on, but something was going on, that was for sure.

Before, she thought that Bellamy just didn’t want her, or that he felt guilty or… anything, really.

But something wasn’t quite right.

The door to the classroom opened and in walked Bellamy.

“Good Morning, everyone!” He greeted cheerily. “Good news! Today is your last formal day in class!” Cheers rose up and Clarke’s eyebrow made its way to her hairline. “As we only have three class times left before the final, I have decided to allow you the opportunity to use that time to work on your final paper. The day of your final, you will come to class, turn in your paper, and take a small quiz on the final unit of the semester. Until then, enjoy your free hours by working hard on that paper.” He smirked and laughter started reverberating around the room. “See you at the final!” People immediately started moving, packing their bags and excitedly making their way to the exit.

She sat still, looking for Bellamy through the crowd of people. He was talking to a girl at the front of the room, nodding at what she was saying, but suddenly, his eyes found hers and his mouth lifted into a small smile.

_Just wait_ he had said.

At that moment, she had a feeling she knew what she was waiting for.

Chapter End Notes

And cut!

So what's she waiting on?? What's going on with the Echo situation? Why is the thought of Roan as Clarke's irrationally hot best friend who secretly ships Bellarke so satisfying?????

Next chapter, we take off into a much smuttier place. So. Mentally prepare yourself for that, people.

Leave some comments and Kudos and I will see you all next Sunday!! :D
Alright you guys, it's here. No more waiting necessary.

Slight Warning: There is a mention of unwanted male attention in this chapter. Nothing explicit or even described in detail at all, but there is a dick professor in this chapter who flirts when he should fuck off (Not Bellamy).

Hope this is everything you were waiting for and that you're not all miserably disappointed.

See you on the flip side ;)

The Surrender

“Clarke.” A voice echoed through her brain.

She stared blankly at the pen tapping lightly against the notebook paper in front of her as her mind wandered ceaselessly into a dark void of thought and worry.

“Clarke.” She vaguely registered the voice speaking again, but her mind was far too preoccupied with an image of Bellamy that she had drawn on the side of her notes. His eyes dark and whispering promises of his intentions.

“CLARKE!” The voice yelled and finally she jerked upright, hastily moving her book to cover the drawing on her paper and looking in the direction of the frustrated tone.

“Listen, Griffin, we have to finish these papers today, ya feel me? I have too much going on in my other classes to be worried about a gen ed class.” A visibly flustered Harper said whilst giving her a questioning gaze.

Sometime in between ignoring Bellamy and their recent, eh, reconciliation of sorts, she and Harper had become pretty good acquaintance-friends. Harper had asked to borrow her notes after class one day and the rest was in the books.
She cleared her throat.

“Sorry, Harper. Just distracted.” She said weakly in her own defense.

Harper gave her a very dubious look but turned back at her book.

As Harper continued to rattle on with World History notes, Clarke tried her hardest to stay focused but her thoughts went to where they always did recently.

Bellamy.

She mentally rolled her eyes at her own transparent attempt to delude herself.

Bellamy had been a constant in her thoughts for year, not just recently.

While she was in Rhode Island trying to escape her feelings for him, she still thought about him. All the time, really. Even when she was dating Finn. And Lexa.

Especially when she was dating Lexa.

But that was a story for another day and definitely not while she was trying to focus on while studying for her world history final.

“So we will meet again, right? At least once more before next Wednesday?” Harper asked, packing away all of her study materials.

Clarke blinked twice. She hadn’t even realized that their study session was wrapping up.


Harper gave her the stink eye. “I just told you that I have plans Monday night. What’s up, dork?”
Why are you so lost today?” She questioned. “Is it exams? Are you really that worried?”

No. Clarke wanted to say. I’m not. In fact, I’m so worried about Bellamy and his stupid, mysterious demands that I’m having trouble sleeping at night and I don’t know what to do.

Wait for me. He had said. She internally sighed. She would wait. Of course she would. It would just be nice if he would be a little more forthcoming when it came to supplying details about what and when she was waiting for.

Then again, Bellamy had never ever been good with conversation. Or explanations. Or discussion. Or anything that involved talking about actual feelings.

Sigh.

“Yeah, I guess I’m just nervous. The end of the semester is already here and there’s only one more semester to go before graduation. I’ve been getting all of my graduate school applications in and trying to get professor recommendations for those.” She shrugged her shoulder and looked at the table, her fingers playing with the edges of her notebook, slowly feeling along the spirals of the pages.

Harper looked at her sympathetically. “I’m sure any professor would love to give you a recommendation. Have you asked Professor Blake? You’ve really come a long way in world history this semester!” She suggested.

“No!” Clarke said quickly. Probably too quickly if the look on Harper’s face was anything to go off of. “Um. Actually, Professor Blake is an old family friend of mine.” Clarke gave as an explanation. “So it would technically be a conflict of interest.”

Harper’s eyebrows raised into her hairline. “He is? I’ve never heard you mention that.” She said with interest.

“I almost failed his class.” She snorted. “Not that anyone would actually think that. I mean I almost failed his class.” She laughed lightly and started putting away her own belongings.
Harper openly guffawed. “Yeah, definitely not. You know, he was probably harder on you because he knows you really well. At least no one can say he was biased.” She smiled and Clarke almost sighed in relief. She had been worried all semester that someone would figure out her relationship with Bellamy. It never occurred to her that someone might think he was even harder on her than the other students.

Looking out the window, she saw a figure darting from the history building toward the library. A second later, Clarke realized that it wasn’t just a figure.

It was Echo.

And she was definitely in a hurry to get somewhere.

“Uhh, Harper, I’ll see you later, alright? I have somewhere I need to be.” She quickly threw the rest of her belongings in her bag and started toward the door.

Harper was taken aback by her abrupt departure. “O-Okay. I’ll see you later then. Text me about a final study session?” She asked.

“Sure thing!” Clarke yelled over her shoulder as she jogged out the door toward the staircase that would take her to the bottom floor. She practically sprinted down the two flights and opened the door, almost running to the lobby.

Ducking behind a statue off to the side, she hid just in time as Echo came walking determinately into the building, her book bag on her back and a panicked look on her face.

Clarke stood in her hiding place and watched Echo rush to the elevator, jabbing the button repeatedly as if it would make it appear sooner.

She watched as Echo stepped hurriedly into the elevator car and pressed the button for her floor, the doors closing.

Clarke rushed to the elevator and watched the number beside the car as it rose higher and higher. When it reached the fifth floor, it stopped.
Moving quickly back to the staircase, she huffed all the way to the fifth floor with her bag slung across her body. By the time she reached her intended floor, she was breathing heavily and mentally cursing her decision to not just take the elevator.

Stepping into the hallway of the floor, she moved silently through the mostly quiet stacks. If Echo was here, surely Clarke would be able to find her.

As she rounded a corner at the wall she spied Echo walking into a study room at the end of the hall ahead of her. She ducked behind the stack of books to her right and waited a few seconds before she peaked around the shelves to see if the other girl had seen her as well.

All clear.

She felt a thrill rush through her at her spying and silently congratulated herself on being so clever.

*So what if this would be considered stalking most states.*

Okay, so maybe *all* of them.

She tiptoed carefully closer to the doorway she had seen her disappear into and held her breath, afraid that she might even be able to hear that.

I mean, she *had* just ran up five flights of stairs. And she was currently being reminded of the fact that she hadn’t been to the gym *at all* this week.

“You know” She heard a male voice from inside the room. “I’m aware that you won’t be here much longer but I would really love to take you out before you leave.” He paused for a second. “Or don’t tell me you’re still with Blake.”

Clarke sucked in a breath and continued to listen.

“We’ve discussed this, Professor Lorde. Not only would that be inappropriate considering your status as my advisor but, yes, I am still with Bellamy.” She heard Echo respond, her voice tinged with exasperation.
She heard the professor sigh. “Well, if you insist.” Clarke peeked around the door in time to see the older man leaned in closer to Echo, his elbows resting on the table. “Let me know if you change your mind. I could show you a good time. Much better than that boy, I assure you.”

Clarke felt her cheeks heat in anger. Not just at his insult of Bellamy but at the audacity of the man himself. Echo was obviously uninterested but this man didn’t seem to take her desires into consideration.

“Can we get started on the assignment now?” She asked, shaking her head and shuffling her papers into a straighter stack.

“Of course. Let’s begin.” He finally leaned back in his chair, casually leaning back, his arms resting on the rests of the chair.

Clarke turned back around and stared at the bookcase in front of her. After a moment, she pushed off the wall quietly, listening to the sounds of Echo and Professor Lorde discussing her dissertation until they could no longer be heard.

She pressed the button to call the elevator. Definitely not taking the stairs this time.

That was… strange.

And she… felt bad for Echo?

She may be incredibly jealous of her relationship with Bellamy, but no woman deserved to have to fend off repeated advances from someone who couldn’t take a hint. Especially if that man was her professor.

Suddenly, Clarke felt guilty. Wasn’t this was what Bellamy was afraid people would assume about the two of them?

The elevator doors opened and she stepped inside, choosing the lobby floor and watched despondently as the elevator doors came to a close.
Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she consoled herself. She and Bellamy were nothing like that. They had known each other forever. She had been in love with him for years. He wasn’t taking advantage of her.

But that doesn’t mean everyone else would know or even believe that.

She sighed and leaned against the wall at the back of the elevator.

Maybe Bellamy wasn’t so far off in his paranoia.

Saturday came and Clarke was determined to spend at least one day not studying or stressing out about any of her exams.

She was laying down on the couch trying to get through her latest chapter of Lord of Shadows (She had gotten past the forbidden romance angle, obviously) when her apartment buzzer went off.

She sighed, laying the book on her coffee table and walked to the front door. Clicking the button to let the visitor in, she went to the kitchen to grab a Kool Aid Jammer from the refrigerator.

The front door rattled as the person came in and she turned in time to see Roan walk into the doorway and lean bodily against the countertop.

“What’s up, Grif?” He asked, smiling. “Why are you still in your pajamas?” He turned to point to the window beside the couch. “You know that’s the sun, right? Generally, people wear everyday clothes when it comes out.”

He walked past her to the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of water.
“Yes, well, some of us need mental relief from the anxiety that comes with preparing for final exams and the best way to do that is obviously to stay in one’s pajamas all day, binge on junk food, and read young adult lit.” She took a sip from the straw of her drink and moved toward the couch, laying back on the pillow she had propped on the couch arm.

Roan came in then with his bottle of water and collapsed onto the oversized arm chair on the opposite end of the couch.

“You know those things are pure sugar, right? Like your brain is going to eventually dissolve into granules of sugar.” He nodded toward her choice of beverage and she rolled her eyes.

“I think everyone is entitled to their occasional terrible choice in food and drink.”


“Don’t call me that.” She snarked back.

“What? Only Blake gets to call you that?” He retorted. “Oh, wait. He doesn’t call you that anymore, does he?” He was full on smiling now.

She sat her drink on the end table and crossed her arms over her chest.

“I’m beginning to believe that you actually want this to happen.” She returned.

He scoffed. “Of course I do. God, you two are both so fucking miserable. I can’t wait for this semester to be over so the four years of sexual tension that lingers in the air after you two leave each other can finally disappear. It’s depressing to watch.” He paused, taking a sip of his water. “Besides, you would make really cute babies.” He smiled. “Uncle Roan” He took a hand and swept it through the air like he was reading it from a banner. “I like it.”

She laughed loudly.
“Yeah, well. We’ll see, I guess.” She sighed and leaned her head back, staring at the ceiling. “I suppose if he still doesn’t want to be with me after this semester, I will have my answer. Let’s not forget the fact that he also has a girlfriend, you know.”

Roan snorted into his water. “Those two are a transparent attempt to keep him from you if I’ve ever seen one. Poor boy, he really doesn’t have the strength to keep himself away otherwise.”

Clarke bit into her bottom lip. “I don’t know. I may have…” She cleared her throat. “Overheard her having a conversation with someone the other day that makes me think she might actually have feelings for Bellamy.” She should feel bad that she had equal feelings for another woman’s boyfriend, but well. She was there first.

“Listen, Griffin. That is a woman who one hundred percent does not need a man. Their relationship is a sham. Trust me.” He was leaning casually back into his arm chair, having retrieved the remote control from the coffee table. He turned the television on and immediately changed the channel to HGTV. “Now hush. The Property Brothers are on and I haven’t seen this episode.”

Clarke giggled at the sight of this huge man, drinking water and arguing with Clarke (Or himself, really) that Jonathan was clearly the superior Property Brother because he actually does shit.

She sighed.

Well she couldn’t argue with that.

Sunday night, she texted Harper and they agreed to meet Tuesday evening to have one final study session before their final exam on Wednesday morning.

Their papers were due when they got to class and then they had to take a short exam on the final unit information. Clarke’s paper was already finished and so was Harper’s so they were just going over the final unit one last time.
She and Raven were currently in an Uber on their way to their favorite bar in downtown. It was a Sunday but they didn’t have any exams the next morning and they were pre-celebrating the end of the semester.

“His parents are going to be on a cruise over Christmas so I told him he could come to Christmas with us. I hope that’s okay.” Raven was saying as Clarke watched the city fly by in the window.

“Actually,” She started. “I told my mom that I would come home for Christmas this year.” Clarke said sadly. “I haven’t really been home for Christmas in a while and now that I’m so close, I don’t really have an excuse.” She explained, hoping Raven understood. They had eaten Christmas brunch together every Christmas since Clarke moved to Rhode Island, but when she called her mom last week, she immediately started talking about how excited she was to have her home for Christmas this year and she just didn’t have it in her heart to turn her mom away for a second holiday.

“Oh.” Raven said, slightly disappointed. “Well, that’s okay, of course. Miles and I can have Christmas together here!” She seemed perked up by the idea of a private Christmas with her new boyfriend. Honestly, Clarke had never seen Raven so hung up on a guy.

It was kind of sweet.

“You know that the two of you are more than welcome to come back home with me to Virginia for Christmas.” Clarke offered. “It’s always nice to have a buffer between my mother and I. Ever since she and Marcus got together, she’s been unbearable in her attempts to help me find my happiness.” She tried really hard to keep the annoyance out of her tone, but it was all in good heartedness.

“And rob you of the opportunity to get Bellamy alone in a snow fort? No, thank you, mam.” Raven slyly returned.

Clarke froze.

Of course Bellamy and Octavia would be going home for Christmas. Why wouldn’t they? Aurora was in Virginia just like her mom and goodness knows the Blake family were a close knit bunch.

She just hadn’t stopped to consider the implications of being in the same town as Bellamy over an extended break. In the town where they grew up. Where she fell in love with him.
She was fine. Totally fine. Everything was fine.

The Uber had pulled up to the bar and they thanked him, hopping out of the backseat and ducking into the dim establishment.

It wasn’t very crowded and that was just how they liked it. They had found it about two weeks into the semester and had returned several times since then.

They grabbed a booth in the corner of the room and sat down, waiting for their third party member.

“I’m here!” They heard a loud voice near the front of the establishment.

Of course Octavia would have to make her presence known to everyone at the bar. It wasn’t enough to just walk up to their table and have a seat.

“Sorry I’m late. I dropped by to see Lincoln at the art building and got caught up talking. He’s working on his final project for Life Drawing.” She said by way of explanation as she slid into the seat next to Raven, across from Clarke.

“Ah, yes. I finished mine yesterday. I mean, as finished as it will ever be. You know me, I’m a perfectionist who will never be happy with what she does.” She shrugged, having accepted this flaw a long time ago as an artist.

Octavia laughed. “Yeah, well, I think you have company in Lincoln. His is beautiful and honestly, he could’ve turned it in last week and been fine, but he can’t step away from it just yet.” She grabbed a drink menu from the back of the table and started perusing the selections.

“I’m going to grab the first round.” Clarke said, standing from her seat. “What can I get you?” She asked her friends.

“Rum and coke, please.” Raven responded, smiling mischievously.
“Uh… let’s go with Jameson.” Octavia answered, placing the menu back in its original place.

Clarke nodded and turned away from the two of them and started to walk toward the bar. She didn’t know what to make of Raven’s smile but it definitely didn’t seem to be one out for Clarke’s best interest.

She ordered their drinks and waited, watching her friends talking quietly in the booth, their heads pressed closely together.

Their drinks arrived on the bartop beside her so she grabbed them and walked back to their table, sliding in and glaring at her friends suspiciously.

When she arrived, they stopped talking and turned toward her, smiling in unison.

“What?” Clarke asked. Might as well get to the point.

“Oh, nothing. So, have you told Bellamy about Roan yet?” Octavia deflected.

Clarke continued to glare. “No, of course I haven’t. Why would I? I’m not sure it’s any of his business who I am or am not dating.” She stopped her glaring and took a sip of her whiskey, gently sitting it back on the table top.

Raven rolled her eyes. “Of course you would make this more difficult than it needs to be.” Octavia elbowed her in the ribs and Raven winced. “Fine. I’m sorry. I was told that it is no longer my place to try and force you into anything.” She turned to glare at her seatmate.

Octavia smiled at her and looked back at Clarke. “No one wants to push you toward something you don’t want.” She looked so serious that Clarke almost believed her. Then she heard a voice headed in their direction.

“Okay, O, I’m here.” Bellamy’s voice echoed across the din of the bar noise. He stopped immediately upon seeing Clarke. Obviously he hadn’t been expecting her.

“Thanks, big bro, I knew I could count on you!” Octavia stood and hugged him tightly.
He hugged her back, all the while keeping his eyes on Clarke.

“No problem, O. Although, I’m not sure how one forgets their apartment key in their actual apartment. Isn’t it hanging on the hook I put beside the door? I put that there for you to see on your way out, you know.” He looked at her reproachfully.

Octavia sighed. “Of course, big brother, I just happened to be in a hurry on my way out and didn’t pay attention the way I usually do. Besides, that’s why I give you the extra key, silly!” She smiled sweetly and he immediately melted under her little-sister voodoo.

“Fine. Here.” He handed her his spare key. “But you should be more attentive next time.” He turned to the whole table. “It was good to see you guys.” He nodded at each of them in turn. “Raven. Clarke.”

Clarke could feel her whole face heat under his attention and she tucked the long strands of hair hanging by her face behind her ear and licked her suddenly dry lips.

She hadn’t been this close to Bellamy in weeks and she hadn’t spoken to him at all since Thanksgiving night when he caught her fucking herself with her fingers whilst watching him get himself off on the couch.

I mean, it wasn’t like she could just waltz up to him at any old time and say “Hi, old friend, how goes it?”

She looked up to find him watching her lips closely before he shook himself out of it and turned to leave.

“Wait! Bell! Stay with us. Have a drink. It’s the end of the semester. One drink won’t completely derail your grading schedule.” Octavia was totally a little con. And judging by the identical look on Raven’s face this was definitely their plan. A thought out one.

Ugh. Stupid friends.

Bellamy looked surprised and reached up to the rub the back of his neck, the way he usually did
before he replied. “Okay. I guess one drink won’t hurt.”

The only open spot was beside Clarke so she slid further into the booth until she was against the wall to allow him room to slide in.

They had good conversation, Bellamy taking an interest in everything the girls had to say. He drank slowly from his glass and Clarke was ridiculously distracted watching his throat bob as he swallowed the liquid, his tongue reaching out to collect the last remaining drops left on his lips after each sip.

The heat coming from him was unbearable. It was like he was a furnace. All Clarke could think about was how nice it would be to sleep next to him during the cold nights that had started to appear in early December.

He was responding to something Octavia had said and she watched as his lips formed the words, mesmerized.

Maybe she should have eaten more before she came. This whiskey was obviously starting to get to her.

“Right, Clarke?” She heard Raven say and she jerked her head around to stare at her friend with a dumbfounded expression.

“I’m sorry?” Was her brilliant response.

“I was just telling Bellamy how excited we all were for the semester to end and for Christmas to get here. I will miss you guys when you go back to Virginia!” Raven continued, pouting for effect.

“You’re going home for Christmas?” She heard Bellamy ask quietly beside her.

She turned to find his intense gaze had moved to her and she gulped before replying. “Uh, yeah. I told mom I would. Don’t have much of a leg to stand on now that I live in North Carolina.” She blushed lightly and looked away from him, toward the table where she was peeling bits of her napkin off.
She heard him clear his throat. “Well, I’m glad you’re coming. I haven’t seen you home for Christmas in years. Not counting that time you came home two years ago since you didn’t actually stay for the holiday.”

She froze, remembering that trip home. She *had* intended to stay for Christmas, but then she and Bellamy had experienced a confrontation of sorts and she escaped back to Rhode Island. She had thought at the time that she could handle coming home, but their conversation had sent her scurrying back to her hiding place.

“She had.” She started. “Yeah. It will be nice to see home covered in Christmas decor again. It’s been awhile.” She sipped lightly on her drink.

Conversation continued and Clarke followed enough to give responses when appropriate but her mind was already drifting back to that trip two years ago.

It had been two years since she and Bellamy had fought in the kitchen the night of her graduation party. She had dated Finn, slept with a few other people… She really thought she had moved beyond her “Bellamy phase” as she had coined it.

So she had decided to go home for Christmas. She arrived a few days before Christmas and was really enjoying her time home with her mom and her new boyfriend. He wasn’t too bad.

But then Bellamy came home from school.

She hadn’t known at the time that he was in town for the holiday when she decided to make a grocery store run for her mother.

That was the first time she had seen Bellamy.

She was strolling down the spice aisle looking intently for a bottle of nutmeg when her cart crashed into something. Or someone.

“I’m so sorry!” She had said, looking up to find the very surprised eyes of one Bellamy Blake. “Bellamy.” She whispered, her voice sounding breathy and weak.
Bellamy had swallowed hard and met her gaze head on. “Clarke.” Was his grumbled reply.

Unable to stand the tension, she had nodded her head and rushed past him, finding the nearest self check out and getting the hell out of dodge.

*If only that had been their only run in that break.*

Raven’s voice brought her back to the present.

“Well, I think it’s about time we head back to the apartment. What say you, fair one?” She questioned Clarke.

“That’s a good idea, actually. Bell, you want to give us a ride home that way we don’t have to call for an Uber?” Octavia pleaded with blinking eyelashes.

Bellamy smirked at his little sister, “Sure, O. Come on, let’s go before it gets too late.” He laid a bill down on the table and gestured for them to walk ahead of him.

Clarke let Raven and Octavia go before she fell into step beside Bellamy.

They walked in silence until they reached the outdoors where Octavia and Raven had made their way ahead of them several feet and were holding hands and twirling each other around, giggling.

“They’re like teenagers.” Bellamy remarked with a smile.

Clarke returned his smile with one of her own.

“Oh to be young again.” She lamented dramatically.

Bellamy chuckled at her side, his fingers clenching and unclenching around his keys.

“It was good to see you again, Princess.” He said sincerely, and she could feel his shoulder bump lightly into her own.
“It was good to see you too, Bellamy.” She meant that too. With all the drama going on between the two of them recently, she had missed just being with him. In the same room, talking.

They had reached the vehicle to find Octavia and Raven waiting for them, leaning against their doors and laughing.

“Geez took you two long enough. Let’s go, bitches.” Octavia groaned, pulling open the door to the passenger seat and climbing inside.

The drive home was relatively quiet, each of them pleasantly buzzed and enjoying the feeling of each others’ presence.

They pulled up to Octavia and Raven’s apartment and Bellamy got out of the car to open the back door for the two of them.

When he insisted on walking them up the front steps to their door and seeing them inside, Raven called him an old man.

Clarke thought it was sweet.

Well. Now she thought it was sweet. She wasn’t sure when she started to think it was cute and not overbearing.

Probably somewhere around the time his hand found its way into her underwear.

Raven immediately walked inside and Clarke followed after but she stopped when she felt Bellamy’s fingers lightly wrap around her wrist.
She turned toward him, but he kept his distance, no doubt in respect to his sister who was inside the car ( Likely watching their exchange closely and with interest, sending pictures to her partner in crime who had gone inside).

“It won’t be long now.” He whispered, his eyes finding their way to her lips and back up again.

Her mouth tilted up at the sides.

“Maybe one day you’ll give me an actual explanation for your crypticness. Communication isn’t exactly one of your desirable traits, you know.” She smirked at his slight smile.

“Maybe not. But I think you will be very pleased with my desirable traits.”

She shivered, but then she remembered Echo and what she had witnessed at the library.

“Bellamy.” She whispered, willing herself to say what she needed to say. “Echo. She-”

Bellamy cut her off. “Don’t worry about Echo. Please. I will explain everything soon. I promise.” He squeezed her wrist before turning and hurrying down the steps, walking around the vehicle and driving himself and Octavia away from her apartment.

She watched them leave through the glass in the door of the apartment building.

Hopefully the waiting was almost over.

Tuesday night, she and Harper were huddled in the corner of the library working their way through their notes on the final unit when it happened.
“Clarke.” She heard a voice say from behind her.

She turned to find the very serious face of Echo.

“Yes?” She questioned in a confused tone. She couldn’t imagine why Echo was here unless it was to tell her to back off her boyfriend.

Which was ludicrous, considering she had only seen him once since Thanksgiving.

Granted it was at Thanksgiving when he licked her cum off her fingers and promised her more.

She suddenly felt very, very guilty.

“I need to speak with you.” Was all she said before she turned and walked away from their corner, as if she was expecting Clarke to follow after her.

Clarke turned toward Harper, who looked extremely confused, and shrugged to let her know she had no idea what was so important that she had to hunt her down in the corner of an empty library late at night.

“I’ll be right back.” She told Harper, putting her notebook on the table in front of her and following in the direction Echo walked in.

She found her at the end of the hallway next to the water fountains. She was standing stiffly with her arms crossed waiting for Clarke to catch up to her. Her features were stern and unyielding and Clarke wasn’t sure if she should be intimidated or annoyed by the rude interruption of her free time.

“Listen.” Echo started immediately. “Let’s not beat around the bush, I am aware of your relationship with Bellamy.”

Clarke opened her mouth to correct her and let her know that in no way had she and Bellamy ever been in a relationship.
She wishes, Clarke thought gloomily.

But Echo beat her to it.

“Don’t deny it, whatever, it’s fine. I don’t particularly care.” She shrugged and looked off to the side uninterestedly and it took Clarke a solid five seconds for her brain to catch up to what Echo had just told her. Her mouth fell open in shock.

Echo scoffed. “Don’t pretend to be surprised. It’s not like you ever actually respected the fact that he and I were together. Nor did he for that matter.” She said, almost like it was an afterthought. “I just thought I would let you know that I am leaving. I have transferred to another school.” Clarke felt her heart beat pick up tremendously and start beating furiously against her chest. “And before I leave, I wanted you to know that I knew and also that Bellamy never wanted to date me.”

She paused to allow Clarke a moment to gather her thoughts before she continued.

“You deserved to know that much because we both know Bellamy is terrible at communicating and I don’t know that if he will ever get around to mentioning that tidbit of information to you or if you would even believe him at this point.” She rolled her eyes. Apparently she knew more about Clarke’s relationship with Bellamy than Clarke was comfortable with. “But those are the facts. So do with those what you want.”

She moved past Clarke toward the hallway behind her, making a beeline for the elevator.

“Echo! Wait!” Clarke called at the girl who was walking away. “Thank you.” She nodded.

Echo merely nodded in return and continued on her way.

What a strange person.
Wednesday morning, bright and early, Clarke walked from her apartment to the history building with her bag around her, bouncing against her leg everytime she moved.

She sighed when she reached the door and pulled hard on the handle, opening her access to the hallway beyond.

Knowing she was going to be sitting in her desk for the next hour or so, she had elected to wear something comfortable. Her leggings were warm and the oversized sweatshirt she wore on top of it was soft and cushy. Hopefully she wouldn’t be lulled to sleep by the comfortable outfit.

She reached the door to Bellamy’s room and stopped short. Staring at the handle that would take her to her last day of class with Bellamy, deep in thought.

Echo was gone. And apparently Bellamy had never wanted to date her? Whatever the hell that meant. She guessed that meant that the two of them would not be attempting a long distance relationship.

She exhaled a harsh breath of hair and pulled the door open, making her way inside.

She sat in her usual seat in the corner of the room where Harper quickly joined her. After they became friends this semester, Harper had started sitting beside her at her place next to the wall, lamenting that she hadn’t done it sooner when she realized there was a USB outlet as well as an electrical outlet next to Clarke’s row.

They were about fifteen minutes early and the room was still mostly empty aside from the sporadic students who were pouring over notes in a frantic attempt to make sure they passed the final exam.

Clarke wasn’t very worried, honestly. She had worked very hard to get caught up this semester and she finally felt like she grasped an understanding of the subject. She knew that was mostly in thanks to Bellamy’s patience with her and his willingness to give her individual sessions.

Even if their tutoring sessions had been pretty eventful, she still learned a lot.

“Are you ready? I know I feel ready, which scares me, honestly. There’s gotta be something I’m
not thinking about. Otherwise, wouldn’t I be more stressed out?” Harper asked as she plopped down into the seat beside her.

Clarke laughed. “No, I think you aren’t worried because you know you have prepared yourself.” She gestured to the students around them who were studying. “These people either didn’t study or don’t understand the research around the ineffectiveness of last second cramming of information.”

She put her hand back into her lap and rubbed worriedly against her leggings. Clarke was worried alright but not for the same reasons Harper was.

She had a feeling that today was special. It had to be, right? Surely.

At that moment, the man who constantly occupied her thoughts walked into the room. He closed the door behind him and walked with his bag to the front of the room, putting down his laptop, and turning to address the few students who had already gathered for the occasion.

“Ah, the few faithful.” Everyone giggled. “Here.” Bellamy placed a basket on the table top. “If you are ready, you can go ahead and turn in your final paper while we wait for your classmates to join us.”

The sound of desktops being retracted met her ears as her classmates all rushed to turn in their papers before the mass chaos of students entered the door, Harper included.

Clarke took her time, bending over to retrieve her paper from her backpack where it was tucked inside a blue file folder. Couldn’t risk it being anything less than pristine after all.

She took her time as she walked down the stairs, so that by the time she reached the bottom step, she was the only one at the front of the classroom.

Bellamy was looking straight at her, his patented smirk in place.

“All done, Professor Blake.” Clarke said lowly, stepping forward to place her paper in the basket provided.
Except Bellamy reached forward to take it from her before she could turn it in.

“Ah, yes.” He smiled a genuine smile now. “Marie Antoinette. An excellent topic, Ms. Griffin.” He turned to smile down at her and she felt herself flush under his attention.

It would seem that his praise did things to her in all situations.

“Yes, someone once told me that they thought I would enjoy reading about her.” She supplied, leaning against the tabletop, trying to be casual and unaffected (And failing).

“And did you?” He seemed genuinely interested in her answer.

“Of course I did. It was someone that knows my very well that offered the input. I would trust him with my life, so a paper topic was easy.” At this, Bellamy himself flushed somewhat, clearly pleased that she held such high trust in him.

He allowed his eyes to take her in, moving lazily from her face, down her body, and back up again, his gaze growing heavier even as she watched him.

She smiled brightly. “Can’t wait for this exam, Professor. I really feel like I’m going to knock it out of the park!” She turned to leave when she heard him respond.

“I have no doubt you will, Princess.” He spoke lowly so only she could hear him. She turned slightly and looked at him over her shoulder slightly before she continued her trek back to her seat.

When she reached her corner Harper was looking at her.

“You know, now that you’ve told me, I can see the familiarity between the two of you in the way you interact. You speak to one another like you’ve known each other for years.” Harper said as she reached over to take her pencils out of her bookbag.

Clarke gulped. “Yeah, well. I guess that’s what happens when you really have known someone for that long.”
Harper only giggled in response.

Clarke had been finished with her exam for a solid ten minutes and she was debating when to turn in her paper.

She looked around to see that there were still quite a few students left, many of whom seemed to be in a seriously anxiety-riddled state. She had originally wanted to be the last person to turn hers in so that she could talk to Bellamy as soon as her time as a student was over.

But some of these people might be here a while.

She sighed deeply and reached over to grab her bag. Harper had already left so she didn’t have to climb over anyone as she made her way down the row toward the stairs. She looped her bag across her body and slowly started her descent to Bellamy’s station.

When she reached it, he was waiting expectantly, watching her with interest as she brought her test to the front and placed it on the stack already lying on the tabletop.

And with that one action, she was free.

She was no longer his student.

“Congratulations, you’re finished.” He smiled.

She smiled back.

“Yes, it would appear so.” Her hands played with the strap that reached across her chest.
“It’s been a pleasure having you in class, Ms. Griffin.” He winked and Clarke wanted to melt right there.

She was done. No more world history. No more Bellamy boundaries.

But she was seriously bummed that she would have to wait just a little longer for that conversation.

Later that day, she was seated in the plaza, coffee in hand, as she people-watched. Campus was much less crowded than usual as some people, who had finished their exams already, had taken off toward their homes for Christmas vacation.

Clarke would be leaving the next day. She had one more exam tomorrow morning and then she would be done. It was like the gods were conspiring to make her stay on campus as long as humanly possible.

She was leaning back against a tree trunk when her phone dinged.

Her heart stopped. She hadn’t heard it in so long, she had almost forgotten what it sounded like.

But she would know Bellamy’s tone anywhere.

She reached into her bag to retrieve it.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Meet me in my office, please.*

She blinked down at the message in confusion. His *office*? Did she leave a question blank? Was her paper addressed incorrectly? She had hoped they would have a conversation today about something *other* than school.
She sighed in disappointment before standing, her drink in hand.

**Clarke Griffin** *Sure.*

As she made her way across campus and back to his building, she texted her mother to confirm details for her trip home tomorrow. Luckily, the drive to Virginia wasn’t too terrible. Besides, she had decided to make the trip with Bellamy and Octavia to save gas.

By the time she reached his office, she had provided her mother with full details and was looking forward to the trip. She reached up to knock on the door.

“Come in.” She heard from beyond the wood.

She opened the door, stepping inside, and closing it behind her. Bellamy was seated behind his desk, grading papers, from what it looked like.

When she walked in, he glanced up at her over the tops of his glasses and she had to physically restrain herself from groaning at the sight of him.

His hair was a mess from his fingers, his tie loosened and hanging limply down the front of him, the top two buttons of his shirt undone, sleeves rolled up his forearms, and those *fucking glasses*.

She didn’t know why God thought she would be able to handle seeing the epitome of sexy Professor Bellamy sitting in front of her without immediately jumping on his desk and begging him to fuck her.

I mean, *really*.

“You wanted to see me?” She asked. She was still unsure as to why she was here, in his office building of all places.

He stood abruptly and walked around his desk, moving toward her. But when he reached where she was, he kept walking past her until he reached the door behind her.
She turned in confusion and then she heard the lock click into place.

From behind him, she couldn’t see his face, but his right hand was still on the lock and his left hand was pressed against the door.

“Echo is gone.” He spoke toward the wood.

“I know.” Clarke said and he obviously hadn’t been expecting it. He turned to look at her over his shoulder, his brow furrowed in confusion.

“She told me she was leaving.” She shrugged, placing her coffee on the end table between the two arm chairs in front of her.

Bellamy rolled his eyes, pushing off the door and turning to face her once more.

“Of course she did, why wouldn’t she?” He seemed borderline amused as opposed to annoyed. “Never could mind her own business, that one. I’m sorry for how she treated you, by the way. She’s generally a terrible person, specifically to women. I think it has something to do with her upbringing but I’m definitely not making excuses for her. And I’m definitely not unhappy she’s gone.”

His honest answer confused her. “Wait. She’s your girlfriend. I’m confused.”

Bellamy took a step toward her. “Well, you see, apparently I was more than just a little obvious in my feelings for a certain blonde student of mine.” Another step. “Echo saw us leave the hallway together that night at A.L.I.E. She had been there with some friends. When she confronted me about it the next morning, she insisted she knew but didn’t care. However, she did require my assistance in order to keep quiet.” Another step. “I thought about denying it, but why bother? Everyone would know eventually. When she asked me to date her to stave off flirtation from her creepy advisor until she could complete her transfer to Duke, I agreed. It’s not like I could have what I wanted at that time anyways and Professor Lorde is a toxic waste of human that needs to be stopped. So we started an arrangement. I helped her with her persistent professor problem, she helped me stay away from you.”

He had finally reached where she was standing and his hand came up slowly, preparing her, as he cupped her jaw. “She left this morning and you finished your exam this morning.” His thumb
began rubbing back and forth across her cheek bone. “Just finished grading it in fact. That and your paper. Put them both in the system.”

His fingers were causing her immense distraction. “That was fast.” Was all she could reply.

“Yes, well. I wanted to make sure that all things tying you to me as my student were over completely. Can’t have anyone saying it made a difference.” His fingers threaded through her hair to the back of her head, gripping lightly.

“That what made the difference?” She whispered, his eyes moving toward her lips.

“This.” He responded, his hand gripping her more tightly and his lips finally swooping down to capture her own.

Clarke moaned at the contact. Bellamy pushed her backwards until her back was pressed up against the wall behind her and his left hand came up to grip her waist, clenching and unclenching his fingers. Almost like he wanted to devour her but was holding himself back for some reason.

She pulled away. “Roan’s gone too.”

Bellamy’s cheeks were flushed and his lips swollen.

“What?” Was his breathless response.

“Roan.” Clarke said exasperatedly. “We aren’t dating. Never were, in fact.”

Bellamy’s gaze darkened further. “I want to know the full meaning of that fact later.”

He pressed her harder against the wall, his lips molding over her own and his tongue immediately found its way into her mouth, taking control of their kiss. She was more than willing to allow him to take the lead as she struggled to breathe under the onslaught. She didn’t know that she would’ve been able to stand on her own right now, much less take over for him in a battle of dominance.
His left hand finally made its way under her baggy sweater and instead of groping her, as she expected, he leaned back and looked her in the eyes. “Take it off.” He growled and she immediately moved to comply, her hands shakily moving down to rip her sweater over her head and throw it to the floor beside them.

Bellamy groaned out loud when her breasts were revealed. Her bra was struggling to contain them as she breathed heavily and she could see where her nipples were already swollen and peaking out over the tops of the cups.

He leaned forward, bringing his nose to her collarbone and tracing his lips from his place there to her cleavage, placing a kiss on the swell of each breast, his tongue reaching out the lick where he could see her left nipple at the top of the material.

Reaching around, his hand moved to the clasp of her bra and opened it expertly. She didn’t pause to consider the marvel of the act as he had suddenly slowed, his fingers tracing the tops of her shoulders, burrowing their way underneath the straps of the contraption.

He slowly pulled the straps down her shoulders, releasing the cups from her breasts, the material dragging over her nipples as they were slowly revealed to his gaze.

When he dropped it to the floor, he looked up at her, stepping in closer. “Do you have any idea how long I’ve waited for this?” He whispered, his mouth pressed against the side of her temple speaking directly in her ear.

She could only shake her head back and forth, as his hands had now moved to her sides, beginning their ascent toward her chest.

“So long.” His voice was so low it was almost unrecognizable. His hands had reached her breasts and as he cupped them in his grasp, his thumbs started tracing light circles around her nipples. He stepped back so he could watch his hands as they went to work on her body and she whimpered, her head falling back against the wall at the look on his face.

“No.” She felt his hand leave her breast and grip her chin, bringing her eyes back to him and his actions. “Don’t look away from me.” He leaned forward then and encased her right nipple in his mouth, his tongue lathing it, his teeth biting. He pulled away and pulled lightly on the tip, watching it swell further, reaching out toward his fingers.
He repeated his actions with her other breast, taking his time, luxuriating in her moans. His hands came up to grip her waist once again and before she could comprehend what was happening, he had spun her around and walked her a few steps over to his desk, pressing her pussy up against the wooden edge of the furniture.

She whimpered when she felt his dick rest between her ass cheeks, rubbing up and down through the crack of her leggings.

“The things I’m going to do to you, Princess.” He chuckled lowly, his lips coming to a rest on her neck. “The things your going to let me do to you.” His teeth biting lightly into the fleshy skin between her neck and her shoulder. “Aren’t you?”

She nodded her head, her voice abandoning her, but he bit down harder and she made a noise some between a shout and a groan at the unexpected mix of pleasure and pain.

“Uh uh, Princess. I need to hear it.” He kissed the spot where he had no doubt left a mark against the skin beneath her throat.

“Y-yes.” She stuttered. “You can do whatever you want with me, Bellamy.” His left hand had wound its way around her torso and come to a rest on her left tit yet again, plucking her nipple, teasing it.

“I’ve dreamed of hearing you say that, you know. Of getting my hands on you, showing you who you belong to.” His right hand pulled her slightly away from the desk as he started to drag her leggings downwards over her ass. “Hearing you admit it.” He whispered against the skin of her upper back, placing a kiss there, watching his hands, as they moved in an effort to push her leggings down to her knees.

His right hand pulled her backwards into his chest and moved into the front of her panties, immediately finding her slickness. “You’re always ready for me aren’t you, Princess? Hm?” His middle finger was tracing agonizing circles around her entrance, dipping in slightly but never giving her what she wanted.

She whimpered. “Yes.” It came out more as a hiss than an actual word. His hand hooked into the side of her underwear and pulled them down to meet her leggings.

His fingers returned to her entrance, this time from behind as finally, he pushed his finger inside of
her. Her mouth opened, letting out a sound of uncontrolled, instinctual pleasure.

Bellamy grunted into her skin and added a second finger, dragging them slowly in and out of her pussy, his huge fingers stretching her much further than she ever could for herself. At this point she was leaning bodily against the desk, no longer supporting herself upright.

“That’s it, Princess. That’s a good girl. Can you take one more for me?” He didn’t bother waiting for a response as a third finger joined the first two and Clarke cried out at the invasion, her pussy tightening around him. She hadn’t been with a man in so long and Bellamy’s fingers were much larger than she was used to, his three fingers giving her just the right amount of pleasure against the pain of his fingers spreading her open.

When she was acclimated to the intrusion, he sped up his pace, his left hand moving around to rub lightly over her swollen clit.

She was openly whimpering at this point, her arms shaking as they held her upright on the tabletop.

“It’s okay. Let it all go, Princess.” She cried out at his words, her walls closing around his fingers as she pressed against his hand, riding her orgasm to its completion.

His fingers were gone and she immediately felt empty, her opening closing around nothing, seeking something, anything inside her.

“Bellamy” She moaned.

“Shh, I’ve got you.” He pulled her hips backwards, his hand pushing her lower back forward so she was laying against the top of his desk, the papers of her classmates sticking to her hands as she held herself upright, her tits swaying with the movement.

His hands gripped her hips tightly, his right hand moving between her ass cheeks and trailing down to her pussy that was still tingling and clenching from her orgasm.

She whimpered at the feeling of his fingers touching her sensitive flesh and jerked slightly from the sensitivity of it.
Bellamy held her in place as his right hand slowly made its way back to her opening, slowly moving inside once again, holding her so she couldn’t move away.

“Gotta get you ready again, baby.” Her greedy cunt welcomed him back with open arms, clenching rhythmically against his finger. “Mmmm. You need something inside you don’t you, sweet girl?”

She couldn’t deny his words as her walls immediately started opening back up to him and she could feel the sensitivity being replaced with that feeling of pleasure again, so she nodded.

“You want my cock in your pussy? Hm? Is that what you want?” He whispered roughly, rubbing his covered dick against her exposed ass and she moaned with need.

“Yes, Bellamy.” If he needed to hear her say it, she would.

She could feel him move his pelvis away from her and hear the zipper as he pulled it down, the movement loud to her own ears.

She stepped her legs further apart anticipating the feeling of his dick, her knees stretching against the material of her leggings that were still wrapped around her thighs, having been left on in his haste to reach her cunt.

His left hand rested on her lower back and she jerked slightly, feeling his naked dick tracing a pattern on her ass cheek, his precum leaving a trail in its wake.

“I’m clean, Clarke.” She could hear the silent question.

“Me too” She whispered impatiently, ready to have his dick inside her. “On the pill. Please, Bellamy.”

He chuckled behind her, his right hand squeezing the flesh of her ass cheek.

“So ready for my cock, aren’t you? Begging for it.” He teased her, his dick moving between her
legs and rubbing against the juices that were now dripping down the insides of her thighs. “Me too, sweetheart. I can’t believe I finally have you here, spread out on my desk, your pussy waiting for me.”

She whimpered and pushed back against his pelvis, her pussy sensing that his dick was just out of reach.

He reached up, gripping the hair at the back of her neck, wrapped it around his fist, and pulled her up slightly, her arms straining where they supported herself on his desk.

“I’m going to ruin you for other men, Princess.” He whispered into her ear, finally releasing her to her original position.

He guided his dick to her entrance and slowly pushed his way inside. Her body tensed at his size and she knew it would take more than one pass to get him all the way inside her.

“Relax” He consoled, pulling out before pushing in again, her body yielding more to his invasion.

She groaned toward the desk, her head hanging downward. She could see their legs pressed together, her leggings around her thighs and his pants still up, only his cock released from its confines.

He retreated once again, pushing harder this time, gripping her hip and pulling her backwards to meet him.

“Almost there. You want all of me don’t you, Princess?” He pulled out yet again before thrusting in harder, her pussy growing used to his size.

She whimpered. “Yes, God.” Her mouth hung open as his feet moved to kick hers open lightly, widening her stance and opening her to him even more.

“The next time we do this, your pussy will be ready for me.” He growled and thrust in yet again, this time, she could feel the material of his dress pants against her ass. “That’s it, there you go.”
She had never been so filled in her life. The few men she had slept with had nothing on Bellamy’s size. She knew when she had seen him that night on the couch that he would take some getting used to, but now that his cock was buried deep inside of her, she didn’t know how she could ever be satisfied by any other man ever again.

Bellamy was right. He really was ruining her for other men.

Now that he was all the way inside of her, Bellamy’s thrusts came more quickly and the sounds of their slapping skin soon filled the room.

The noises she was making were borderline obscene and she had honestly never made those sounds before in her life. She had thought those were noises you only heard in pornos, but as Bellamy thrust into her, his cock hitting a spot inside of her she had never felt before, it was like she couldn’t even control the sounds she was making.

“So good for me, Princess. Taking my cock like this.” He pushed roughly inside of her, his left hand gripped her neck at its base. “Knew you would.”

Clarke pushed back onto his cock now, needing to feel him more and she could hear Bellamy chuckle at her eagerness.

“Ride my cock, sweet girl. Get what you need.” She moaned loudly at his words. She had never been so impatient for someone before. His dick stretched her unlike anything she had ever felt and her body craved the feeling.

Bellamy’s hand wrapped around her upper arm and pulled her upwards, taking away her ability to push back and giving himself the control as he continued to pound inside of her.

“Look at those tits bounce.” He growled into her ear as he rapidly lost control, his thrusts becoming harder and more erratic, and Clarke practically shouted her pleasure, feeling her breasts swing even as he pointed it out to her.

The sounds of her slickness as Bellamy pressed into her were becoming louder and almost embarrassing, her juices leaking out of her around his cock and dripping onto his desk..

Her moans were growing higher in pitch and she could feel herself on the precipice of release,
chasing his cock each time it left her.

His right hand reached around and rubbed tight circles against her clit and she was so sensitive at this point that she literally screamed at the touch.

“Come on my cock, Princess. Show me what a good girl you are.” At that, Bellamy’s cock pressed repeatedly against that spot inside of her and Clarke momentarily stopped breathing, her vision darkening, forcing her to close her eyes, and she could no longer hear herself even though she knew she was making sound.

She could feel her cunt grip his cock so tightly, she was worried he wouldn’t be able to withdraw, but he continued to thrust until she released and fell forward onto the desk her tits clinging to the papers beneath her as Bellamy moved inside of her still body, thrusting thrice more before she felt his release hot against her walls, filling her up and joining her own juices as they dribbled out of her opening.

When he finally moved to withdraw, Clarke whimpered at the loss of his flesh against her own.

She expected him to move away and start to clean himself up, instead, he stood behind her, his fingers coming up to her thighs and sliding through the wetness he found there until he reached her pussy, still clenching in aftershocks.

He shushed her when she whimpered at his touch and lightly dipped his finger inside of her, his fingers mixing in with their joint release, massaging her entrance, and withdrawing to trail up her back, pulling her up by her shoulder and turning her around to face him at last.

He picked her up by her waist and deposited her on the desk behind her, his fingers still wet with their juices as they traced up her torso, between her breasts, to her face where he cupped her cheek once more.

“Liked that didn’t you?” His voice was rough and spent.

“So much.” Hers was equally as warped.

He smirked.
“Guess we’ll have to do it again then.” He leaned down, kissing her soundly and taking her breath away.

Chapter End Notes

!!!!!!!!!!!!

FINALLY!

God, that took for-fucking-ever.

Hope you enjoyed it!

Next chapter will be up next Sunday!

Let me know your thoughts in the comments/kudos.

Did you see the Echo situation coming? What on Earth happened that Christmas break two years ago? What on Earth will happen THIS Christmas break??

From here on out, the story will be lots of smut and feelings.

So if you're here for that type of story, let me know. :D

Also, follow me on Twitter @MallidayWrites to know when I post things.

Working on a second short story right now as well since so many people seemed to enjoy "Worth It!"
The Homecoming

Chapter Notes

I'm baaaack!

Sorry it's posting later than usual today. Long fucking weekend and then I was gone all day today.

But here it is!

PSA: Don't read this at work. I would say this is a good 50% smutty NSFW content.

You have been warned.

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Homecoming

The sting of the curling iron against her neck caused Clarke to jump about two inches into the air.

“Shit!” She flinched. The sound of her cell phone alerting her to an incoming phone call had startled her as she attempted to finish getting ready.

Hastily pulling her hair free from the barrel of the device, she ran into her bedroom, trying to answer the phone before the Sara Bareilles song stopped and she missed the call.

“Hey Monty!” She was almost panting from the exertion of running across the apartment.

“Morning, Griffin. You about ready? I want to get on the road soon. Morning rush hour should be over and if we leave now, we can miss the evening work mess.” Monty replied and she could hear the sounds of his video game in the background.

“Yeah, dork. Just putting the finishing touches on my poor, neglected hair. Don’t want my first conversation with my mother to be about how I’m ‘letting myself go.’” She had returned to the bathroom and was clearing the counter of her sink, putting her makeup away and unplugging the offensive curling iron.
She could hear Monty snort through the phone.

“Yeah, wouldn’t want to disappoint the Duchess.” Clarke chuckled at the nickname Monty had given her mother in middle school. She couldn’t really be mad at him since it was actually pretty fitting for her high strung mother.

“Yeah, yeah. What time will you be here?” She had finished cleaning now and was fluffing her hair in the mirror.

“Eh. Probably about an hour. Have to finish this round and then go pick up Jasper.” the video game noises continued.

“Jasper? I didn’t know he was coming with us!” Clarke had now hung out with Jasper quite a few times and he was always fun to have around. She was glad Monty had him to spend time with since she couldn’t always be there. Especially lately, as he and Miller had split a little while ago.

“Yeah.” Monty said. “He didn’t feel like making the trip home to California, so I told him he could come with me. Plenty of room in the Green household.” Monty’s parents were engineers and, as he said, they definitely had enough room to house Jasper for the holidays.

“Okay, see you in an hour then!” Clarke replied cheerfully as she walked into the living room, grabbing her shoes from where she had left them beside the door.

“You know it, brah.” Monty responded in his best surfer impression.

Clarke laughed as she pressed the button ending the call and placed her phone on the kitchen counter.

She paused minutely in her actions, her hand tracing lightly over the countertop.

The same countertop where Bellamy had almost given in and fucked her.

She smirked.
She would have to see if he wanted to revisit that scenario now.

After their rendezvous in his office, he had kissed her and helped her clean up so that she could walk back to her apartment comfortably. He’d needed to finish grading exams since he and Octavia were also leaving today to drive to North Carolina for Christmas break.

He texted her last night to ask her about her travel arrangements for the trip, offering to let her ride with the two of them, but Clarke informed him that she was already riding with Monty.

But she would definitely be seeing him when they made it back home.

A knock to her door brought her out of her thoughts. She walked back to the living room and looked through the peephole, before opening the door to a smiling Harper.

“Not that I’m not happy to see you before I leave for home, but how did you even get in the building?” Clarke asked her friend suspiciously.

Harper came through the doorway, moved past Clarke, and took up residence on her couch.

“You’re right. It almost sounds like you’re not happy to see me.” Harper giggled. “I smiled sweetly at the little old man coming in when I got here and told him you were expecting me.” She demonstrated said sweet smile.

Clarke laughed. “Old Mr. Torrey never stood a chance against you, Harper. So what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?”

Harper shrugged her shoulder. “We’re both about to leave for two weeks and I thought we could chill for an hour and maybe day drink?”

Clarke walked to the kitchen. “Hmmm, well let’s see. I have wine, but that’s about it. Interested?” She offered.
“Yes, please!” Harper responded as she leaned over to pick *Lord of Shadows* up off her coffee table. She should probably take that with her to North Carolina over Christmas since she would finally have time to read again.

Clarke poured the two of them a small glass of wine (Shouldn’t get day *drunk*, after all) and moved back into the living room, sitting beside Harper on the couch.

“This looks good. What’s it about?” Harper asked, sitting the book back down on the table.

“Oh, you know, the usual. Hot teenagers fighting monsters, supernatural beings, forbidden love, excetera excetera…” She took a sip of her wine.

Harper sipped as well. “So true. Everything just *has* to be forbidden these days doesn’t it? Whatever happened to classic meet cutes where two people meet, instantly fall in love, and have a not-bumpy road to happiness?” She questioned seriously.

It was Clarke’s turn to shrug this time. “Not sure. But then again, my life has never been that uncomplicated, so I guess it’s better for me that they make these books as dramatic and complex as possible.” She laughed lightly, holding her glass close to her chest.

Harper sighed. “I know. I guess my life has never been anything. Complicated or not.”

Clarke wanted to console her with the well-earned knowledge that having a complicated life was not all it was made out to be, but that would lead to further questioning such as: Why *is* your life so complicated, Griffin?

Clarke wasn’t really sure where she stood with Bellamy at the moment. Sure they had fucked on his desk and she learned that he was apparently a sex *god* who made her lose her very well-functioning mind, but… what now?

They continued their conversation until they were interrupted by a buzz at Clarke’s door to which Clarke responded telling Monty she would be right down, and Harper helped her carry her belongings down the stairs to the front door.

She opened the front door to the chilly December air and immediately wished she had thrown on a hoodie over her long sleeved t-shirt. Lugging her suitcase over to the SUV she knew was Monty’s,
she pulled her sleeves down over her palms to keep the heat inside.

As she approached the vehicle, Monty popped out from around the back and moved to grab her suitcase.

“Here, let me take that.” He reached for it but suddenly paused in his actions, seeing Harper behind her.

“Oh! My fault. Monty, this is Harper. Harper, Monty.” She gestured between the two of them with an outreached arm.

Monty’s face was slowly turning a hilarious shade of red as he dropped her suitcase back to the ground and moved around it to hold out his hand to the new girl.

“Monty Green.” He introduced formally, still blushing.

For her part, Harper looked just as suddenly shy by the attention.

“Harper Mcintyre.” She squeaked.

Clarke would laugh out loud but she hadn’t wanted to ruin the moment.

Huh. What do you know? Could it be possible that her perpetually single childhood best friend had finally met a girl worth pulling his attention from his studies and video games?

“Dude. Let’s go! I’m dying here.” Jasper groaned dramatically, having rolled down the window and leaning out over the side from his seat in the back.


Harper smiled sweetly and bit down on her bottom lip shyly.
Monty returned his attention back to Harper. Clarke decided to give them a moment and quietly moved to load her luggage into the backseat of his car.

She could hear them talking to each other and Clarke couldn’t help but be charmed by their interactions. It made a lot of sense, now that she thought about it. Harper and Monty were two of the most simple, yet good people that she knew. And not simple in a bad way. In a “don’t bring your drama around me with a ten foot pole I don’t want it” kind of way.

She closed the door to the SUV’s hatchback and finally moved back to where the two of them were talking. She hated to interrupt them, but Jasper was right, they did need to get to the highway.

She cleared her throat lightly and the two of them turned to look at her, both smiling widely.

“Harper, be careful on the drive down to Florida, kay?” Clarke said moving forward and hugging her friend tightly.

“Of course!” Harper responded when they pulled away from each other. “And you guys do the same.” She was smiling in Monty’s direction again and Clarke smirked.

Maybe she should go into the matchmaking business. First Octavia and Lincoln. Now Harper and Monty? You couldn’t make this shit up.

She walked to the passenger side and slid into the front seat, giving Monty and Harper a moment to say their goodbyes and a minute later, Monty finally took his place in the driver’s seat.

“Took long enough.” She heard Jasper grumble from the back seat.

“Stuff it.” Monty replied in a cheery voice as he pulled away from the curb.
They had been on the road for about two hours when her phone buzzed on the center console. She picked it up to see Bellamy’s name across the screen.

Instantaneously, butterflies picked up in her stomach as she swiped across the screen, opening the message.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Are you guys almost home?*

**Clarke Griffin** *About an hour away, are you guys there already?*

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Just pulled in. Going in to meet mom. Any chance you guys all want to hang out later?*

The butterflies kicked up in her stomach and clenched her hand nervously around the sleeve of her shirt.

“Hey.” Clarke said to Monty. Jasper was asleep in the backseat. “Bellamy wants to know if we all want to get together later and hangout.” She refused to look in his direction, trying to be as casual as possible.

She could hear the suspicion in his voice when he replied, “Bellamy wants to know? You two are speaking again? When did this happen? Last I saw, you two were still tense at Thanksgiving.” He continued driving, never taking his eyes from the road.

Yeah. She wanted to say. Tense alright. Sexually tense. But it’s okay because he made me cum twice in his office, so now we’re only slightly sexually tense. And that’s only because he has now made me so thirsty for his dick, I’m thinking about his monster of a cock in broad daylight.

“Yeah, we are slowly mending our friendship.” She responded instead, looking down at her phone.

She could feel Monty’s eyes on her so she looked up at his face.

“I’m glad.” He smiled. And Clarke knew that he meant it. Sweet Monty was always the one most hurt when people in the friend group weren’t getting along. “Tell him sure, as long as you’re down
as well.”

Clarke Griffin Sure. What did you have in mind?

She sat her phone back on the console, hearing it buzz about three minutes later.

Bellamy Fucking Blake Oh, lots of things ;) But we could start by meeting at the Drop Ship. Say 8?

Clarke willed herself to contain her blush at his innuendo and her mind immediately started flashing back to the noises they had made, the way Bellamy had spoken to her that afternoon in his office, the demand in his voice.

Clarke Griffin Okay, sounds good. We will see you then.

Bellamy Fucking Blake That you will, Princess ;)

Her pussy clenched reactively to the term of endearment that she would now forever associate with Bellamy and the way he said it as he was coaxing her to orgasm.

She put her phone back in its resting place and leaned her head against the window, already anticipating the evening ahead.

She tried to keep her hobbling to a minimum as she put on her heels later that evening, talking to Raven on speaker phone.

“So Miles and I just agreed that we would drive up for the weekend before Christmas. I hope you
“Don’t mind?” Raven was asking her through the speaker.

“Of course not, Raven. I extended the invitation on purpose, after all. So you’ll be here on the 21st?” She asked.

“Yepp.” There was a pause from her friend before she continued. “So. Have you talked to Bellamy recently?”

Clarke also paused. She didn’t know what to respond, really. She didn’t know what their current status was. They hadn’t exactly talked about what happened. And talking wasn’t really their strong point as a couple.

“Uh yeah, some. I’m about to go meet them all at the Drop Ship for a few drinks.” She responded hesitantly, unsure of what Raven was getting at.

“The Drop Ship? What the fuck kind of place is that?” Her friend asked incredulously and Clarke laughed out loud.

“It’s a bar, Raven. There’s dancing and shit but nothing too club-like.” She had finally finished putting on her second heel, having resigned herself to sitting down on her bed to do so.

“Hm. Interesting. So anyways, I feel like I should give you a head’s up.” Another pause. “Bellamy and Echo broke up. She transferred to another school.”

Clarke bit her lip, trying to decide how to respond to her friend. Of course, she already knew this tidbit of information, but did she reveal to Raven that she already knew? What exactly did she tell Raven about her current relationship with Bellamy? She really needed to talk to Bellamy first.

“Oh? Interesting.” She replied lamely.

Raven snorted. “Somehow I thought you would be more excited by this change in events. Although, if you ask me, you should turn his ass down if he tries anything tonight after the way he treated you earlier this semester. Don’t even get me started on the whole Echo thing.”
Something inside of her wouldn’t allow her to let Raven think less of Bellamy. “You know we couldn’t have done anything this semester anyways. Not while he was my professor. He was right. It would have been risky. Especially considering how close he is to getting his doctorate.” She reasoned.

Raven sighed through the phone. “I guess. Just… be careful, okay? I don’t know that I completely trust him. I mean, you’ve obviously been in love with him for years, but if he really felt the same, why would he just up and date some bitchy warrior princess a few weeks after reconciling with you? I just don’t want him to get what he wants from you and then jump ship.”

She knew Raven was only looking out for her, but she couldn’t help but feel her heart also clench at her words. What if she was right? Was Bellamy just looking to stave off years of repressed sexual tension on her part?

“I’ll be okay, Raven. I promise. I’ll use my head and everything, even. Not my vagina.” She tried inserting humor into the situation and it apparently worked because Raven barked out a surprised laugh.

“Doubtful, Grif. I mean, I have no personal knowledge of the man’s dick or sexual prowess, but he definitely carries himself like a man who is well equipped and knows how to use it.”

Clarke instantly wanted to confirm for Raven that *Oh yes. He definitely knows how to use it.*

“Yeah, yeah. I gotta go, Reyes. Talk to you soon.” She moved to where he phone was resting on her dresser.

“Bye bitch, don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” Clarke snorted and ignored the retort on her tongue, tapping the phone to end the call instead.

She looked up at the mirror above her childhood dresser and looked at herself. The Drop Ship wasn’t high class or anything, but you could wear a dress and heels and not stand out.

And if she wanted to make Bellamy suffer a little, who would ever know?

The green dress with the cropped sleeves revealed all of her collar bone and definitely lifted her breasts higher than your average dress. It was clingy without being too tight and showed off the
curve between the small of her waist and her hips. The nude heels were sexy without being too showy, but they made her calves look phenomenal.

She grabbed her long trench coat from its place on her bed and headed out of her bedroom door to the living room downstairs.

“Mom! I’m going out with O and company.” She yelled into the kitchen where she could hear her mother, undoubtedly creating some sort of baked confection for Marcus. Ever since they got together, her mother had suddenly found the will to be Susie Homemaker again, even though Marcus seemed like a pretty liberal-minded, feminist type (He had a Jesus beard after all).

“Oh!” Her mother said, coming around the corner into the living room. “Well don’t you just look lovely, dear! I’ve always loved that dress on you. Haven’t seen it in a while thought. What’s it been? Two years now?”

Clarke nodded at her mother’s words, remembering the last visit home when she had worn this dress. It had been to a fundraiser for her mother’s hospital.

A day later she had ran back to Rhode Island with her tail between her legs.

“Well I’m glad you brought it out again.” She was smiling. “You should go buy something for this year’s fundraiser! You can take my card.” Her mother offered and Clarke considered it. She hadn’t bought a new dress in a while and if her mother was offering, that meant not wasting any of her savings on a new outfit.

“Sure, mom.” She smiled in her direction. “I’ll let you know when I can make it to the stores.” A knock on the door interrupted them and Clarke turned confusedly to the noise.

“Will you answer that, dear? I need to get my cobbler from the oven.” Her mother was already moving back toward the kitchen so Clarke had no choice but to move forward and open the door.

When she did, she revealed one Bellamy Blake standing on the porch outside.

Clarke almost immediately started salivating. He was leaning against the frame of the door, the long sleeves of his button down rolled up in spite of the cooler weather, revealing the tendons of his muscles that were holding him up and reminding Clarke of how they flexed as his fingers thrust
inside of her. He was wearing dark blue jeans and dress shoes and he really didn’t look that much different from his professor self other than jeans instead of dress pants.

When she looked up into his face again, his eyes were narrowed darkly as they moved over her body, twice landing on her breasts where they strained against the fabric of her dress.

His eyes finally moved back to meet her own and he leaned in slightly, smirking. “Good evening, Princess.” The way he spoke her name, the deep timbre of his voice, sent chills through her whole body and she closed her eyes against the onslaught of feelings it brought.

He kept his hands to himself, likely because Octavia was probably in the car behind him.

“Did you wear this for me?” He murmured lowly and Clarke nodded shyly at his statement. He sighed and his hand clenched against the door frame. “I remember the last time I saw you in this dress.”

Clarke gulped. She couldn’t believe he remembered the exact dress. He must have sensed her disbelief because he then responded, “Oh, trust me, I remember. Don’t worry, Princess. I won’t be making that same mistake this time.” His voice had dropped even further.

She looked down at the floor beneath her feet before moving her eyes upwards toward him once again.

“I know you didn’t ask for a ride, but we had to drive by your house on the way to the bar, anyways.” He continued. “Would you like to join us?”

She nodded. “Sure.” She turned around and closed the door behind her. “Lead the way, sir.”

Bellamy’s gaze darkened further and he gestured her past him. She moved around him only for him to rest his hand on the small of her back, guiding her to the car.

He opened the door for her to the back seat and she moved her foot to the railing of the SUV to climb up into the back. His hand moved quickly from her back down over her ass to the bare skin of her thigh, tracing upward as she tried to push her way into the car.
She shivered, finally pulling her legs into the vehicle and turning in her seat to see Bellamy’s smirk as he closed the door behind her.

It was going to be a long night.

The arrived at the bar around 8:15 so it was still pretty empty, just the way Clarke liked it. They chose a booth in the corner of the room where they all immediately started divesting themselves of their outerwear and ordered their first round of drinks.

As she sipped lightly on her glass of whiskey, she tried very hard to ignore the fact that she was squeezed up against the wall with Bellamy right beside her.

When she had moved into the booth, she felt someone moved in beside her but hadn’t realized it was Bellamy until she looked up into his smiling face. She swallowed hard at the intent in his eyes and she knew it was going to be an evening of teasing on his part.

But she could give just as good as he could.

Octavia sat across from her and the two of them were chatting easily about break and their plans for the two weeks of freedom. Monty was seated next to Octavia, Jasper beside him. She and Bellamy were alone on their side of the booth and she would occasional tap her knee against his, her calf rubbing up against his..

“So I told her I would think about it.” Clarke had just finished telling Octavia about her mother’s offer to buy her a dress for the fundraiser that year.

“I say you take her up on it. I mean she did go radio silent on you for a few years there, she’s likely trying to make up for lost time.” Octavia responded.
“O.” Bellamy said warily.

“What? She did. I’m just stating fact.” Octavia shrugged, the alcohol already making her brave, apparently.

They moved on to other topics, Monty and Octavia dominating the new conversation, when she felt it.


She clenched her hand around her whiskey glass and looked up at him quickly, but his eyes were fixed on his sister who was regaling them with a tale from her math class this semester, smiling at her endearingly.

*What was he doing?* She thought harridly as his hand slowly moved from her knee, upwards.

She closed her legs slightly, trying to tell him without words that this was *highly* inappropriate, but he simply moved his palm inward to the inside of her thigh and pulled her right leg away from her left, toward his own leg, widening her legs for his perusal.

She tried to hide her gasp by coughing, Octavia looked in her direction then with a worried expression. “You okay?” She asked.

Bellamy, for his part, was also looking in her direction with a worried look on his face as well, even though he *certainly* knew what was wrong with her.

“Uh, yes. Fine. Just allergies.” She smiled tightly in Octavia’s direction, who took this at face value, smiled, and turned back toward Monty.

Bellamy’s hand continued its journey then, his palm dragging heavily up her inner thigh, pulling her even closer, wrapping his hand around her thigh and lifting her leg so that it rested on top of his own, holding her open by wrapping his calf around her own.

She wanted to whimper, make some sort of noise, but she didn’t want to alert the others to
Bellamy’s actions.

His hand was now moving rapidly toward her core, his fingers finding the thin scrap of her thong covering her pussy and pushing it to the side. They moved into her folds and trailed up and down her slit, dipping lightly into her entrance where her wetness had begun to drench her underwear.

Bellamy, all the while, continued being completely engaged with the conversation he was having with his sister. If she were a passing observer she would never know from his facial expression that he had just pushed his middle finger into her pussy and was slowly pumping it in and out of her, coaxing more juices from her core.

She wasn’t sure how Octavia, Monty, and Jasper didn’t pick up on how quiet she being but she supposed the tavern height of the table was doing a good of hiding the movement of his hands.

At that point, a second finger joined the first and began to push upwards into her cunt, struggling to reach inside of her from the position of his hands. He removed them momentarily, covered in her wetness and moved to her clit, rubbing small circles there.

She had all but stopped breathing at this point, scared that if she let out a breath, it would be released as a whimper and everyone would know what he was doing to her.

His right hand moved down below the table, wrapping around her right knee and pulling her open even wider to his fingers, which had now returned to her entrance. Three fingers entered her this time and she leaned her forehead against the palm of her left hand on the table, as she suddenly felt the reminder of just how big his fingers were as they spread her open to his wandering hand.

“Clarke, are you sure you’re alright?” She heard Octavia’s voice through the haze of her arousal.

“I-I think I need to go to the bathroom.” Bellamy released her thigh, his fingers pulling out of her, and she practically climbed over his lap, moving toward the bathroom in the corner of the room. She pushed open the door to the single family bathroom and immediately leaned against the countertop of the sink, trying to control her breathing.

Suddenly, the door behind her opened and she turned to tell the person entering that it was occupied when she saw Bellamy enter behind her, calmly closing the door, clicking the lock into place.
When he looked up at her, he smirked at her appearance.

“What’s wrong, Princess? Are you feeling sick?” He spoke lowly, his voice teasing her.

“Did you really follow me to the bathroom to ask me that?” She tried for snark but she was so desperate to cum that it came out weaker than she intended.

“Oh, absolutely not.” He responded moving to where she was leaning back against the sink and picking her up by her hips, placing her on the lip of the sink, her feet struggling to find placement on the floor as her legs were stretched to their full length. “I came to finally get my mouth on your pussy.”

At that, he dropped to his knees in front of her, looking up, and giving her a chance to push him away. Instead, she groaned and her head dropped backwards, eyes toward the ceiling.

Bellamy’s hands hastily pushed her dress upwards, exposing her underwear under the flourescent lights of the bathroom, humming as he pushed her underwear out of the way and ran his nose along the lips of her cunt.

“So good.” He breathed, his fingers coming up to pull her lips apart, his tongue licking its way through her juices, drinking up all that he could find before he pressed into her, fucking her with it. His right hand moved to rub her clit back and forth as he continued his ministrations with his mouth.

Her left hand came to rest on the back of his head, her right hand propping her up on the sink.

“Oh God. Don’t stop.” She pleaded, so close to her release. Their time at the table had brought her to the brink, the idea that they were right there with their friends, her pussy exposed just inches from where they sat all without them knowing.

Bellamy removed his mouth from her then. “Oh, I don’t plan to, Princess.” His right hand moved back to her entrance, three fingers pushing in at once, her pussy instantly clenched down against the intrusion, the stretch much easier than it had been before, but still an accomodation. He thrust inside her quickly his mouth moving back to her clit, aiming to bring her to her release as soon as possible.
His fingers curled upward reaching that spot inside of her that he couldn’t quite get underneath the table and she cried out everytime he reached it.

“Come on, Princess. You better cum before she comes looking for us.” He whispered to her from his place on the ground. “Wouldn’t want her to find you being finger fucked by her brother in the bathroom of a bar, would you?”

At that, she inhaled sharply, her orgasm quickly flashing through her, her legs tightening, walls tightening against the fingers that continued thrusting inside of her, the sloshing sounds her pussy made were exceptionally loud in the emptiness of the tile bathroom.

She whimpered as she came down, her legs closing slightly against his fingers and the sensitivity they caused and he slowly removed them from her, standing finally. He brought his fingers to his mouth and licked them clean, moaning to himself as he opened his eyes to look at her again.

He stepped into her, grabbing her around the waist and pulled her into him. “Good girl” He whispered, kissing her hairline. “Is your mom home, Princess?” He asked.

She shook her head no. Her mom was out with Marcus. They had driven into the city and wouldn’t be back until the next afternoon, staying the night at a hotel there.

“Good.” He smirked, grabbing the hem of her dress and dragging it slowly down her thighs. He grabbed her by the hand and pulled her from the restroom, making their way toward the table where their friends sat.

Clarke could feel her juices slick against her thighs still, her soaking underwear back in place over her mound.

Bellamy let go of her hand as they approached table, bring it to rest on her upper back instead.

“Clarke isn’t feeling very well.” He told their friends who looked concerned. “I think I’m going to take her home. Monty, can you give O a ride to the house?”

Monty nodded. “Of course.”
“Are you sure that’s okay, Clarke?” Octavia, always the one to cut to the chase, asked. Of course she would be concerned that Clarke was getting a ride home from the man who crushed her heart into a thousand pieces. Clarke hadn’t told her anything recently.

“Yeah, it’s fine. I’m probably just going to take some Excedrin and go to bed.” She smiled softly.

Right after I undoubtedly get thoroughly fucked, that is.

“Okay, as long as your sure.” She turned to glare at her brother. “Take care of her, idiot.”

“I will, I promise.” He smiled sweetly, but Clarke knew he meant he would take care of her in an entirely different way.

Octavia rolled her eyes and shooed them away.

Bellamy’s hand tightened on her back and guided her toward the door.

When they reached the outside, he again threaded their fingers together and dragged her toward where they parked on the street, opening the passenger door for her and guiding her inside before he moved to the driver’s seat.

After she was buckled in and he was on the road, his hand came to rest on her left thigh possessively, wrapping his whole hand around the inside of her knee and gripping her tightly.

“Are we going to my house?” She asked nervously. She didn’t know why she as nervous. They had already had sex before and she had just shoved his face into her pussy.

“We are.” Was his reply. When he didn’t elaborate, she sighed and turned to look at the city as it passed by and then the houses when they reached her neighborhood.

When they pulled up in front of her house, he squeezed her thigh and said “Wait here.”

She stayed put and watched him exit the vehicle, coming around the front and opening her door for
her, reaching a hand up to help her out of the tall vehicle.

She bit down on her bottom lip as she accepted help down. When her feet hit the pavement, Bellamy pulled her forward roughly, closing the car door behind her and pressing her up against it.

Leaning in he took her lip from her teeth and bit down with his own causing her to gasp into his mouth.

He pulled away. “Let’s go for a swim.” He pulled her hand and led her to the back yard where her swimming pool was.

“You want to go… swimming?” Was her confused response, as they made their way around the house and unlocked the gate leading into the backyard, Bellamy already stripping off his shirt and exposing the smooth skin and muscles of his back.

He turned to smirk at her over his shoulder. “Yeah” Turning back around, he reached down and stepped out of his shoes, placing them on the lounge chair by the pool.

He faced her again, bare foot and in jeans, and she tried her hardest not to let her eyes roll back in her head at the sight he made.

“You gonna join me, Princess?” He reached down and unzipped his jeans and Clarke realized at that moment that while she and Bellamy had definitely fucked, she had never actually seen him naked and standing in front of her. That night on the couch, he had been far away and cloaked in darkness.

Suddenly, all she could think about was seeing the dick that all but split her in two the day before.

She turned around slowly, presenting her back to him. “Unzip me?” She tried to make her voice sound as sultry as possible but she was sure she sounded like a shaky mess.

“Gladly.” He growled lowly, stepping forward and bringing his fingers to the top of her zipper. “When I saw you open the door in this dress, I knew immediately I had to get you out of it.” He unzipped her dress and pushed her capped sleeves off her shoulders down her arms.
His hands came to her waist and turned her back around, his eyes perusing the newly exposed skin. “For as good as you looked in that dress, you look far better without it.” He pushed the dress the rest of the way down to the concrete, leaving her in only her bra and underwear.

She instinctively brought her hands up to her arms at the chill of the December night, in spite of the mid-60s temperature.

Bellamy tsked and brought his hands to her wrists, gripping them and bringing her arms back down to her side.

He shook his head. “Don’t cover up what’s mine, Princess. I want to appreciate it.” His eyes moved from her face to the rest of her body, drinking in every detail.

His right pointer finger moved to the cup of her left breast and flicked it down, exposing her hardened nipple to his gaze. “Take this off.”

Clarke knew that he could undo the clasp himself so he must have wanted to watch her do it himself, so she reached behind her with both hands and unclasped her strapless bra, the material popped off of her chest and fell to the ground, no longer able to contain her breasts as they were freed by the contraption.

Bellamy’s eyes watched her movements carefully, his hands slowly came up to her breasts and held the heavy weight of them in his grasp, squeezing lightly.

He looked up at her then. “Do you remember the last time we were in this pool together?” His hands never letting up on her nipples which were now swollen under his touch.

She whimpered when he suddenly turned her around and backed her against his chest, his hands once again find purchase on her breasts, massaging them in his hands as he spoke directly into her ear.

“You were eighteen years old. That summer before you ran away to fucking Rhode Island to get away from me.” His grip didn’t lessen as his fingers began to pinch her tender nipples, pulling them up and away from her body, her tits jiggling as they fell back toward her chest when he released them. “You had that flimsy little bikini on, walking around here with your tits all but hanging out, teasing me.”
She moaned, her hands having moved to the hair at the back of his neck, opening herself up to him.

Oh she remembered that day, all right. She remembered every detail of the day of her high school graduation.

“You asked me to help you with your sunscreen. So I did.” He stepped in closer to her, her back now flush against his chest and his right hand moved down to her panties. “The whole time I fought with myself. I thought of your age and how I shouldn’t be attracted to you. But that didn’t stop my dick from getting hard at the feeling of my hands on your skin.”

He hooked his fingers into the side of her underwear and pushed it down her legs, tapping her leg and gesturing for her to shimmy them all the way down out of his way.

“It took everything I had not to touch your pretty pussy that day when I rubbed you down.” He breathed lowly. “I just wanted to know if I affected you the way you did me. Would you be wet for me? Ready for my cock?” He stood again at her back, his right hand coming around to circle lightly around her clit. “Were you, Princess? Do you remember?”

Clarke groaned and leaned her head back against his shoulder. “Ye-yes.” She stuttered.

“Yes, what?” He squeezed her tit in his hand, coaxing her into a better answer.

“Yes, I remember.” She whispered. “I wanted to tease you. I wore that swimsuit to show off, even though I knew you had a girlfriend with you.”

Deep in the dark recesses of her brain she knew that was way twisted but she couldn’t bring herself to blame her younger self.

He chuckled against her neck, his fingers moved down to her entrance circling lightly, listening to the sound of her.

“I knew it. Such a fucking tease. Should’ve just taken you then, right here on this chaise.” His middle finger barely entered her and she groaned.
“I would have let you.” She said throatily and Bellamy growled in her ear.

“Naughty girl, Clarke. Wishing I would fuck you even though I was with someone else.” His fingers moved away from her pussy and she pouted. “Climbing out of that pool dripping wet, your tits shaking as you pulled yourself up.” His right hand returned to her nipple. “Knowing I couldn’t do anything about it.”

His hands moved back to her waist, turning her to face him. His eyes were dark with arousal and she could see the top of his dick through the small opening he made in the zipper of his jeans.

_Fuck_ he was going commando?

“Look at you now.” He smirked, his finger trailing down her body, his eyes following the movement. “Naked for me, dripping down your thighs.” His finger finally reached her cunt and pushed back inside, she leaned forward catching herself on his shoulder, panting his name. “Is your pussy ready for me this time, Clarke? Gonna take my cock like a good girl?”

She whimpered and nodded into his shoulder before he released her and stepped away.

She felt cold and unsure for a second before she realized he was unzipping his jeans and dragging them down his thighs, stepping out of them at the bottom.

Clarke had her first unobstructed view of his cock and... _God_ that thing had been _inside_ of her? Good thing she was studying pre-med and knew that it couldn’t do anything permanent to her vagina because she had never seen a dick as big as Bellamy’s.

She looked up to see him smirking at her.

“What do you think, Princess? Meet your standards?” He whispered huskily and she nodded her head, her hand taking a mind of its own, reached forward and wrapped around his shaft, pulling the skin back and forth.

Bellamy hissed in a breath, clearly not expecting her to be so proactive. Her fingers didn’t even touch each other as she moved back and forth.
His hand came to her waist and pulled her into him, her hands leaving his dick to catch herself on his chest before she could fall.

“I’ll let you suck my cock later, baby. Get in.” He whispered in her ear and she nodded, turning toward the edge of the pool and looking at the cool blue water.

She hesitated, knowing that it was going to be cold when suddenly, she felt a stinging pop on her ass. She jolted in shock and Bellamy pulled her back into him, his dick nestled in between her ass cheeks.

“Now, now, Princess. I don’t like to wait.” His hand rubbed into the fleshy skin of her ass, the warning of another spanking implied in his touch. Clarke had never been spanked before, but… dear jesus … she liked it.

Her ass pressed back into his hand instinctively, searching for more and she felt Bellamy’s chest rumble with laughter.

“Liked that, did you, sweet girl? You want me to spank you again?” His hand continued its rubbing.

“Ah” She breathed. “Yes.”

He pushed her away from him suddenly and before she could process what was happening, she felt the sting of his slap again, this time harder.

His hand resumed its teasing rubbing motion. “All better now? You gonna get in the water for me?”

She nodded and started to reach for the ladder, but Bellamy stopped her.

“No ladder. Jump.” She looked at him over her shoulder and saw him smile, his eyes dropping to look at her tits and she almost rolled her eyes at the insinuation.

She pushed off the concrete and hit the water seconds later, the coldness of it stealing her breath.
She reached the surface and gasped for air, her teeth chattering a little.

“Shh, it’s okay. I’ll warm you back up.” Bellamy was already in the water, holding her in his arms.

They stayed that way for a while, clinging to each other letting their breathing even out somewhat, body heat warm each other up.

After a while, Bellamy moved her to the edge of the pool, leaning his hands on the wall behind her.

His eyes were fixed on her breasts, watching the water trail off of them and roll back into the pool.

“If I had known that day that you were going to leave me, I wouldn’t have let you go.” He whispered into the still of the night, the warm settling in between the two of them.

Clarke swallowed heavily before she responded. “I thought you would never want me the way I wanted you. I needed to get over you.”

Bellamy’s eyes narrowed. “Did it work? Running away from me? Did I stop haunting your dreams? Did you stop thinking about me?”

Somehow this answer seemed important to him.

“No, Bellamy. I always wanted you.” She whispered and he moved in quickly and captured her lips with his own, opening her mouth to his.

He pulled away slightly. “I always wanted you too, Clarke. It was always you.” He breathed before leaning back in to capture her lips.

Standing on the bottom of the pool he moved his hands around her waist and locked her legs around him, maneuvering them further down the pool toward the shallow end until he finally reached the depth where he could place her on the side of the pool, his dick in line with her entrance.
“Are you still ready for me, Princess?” His fingers found her opening and pushed in slowly, stretching her from the inside, making sure she was prepared. He needn’t have worried as Clarke was always dripping for him, even in a pool.

“Always.” She sighed into his mouth. Three fingers were moving in and out of her now and Clarke knew that while that stretch was good, his dick would be even more satisfying, so she reached out, grabbing his cock in her hand once more, urging him to fuck her.

He chuckled under his breath. “Always so eager for me, aren’t you?”

She nodded, not even bothering to hide her arousal at this point. “Please, Bellamy.”

His cock pushed part of the way inside and she moaned throatily into the night sky, her head hanging back, eyes looking toward the stars.

“Come on, Clarke. Open up for me, baby.” He spread her legs wide open, her thighs hitting the sides of the pool, the concrete freezing under her ass, but his dick was scalding hot inside of her.

He pushed forward in a smooth thrust, his dick most of the way in until he withdrew again and pushed forward once more, this time his dick seated fully inside of her, his hips against hers.

“There’s a good girl.” He was thrusting deeply, hitting far inside of her with each push and she started making those same whimpering noises she remembered from yesterday, her vocal cords again taking control. It was an instinctual, visceral reaction to his fucking that she had never felt before. The stretch his dick brought was unlike anything she had ever felt, especially this time, now that she’d had him once before. The pleasure and pain were the greatest thing she had ever experienced in her life.

The water of the pool sloshed around his thighs as he continued his thrusts, masking the noises her pussy was making each time it swallowed him, but Clarke never felt cold. His dick warmed her from the inside out.

Suddenly, Bellamy’s hand came to a rest on her chest and pushed her back onto the concrete behind her, resting her there, her tits bouncing against his hand with their movement.

She groaned loudly into the night sky before she felt Bellamy’s other hand slap over her mouth,
silencing her noises.

“Shhhh, Princess. Don’t be too loud. Wouldn’t want the neighbors to see you like this, would you? All spread out in the night air, taking my cock like this.” She moaned into his hand, her eyes rolling back. “Is this what you imagined that day, Clarke? Is this what you wanted to happen then?”

She nodded into his hand, her right hand moving up to catch her breast, fingers capturing her hardened nipple and squeezing.

“Is your filthy cunt gonna come around my cock? Hm?” His right hand came up to her clit, swollen and peaking out of its place, and began to rub it in circles.

His hips changed angles suddenly, reaching upward into her channel and Clarke jerked off the ground and squealed. Her mouth that was still covered by Bellamy’s left hand, was suddenly free as he moved it to the skin of her stomach just about her cunt and pressed down lightly.

“You feel that, Princess?” She was whimpering uncontrollably now, completely out of her senses. “Let go, baby.”

She groaned loudly, suddenly feeling like she needed to use the bathroom, pushing on his chest, trying to warn him. Her hips rose off the concrete against the pressure of his hand as she felt her walls contract suddenly, expelling Bellamy from inside of her. She felt like everything inside of her was released and she could literally feel the cum gushing out of her, the accompanying pleasure was blinding and she stopped breathing for a second.

When she came to, she was twitching slightly, her fingers and toes tingling, and she suddenly felt very tired, exhausted from her own orgasm.

She heard Bellamy chuckle but she couldn’t even bring herself to open her eyes.

“Almost done, Princess.” He said before he slowly pushed back inside of her. Her legs instantly shot up to the edge of the pool, extremely sensitive from her orgasm, but Bellamy held her hips down and kept pushing in until he was inside her once more.

She was making pitiful noises of uncontrolled arousal, as he shallowly pushed in and out of her.
“So good.” He whispered. “Gonna fill you up, baby. You ready?”

She nodded hurriedly, begging him to release inside of her.

He thrust once, groaning, and she felt the release of his cum coat her walls as he continued his small thrusts, the liquid seeping out around his cock.

A few seconds later he stopped moving, leaning over and resting his hands on the concrete beside her head, looking down at her from his place above her.

Her eyes were barely open at that point but she could still see his smirking face.

“What was that?” She mumbled, only slightly annoyed at his chuckle.

He slowly pulled out of her and she winced at the feeling of her walls closing back in, searching for his retreating cock.

“That.” He responded. “Was a squirting orgasm.” He was full blown grinning now.

“A what ??” She sat up as quickly as she could, still drained from the feeling of her release and Bellamy moved to her side. When she looked down below her, the concrete was completely dark, wet from her release. “Oh, my god.” She breathed, Bellamy still chuckling beside her.

“Never done that before, huh?” He was so smug she wanted to smack him in his stupidly perfect jaw.

But then she looked up at him, at his equally stupidly perfect smile and she smiled instead.
Later that night, she was lying in her childhood bed, staring up at the pictures she had taped to her ceiling growing up. Pictures of herself and Octavia. She and her mother. Bellamy.

Earlier, after he helped her stand up (Yes, she couldn’t stand on her own, thank you very much, it was a biological side effect, not because he was some sort of sex master), they washed off under the outdoor shower and he literally carried her inside and up the stairs. He had retrieved a dry towel from her en suite bathroom and wrapped her in it, rubbing it through her hair.

It was so intimate in that moment, she wanted to spill all of her secrets to him.

That she hadn’t just always wanted to fuck him.

But that she was completely in love with him too.

His eyes watched intently as they studied her in the moonlight.

And then he had to go so he would get home before Octavia. Didn’t want to raise her suspicions.

Which left her here now, pondering her situation.

Why weren’t they just telling people? Did he not feel the same way? Was he just attracted to her? Looking to get her out of his system?

A ding from her nightstand drew her attention. A special ding that made her heart beat faster.

She leaned over to retrieve her phone from its cradle, the light blindingly bright in the darkness.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Home safe and sound, Princess.*

She had told him to text her when he got home. You know, just to make sure he made the trip okay.
Clarke Griffin *Good. I was worried.*

Bellamy Fucking Blake *lol were you?*

She smiled shyly in the privacy of her bedroom.

Clarke Griffin *Maybe. But now that you’re home I guess I don’t have to think about you anymore.*

She watched the message instantly turn to “Read” and the three dots pop up soon after.

Bellamy Fucking Blake *I think we both know that won’t be the case, Princess.*

She smiled.

Clarke Griffin *Someone’s cocky.*

Bellamy Fucking Blake *Well considering I had to carry you to your room, I’m feeling a little confident this evening.*

She groaned. He was never going to let her live that down.

Clarke Griffin *Pretty sure that will never happen again, dick.*

Bellamy Fucking Blake *I guess we’ll just have to wait and see ;)*

She felt her heart clench a little tighter. Did she want to fuck Bellamy again?

Abso-fucking-lutely.
But she also wanted to date Bellamy.

To tell people that his perfect, handsome face and his amazing, giant dick were hers.

House, kids, nine yards.

She wanted it all.

Clarke Griffin Night, Bellamy

Bellamy Fucking Blake Goodnight, Princess.

She just needed to convince him that he wanted it to.

Chapter End Notes

Whew.

Call back to graduation-swimming-pool-teasing for the win!

Any guesses on what happened Christmas break two years before?

Leave some comments/kudos whichever! I can't believe that this story is winding down soon. *Sadness*

Also, Roan fans, no worries! He will be back next week!! ;)

See you next week!
The Conversation

Chapter Notes

Hello, my friends! The update is here!

This chapter contains an actual conversation. Kind of like the kind that Bellamy and Clarke should have on the show.

You know, one of those things.

Also, a small amount of smut at the end.

Enjoy!

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Conversation

The smell of something sweet drifted into her bedroom, causing Clarke’s eyes to flutter open. She blinked furiously for a few seconds, sitting up in confusion and looking around the room.

Oh. Right. She was home. As in home home. With her mother. Which must be where the sweet smell was coming from.

She sighed and moved her legs from under her blanket until they were resting on the floor, when she stopped suddenly at the twinge of uncomfortableness between her legs.

Oh .

Flashes of the night before visited her in vivid clarity. Bellamy stripping naked on the deck of her pool, his dick in the glow of the water. Bellamy spanking her and pressing her up against the wall of the pool. Bellamy fucking her raw, her own orgasm so intense he had to carry her upstairs.

Right.
She was blushing uncontrollably. Dear sweet Jesus, she had never been fucked so thoroughly in her life. She and Bellamy were obviously explosive in that manner and he sure as hell knew what he was doing with that monster dick of his.

If he thought for a second she was going to let it go, he had another thing coming. Literally. She fully intended to be put out of her mind with pleasure every day for the rest of her life by that man. No one else would do.

Now she just had to come up with a plan to bring him on board with the whole “We’re actually soulmates and we need to just go ahead and make that official now” plan.

But she had always known Bellamy was the one for her. There had never been any doubt. It may not have been the same for him.

Tucking the disheartening thought away in the dark recesses of her mind, she stood up tentatively and stretched her arms above her head. Grabbing her phone from the nightstand beside her bed, she gingerly took her time walking down the stairs, only slightly wincing with the aching feeling.

Undoubtedly, she just needed Bellamy to fuck her a few more times so she could get used to it.

She smirked.

“Morning mom” She greeted as she walked into the kitchen. Her mother was standing at the stove, frying what looked like pancakes in a pan.

When she heard the greeting, she turned around and smiled. “Good morning, dear! How was your night out? I just back about an hour ago. Thought I would make your favorite!”

She sat a plate down in front of Clarke on the large kitchen island. Clarke looked down to see a huge stack of pancakes with fresh whipped cream and strawberries.

Her stomach grumbled hungrily and Abby chuckled.

“Glad I made extra then!” She held up the frying pan she was currently working over. “So, how
does it feel being home?” Abby asked as she flipped off the burner and slid the last pancake onto the second plate waiting beside the stovetop.

Clarke took a bite of the meal and answered around her mouthful. “It’s nice.” She said, except it came out sounding like a muffled version of Charlie Brown’s teacher.

Her mother rolled her eyes. “Don’t speak with your mouth full, dear. I can wait until you finish chewing, I’m sure.”

Clarke swallowed. “It’s nice. We had a good time last night. We see each other in North Carolina, but it was nice to go to one of our old haunts.” She smiled and took another bite.

“Well, good! How are Bellamy and Octavia? I haven’t seen either of them in a while. Octavia came home this summer, of course, but Bellamy stayed at school.” She took a sip of her coffee.

“They’re both good. I see them a few times a week at school. Bellamy is at UNC now too finishing his PhD.” She sat her fork down to take a sip of the glass of milk on the counter beside her.

Abby nodded. “Oh, yes. I knew that. He seems to be really enjoying the return to his Alma Mater.” She smiled chipperly and took another sip of her tea.

Clarke’s fork dropped onto her plate rather loudly.

“Wait. You knew Bellamy was back at UNC? Like, before I transferred, knew?” Clarke looked at her mother in surprise.

Abby didn’t know everything, but she knew that Clarke and Bellamy weren’t exactly on speaking terms for the past three years.

“Oh! Didn’t I mention it before? I’m sorry, sweetie, I guess it just slipped my mind!”

Abby sipped.
Clarke eyed her mother suspiciously. That was total bullshit. Her mother knew Bellamy was going to be at UNC when she transferred, knew that they weren’t getting along, and yet still never mentioned anything to her?

That shit was on purpose.

“Mom.” She said accusingly. “Why didn’t you tell me Bellamy was at UNC before I transferred?”

Her mother sighed loudly and sat her tea down on the countertop.

“I didn’t tell you because I knew you wouldn’t transfer and, selfishly, I wanted you to be closer by than Rhode Island. Besides, I knew that you and Bellamy needed to be forced together again if you were ever going to mend your rift.” She rubbed her forearm self-consciously. “You and Bellamy were always so close, Clarke, I just hated seeing the two of you in the state you were in. You were miserable. He was miserable. It just seemed time to force your hand.”

Clarke didn’t know whether to laugh or yell. Her mother had orchestrated this whole fucking thing. She wouldn’t be surprised if it was Octavia and her mother, together. They were the ones who originally suggested she transfer to be with Octavia.

_It will be a nice change, sweetie! And I know you miss Octavia._

_Come on, Clarke! It’ll be just like old times! Besides, no one here knows you! It will be like a fresh start!_

Those manipulative bitches.

_God_ she loved them.

Suddenly, she paused, digesting her mother’s words.

“Wait. He was miserable? He as in Bellamy?” Clarke questioned. She knew that Bellamy had still come home over the three years she had been in Rhode Island. HE wasn’t going to abandon his mother and sister just because she was hiding away in another state.
Abby bit her lip, much like Clarke was want to do, obviously trying to choose her next words carefully.

“Listen, honey. I don’t know a lot. I definitely don’t know what caused the two of you to stop speaking, but I do know that Aurora has been worried about Bellamy for some time now. And everytime I see him when he’s home, he is always polite, but not in the same way he used to be. It’s almost like it would hurt the poor boy to even look at me.” She fiddled with the ring around her right index finger. “And you never wanted to come home. You up and changed your plans at the last minute to go to a college where he wasn’t, and I’m just not naive, Clarke. I can put two and two together.”

Clarke froze in her seat. What was her mother implying?

“So you figured out we had a falling out, then?” Clarke asked.

Abby smiling ruefully. “Oh, I gathered. You never seemed willing to talk about him or share anything with me, but I can easily recognize it for what it is, dear.” She continued. “But! I’m glad that the two of you have mended things. You have, haven’t you?”

Clarke tapped her fingers against the countertop, unsure of what to divest.

“Yeah. Yeah, we have. Mostly.” Clarke said lowly, her fingers still tapping.

She looked up at her mother to see her smiling almost sadly. She reached over and grabbed Clarke’s hand on the counter and squeezed it tightly.

“Good. It was a long three years, Clarke. And Bellamy… he needed you just as much as you needed him.”

Clarke stared down at their combined hands, and pondered her mother’s words. She wasn’t sure what her mother knew, but she had a feeling that Abby wasn’t about to just come right out with it. Undoubtedly this was one of her “I’m your mother and you need to make your own choices in life” moments, but she knew that the two of them would be re-visiting this conversation one day.
“Thanks mom” Clarke smiled genuinely in her direction.

“Of course, sweetheart, anytime.” She stood up and began to put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher.

Clarke’s phone dinged from where it was sitting beside her plate and she startled because she had almost forgotten it was even there.

She looked down.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Good morning, Princess ;)*

She smiled widely and discreetly moved out of the kitchen, hoping her mother didn’t catch her grinning like a fool.

A few days passed after her night out with her friends before Clarke could even think of seeing them again. Since this was the first time she had been home for Christmas in years, her mother was pulling out all the stops. They were attending everything together. Christmas dinner with her grandmother (She always had it earlier in the week), Christmas tree shopping, the cookie baking contest - Her mother literally wanted to do everything with her.

It was sweet and they had a great time together. Marcus even joined them for a few activities and Clarke had to admit that he was a nice guy and probably exactly what her mother needed.

But she was now going on three days without her friends and she was dying to see them again.

And not just because she was hoping Bellamy would push her up against the nearest surface and remind her of how good his dick felt inside her.

The delicious aching that had present that morning after they had sex by the pool had since faded, but her conversation with Bellamy had not.
They had been steadily texting each other throughout the day, every day. They wrote about anything and everything they were doing as well as the silly things Octavia was insisting they do for Christmas this year.

It was honest to goodness friendly conversation and it was sucking Clarke in even more.

Wasn’t it bad enough that she now knew what it was like to have him inside her and not get to experience every day? But now they were slowly falling back into their old relationship, telling each other their secrets and discussing the latest news stories with practiced expertise.

Everything about their relationship was all that she knew it would be.

Even now, as she lay back on her mother’s couch, watching her flit around the house, dramatically waxing on about the importance of hospital employee attendance at the Christmas fundraiser to the lower level supervisor she was speaking to on the phone, all she could think about was the perfection that was Bellamy.

“Of course, Jackson. Tell them that all supervising staff are most certainly expected to attend, unless they are working at the time of the fundraiser. This is only successful as long as we have full staff buy in!” She was yelling as she walked back into the kitchen.

Clarke stared bemusedly over the top of her book at her mother before returning her gaze to the words on the page.

Her phone beeped beside her and her heart leapt into its usual sprint.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** I will see you tonight, right? I’ve missed you. ;)

Clarke sighed softly. God, did she miss him too. But she missed all of him.

**Clarke Griffin** Of course. My mother wouldn’t let me miss the Christmas tree lighting if I were half dead in the hospital.
Clarke’s community had a special tree in the center of town square that they lit on December 23 every year in celebration of Christmas week. It was actual their second lighting, as the first lighting came at the beginning of the season with white lights on the tree, but tonight, the lights would be changed to bright, beautifully colored bulbs and the local string ensemble would be on site playing Christmas carols. All in all, it was quite lovely, even if it was just another holiday tradition.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** Ah, yes. The reign of the Christmas Queen continues. And did you ever get around to buying a new dress for the fundraiser tomorrow evening?

Clarke smiled brightly at the question. Oh, she bought a new dress all right. It was champagne colored and fitted. She couldn’t wait to wear it. It was a mermaid silhouette that hugged her figure to just above her knees before flaring out at the bottom. The top was a low cut halter whose straps wrapped over her shoulders and down, connecting in a crisscross at the bottom of her mostly exposed upper back where the fabric started again at her waist.

When she had tried it on in the dressing room at the boutique, Clarke had instantly felt beautiful and like she could take on the world.

So she bought it. If Bellamy thought the green dress was flattering, then he would certainly love this one.

**Clarke Griffin** Yepp! All ready to go on that front. Now to look forward to a night of tipsy, handsy doctors.

It was true. Half of the doctors at her mother’s hospital fit that description. And it didn’t matter if they were old enough to be her father, they never really held back on their… compliments.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** Don’t worry, Princess. I don’t plan to let you out of my sight all night.

Clarke found herself instantaneously aroused at his comment, picturing a suited Bellamy standing beside her all night, his big hands guiding her around the ballroom, pressing into the skin of her back.

**Clarke Griffin** I’ll look forward to it then ;)
She sighed dreamily, her arousal deepening by the minute. She had tried to masterbate once over the past couple of days when missing Bellamy had become too much, in spite of her own self-insistence that she was being ridiculous. It hadn’t been as satisfactory as the act once had been. Largely due to the fact that her body just seemed to be craving Bellamy’s touch too much. Everytime she tried to imagine her hands were his larger, rougher ones, her body just kind of laughed at her in pity. Not to mention she hadn’t even packed her favorite dildo. Even though she had a feeling it would have the same effect, considering the size of her dildo was laughable when compared to Bellamy’s dick.

She was just going to have to buy a bigger dildo, she guessed.

Or tie Bellamy to her bed so he could never leave.

She smirked.

“And that is a particularly devious smile. What are you up to?” Her mother suddenly appeared from around the corner, putting on earrings and having apparently hung up on whomever she had been talking to from the hospital.

Clarke felt her cheeks redden. No way could she tell her mother that she was smiling at the thought of having her way with Bellamy any time she wanted.

“Oh, just texting some friends. Are we leaving?” She diverted the question to safer territory.

Abby eyed her with suspicion, obviously not believing Clarke for a second but apparently deciding to let it go. “Yes. Just finishing getting ready now. We are going to meet Marcus for dinner beforehand, if that’s okay.”

Clarke smiled. “Absolutely. We can continue our conversation from last time.”

Apparently Marcus was also a Lord of the Rings fan.
“Great! Why don’t you go ahead and start the car. I’ll be right out.” Abby said as she disappeared quickly back in the direction of her bedroom.

Clarke looked back down at her phone, fingers hesitating over the buttons only slightly.

Clarke Griffin *And now I’m looking forward to what comes after as well.*

She clicked her phone off, almost embarrassed at herself for insinuating what she was, but she just needed verbal confirmation from Bellamy that she was going to get fucked tomorrow.

She pushed up off the couch and grabbed her coat from the closet by the door, sliding her arms in the sleeves.

As she was walking out, she heard her phone go off once more.

Bellamy Fucking Blake *Oh I don’t think you’ll have to wait too long for that, Princess.*

Clarke’s brow furrowed in confusion.

“Sweetie, what’s taking so long, I thought you were going to get the car?” Her mother came out behind her and she quickly pocketed her phone and smiled.

“Sorry got distracted.” She smiled sweetly, silently asking for forgiveness as they navigated through the snow on the sidewalk to the road where they had parked their car.

Clarke sipped on her hot chocolate as she walked around the square around town, watching people chatter excitedly about the upcoming holiday and waiting for the ceremony to begin.
She and her mother had only just arrived and she immediately made a beeline for the hot chocolate booth to get her fix before she dismissed herself to go for a walk around the square.

It really was beautiful this time of year, with the festive decorations and brilliantly colored lights that lit up the streets. The tree was dark at the moment but it would be relit in a little while, the colored lights replacing the white ones. A symbol of the approaching holiday.

“Have you missed all this?” She heard from behind her and a shiver instantly made its way along her spine as a hand came to rest on her lower back, the voice sounding right against her ear.

She looked up into Bellamy’s eyes and nodded. Yes, she wanted to say. Yes, I missed it. I missed all of it, but not nearly as much as I missed you. She refrained, but only slightly.

Bellamy smiled a bright smile down at her.

“Well, good. Because hopefully it will entice you to come home for the holidays even more.” He guided her back into her stroll, his hand never leaving her back.

Clarke breathed in. “Hopefully. I guess it just depends on where I get accepted for my MD program.” She hoped she didn’t sound as nervous as she actually was. She really wanted to get to stay at UNC for her MD, but she knew that competition was fierce and she was much more likely to get in at some of the other schools she applied to.

Bellamy chuckled. “If you really want to stay at UNC, I don’t think you’ll have any problem getting into the program. You have a perfect GPA, Princess. In part due to your excellent final grade in World History, I might add.” He looked over in her direction, smirking.

“I worked very hard for that grade, mind you.” She blushed.

“I know you did. It was well earned.” His hand left her lower back and she felt suddenly lost without it until she realized that he was moving to open a cast iron gate at their left, motioning for her to enter.

She looked up in confusion, glancing around to see if anyone noticed them, before she moved to
follow his lead through the small gate.

Bellamy came in behind her and closed the gate back into place.

“Where are we going?” She asked nervously.

Somehow, she had never been here before. Wherever *here* actually was. It was off to the side of town square and they were stepping on a stone ground that was leading them somewhere.

His hand returned to her back and the comfort she felt immediately returned.

“When I was still living at home, before I went off to school, I used to come here to get away.” Clarke glanced up at him accusingly. “Hey, listen, sometimes when you’re 17, the last thing you want to do is be around your 11 year old little sister and her slightly older best friend.” He grinned down at her.

The stone path opened up into what looked like a garden of sorts. There were plants everywhere, but most of them appeared to be wild. There were broken stone moldings everywhere, a fountain in the center that didn’t seem to be working at all, and stone benches on either corner of the small square.

“This was the original town square.” Bellamy said by way of explanation. “When our town was founded, it was much smaller. When we expanded and made the new town square in the early 1900’s, the town decided to keep the original square and just build the new one off of it.” He gestured to the square memorial, which was much smaller than the current town square, but still, it was obvious that at some point, it had been quite beautiful.

He led Clarke over to a bench in the corner next to a wild flower bush and they sat down, their shoulders leaning into each other in the cold night.

“I used to come here to think a lot and to read. When I left for college, I missed it, even. I tried to find a place similar to it but it’s a lot harder to find a place hidden from the rest of the world on a college campus” He said bemusedly and Clarke giggled.

“Yes, I imagine so.” She responded. “Bellamy, this place is beautiful.” She looked around taking in this little piece of history. “And now I know where you used to disappear to when we were trying
to play hide and seek.” She smirked and nudged him in the shoulder.

Bellamy grinned outright before his smile slowly turned to a more serious look. “I came here that night, you know.”

Clarke turned to look at him, confused by what he meant.

Bellamy looked at her seriously. “After that night in the kitchen, when I… said what I did. I came here to cool off.” He looked down at his hands for a moment before looking back up to the sky. “I know there isn’t an excuse, Clarke. I know that. I was just…” He paused. “Terrified. What would people think if they knew? Me, a 23 year old man, thinking what I was about an 18 year old girl that I had known most of my life.”

Clarke reached her hand out to grab his, rubbing her thumb back and forth across the skin of his knuckles, allowing him to continue.

“I know now that it was all a little melodramatic. Still, at the time, it seemed monumental. And I was jealous. So jealous. Of some little high school dude at that party because he could make a move on you if he wanted. But me? I was trapped. Not only did I have a girlfriend, but I wouldn’t have been able to act on anything anyways.”

He sighed, rubbing his other hand against his face, his usual sign of distress.

“So I fucked up. I let my jealousy get the best of me and I pushed you away, and even afterwards when I felt terrible, a part of me thought ‘Good. This is for the best.’ because if you hated me, maybe it would be easier to resist you.”

Clarke sat silently, startled by his honesty. They hadn’t had a real conversation in so long, that she almost forgot what it felt like. And here he was, completely opening up to her. Telling her everything that had gone through his mind that night. She almost didn’t know how to react.

“I didn’t make it easy on you.” She scoffed slightly. “Before you even came home, I planned out how I would finally break you. Make you see me as a woman and not just your little sister’s best friend.” She admitted, feeling a little small.

Bellamy turned to look at her curiously.
Clarke rolled her eyes before she continued. “I’ve been grossly salivating over you since age sixteen.” At his surprised look she laughed. “And I was just so frustrated because you never seemed to see me as anything more than a little sister type.” She shrugged.

He sighed again. “Never as a sister, but definitely as a kid. For a very long time. It wasn’t until you were almost 18 that I startled my own self by how I looked at you. Which brings me back the guilt I was feeling.” His hand was gripping his knee tightly. “And then that night. Not only was I unfair to you but I was unfair to Gina as well.”

Clarke stopped moving in her seat and waited for him to continue, eager to hear this part of the story.

“Gina was… real.” He started. “I can’t lie and say that it started out that way.” He seemed hesitant to continue this line of conversation. “Let’s just say I started dating Gina for reasons other than genuine interest in her. But then we grew to really care for one another and I-” He paused. “I was happy for a while.”

She was waiting anxiously now, willing him to continue.

“And then I brought her home.” Her heart started pounding just a tad bit faster. “And I realized that my feelings for Gina hadn’t negated my feelings about you at all. Unfortunately, when I came back home that night after visiting this place, Gina immediately knew something was wrong and she called me out on it.”

She thought of beautiful Gina, wondering what had happened to the loving boyfriend she had known for so many months and actually felt bad.

“I didn’t tell her. I couldn’t tell her. After all, what would she think of me?” He let out a self-deprecating chuckle. “So we dated still and I tried to get back to where I was before I came home. Before-” He looked at her meaningfully. “And then I found out you had changed your school last minute and you weren’t coming to North Carolina anymore. More than that, you were moving to fucking Rhode Island, of all places. And I knew it was my fault. That you were running from me. That maybe I had scared you that night or grossed you out with my less-than-subtle actions, and I was wrecked. I told myself that I didn’t know why you left and that I shouldn’t beat myself up, but that part of my brain just kept berating me.”

Clarke spoke up then. “I told you why I left, Bellamy. It wasn’t because I wasn’t interested.”
Bellamy spoke quickly. “I know that now, this is where my mind was then. And when Octavia told me to leave you alone.. I did. I thought ‘This is what I deserve.’” He looked down at the ground.

Clarke squeezed his hand harder. “I know now that I shouldn’t have left.” She admitted. “That day when went out for shaved ice, you asked me why I left and told me that you didn’t understand how I could do it - Just leave. After everything.” She sucked in cool air. “It was the hardest thing I ever did. Leaving you, I mean. Not just Octavia or my mother, but you. But it was the only solution I saw at the time.”

She trailed off, unsure of herself, suddenly. Back then, her decision had seemed so clear. Now? It seemed silly. Childish. Bellamy was right. They had been so close. And she didn’t even give him a chance to apologize. To explain.

She sat up straighter in her seat, her hand still holding his. “What happened with Gina?” She asked finally.

He continued to stare down at the ground. “We stayed together for a few months, but.. She knew it wasn’t the same. So did I. I was devastated that you were gone and I wasn’t really coping very well. So Gina confronted me.” He laughed softly. “She said I hadn’t been the same since we got back and that it was obvious that she wasn’t who I really wanted.”

Clarke drew in a sharp breath and Bellamy nodded slightly, confirming the direction of her thoughts.

“She knew. Even then, she knew. She never said it out loud, and I denied that there was anyone else I wanted, but it didn’t matter because she knew.” He let out the breath he had been holding. “She told me that I would figure it out one day, but until then, she wasn’t going to be my placeholder.”

Clarke was still in her disbelief. She had never expected this.

“She was right, of course. And deep down, I knew it ito. And it wasn’t right of me to keep her when she wasn’t who I was looking for. So we broke up. After that, I didn’t have you, I didn’t have Gina… I didn’t have anyone really.” His voice was low and raspy. “So I became someone else for a while. And it worked temporarily. I allowed myself to stop feeling because when I did, it just felt… terrible to wake up in the morning.”
Clarke ached for him. Because she had felt the exact same way. And how stupid was it that they had spent so many years apart, when all they had both wanted was to be with each other again.

“Bellamy.” She said quietly. “When I moved away, you were still all I thought about. Even when there were others…” She sighed, gathering all her courage. “I met a woman.” She started. “Her name was Lexa. She was everything you’re not, really. Stringent, no-nonsense… cold almost. She wasn’t really into comfort or coddling.”

She took her time. She had never told anyone about her time with Lexa and how it came to an end. Not even Raven or Octavia.

“I really thought she was exactly what I needed. How could I possibly be thinking of you when I was with someone who was nothing like you?” She laughed softly. “It completely backfired. Instead of forgetting you, all I could think about was you.” She shook her head. “Lexa would do something and I would think Bellamy would never do that or Bellamy would have done it a different way . It was like every difference was staring me in the face, mocking me.”

Bellamy was looking at her now, but she couldn’t bring herself to return his gaze. Not right now.

“We had been dating for almost six months when it happened.” She bit her lip. “I had told her about all of my friends back home. She couldn’t wait to meet them. But then one day, she found something I never intended for her to find.” She looked at him then. “You see, when I moved to Rhode Island, I left everything that would remind me of you behind.”

Bellamy’s face spoke the hurt he didn’t say out loud, but Clarke carried on.

“But then after that Christmas break, my mom sent me the picture. The one she took of us together at the fundraiser.” She continued.

Bellamy’s inhale was ragged and surprised.

“I wanted to throw it away. Burn it. Something. Anything . But I couldn’t bring myself to do it. For the first time in years , I had something to hold on to. To help me remember you. And my heart felt torn in two.” She could feel the tears dotting the corners of her eyes. “So I kept it. But out of sight. I put it under my mattress. That way, I would never have to look at it, but I had the peace of mind knowing it was there.”
She let herself breathe before she finished the story.

“Lexa found it. One day while she was changing the sheets to our bed. She had just moved in the month before, and it had never occurred to me to move the picture.” She laughed sadly. “But when she pulled the fitted sheet out, the picture came tumbling out with it.”

She felt Bellamy’s hand move from her own, but before she could protest, it was wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer.

“She was completely blindsided. She had no idea who you even were. Were you a previous boyfriend? Why was your picture under my mattress?” She wiped the tears from her eyes. “I had never even told her you existed and suddenly, I found myself telling her everything. I couldn’t lie to her, not anymore.”

She could feel Bellamy’s steady breathing beside her and somehow it gave her the courage to continue.

“And she ended it. Right there. And I couldn’t even fight her on it because she was right. She was totally entitled to say everything that she did, even as it twisted the knife in my gut. Because I knew she deserved better than me and I—” She stilled. “I was just terrified to be alone. Because being alone meant too much time to think of you.”

Now that she had admitted it aloud, it felt suddenly heavier and much more real.

She felt Bellamy’s fingers on her chin, turning her to face him.

There were so many things they could say to one another, but at that moment, all she wanted to do was lose herself in his kiss.

She leaned forward, bringing their lips together, his own fitting over hers so perfectly, she felt like crying all over again. This kiss was tender. So unlike many of their previous ones, the weight of their conversation hanging around them. He kissed her once more, pulling away to lean his forehead against her own.
He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could, she felt something cold touch her cheek and she startled away from him, her gaze automatically drawn toward the sky.

Snow.

It was snowing.

She held her palms out in front of her and watched the flakes fall into her hands, smiling at the unexpected delight.

She turned once more to look at the sky and then back to Bellamy, who was looking at her with all the adoration she felt inside.

He smiled then, a smile so bright, she felt blinded by the sight. He pulled her in hastily, laughing as he kissed her again, her own laughter ringing in her ears.

They pulled apart briefly chuckling at the snow that was falling more heavily now before returning once again to their embrace.

When they finally rejoined the town at the Square, the tree was lit and everyone was dancing around in the snow, little kids throwing snowballs at each other and catching the flakes on their tongues.

She turned to Bellamy, her hand never leaving his. “I should go find my mother. She’s probably wondering if I’m dead.” She said dryly.

His hand came up to tuck her hair behind her right ear, his fingers caressing her cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow?” He asked softly, the words he couldn’t say drifting in between the lines of his question.

Will you still be here tomorrow?
Will everything we’ve talked about tonight be forgotten?

Will anything change?

“Tomorrow.” She promised with a small smile. She hated that they weren’t going to spend more time together.

He smiled in return, bringing her hand up to his lips and pressing a soft kiss into the skin of her palm.

“Bellamy!” She heard her mother say from behind her.

The two of them turned to see Abby approaching, Marcus at her side.

“Ms. Griffin” Bellamy nodded his head in her direction.

Abby chuckled. “Bellamy, dear. I’m afraid now that you are an adult, I must insist you call me Abby. You and Clarke are both adults now, after all.” She smiled sweetly at him and Clarke wanted to squeeze her in happiness at her kindness.

Bellamy smiled a small smile. “If you insist, Abby. Clarke and I were just enjoying the tree.” He motioned to the tree towering above them.

“I’m sure you were.” Abby said slyly and Clarke suddenly squashed the urge to squeeze her mother in happiness and instead chose to think of squeezing her for an entirely different reason. “You disappeared for while, Clarke, I was worried.” She finished, her concerned faced meeting Clarke’s.

“I’m sorry to make you worry, mom. Bellamy and I were just catching up.” She explained.

Abby grinned. “Well good. I am so glad the two of you are speaking again.” She offered. “Oh, it was just terrible, Bellamy. I could tell she missed you so much. She was un bearable.”
Clarke had a sudden vision of attacking her mother jungle cat-style a la *Mean Girls* when she heard Bellamy chuckle beside her.

“I missed her too, Abby. As I have missed you as well. Who might this be?” Bellamy questioned.

Bless him for changing the subject.

“Oh! I’m so sorry, sweetie.” She turned to say to Marcus. “Bellamy, this is Marcus, my boyfriend.” She laughed. “But boyfriend is such a *young* word. We must come up with something different, darling.” She told Marcus.

Marcus reached forward and shook hands with Bellamy. “Marcus Kane. Glad to finally meet you, Bellamy. I’ve heard all about you.” He noticed the daggers Clarke sent his way. “And your family, of course. Aurora has been so good to Clarke and Abby over the years.”

Clarke mentally wiped the sweat from her brow.

“It was the least we could do after all the kind things Abby has done for myself and my sister over the years.” Bellamy said kindly.

There was a brief pause before her mother clapped her hands together.

“Well! I think it’s time for us to head out, Clarke, sweetie. Are you ready to go? Is there someone you can get a ride with?” She questioned brightly.

“I can give Clarke a ride.” Bellamy interjected.

Abby looked back to Bellamy with a mischievous grin. “Perfect! Well I will see you later then, Clarke.” She leaned forward to hug her mother goodbye before turning to find a grinning Bellamy.

She didn’t have the heart to tell him he had just played right into her mother’s well-manicured hands.
“Give me a ride, huh?” Clarke asked, smiling.

“I meant an actual ride, you know.” He smiled back. “Not that I would ever turn down any sort of ride from you, Princess.”

Clarke pulled on his hand, leading him toward the parking lot.

“Uh huh.” She humphed. “Come on, Romeo.”

“Actually, I prefer Zeus, if you don’t mind. Romeo was a teenager. Zeus? The ladies loved him.” He grinned cheekily and she rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, and he loved them too, didn’t he?” They were walking to the car now.

“Touchee” He conceded, shrugging one shoulder.

They had been driving for about three minutes when Bellamy spoke up.

“Want to take a detour?” He asked.

Clarke turned from her gazing out the window to eye him. “Sure.” She said, unsure of what kind of detour he meant.

He grinned.

“Good, I’m already headed in that direction.”
She laughed, leaning her head against the headrest.

“Why even ask me then?” She questioned, turning her gaze to the side of his face.

His eyes met hers then. “Want to get your permission, I guess.”

She grinned. “You always have my permission, Bellamy.”

His eyes darkened then and she could see the effect her words had immediately.

“Good to know.” He said roughly, his eyes returning to the road.

Before long, they pulled up to a rest stop on the Blue Ridge Parkway and Clarke started laughing.

Bellamy turned to look at her with an amused face.

“Is this-” Clarke got out through her chuckles. “Is this where you caught me and Octavia making out with our boyfriends when I was in tenth grade?”

He nodded and she laughed louder.

“Oh God, I was so embarrassed. You showed up with your lights on bright, charging the vehicle like some knight in shining armor, saving us from losing our chastity.” She was giggling uncontrollably.

“Did it work?” He grinned.

“That night.” She responded, looking directly into his eyes. “These days, I can’t say that I’m all that chaste anymore.” She said lowly, her voice taking on a husky quality.

His eyes narrowed in on her lips and she smirked.
“Well” He began. “I thought I might give you a few more moments away from your mother.” He pulled her over into his lap. “And maybe an opportunity to make better memories of this location.” His nose nudged against hers and she wiggled in his lap, feeling his erection through the leggings beneath her skirt.

“Is that so?” She whispered, her breathing coming more heavily now as Bellamy pressed up against her.

“It is.” Bellamy’s hand made its way underneath her skirt and into the top of her leggings, his cold fingers trailing downwards to her core, making her shiver.

When they finally made contact with the hot wetness of her folds, she jumped slightly in the seat at the temperature change.

“Shh.” Bellamy breathed out. “Be still, Princess. Can’t have people driving by and knowing what we’re doing.” His fingers coated themselves in her slickness, slowly warming with the heat of her center.

She whimpered when two fingers pushed slowly inside of her and Bellamy leaned forward to catch the sound in his mouth as they continued to pump slowly in and out of her, his fingertips dragging along the insides of her walls.

He pulled away to look at her. “I don’t think I quite got my fill last time, Princess.” He said lowly. He withdrew his fingers from her and she groaned at the loss of them inside of her.

He sucked the digits into his mouth before he kissed her once more, the taste of her on his tongue.

He maneuvered them quickly, pushing her into the seat beside him so she was laying across the bench of the front seat.

Thank God he had decided to drive his old truck from high school tonight.

Although, Clarke did pause to wonder if he had driven it on purpose.
She kicked off her boots and Bellamy peeled her leggings down her legs, leaving them caught around one ankle as he made his way forward to her cunt, licking his lips in anticipation.

She gasped out loud at the first feeling of his lips closing in around the folds of her core, sucking them into his mouth, releasing them with a soft sound. His tongue licked a path from the bottom of her to the top, slowly circling around her clit and sucking it into his mouth.

Her hands immediately went to his hair, holding him in place.

He stopped immediately, ts-king at her, taking her hands in his own and tapping against her hip.

“Up.” He growled.

She complied and he put her hands beneath her so she couldn’t reach him and he went back to work.

She moaned loudly, her hands pinned beneath her as Bellamy licked his way to her opening, his tongue entering inside her and drawing out the juices she was still releasing.

His left hand came up and dipped underneath her shirt, finding her nipple underneath her bra and pinching it lightly, coaxing it beneath his fingers.

“You like that, Princess?” She looked down to see Bellamy, his lips glistening from her slickness, staring at her in anticipation.

She nodded.

“What about this?” He brought his right hand up and pushed three fingers inside of her, her walls immediately clamping down around him, willing him to stay inside of her.

She groaned throatily. “Yes.” She hissed as he continued to play with her pussy. “Bellamy—” She whimpered particularly loudly when his fingertips brushed against that same spot inside of her at
the top of her channel.

“What was that? You gonna come on my fingers, sweet girl?” He continued his ministrations, adding a fourth finger to the mix and stretching her even further.

“Jesus.” She whispered, her hips jerking upwards at the added intrusion.

“Want to make sure you can take my cock in one stroke this time. It’s gonna be a quick one, baby.” His fingers were doing unspeakable things to her ability to communicate when he continued. “Think we can make you squirt again?” He asked lowly.

At that his fingers picked up their pace, pressing insistently against that spot that made her twitch with the need to come all over his fingers, his hand coming back down to press against his fingers at her stomach.

She screamed out loud as she felt the familiar rush come over her, her toes curling, and her legs going stiff before she momentarily stopped breathing, the sounds of her sopping cunt being penetrated by Bellamy’s sure fingers echoing throughout the car.

She whimpered shyly when she felt that same stream of liquid that she felt last time, except now she knew what it was. It wasn’t as much as last time, but it was still enough to make her body tingle all over, her nipples standing at attention, and her opening sensitive to his probing fingers.

“Good girl.” He praised as he continued massaging her pussy, slowly bringing her down from her high, his hands gripping her hips and keeping her pinned to the seat.

She sighed, leaning back against the bench of the seat. That kind of orgasm was so intense, but Bellamy knew just how to ease her through it, gently playing with her until she could feel the tingling start back up again.

He must have sensed her readiness because he suddenly withdrew his fingers and pulled her up against him on the seat.

“Look what you did to my leather, Clarke” She looked down to see a small puddle standing on the stiff, old leather of the truck seat.
“I’m so sorry” She whispered coyly.

Bellamy reached into the floorboard, grabbing a towel that was there and wiping up the mess from his seat.

*Did he actually prepare for that??* She questioned, internally gasping at his audacity.

He pulled her over him into the driver’s seat, her legs resting on either side of him, her back against the steering wheel.

“I can think of a way you can make it up to me.” He grinned wolfishly, pushing her skirt up to her waist, exposing her shaved pussy to his view.

His left hand slowly unzipped his jeans, releasing his very hard cock from where it was waiting patiently and stroking himself up and down.

His hand released her skirt and moved upward to unbutton her blouse, pushing it aside to reveal her right breast and pulling the cup of her bra down so that her tit was propped up against the material.

He squeezed her nipple harshly, pulling her forward lightly so that she rested over his cock.

“I know I promised you a ride, but I think in this case, I’ll take one from you instead.” He breathed, his lips brushing against her ear as she nodded eagerly.

Her hands moved beneath her to grasp his cock, stroking it lightly and listening to the moans he was making in her ear.

“Come on, Princess. Take it like a good girl should.” He urged her on and she whimpered as she pressed down on his dick, the size of him splitting her open in the most delicious way.

“That’s it.” He coaxed, his hands gripping her around her hips, massing her there as she slowly engulfed all of him inside of her.
When she finally reached the bottom, she pushed down the last inch and leaned back yelling at the ceiling of the truck.

There was no way she could have taken him this way the first time they fucked because she swore he was even bigger this way.

“So good.” He whispered, his left hand abandoning her hip in favor of squeezing her tit in his hands.

She took her time, moving up his shaft and shifting back down, going a little further each time. Every time his cock entered her again, the walls of her cunt clung to him, trying to keep him inside.

“A little faster, baby. You can do it.” She obliged him and started bouncing on his cock, much more comfortable now. Still, the sound of his dick forcing her juices out of her were loud to both of them, causing even more wetness to coat his cock whenever he withdrew.

His hands came up to free her other breast, exposing both of them to the night air, his eyes watching them sway with her movements.

*He obviously has a thing for my tits.* She thought to herself, noticing a pattern.

He guided her up and down, more quickly now, her heavy tits grateful for the support her half-way-on bra brought as they moved up and down, taking away some of the impact of their bouncing.

Bellamy leaned forward whispering in her ear, his heavy breathing spurring her on.

“Are you gonna come for me again, sweet girl?” He asked her and her whimpering got louder. “Almost there, Princess.” His hand moved down to her clit and started quickly rubbing back and forth across the swollen skin.

She gasped out loud, freezing on top of him, massaging his cock inside of her, rubbing back and forth, riding out her orgasm.
She whimpered as he brushed her hair out of her face. “There you do. Take what you need, baby.” He whispered into her ear.

When she finally stilled, Bellamy flipped them back around so that they were once again laying on the bench of the truck, Clarke on her back, eyes closed in exhaustion.

Bellamy’s hands moved to her chins, holding them up and open, her ass leaving the leather of the seat as he started thrusting deeply inside of her.

She moaned contentedly, her eyes opening sleepily, long enough to see him looking down at her with pure adoration.

“Not yet, Princess.” Impossibly, she could feel the sensitivity wearing off and another peak building. “Gonna milk my cock? Squeeze it like a good girl?”

She nodded dreamily and let out a small gasp as she felt the tingles of her orgasm flow through her once again, a smaller one this time, almost like a wave of pleasure.

Her eyes half closed again before she felt him thrust once more and growl lowly, his cum releasing deep inside of her.

He sighed as he leaned on his hands, removing her legs from his grasp. She felt his hand come up and brush her hair out of her eyes once again.

“Damn.” He said. “I’m not going to have to carry you upstairs again, am I?”

She punched him in the shoulder and he chuckled before he slowly slid out of her, their mutual release dripping onto the seat below her.

He reached into the floorboard once again for the towel and this time she decided to ask.

“Did you bring that towel with an intention in mind, sir?” She smirked up at him and he looked
into her eyes without a hint of guilt.

“Abso-fucking lutely.” He smiled widely.

The rest of the drive home was complete with Clarke rolling the window down in an attempt to remove her exhaustion so her mother wouldn’t ask why she was miraculously so tired (Although she was starting to think her mother knew a lot more than she was letting on) and also, Bellamy explaining that one of his recurring fantasies was fucking Clarke in his truck.

*Men*.

When they pulled up in front of her house, she turned in his direction, watching as he put the truck in park and sighing.

His eyes found hers and they smiled at one another. His hand came up to cup her cheek as leaned in and placed a sweet kiss on her lips. Once, twice, three times, before he pulled away completely.

“Tomorrow?” He asked, an echo of their earlier conversation. All the same worries spoken in his tone.

“Tomorrow.” She promised yet again, squeezing his hand once and getting out of the vehicle.

As she watched him drive away from her front porch, she found herself lost in thought.

After tonight, she had no doubt that Bellamy cared about her as she did him.

But would it be enough? After everything they had been through?

Would it ever be uncomplicated?
Her phone buzzed in her pocket and she furrowed her brow in confusion, as it wasn’t Bellamy’s text tone and that was all she had heard recently.

When she took it out she smiled at what she found.

**Roan Clarke! Good news! I’m making a surprise trip to Virginia tomorrow to see all of you in your finest! I want a front row seat for the Bellamy and Clarke in formal wear show :)**

She sighed, rolling her eyes.

**Clarke Griffin** *No show here, folks. Move along.*

She waited a beat.

**Roan** *LOL liar. See you tomorrow!*

Clarke groaned light-heartedly.

She and Bellamy were just getting to a place of understanding, so she guessed now was as good a time as ever to explain the Roan thing.

She huffed, turning to enter the door and trudging upstairs.

**Chapter End Notes**

Roan is BACK, bitches! (PS I love Roan and he definitely deserved better on the show)

What commentary will he offer to Clarke and Bellamy?

Next chapter is the Christmas fundraiser and we FINALLY find out what happened two Christmases ago (Now that we know what happened the night of graduation).
So mysterious!

We're nearing the endgame, people.

Prepare yourselves.

Also, if you have any offerings for what my next novel length story should be, please sound off in the comments below.

Or just comment anyways. And Kudos. Those are always nice ;)}
I'm back, bitches!
(And so is ROAN!)

Chapter 12, can you BELIEVE it??

This chapter is pretty different from all the previous ones. I know I said way back when that the only flashback would be in chapter one, but as I was reading over this chapter (Which I wrote a while back), I decided that I wanted to include a few snippets of moments from Christmas two years before.

SO. All of the italicized sections are flashbacks to Christmas two years ago.

They are placed throughout the chapter.

Also, there is a little snippet of something... different toward the end.

It will likely throw you off for a second before you realize what it is.

But it needed to be there.

At long last.

So.

Here it is!

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sound of the doorbell drifted through the house, waking Clarke from a very vivid dream of herself and Bellamy in a very compromising position in the campus library.

Sitting up in bed, she sleepily glanced around the room, trying to find the source of the noise that had so abruptly woken her from her peaceful (Yet, admittedly, heated) slumber.

A ding from her nightstand drew her attention to the phone beside the bed, where it lit up Roan’s name. Sliding her finger across the screen, she smiled brightly.
Roan **GRIFF! ANSWER YOUR FUCKING DOOR ALREADY, I'M COLD.**

She laughed and drew her cover back, practically running toward the door, whipping her robe around her. As she reached the bottom of the steps, she noticed that her mother was on her way to answer the door as well.

“It’s alright, mom, I got it.” She assured her mother, skipping lightly to the source of the ringing.

When she opened the door, Roan was leaning against the door jamb on his elbow, dramatically looking at the sky.

“Good to know you were waiting for me with baited breath.” He sighs dramatically.

She rolled her eyes. “Fine. Be Dramatic. I will be less forthcoming with details of my love life.” She turned to walk back into the house, Roan trailing hurriedly behind her.

“Wait a tic, Griff, are you telling me something *finally* happened?? Have you two confessed your undying love for each other? Should I be expecting small urchins running after me calling me Uncle Roan soon???” He was talking quickly, practically clapping his hands with glee.

She swiveled quickly on the spot, her eyes wide with worry. “Shh! Idiot! My mother is awake thanks to your stupid morning shenanigans. What time is it *anyways*?” She asked, continuing her trek to the kitchen.

“Hold up. So you two are engaged and your mother doesn’t know yet? Seems a little odd to me.” Roan questioned with a smirk.

“We’re not fucking engaged, you mongrel. And no, we haven’t confessed our undying love for each other and I’m still happily on birth control, thank you very much.” She practically growled under her breath as she reached into a top cabinet to retrieve the box of Frosted Flakes.

“So you have at least fucked then? Thank God. Maybe now it won’t be unbearable to be around you two anymore.” He was munching on an apple he had taken from the bowl of fruit on the kitchen island.
“Not that it’s any of your business, ape, but… yes, we may have had… relations. And conversations. But nothing more. It’s in a very delicate state and neither of us is pushing anything. And by neither of us, of course, I mean me.” She sighed as she poured the cereal into her bowl, filling it to the brim.

“Okay, so you’ve talked, but you haven’t told him how you really feel? Why the fuck not? Let’s get this shit over with already. You’re about to start your MD, don’t you think it’s best to hash all this out before you start that so you two can make like a… life plan or something?” Still munching, he was now leaning against the countertop, staring at her curiously.

Clarke walked to the refrigerator, retrieved the milk, and walked back to her breakfast. “Honestly? I’m a little terrified. I mean, we’ve talked about our past, how we felt back then and what happened, but what if he doesn’t feel the same? I mean, he’s just now coming around to the idea of being interested in me without the guilt.” She poured in the milk so it settled at the bottom of the bowl and pushed half the cereal to the side so it wouldn’t get soggy.

“You’re fucking with me right?” She looked over to see Roan staring at her like she had two heads. “Like, legitimately, fucking with me? Because that man is one hundred and ten percent expecting to settle down and make at least 2.5 children with you.” He threw his eaten apple into the trash at the end of the counter and turned back toward her.

“You don’t actually know that, you know. You assume that because I love him he has to love me back. But that’s not how this works.” She took a bite of her cereal.

Roan rolled his eyes. “Fine. Be difficult. I’m just looking forward to seeing the two of you post-fucking tonight at this benefit-fundraiser thing.” He crossed his arms across his chest, another smirk coming across his features. “Have you told him that the thing between you and me was never actually a thing?” His grin was sharklike.

Clarke chewed her bite and swallowed before answering him. “Well… I may have… mentioned it. In passing.” She remembered how she had quickly thrown it in before they had sex that first time in his office. She had never actually gotten back around to finishing that story. Suddenly, she wondered if she needed to finish explaining this whole situation before Bellamy ran into Roan tonight.

Roan clapped his hands together once. “YES! This is going to be priceless! Can I video his reaction for my Youtube Channel? I have followers to think of, Griff.” He was smiling like the cat who caught the canary.
“You have approximately 11 followers who could not possibly care less about the status of my love life.” She finished eating her cereal and started rinsing the bowl in the sink.

“Actually, I’ve been thinking of starting a special playlist devoted to the two of you.” He gestured with his hands. “I’m going to give you one of those cute couple names that those fangirls give TV characters. Like… Clellamy? Grifflake? No! Wait! I’ve got it! BELLARKE!” He clapped his hands again. “Damn, I’m brilliant. Can’t make this shit up.” He grinned.

Clarke stared at him incredulously. “You absolutely will NOT.” She put her hands on her hips.

Roan sighed. “Fine. Where the fuck is Raven? Isn’t she here now too?”

Clarke led Roan out of the kitchen into the sitting room.

“She is. She ended up staying with the Blakes instead of my mother and I. She and Octavia are much more into shopping than I am.” She shivered at thought of all the shopping the two of them were doing. “But they will both be at the fundraiser tonight, as well as Miles.” She sat down on the couch facing the window outside.

Roan plopped down in the oversized chair across from her.

“Sweet. It’ll be nice to have some company to the Bellarke Show.” He smirked again.

Clarke sighed. “You’re not going to stop that are you?”

“Not a chance, Griff.”
Clarke hummed softly under her breath as Sara Bareilles sang in the background. Leaning over to look in the mirror, she placed the finishing touches on her make up and sighed deeply.

Looking at her own reflection, she couldn’t help but remember this same night two years ago when she was doing much the same thing.

“All right, honey! Are you ready?” Her mother screamed from downstairs.

“Almost!” She yelled back, looking in the mirror to put in her second earring.

This was it. After all this time, she was finally going to confront Bellamy. Over the past couple of days, there had been several run ins between the two of them. In the grocery store, at the bake off… And every time, they had avoided each other. He stuck to Octavia and Aurora and she stuck to her mother.

She thought she had caught him staring her way a few times, but she was probably just imagining things. Just like she had been two years ago.

But no more. She was tired of it. Things had to change. If he didn’t feel the same way, that was fine, but she was tired of not talking to him. Avoiding home.

Avoiding him.

Studying herself one final time, she couldn’t help but admit that she had chosen this dress with the hope that he did feel the same. The green fabric accentuated all her best attributes and it was definitely her best foot forward to get his attention.

She picked up her clutch from the vanity and moved toward the door.

“All right, are you almost done, dork?” Roan’s voice sounded, pulling her from her memories.

Even now, after two years, the remembrance of what happened then caused an uneasy feeling to settle in her stomach. She hadn’t told anyone what happened that night. Not even Octavia or Raven.
Maybe if they knew, they would understand her hesitance to be forthcoming about her feelings.

“Yeah” She reached over, grabbing her earrings from the tray beside her make up and quickly put them in. She had styled her hair up for once, showing off the intricacy of the back of her dress. The champagne dress fit her perfectly and she looked very elegant. Her mother would be pleased, she was sure, but she also couldn’t wait to see Bellamy’s reaction.

The reminder of how she felt that last Christmas caused the knot to tighten further in her stomach. Would she ever be able to move past this? Her feelings for Bellamy had been a constant for her. If it came to the point where she realized he would never feel as deeply for her, would she ever move on? Or would she be stuck in a perpetual state of loving him? She could date other people, but her heart would always ache for him.

“Listen. I’m saying this now because once I get there, I probably won’t get the chance, but Clarke.” He paused and his use of her first name made her stop moving. “No matter what happens, no matter what he says, Bellamy loves you. Even if he hasn’t recognized it yet. And I think he has. But I just want you to know that.” He was looking at her seriously.

Clarke bit down on her lip. “I guess we’ll see.” She wished so badly that she could tell him about the last time she tried to be honest. “Ready to go?” She grabbed her clutch and turned to him expectantly.

Roan grinned and stood up from his spot on her bed, offering her his arm.

“Oh babe. I am SO ready.” His smile scared her a little bit.

Walking in to the building, she and Roan immediately walked to the coat check and gave the girl there their coats.

“Wow!” The girl squeaked. “That dress is amazing!” The little blonde girl gaped in awe at Clarke’s outfit.
Clarke smiled shyly. “Uh, thanks…” She looked at the girl’s name tag. “Bree.”

Roan grinned wolfishly and once again offered her his arm. “Damn straight. The hottest woman in this joint and you’re walking in on my arm.” He moved the two of them to the entrance of the ballroom. “Can’t wait to see Blake’s face.” More grinning. “He’s going to murder me with his eyes, I swear.”

Clarke looked in his direction. “I don’t know. He’s seen what’s under this dress. I don’t know that his jealousy will be as heightened now.”

Roan snorted. “Yeah, okay, Griff. Tell yourself that. Until the day you walk into that room with him, he’s going to be jealous. Man is possessive as fuck, if I’ve ever seen it.”

They walked to the entrance slowly, the line moving steadily as guests gave their invitations to the gentleman on either side of the door.

“Whatever you say.” She said sardonically.

They finally reached the front and Clarke handed the man her invitation with her plus one and they were admitted into the ballroom.

Looking around at all of the beautiful decorations, she felt herself smile. It was brilliant and festive. It always was. The aching in her chest came back, however, as she remembered the last time she was here.

*She had insisted on coming alone tonight, in spite of her mother’s insistence that there were plenty of young, eligible doctors at the hospital who would love to accompany her.*

*No.*

*She wanted Bellamy to be well aware of her alone-ness. No mistaking that she was with anyone else.*
The decorations were spot on, as usual. The reds and golds bountiful around the room, the festiveness of the whole event making Clarke’s heart flutter with excitement. This was the perfect night to talk to Bellamy. The magic of the evening giving her the hope that she had been sorely lacking.

They were both single, she had been away from home for two years now. She was twenty. They were both in the same adult decade for the first time, and if there was ever a time to be honest, it was now.

Stepping into the room a little further, she looked around, trying not to make it obvious that she was looking for someone.

Suddenly, as if by some supernatural force, she could feel eyes on her, and as she turned to the left, she found what she was looking for.

It was Bellamy. And he was looking directly at her.

Roan brought her back to the present as he drug her into the room toward the corner where the bar was set up.

“I’ll have a mimosa, please. And for the lady…” he trailed off, turning to gesture in her direction.

“Whiskey.” She would need it if this night was going to continue in this same direction of reminding her of her previous failures.

Roan chuckled lightly at her side. “Chill, Griff. It’s going to be a glorious night of fun and feasting!” He gestured sweepingly across the room to the people who were mingling or sitting at their tables, chatting excitedly with one another.

Clarke sighed. “So you say. All I can think about is the last time I was here.”

And the tragedy that it was. She couldn’t help but tag on in her thoughts.

“Why? What happened the last time you were here?” He questioned but before she could avoid
answering, she heard her name being called.

“CLARKE!” She turned to see Raven approaching her from her left, dragging Miles behind her.

“Hey Stranger! I was wondering if you and Octavia would break from Christmas shopping long enough to make it to this thing.” Clarke smiled, stepping forward to hug her friend.

“Like I would miss a good party? She and Older Blake are around here somewhere.” She flung her hand in the direction of the corners of the room. Clarke could feel the tug in her stomach at the mention of Bellamy. “But I mean, WOW! Look at YOU! And you didn’t need my help at all!”

Clarke couldn’t help but blush at the compliment. She had hoped that her efforts weren’t totally transparent to her friends, but...

“I’m sure Bellamy will appreciate it.” Raven smirked.

Right. So much for hoping.

“Have I mentioned how much I like you, Reyes? Listen. So I’ve got this great idea for a YouTube channel…” He trailed off when Clarke hit him on the side of the arm, warning him to stop that train of thought before it was vocalized.

Raven giggled. “Clarke, you and Bellamy are the worst kept secret in history, babe. I don’t think broadcasting it on YouTube is going to do much besides make you some money off of advertisements.”

Clarke mumbled something under her breath, looking around to see if anyone was listening to their conversation.

Unexpectedly, Miles jumped in. “I thought you and Bellamy had finally worked things out?” He seemed genuinely surprised by the drama.

Raven rolled her eyes. “They’re a little slow. Like to take their time, those two.” She said playfully, inclining her head in Clarke’s direction.
Roan grabbed his drink off the counter. “Well, I'm going to head to our table. Join me, Reyes? Shaw?”

Raven and Miles nodded. “Come find us when you're done with your inevitable schmoozing.” Raven said, wrinkling her nose in distaste.

The three of them left and Clarke sighed, heading toward the first group of people to her right. This was what she had been dreading. She hadn’t been kidding when she told Bellamy that she hated having to talk to all of these doctors. Many of them were less than appropriate.

A gentleman in the group noticed her then. “Clarke! So good to see you! It’s been a while, hasn’t it?” She recognized him. Dr. Jensen, maybe? She was pretty sure he worked in cardiology or some shit, but she couldn’t be expected to remember every doctor her mother worked with, even if she needed to socialize with them.

“Yes. About two years, I believe.” She pretended to have to think about it, but she definitely knew the timeline. Like she could forget it.

“Well we’ve missed you! Where’ve you been?” He asked, smiling an only slightly skeezy smile in her direction. Promising.

Before she could answer, she felt a presence join her at her side and a hand wrap around her waist. She knew immediately who belonged to the warm body to her left, even before she turned to look up into his dark eyes.

“She’s been hiding up in Rhode Island, I’m afraid. But no worries, she’ll be back for Christmas from now on, won’t you, Clarke?”

He was smiling slyly down at her, his hand squeezing her side. She stopped breathing for a second before she remembered she hadn’t answered yet.

“Oh! Um yes. Now that I’m in school in North Carolina, it’ll be a lot easier to be home. Especially if I get accepted into the MD program and UNC.” She quickly threw out, hoping to appease her patient audience.
She smiled at her company and they all nodded at the explanation.

After a few minutes, conversation trailed off and Bellamy excused the two of them, dragging her to the corner of the room, and ducking the two of them into an alcove off the wall.

His hand at her waist guided her to his front and his left hand came up to caress the side of her face.

“Hey, Gorgeous.” He smiled sweetly at her.

Her heart fluttered uncontrollably and she knew right then that she would never get over it. This feeling. She would never feel this with anyone else. The undeniable feeling of pleasure at hearing him praise her in any way. The way his eyes smiled as well as his mouth and his hands burned a trail down her cheek.

“Hey.” She said shyly, blushing under his gaze that was now sweeping her up and down, taking in her dress.

“Told you I wouldn’t let you face all these people alone.” He said lowly, the sound audible to her in the privateness of their space.

The thoughtfulness he displayed was staggering and Clarke wanted to jump him and devour him whole right then and there.

“Can’t let any of these old geezers think you’re available after all.” He smirked.

Clarke could feel her heart rate accelerate further. “Aren’t I?” She questioned.

Bellamy opened his mouth to respond.

“Why are you hiding in an alcove, losers?” They both turned to see Octavia peeking around the corner. “Can’t you do this later? You’re in public, for fucks sake.” She was smiling slightly, obviously not too annoyed at finding the two of them in a compromising position.
Clarke cleared her throat and smoothed down her dress as Bellamy stepped away from her, but not too far away because his hand remained on her waist.

“Right. Coming.” She replied and Octavia rolled her eyes before disappearing back around the corner.

Clarke turned to leave but Bellamy grabbed her arm.

“Wait.” She paused, turning back toward him. “Roan’s here?”

Right. Roan. Oops.

“Uh yeah. He decided to come up for the day. He’s leaving tomorrow morning.” She explained, hoping that would be enough to appease his curiosity for the time being.

Bellamy’s eyes glanced furtively toward the ballroom.

“Should I be worried?” He questioned heatedly and suddenly her arousal made itself noticed in the cramped space of the alcove. She wanted to scoff at the ridiculousness of the question, as if anyone should ever cause him worry.

She gulped. “Of course not. I told you. Roan and I are friends.”

Bellamy’s right hand came up to trace lightly across her exposed collarbone.

“Good. Wouldn’t want to have to make threats on Christmas.” He grinned at her and Clarke could feel her pulse thrum beneath his fingertips.

“Come on” He said, taking her hand and leading her back into the main ballroom. He pulled her toward their table where their friends were already seated.
As they approached the table, she saw Octavia eye their hands with interest, so she self-consciously freed her hand and moved to her seat.

Bellamy headed her off and pulled her chair out for her and her embarrassed flush deepened at the looks from her friends. Some were smug, others were just grinning.

“Bellamy! How goes it, Broseph?” Roan asked as soon as soon as the two of them were seated, Bellamy to her left and Raven on her right.

“I’m well. And yourself, Roan?” Bellamy responded politely.

“Oh, I’m much better now.” He grinned a predatory smile.

Clarke froze uncomfortably, waiting for Roan to out her and her feelings, but he just turned to make conversation with Miles who sat beside him.

She felt hesitant fingers close around her own where they were resting on her knee underneath the table. She looked up into Bellamy’s eyes as he smiled down at her before he turned to Octavia at his side.

Clarke sighed deeply and looked around the room, losing herself in her thoughts yet again.

_She gripped her glass tightly, waiting for the next doctor who would approach her and make small talk. She hated this thing. Sure she would come support her mom, but some of these doctors were downright lecherous._

“Hello, Princess.” She heard him say softly behind her and she gasped lightly before she turned to face him fully.

“Bellamy.” She breathed. She had to laugh at herself. Would all of their interactions from here on out start this way?

“You look beautiful tonight.” She couldn’t help the pleased feeling that overtook her at his compliment, her answering blush causing her to look shyly at the ground.
“Thank you.” She said lightly. “You look nice as well.”

And he did. Then again, when did Bellamy Fucking Blake not look nice?

“It’s good to see you here again. I was beginning to think it wouldn’t happen.” He smiled lightly, obviously trying to lighten the mood.

She laughed nervously. “Yeah. It’s hard to get down from school that often. A lot going on.”

Bellamy’s features changed, and he almost looked pained. “Yeah. I was surprised at your decision to move. I thought you were looking into UNC?”

I was. She wanted to say. But I couldn’t bring myself to be around you all the time, knowing how you feel.

“It was kind of last minute.” She offered instead and Bellamy stepped in closer.

“Clarke, listen. About that night…” He started but Clarke wasn’t ready for this conversation just yet.

“Um. I need a drink. “ She hurried away, leaving a sad looking Bellamy behind her.

“Right, Clarke?” She heard Octavia ask two seats down.

“I’m sorry, what was the question?” She had no idea what anyone was talking about.

“After graduation? We’re going on a road trip? To California?” Octavia questioned less than patiently.

“Oh, right.” She responded dumbly, shrugging in apology.
“We should all go!” Raven suggested spiritedly.

“Yes!” Roan agreed. “Friend trip!”

She could feel the heavy weight of Bellamy’s hand still on top of her own and wondered where she and Bellamy would be in a few months when graduation happened. Would they still be fucking on the side and ignoring all conversations involving serious admittance of feelings?

“Sounds good to me.” She smiled, looking around at all of her friends, stopping finally on Bellamy, silently communicating with him.

Will you be with us? She wondered. Will you be with me?

A tapping on glass interrupted their conversation, so she looked up to see her mother at the microphone on stage.

Excellent. Time for the boring, pre-dinner speech.

Looking at Bellamy, she found his attention drawn to the stage, so she sighed and turned her attention there as well.

Clarke was just finishing her dessert when Raven stood up beside her and looked expectantly down at Miles.

“Dance with me, boyfriend.” She demanded and he smiled as she led him out onto the dance floor.
One by one, she watched couples get up and move to the dance floor at the center of the room.

Octavia sighed dramatically. “Great. It would be nice if my boyfriend were here. Maybe I’ll call him.” She moved out of her seat toward the lobby where she undoubtedly was going to call Lincoln.

“Still not sure about that.” Bellamy mentioned casually as they watched Octavia leave.

“Oh shut it. They’re disgustingly cute. And like you have any room to talk.” Roan said suggestively, glancing back and forth at the two of them.

Bellamy coughed into his left hand, his right having returned to Clarke’s after they finished eating.

Clarke chuckled at the uncomfortable action.

“Griff. Let’s dance!” He stood and moved behind her chair, offering her his arm once more.

She looked toward Bellamy who was glaring angrily at Roan before turning to her friend and accepting his offer.

As Roan led her to the dance floor, she glanced back to Bellamy who was clenching his hand against the tabletop, his glare now aimed at his empty plate.

“What are you doing?” She hissed under her breath as the two of them began to Waltz.

Roan’s eyes moved to the ceiling in annoyance.

“Forcing him to man up. He doesn’t like you and I dancing? Only one way to fix that.” He said like it was the simplest thing in the world.

Clarke bit down on her bottom lip, wondering if he was right about this, and at that same moment,
a throat cleared behind them.

“I’ll take it from here, Azgeda.” Bellamy growled stepping forward and taking Clarke’s hand and pulling her into his side.

“‘Bout time, dick.” Roan grinned and moved toward a girl who was sitting alone at a table in the corner of the room.

Bellamy swept her around in his arms, one hand resting on her waist and the other capturing her hand in his.

As they swayed together, her eyes found his.

“He’s not exactly subtle is he?” Bellamy questioned, eyeing Roan who was now chatting up the girl at the table.

Clarke snorted, following his eyes. “Not really. Subtlety isn’t really his thing.”

She felt his eyes back on her so she turned her attention back to him.

“You really do look beautiful tonight, Princess. You always do.” He whispered as he guided her in their dance.

She could feel the flush creeping up her neck. Looking up, she eyed Bellamy. He had always looked so nice in a tux and tonight was no different. He really was the most handsome man she’d ever seen, even after all this time.

And she definitely couldn’t help the way her body reacted to being told she was beautiful by this man.

“I’m glad you think so.” She said honestly. After all, she had been thinking of him whenever she decided what to wear that night.
They continued dancing, Bellamy holding her close to himself. She looked over to where her mother was carrying on conversation with someone from the hospital, only to find that she was staring at Clarke and Bellamy with a small smile on her face.

Clarke cleared her throat as the music came to an end and stepped away from Bellamy. The looming possibility of conversation about feelings was all a little much and she needed a break. Just for a minute.

“Thank you for the dance.” She smiled up at him, hoping he could read the emotions in her gaze.

Bellamy’s lips quirked up at the side. “It was my pleasure, Princess.” He brought her hand up to his lips and kissed the side of her hand.

She pulled away reluctantly.

“I’ll be back.” She whispered before she turned and bolted from the room.

She found herself wandering back to the same spot she did two years ago, maneuvering her way through the halls, finding the door that she knew led to the hedge maze outside.

The air was chilly and she wished she had taken the time to grab her coat from the coat check girl before she fled, but she really needed to get away, to breathe in the fresh air of the roses outside.

She walked through the maze, finding her way to the center where a fountain bubbled merrily, two stone benches facing it on either side.

Letting out a breath of relief, she sat down on one of the benches and turned to watch the fountain that was glowing a brilliant blue light in the night’s darkness.

It was beautiful. Even if her memories of this spot were forever tainted.
had been purple, one of their school’s colors. She wondered why they had selected pink for the fundraiser. It was Christmas. Shouldn’t it be like - Red and Green or some shit?

She gripped her glass more tightly. She was very much feeling better than she had been before. In fact, she was likely drunk. Not that she would ever admit it to herself.

She had thought she could handle it. Coming home. Seeing him. But the second he tried to broach the topic of their argument, she fled like the coward she was.

And now here she was, drinking herself away, wishing against all wishes that she could turn back time.

To earlier tonight, to tell herself not to bother getting dressed up, that she was never going to tell Bellamy how she felt.

To two years ago, when she acted like a fool in front of Bellamy, behaving like the immature teenager she was, thinking that by showing a little skin, he would see her as anything other than what she was.

His little sister’s best friend.

“It’s a little cold out here, don’t you think?”

A voice startled her from her drunken regret. She turned to see Bellamy hesitantly approaching her from the entrance.

“How did you find me?” She asked quietly.

He laughed a husky laugh. “You’re kidding, right? This is where I found you and Octavia after your senior prom, drunk off your asses on some cheap whiskey you snuck in under your skirt.” He smirked. “I came home to see my little sister go to her first prom, only to get a phone call from you telling me that you couldn’t get out past administration because you were too wasted.”

He plopped down beside her on the bench.
She smiled. “Always could count on you to come to our rescue.” She whispered, looking down at her lap where her glass of whiskey sat. This brand much nicer than the one she snuck into prom, but it was definitely still having the same effect on her.

Bellamy cleared his throat. “That was a long time ago.” He said quietly, looking up at the fountain.

“Yeah.” She replied, following his gaze to the stream of water. “It was.”

This was it. She could do it. Right now. She could tell him how she felt, he could say it back. They were both older, now was the right time.

She glanced over at him from the side of her eye as he stood up, walking to the fountain and poking his fingers against the top of the water.

“You would think they would turn this thing off in the winter time.” He kept talking, not realizing that she too was standing and moving steadily in his direction. “I guess they only turn it on for special occasions.” He mused.

As soon as Clarke reached him, he turned around, catching her as she stumbled slightly at the suddenness of his movement.

“Woah, easy.” He said, catching her arms. “How much have you had to drink exactly?” He questioned.

She shrugged. “A few glasses.”

Bellamy’s eyes grew wide. “Of whiskey?” He laughed a little. “Yeah, you’re drunk, Princess.”

Hearing out loud the confirmation that she was definitely under the influence fueled her courage.

Before she could stop herself, her right hand came up to rest on his chest and Bellamy stopped...
laughing immediately. She looked up into his eyes to see a look of confusion maring his features. Her hand slid its way up his chest, coming to a rest around the nape of his neck.

“Clarke. What are you doing?” He questioned lowly, his hand coming up to grasp her wrist.

“What I want.” She answered simply. It was the simplest form of “I’m touching you because I’ve been in love with you for years and I’ve never had the chance to feel you the way I want to” that she knew.

She moved forward then, backing Bellamy up against the fountain as he took a step backwards, trying to distance himself from her.

“Clarke. You’re drunk.” Bellamy whispered, and when she looked into his eyes again, they held a certain brokenness that she often saw reflected in her own.

“So?” She whispered her lips moving to his.

He took a step back further, disentangling himself from her and moving to the other side of the fountain. Clarke stumbled a little, catching herself against the edge of the fountain.

“Clarke, is this because of what I said? That night? I didn’t mean it, Clarke. That’s not what I think of you. You don’t have to do this.” He pleaded with her.

No, you idiot. I don’t give a fuck what you said that night. I just want to kiss you, hold still.

But then she had taken too long to think and her drunken brain caught up with what was happening.

He was turning her down.

He didn’t want to kiss her.
He didn’t feel the same way.

Idiot.

“I.” She paused. “I’m so sorry.” Her mouth was open in shock, the sob she could feel rising in her chest was threatening to come to surface.

Run.

She had to get out of here.

“I have to go.” She whimpered and ran to the exit, her heeled feet carrying her quickly away from a startled Bellamy.

She must have really shocked him because she didn’t hear his loud voice scream “CLARKE! WAIT!” Until she was well into the maze, her heels long behind her, where she ditched them in the rose bushes.

She ran. And she didn’t stop running when she got home.

She ran to her room. She ran to the airport.

She ran away.

Again.

“Blue this time, huh?”

Clarke sighed deeply, her thoughts whisking away like smoke in the night sky. She should’ve known he would just follow her out here.
She turned to look at him as he placed himself on the bench beside her. The deja vu threatening to swallow her whole.

“Yeah, not sure why they picked blue. I think pink might’ve been for Breast Cancer Awareness.” She recalled the color it was two years ago.

“Isn’t blue Child Abuse Awareness?” He asked, both of them staring at the water like it held all the answers to life.

She nodded. “I think so, actually.”

He nodded. “Probably it. Maybe it’s the cause that the fundraiser is benefitting this year.”

*That would make sense, actually.* She thought to herself.

“So. Out here without a coat. *Again.*” He chastised. “Maybe you should start carrying yours with you into the ballroom if you’re going to retreat here every time.”

She smiled in spite of the melancholy of the area. ”Maybe so.”

Bellamy sighed beside her and moved his hand to hers, holding it in his grasp.

“You know, the night I saved you and Octavia in this place at your senior prom… It was memorable for more reasons than just that.” He started. “Coming home that weekend, seeing you—” He paused. “That was the first time I really *saw* you. The first time I looked past our history and really saw you as a woman and not just my kid sister’s best friend.”

He rubbed the back of his neck self consciously and Clarke was frozen in her seat, hanging on to his words with all the hope she had.

“You looked so fucking beautiful in that blue dress. Your eyes just… glowed. And I wanted to pummel your date into the ground.” He admitted.
Clarke smiled, memories of that night coming back to her then. She had gone to senior prom with John Murphy. Someone she went to high school with that she used to spend time with at lunch and at football games. Neither of them had a date so they agreed to go together. Come to think of it, she was pretty sure he was married now. God bless the girl that agreed to be tied to John Murphy.

“I stayed at home that night, staring at the clock on the wall, waiting for the two of you to come home. I kept telling myself it was because of my worry for Octavia, but really, it was because I was anxious for you to be away from him. When Octavia called me to come rescue you, I literally jumped from the couch and ran to the car.” He laughed lightly.

“Murphy was just a friend, you know.” She nudged him in the ribs. “I didn’t really date later in high school. I was too busy pining for my best friend’s older brother.” She smirked in his direction as he smiled at their enclosed hands.

“Yeah, well. Didn’t know that then. Wouldn’t have mattered either. I was so in denial at that point, I hated myself for even thinking what I was.” He looked around then. “Two years ago, this place took on a new meaning.”

She squeezed his hand. “I’m sorry about that night.”

He turned to look at her then, his eyes showing his surprise and confusion.

“What on Earth are you sorry for?” He questioned.

She sighed. “For making you uncomfortable. You didn’t deserve that.”

Bellamy turned his whole body so he faced Clarke.

“Clarke, I wasn’t uncomfortable because you tried to kiss me.” She looked up at him and he continued. “I was uncomfortable because of the circumstances. You were wasted. You couldn’t even walk straight. And I still had what happened that fucked-up night of graduation eating away at me and I didn’t want you to do something you didn’t want to do or that you would regret later.”

She brought her hand up to his cheek.
“I could never regret kissing you, Bellamy.” She breathed. “I thought you turned me away because you didn’t want to kiss me. I—” She exhaled sharply. “I thought you were rejecting me.”

She watched the emotion flit across his face before he was suddenly kissing her. His mouth coaxing her own into opening up to him. His tongue caressing the inside of her mouth.

When he pulled away, he leaned his forehead against hers.

“I would never reject you.” He whispered, his cool breath puffing against her lips.

*Did he mean?* She thought to herself, trying not get her hopes up.

“But then you ran away again.” He continued. “Before I could talk to you about it. And then I didn’t get to see you again for two years.”

She closed her eyes at his words, the reminder that a lot of this, the misunderstandings, the lack of communication - At least half of it was her fault. Her and her stupid propensity for running from anything that scared her.

“I’m sorry.” She whispered, feeling a tear slide down her cheek, chilling her skin in the cool night air.

“No apologies, Princess. That was then.” He said, before swooping in and kissing the tear off her cheek, his hand on the back of her neck, guiding her mouth to his once more.

*This is now*. She finished for him.

The music was winding down, the orchestra had just announced the last song when Roan came up
to her at the table, where she was sitting with Bellamy, and asked if she was ready to leave.

“Sure. Just let me tell my mom.” Roan nodded and walked away toward the coat check.

Clarke turned to Bellamy, their hands still clasped underneath the table.

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” She asked questioningly.

“Oh Christmas?” He said incredulously. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world, Princess.”

He leaned over then and kissed her forehead, squeezing her hand.

She smiled brightly and stood, making her way to the rest of her friends and saying goodbye. She saw her mother in the corner of the room so she walked in her direction.

“Hey, mom. Roan and I are going to head out. We rode together.” Her mother turned to her, nodding, looking over her shoulder for something.

“What about Bellamy?” She asked.

Apparently that was who she was looking for.

“What about Bellamy, mom?” Clarke returned with a raised brow.

Her mother looked at her unapologetically. “Fine. Keep up this charade. Just know that I see right through you, missy.” She all but wagged her finger. “See you at home, sweetheart.” She kissed her on the cheek and squeezed her shoulder in farewell.

Clarke blushed and turned away from her mother, moving to the entrance. When she reached the threshold of the ballroom, she turned to look over her shoulder to where she had last seen Bellamy.
He was still seated there, watching her intently. She smiled and waved in his direction. He smiled in return.

*See you tomorrow* he mouthed in her direction.

She nodded and turned to walk out of the room.

“Told you fucking long enough. What were you two doing anyways, making out in the middle of the party?” Roan pushed off the wall where he was waiting for Clarke to exit.

“Of course, I’m not going to see him until tomorrow, have to make up for the lost time.” She responded easily, handing her coat check receipt to the girl.

Roan chuckled. “So sorry to rob you of your man-toy, Griff. There will be plenty of time for hanky-panky later, I assure you.” He helped her into her coat and guided her to the front door. “I mean, how else will the two of you produce your 2.5 children?”

Clarke scoffed. “It worries me that you keep referring to one of my future offspring as a ‘Point Five.’”

“That’s the short one who takes after you, June. The other two are perfectly normal-sized human beings, like Bellamy.” He stated.

She turned to stare at him incredulously. “You’ve actually put thought into the names of my children?”

“Well, of course. It’s not like the two of you will ever be able to decide. Communication obviously isn’t your strong suit.” He said like they were the most annoying people on the planet.

“I shouldn’t hear any complaints from you. I’m sure that very fact will give your Youtube channel many more views.” She pulled ahead of him, opening her car door.

“True dat, my friend. True dat.” She heard him say before she pulled the door shut.
Bellamy breathed a heated breath into his cupped hands as he walked down the sidewalk. He had taken this route to Clarke’s house so many times in his life.

Granted those had all been under much different circumstances. He had never really walked toward the girl of his dreams before with the intent of confessing all of his feelings.

As he rounded the corner, he could see her house in the distance.

He could’ve driven, he guessed, but he liked the clarity that the cool air brought him.

He was vibrating with nerves, the Christmas present in his back pocket burning a hole in his jeans.

The night before, he had been certain Clarke was going to kiss him.

He had pondered the meaning of it all last night. Did this mean that she felt the same way he did? Was it just a drunken act?

Either way, he needed to talk to Clarke. He needed to figure it out. Because if Clarke felt the same way, they could work it out. Everything that had happened, they could talk about it, everything would be okay.

He just needed to know.

He finally reached her house and started walking up the sidewalk to the front door of the three story mammoth.
The first time he came here, he’d been too nervous to even ring the doorbell. He had texted Octavia to come downstairs and meet him with her money for the movies.

Now, he walked right up to the door and pressed the button, as he had now done many times before.

He waited a beat before he heard footsteps on the hardwood and he held his breath as the door began to open.

Except when it did open, it was Abby.

“Oh. Uh; Hi, Ms. Griffin.” He stuttered. Of course it’s Abby, you idiot, it’s her fucking house. His brain criticized.

Abby smiled. “Bellamy. We’ve been over this. Abby is fine.” She admonished.

He flushed. “Right, Abby, um. Is Clarke home? I brought her Christmas present since I didn’t have a chance to give it to her last night.” He finished lamely, looking up at her finally.

Abby’s face instantly morphed into one of sympathy.

“Oh, Bellamy. She’s gone.” She said quietly.

Bellamy paused.

Wait. What? Gone?

“Gone? Like to the store?” He questioned in a confused voice.

Abby bit down on her bottom lip and at that moment, he was instantaneously reminded of Clarke and his heart stuttered in his chest.
“No, honey. Gone. Back to Rhode Island. She left last night.”

Bellamy stopped breathing.

Gone.

She left.

It’s because of you, the voice in his head whispered. The same voice that told him he was insane for the way he felt.

“Oh.” He said dejectedly. “Okay. Well. That’s fine, I guess. Um. I’ll just- Call her.” He nodded, hoping that Abby didn’t hear the break in his voice. “Well, thanks Ms. G- I mean, Abby.” He nodded again and turned to walk away.

“Bellamy!” Abby called after him.

He paused for a second before he turned around to face her, her face a mixture of the same sympathy from before but now, a hint of frustration had joined.

“She won’t always run.” Abby said quietly. “One day, Bellamy, you’ll be on the same page at the same time. I promise.” She consoled.

He could feel the tears of frustration and sadness mounting, so he nodded a third time and all but fled the property, feeling Abby’s eyes on his back the whole way.

He brought his hand to his back pocket and pulled the small box from his jean pocket and rubbed his thumb over the stupid Christmas wrapping that he had hastily thrown around it a day earlier.

Next time, he thought. The next time I see her, I will show her how I feel. I won’t let her run again. He fought against the voice inside of him that was yelling at him that she was running because he was a creep. That she only came on to him because she was drunk.
He had no way of knowing that ‘next time’ wouldn’t come for almost another two years.

The doorbell once again woke Clarke up out of her sleep. She looked over at her phone on her nightstand, tapping the screen.

7:00? Who the fuck was at her house at 7:00 in the morning?

She quickly threw her robe on over her pajama shorts and tank top and made her way downstairs.

Whoever it was, they didn’t ring again, likely having the forethought to not wake up everyone in the fucking house. She was the lightest sleeper.

She reached the door and pulled it open.

Bellamy stood on the other side.

Her breath hitched and she watched as his did the same and a look of relief took over his features.

“I was almost afraid you weren’t going to be here.” He whispered and suddenly, her heart broke a little, reminding her of all the times she ran.

“I’m not going anywhere.” She whispered back.

He grinned a little, stepping toward her in the doorway, bringing his hand to her cheek.

“Neither am I.” He promised, kissing her soundly and closing the door behind him.
Chapter End Notes

Gasp! A Bellamy POV!! Did anyone gasp? Stop reading to figure out what was happening? Squeal in excitement?

I've deliberately kept the Bellamy POV in the dark for this entire pic for plot purposes (The confusion on Clarke's end, the mystery of it all), but it was time to enter just a small tidbit of Bellamy's brain.

Hope you enjoyed it!

Also, I know many of you are probably saddened by the lack of smut. No worries It will be back next week.

Can't believe there are really only THREE chapters LEFT? Where will these two crazy kids end up?

Who knows?

Leave a comment or some kudos and I'll see you all next week!

PS 600 KUDOS!? I died.
Guys. This one made me tear up a little.

But the next one made me happy tear up a lot.

There's one more chapter after this one and then an epilogue.

Let's see if these two crazy kids can get their happy ending, yeah?

PS This chapter was undoubtedly inspired by “New Years Day” by T-Swift. Just so you know.

See you on the flip side ;)
The three of them had breakfast together before Bellamy bowed out, saying that he needed to get back to his mother and Octavia.

Clarke walked him to the door and stood up on her tippy toes as he pulled her into him for a kiss, his arms wrapped around her lower back.

Once they said their goodbyes, it was almost impossible for her to stop smiling.

Her mother hadn’t offered any input on her situation, in fact, she was strangely quiet when Clarke returned to the living room, simply asking her which Christmas movie she wanted to watch first.

She only stayed in Virginia through the 26th before she returned to North Carolina. She, Monty, and Jasper enjoyed their ride back to campus, singing along to all the songs that came on 80’s on 8.

She and Bellamy hadn’t seen each other again, but they had been texting one another non stop.

Clarke was just so unbelievably happy.

And that really scared her a little.

She had been miserable for so long, it was almost like she was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Surely she couldn’t be this happy forever.

Right?

When they made it back to North Carolina, she immediately texted Bellamy to see where he was and whether or not he had returned to his apartment.

When he didn’t respond for a while, she assumed that he was still on the road. She left her phone on the coffee table while she booted up her Apple TV in preparation for a Guy’s Grocery Games marathon.
A few minutes later, her phone dinged and she eagerly picked it up to see Bellamy’s response.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *Come to your door, Princess.*

She contained her internal squeal and rushed to her front door, yanking it open to see Bellamy Blake leaning against her door jamb, deliciously disheveled from his travel.

“You know, you could have at least *showered* before you came here.” She said snarkily, her eyebrow raised in a teasing way.

He grinned rakishly at her, pushing his way into her door, wrapping his hands around her waist. He pushed her against the wall behind her, and shut the door with his foot.

“Silly me, I thought that you might be a little… eager to see me.” He growled into her neck as his hand pushed its way inside her sweatpants and immediately palmed her pussy, his right index finger dragging along her slit that was already wet in anticipation.

“I guess I was right.” He smirked into her neck, pulling away to look her in the eyes.

She pushed his shoulder jokingly and moved her right hand down to join his in her pants, urging him to keep going.

“Yeah yeah, if I say you were, will you keep going?” She moaned as his index finger pushed inside of her, the walls of her cunt clinging to his intrusion.

He leaned forward and kissed her, swallowing her breath of surprise as a second finger joined the first.

“Anything for you, Princess.” He breathed against her mouth as his fingers withdrew and pushed inside her yet again, his hand starting a quick pace as he listened to her moans.

Before she could finish, he pulled out and she whimpered in response.
She started to beg him (Hell, she would, if that was what he wanted) to let her finish but, before she could protest, he spun her around to face the wall, her back pressed up against his chest.

“Don’t worry, Princess. I’m gonna let you come.” He bit her neck as he pushed her sweatpants down over her ass to her knees. “Just want it to be on my cock.”

Clarke pushed her ass back into him eagerly but he pushed her hips forward, away from his dick. She felt a sting on her right ass cheek where his hand came down swiftly on her skin.

“Nuh uh.” He tsked as his hand rubbed sweetly against the tender spot he had left on her cheek. “When I say so and not a second before.”

She nodded, whimpering slightly, as she heard the sound of him unbuckling his belt and unzipping his jeans.

Soon, she felt his dick against her back, rubbing teasingly down toward her ass, sliding in between her cheeks until he reached her dripping core.

“So ready.” He whispered, the head of his cock sliding just barely inside.

Clarke had to restrain herself from pushing back on him and instead, waited patiently as he slowly pushed inside of her, stopping occasionally to pull out a little bit and push in even further.

_Ugh_. Would it always be like this with him? His huge fucking dick filling her like no other? His dirty mouth? His need to leave her shaking in a puddle of her own cum?

When he finally reached all the way inside her so that she could feel his balls pressed against her, he pulled out all the way and pushed back in quickly, the slapping sound reverberating around the hallway of her apartment.

Suddenly, she felt his hand wrap around her right thigh above her knee and she moaned as he lifted her leg up to wrap around his body, the heel of her foot pressed against his ass and her right hand clinging to the back of his head as he held her in place.
She was openly moaning now, the noises coming from the back of her throat were embarrassing to say the least, but she really had no control over the things Bellamy made her whimper.

His hand stayed wrapped around her thigh, and even when she started to feel the aching cramp in her right butt cheek, he held her tight against him as he drove his cock deep inside of her.

“So fucking good.” He hissed into her ear as he continued pounding away. The suction of his dick as her pussy clung to him drove him to quicken his pace.

“Gonna come for me, Princess?” He asked as her whimpers transformed into a screaming of sorts every time he drove inside of her. “Gonna come on my cock?”

“Y- Yes ” She moaned.

His left hand came around and started rubbing circles on her clit and his teeth bit into the skin on the side of her neck.

She felt the rush of her orgasm move through her, waves of pleasure moving outward to her extremities and tingling her toes and fingers.

She felt Bellamy drop her leg to the floor and the ache in her ass cheek made itself known at being held in that position for so long and she whimpered.

“Shh, it’s okay, Princess. I’ll massage it out in a minute.” He said lowly before he pushed her sweatpants the rest of the way off her body and picked her up under her knees, his fucking cock still inside her. He carried her ten feet to the couch beside the window and sat down with her in his lap, his cock hard as steel inside her.

“Up” He ordered and she slowly pushed herself up his cock, her knees extending fully on the couch.

“Oh God .” She whimpered, her pussy still tingling from her orgasm.
She was getting much better at multiple orgasms, not as sensitive after the first one as she used to be. Which was a good thing because it appeared that Bellamy was a fan of making her come more than once.

“That’s it.” He urged her along, gripping her hip from behind, his right hand pressing against her middle back and pushing her forward a little bit so that she braced herself on his knees.

The new position did all kind of wonderful things and she started moving up and down quickly, already feeling her second orgasm on the horizon.

She could hear Bellamy groan behind her.

“God, you look so good riding my cock.” She felt his fingers trace down her back to the place where they were joined in his lap, his index finger drifting lightly over her second entrance and pulling yet another whimper from her as she moved. “I wish you could see what you look like from here, your cunt swallowing my dick, hungry for it.”

She started bouncing faster at his words and his hands returned to her waist, his right hand drifting up and squeezing her tit through her night shirt.

“Come on my dick, Princess. All over it. Let it go.” He growled.

She yelled and pulled herself upwards slightly, her fingers rubbing back and forth across her clit, her pussy clenching down on his cock as she finally tumbled over the edge.

She could feel the wetness gushing out of her around his cock and slurping sounds became audible as Bellamy drove himself up into her a few more times, prolonging her orgasm before finally coming inside of her.

Clarke whimpered one final time as he slowly pulled out of her, and her cunt immediately clenched down and retracted around the space his dick had just occupied.

Bellamy pulled her back against his chest and wrapped his arms around her, burying his nose in the joint of her shoulder.
He leaned up and kissed her on the cheek before he pulled the two of them down to lay on the couch, her back to his chest.

Clarke started humming as she pulled his arm up to her head so she could rest her cheek on his forearm and she felt him chuckle against her back.

“Sleepy, Princess?” He mumbled.

She smiled contentedly.

“Actually, yes. I just drove hours home and then some man showed up at my front door and fucked me sideways. Literally. I could definitely go for a nap, if you must know.” She said snippily, her teasing tone obvious.

She felt Bellamy move behind her and soon, she was covered by the throw blanket on the back of her couch.

“Well. I’m so sorry to inconvenience you like that.” She felt him smile against the back of her neck. “I guess next time, I’ll just stay home.”

She hooked her top leg around his and rubbed their feet together.

“You wouldn’t dare.” She mock threatened.

He chuckled.

“Of course not, Princess. I live to serve only you.”

She smiled into his skin, pressing a kiss there, and closed her eyes dreamily.
The next few days were really a blur for Clarke.

A blur of smiles, laughter, Netflix binges, and sex.

She and Bellamy stayed in her apartment, mostly. They ordered food in and took up residence on her couch, ignoring the world and their various responsibilities that awaited them once school started back.

Sure, she talked to the rest of her friends.

Octavia had been (Happily) reunited with Lincoln.

Raven and Shaw had decided to take another holiday trip and left Virginia just to drive to Florida to Universal Orlando for a few days.

Monty was actually taking time away from Jasper to spend some with (drum roll) Harper! The two of them were disgustingly adorable on Harper’s Snapchat story and Clarke was ridiculously happy for the two of them. Especially since he had been a whole lot of gloomy lately after he and Miller’s break-up. She thought Harper would be good for him.

Speaking of Miller, she really needed to check in with him. He and Monty had seemed happy together when she first met him, but obviously it hadn’t been meant to be. Bellamy said that he was dating some guy named Jackson now. She really did owe Miller. He was the reason she hadn’t dove off the deep end with all of the Bellamy drama in the beginning.

Roan was back in town but he was wisely staying away from her apartment. The last thing she heard from him was a text message.

Roan You are attending the New Years Eve party at my place. This is not negotiable. Everyone is invited, including the dick. And I mean that metaphorically and literally. But I STG you better not have sex with him on any surface in my apartment.
She smirked at that.

They really had been having a lot of sex.

Like. Everywhere.

But they were also bonding. It just so happened that her libido was on overdrive whenever Bellamy was around. She literally couldn’t look at him without feeling the intense urge to get her hands on his dick.

It was *such* a great dick. Really.

She knew it was just the newness of it all, but somehow she felt like it would always be this way with Bellamy. She would be 50 years old one day and still feeling the urge to jump him everytime he came in the front door.

And it wasn’t like she didn’t try to get actual productive tasks accomplished.

The one time she decided to try and cook dinner for them instead of ordering in, Bellamy had interrupted saying something about how delectable she looked in an apron and they had fucked on the kitchen counter.

Needless to say they ordered take out after that.

As they rapidly approached the New Year, she decided she needed to actually confirm with Bellamy his plans for that evening.

The two of them were settled on opposite sides of her couch under a single king-size throw blanket and their feet rubbed each other as each of them worked on their separate devices.

“So are you for sure going to get to go, then? I know you had mentioned something about a departmental party.” She was asking absentmindedly, a pen between her teeth as she typed away on her laptop.
When he didn’t answer, she looked up to see him watching her intently. Well, watching her mouth, that is.

“Bellamy.” She said, pulling the pen away and causing his attention to focus back on her words.

“Huh?” He said, looking up into her eyes.

She rolled her eyes. “New Years? Party at Roan’s apartment? You going?” She said, gesturing with her hands.

He grinned, obviously unashamed at his fixation.

“Yeah. I talked to my advisor and he said that the party was really optional and that they usually weren’t up to much anyways, seeing as most of the people in the history department are over 50.” He chuckled and turned his attention back to his laptop.

She tried to ignore the pleased feeling that settled in her stomach.

“Good.” She said primly, her fingers going back to work.

“Anything for you, Princess.” Bellamy said softly, and she looked up to find him watching her again.

“Don’t say that.” She teased lightly. “I might make you regret it.”

His grin widened. “Try me.”

She thought about it for a second, tapping her pen against her chin.

“Hmm” She pondered. “So if I asked you to serenade me in front of a soccer team with a marching band as your backing you would do it?”
He looked up abruptly from his laptop and stared at her over the top of the screen.

“What the actual fuck are you talking about, Princess?”

She started giggling uncontrollably. “You’ve never seen ‘10 Things I Hate About You?’” She managed to ask through her laughter.

Bellamy shook his head, his eyes narrowing. “No. Are you telling me that this is something that actually happens? Because that’s definitely some shit that only happens in movies.”

Clarke smiled at his exasperation. “What? You said anything!” She reminded him.

Bellamy rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, anything within reason, dork.” He shook his head and turned back to his laptop, so she smiled one last time and turned back to hers as well.

A few minutes later she felt his foot nudge hers once more under the blanket.

She looked up to see him staring at her with a slight smile.

“Does it have to involve singing?”

She grinned.
The night of New Years was in full swing and Clarke was taking her sweet time getting ready for Roan’s party.

Bellamy was going to be here any minute, but she knew that he would wait for her if necessary.

He was patient like that.

Her 90’s alternative station on Apple Music was playing in the background as she adjusted the straps on her dress. She had decided to push Bellamy just a little bit and wear the black dress that she had worn the night of Octavia’s party when he had first felt her up in the guest room. She was quite sure he would recognize it.

She smirked as she heard him knock on the front door.

“Just a second!” She called to him as she sat down on the edge of her bed to pull on her strappy black heels.

Once she was situated, she moved to open the door, her heels clicking on the surface of the hardwood along the way.

When she saw Bellamy, she struggled to keep her hands to herself.

He was wearing a black button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up to reveal his stupidly attractive forearms and dark jeans. His hands were in his pockets as he swiveled around to face her in the doorway.

When she finally moved her eyes to his, she found her smirk yet again at the look on his face.

His eyes were glued to her body and it was like he hadn’t even registered anything other than her dress just yet.

Bellamy finally looked up at her, his eyes full of heat, and he stepped forward, wrapping his hands around her waist. His hands came around to rest on her lower back as he pulled her into his chest.
“Princess.” He practically growled as his hands bunched up the fabric of her dress in his grasp. “You actually want to go to this party, yes?”

She gasped as his lips came down to place kisses down the side of her neck to her generous cleavage, his tongue reaching out to lick in between her breasts,

She nodded and whimpered.

Bellamy sighed and rested his forehead on her chest.

“Just checking.” He looked up into her eyes. “Because this dress just reminds me of a time when I couldn’t touch you and now that I can…” He trailed off, his right hand drifting up to trail lightly on the tops of her breasts. “I really want to make up for lost time.”

Clarke let out a breathy sigh before his lips found hers. She really could stay here all night, like this, with him. It wouldn’t be a hardship for her at all.

“We have to go. I promised Roan.” She whispered as they separated and he sighed once more before nodding his head. “But… we can leave right after the countdown if you want.”

She watched his eyes find hers and she grinned salaciously.

Bellamy’s lips turned up at the side.

“I plan to hold you to that, Princess.”

She bit down on her bottom lip. “I would be disappointed if you didn’t.”

He groaned lightly and pulled away from her. Looping her arm through his, he guided her out the front door.
The party was loud and upbeat by the time the two of them arrive. They decided to go a little bit later so that they wouldn’t have as long to wait until midnight. Truly, they were both hermits at heart who just wanted to curl up on the couch and eat leftover pizza.

“GRIFF!!”

She heard her name shouted across the entirety of the apartment, which was saying something. Roan lived in a loft apartment at the top of an old factory so the entire floor plan was an open space. Combine that with the fact that there were at least 150 people in this place and the fact that she could actually hear him was amazing.

Suddenly, she felt herself being lifted off the ground by a pair of burly arms.

“Put me down, you oaf!” She slapped against his grip at the front of her body and he laughed as he sat her back on the floor.

“I’m just so happy to see you! It’s been for fucking ever.” He smiled at her before he turned his gaze to her companion. “Blake, good to see you as well. Glad she seems to be happy and in one piece. Should that ever change, you won’t be able to say the same for yourself.” His gaze turned menacing in a split second.

Bellamy nodded and put his arm around Clarke’s shoulders, pulling her into his body.

“Good to see you as well, Azgeda.”

Roan seemed satisfied that he had threatened Bellamy enough so he moved on to other people, going up behind the next group to enter and twerking against one of the girls who had her back turned.

“I can’t believe you ever thought that I dated that.” Clarke said, smiling.
Bellamy’s grip tightened as he pulled her into him. “Yeah, well. I was feeling a little insecure considering I was having an existential crisis about whether or not you still felt the same after all these years and then I was being blackmailed by a bitch in my program, so…”

The two of them walked further into the giant open space and Bellamy guided her to a corner, seemingly with a purpose.

“Where are we going?” She asked, confusedly. She wasn’t even aware Bellamy had ever been to Roan’s apartment, but here he was, acting like he knew exactly where he was going.

“The corner by the balcony. Miller’s here with Jackson. I told him we would make an appearance, if that’s okay.” He said a little bit more loudly, as the noise got louder the further they walked into the throng of partygoers.

Clarke perked up at that.

“Absolutely! I haven’t seen him since he and Monty broke up. Besides, I never thanked him for walking me home that night.”

Bellamy’s hand drifted from her shoulders down to her own hand to twine their fingers together.

“I would’ve killed him if he hadn’t.” He said simply.

She laughed.

“Yeah, he said as much. Right before he gave me a little backstory from his side of things.” Clarke giggled.

She could feel Bellamy’s eyes on the side of her face so she continued.

“He just told me a little story that made me feel better. Gave me hope, really, and definitely restored my patience.”
They continued walking and she could feel Bellamy’s hand grip her own a little more tightly.

“Well.” He gruffed out. “Remind me to buy him a beer.”

She giggled as they walked up to where she could see Miller sitting with a man on a sectional in the corner. He was cute and seemed to be completely into Miller, so she already approved.

Miller looked up as he saw the two of them approach in his peripheral.

“Hey man!” He greeted Bellamy, standing up to do that bro handshake guys so often know how to do. He turned to Clarke then. “Clarke! Good to see you.” He greeted her with a smile.

She leaned forward to pull him into a surprised hug. “Thank you” She whispered into his ear as they embraced.

When she pulled away he was blushing up to his ears. “Uh. Anytime.” He smiled shyly and moved back to his seat on the couch.

“Guys, this is Eric. This is Bellamy…” Handshake. “And Clarke.” He finished and Clarke shook Eric’s hand as well.

“Nice to meet you both.” Eric said in a friendly tone.

From that point onward, the night was a rush of tequila and excitement, the four of them huddled in the corner talking about their lives, and Clarke finding out more about Miller.

As it approached midnight, everyone relocated to the roof of the apartment to watch the fireworks that were scheduled to go off as the clock turned over into the New Year.

She and Bellamy were standing at the corner of the gate that wrapped around the roof patio, Clarke clutching the handrail and Bellamy wrapped around her from behind.
The countdown had just started when she felt Bellamy’s lips at her ear.

“You know, I’ve spent years counting down to a New Year, wondering if this would be the year.” He turned her in his arms. “The year that I would finally get to be with you. To show you how I feel.” He wrapped his arms around her then and pulled her in closer.

She blushed under his attention and felt her heart pick up in her chest. This was it, wasn’t it? This was the moment. This was the year.

“And every year,” He continued. “I would look up at the sky and wonder what you were doing at that exact moment. If you were happy, if someone was lucky enough to be with you, someone who hadn’t fucked up beyond recognition.”

She could feel her pulse hammering underneath her skin as she let him continue.

“But this year, I don’t have to wonder.” He smiled then, a smile so big it took over his whole face. “Because finally, you’re with me.”

The end of the countdown came then and everyone was screaming out “Happy New Year!” but all Clarke could see was Bellamy and his eyes that spoke so many volumes.

He leaned down, his mouth meeting her own, and they shared a simple, sweet kiss. A celebratory kiss, but a kiss that meant so much more than a celebration of another year.

When they pulled away from each other, her eyes couldn’t leave his that were so open and honest. His right hand came up to stroke the hair flying against her cheek in the chilly air of the night.

“And now, you always will be.”
Quickly after midnight, the two of them made their escape, stumbling down the stairs of Roan’s apartment building and jumping into the nearest cab on the curb.

The cab ride was a short one but it felt like forever, the adrenaline of the night pumping through her veins and making her squeeze Bellamy’s hand in excitement to the point that she knew he couldn’t feel his fingers.

As they pulled up to her apartment, he pulled her from the vehicle and up to the front door where she struggled to put the correct key in her front door, both of them having consumed a fair share of tequila that night.

When they made it up to her apartment, they rushed inside and closed the door, dropping all of their belongings by the front door.

“Come on” Bellamy whispered into her mouth between desperate kisses.

He led the two of them to her bedroom where he sat down on the edge of her bed and pulled her closer to him, leaning up to kiss her once more.

“Wait, wait.” She said, out of breath. “I have to pee.” She giggled and left him, mouth open on the bed as she rushed to the bathroom.

When she reached her destination, she closed the door quickly and leaned back against the wood.

Tonight felt different. They felt different.

She had to tell Bellamy how she felt and she had to do it tonight. While she felt brave.

Clarke conducted her business and then stood by the sink, ready to wash her hands. She thought she heard a noise from her bedroom but chalked it up to Bellamy messing around with his phone.

When she finally emerged from the bathroom and walked into her bedroom, Bellamy was indeed
on a phone.

But it wasn’t his.

It was hers.

“Hey” She said softly. “Did someone call at this hour?” She asked, coming up to sit beside him on the bed, wondering who could be calling at one in the morning.

Bellamy was sitting stock still, not moving. His lips frozen open, staring down at her phone.

“Um.” He started, hesitantly. “Yeah.”

He stood from his place on the bed.

“I- I think I need to go.” He said harshly before he rushed from the room.

Clarke could barely register her surprise and confusion before she leapt up from the bed and practically ran to catch up to Bellamy who was picking up his coat and belongings off the floor by the front door.

“Bellamy! What the hell, where are you going?” She said hurriedly, trying to pick up on what was wrong from his movements.

“I can’t do this, Clarke. Not if it’s not the same for you.” He said, his voice pained as he opened the door.

“BELLAMY!” She shouted after him, not caring if she woke up the entire building. “I don’t even know what you’re talking about! Stop! We need to actually talk about this.”

“I just need a night, Clarke.” He said deeply, turning around to face her but refusing to meet her eyes. “Please.” He sounded so broken that she only watched as he turned and made his way further down her stairs.
She wanted to run after him. She wanted to hunt him down and figure out what the fuck he was talking about, but she also knew how he was, and she knew that finding him without having all the facts wasn’t the best thing to do.

She finally looked down at the phone in her hand that she hadn’t even realized she had taken with her.

As she held it up in the dark hallway, the brightness of the screen almost blinded her.

**Missed Call and Voicemail: Lexa**

Clarke gasped out loud in the quiet air of the night.

*Lexa?*

Of course, *Lexa*. Because why wouldn’t her ex girlfriend decide to call at one in the morning the night she was going to tell her boyfriend that she loves him?

She opened her phone and went straight to the call option.

The phone rang several times before the voicemail picked up.

“Bellamy. Come back. Listen, I have no idea what Lexa wanted or why she was calling me. I don’t plan on finding out either. You’re the only person I want to talk to. *Please* pick up.”

She ended the call and went to her visual voicemail, deleting Lexa’s voicemail without even listening to it.

She couldn’t believe this was happening.

Tiredly, she walked back into her apartment, her fingers already hitting his name on her phone yet
“Bellamy, please! Please pick up. I don’t know what else to do. I-” She stopped.

There was something on the floor.

She reached down to wrap her fingers around a small box that was laying where Bellamy’s coat had been, her other hand ending the phone call.

She placed her phone on the kitchen counter and stared at the little box in confusion.

It was a Christmas present.

It was a tiny Christmas present.

And it was really… old.

The wrapping on the box was obviously aged, the edges of the paper soft and worn under the age of the material.

There wasn’t a note attached or even a gift tag, but at the top of the box, someone had written “CLARKE” in big letters, and that was it.

Her hands were shaking and she didn’t know why. It was just a Christmas present. But this felt bigger than that. What was it? When was it from? It didn’t appear to be from this year at all, if the faded Christmas wrapping was anything to go by. And why was Bellamy carrying it around in his pocket?

She knew she probably shouldn’t, but she literally couldn’t contain herself as she sat down on the couch and slowly, carefully unwrapped the box.

Inside the small box was a note. Her hands still shaking, she took her time and unfolded the small piece of paper.
Clarke,

I read something once that said “We don’t remember days in life, we remember moments.” Every single moment that I remember, every moment that brings me even the smallest amount of happiness - Every moment belongs to you. And maybe we aren’t at the point right now where these moments are ones you cherish the way that I do, but maybe someday we will be. Maybe someday you will.

Always,

Bellamy

She hadn’t realized she was crying until she watched a teardrop fall to the paper below her and she quickly wiped it off before drying her own eyes. Careful so as to preserve the letter, she sat it gently on the bed beside her, planning to clean up the wrapping.

But she stopped when she noticed something else inside the box. It wasn’t on some cushion like most pieces of jewelry would be. Instead, it was huddled into one corner of the box, almost like it was hiding from the world.

She reached inside and pulled out a silver chain, a necklace, with a single charm. It was a small sterling silver circle and engraved on the front was her name in cursive lettering.

Her hand flew to her mouth in an effort to contain the sob that was threatening to leave her throat. The movement turned the charm and Clarke could see that it was engraved on the back as well.

Someday.

This time, the sob couldn’t be contained and she clutched the necklace to her chest as she cried.

Someday. He had said. When had he written this? How long had he carried this around, waiting for the right moment?
She allowed herself to cry just a little bit longer before she forced herself to dry up.

*No more*. She thought to herself, her fingers trembling as she tucked the necklace into her pocket and ran to the door, calling down the first cab she saw on the street that was still looking for post-New Years partygoers.

She was so tired.

Tired of the misunderstandings. Tired of the lack of communication.

Bellamy didn’t get to give her presents, talking about sweet things like moments with her and how much they meant to him and then bail before giving her a chance to reciprocate.

Because all of her moments belonged to him as well.

Including this one.

Because there are moments in your life that can completely and irrevocably change the path you’re on.

They can be small, they can be big… But they’re moments nonetheless.

For Clarke, this was a big moment.

The biggest moment.

And as she stood outside the door of Bellamy’s apartment, she’d never felt the momentousness of a minute in time the way that she did then.

22 years of small moments had led to this big one and as she waited patiently for him to stop ignoring her and answer the door, she knew that she never wanted to waste another moment
without him in it.

Chapter End Notes

Any tears? Just me? I'm a little sensitive.

Hope you liked it! This one was a little shorter but they did at least get a few happy moments!

The next chapter is... epic.

Can't wait for you to read it.

Comments and Kudos make my life.

See you next week, guys!

PS Follow me on Twitter @Mallidaywrites for updates on this story and any others I'm writing/planning.
Clarke’s heart was hammering against her chest as she waited for Bellamy to come to the door. He couldn’t ignore her forever, right?

Right?

Suddenly, the door swung open and she audibly inhaled looking up into the eyes of.. Miller?

“Miller?” She said stupidly, staring at him like the dope she was.

Miller looked just as confused as she felt.

“Hey, Clarke…” He said, likely unsure as to why she was standing at Bellamy’s door at one in the morning.

Clarke looked hesitantly over his shoulder, not seeing Bellamy, and felt better that he hadn’t just sent Miller to handle his business.
“Um… Where’s Bellamy?” She asked. Surely he had come home? She couldn’t have possibly beaten him to his apartment, could she?

Miller stared at her like she had two heads. “I would’ve thought you would be the one who could answer that. Weren’t the two of you just together at the party?”

She felt herself flush in embarrassment.

“Yeah. We, uh, we had a misunderstanding and he left. I thought he came home, but if he’s not here…” She trailed off, hoping that he would supply the answer to her unspoken question.

Miller looked sad suddenly. “He’s not here.” He looked over his shoulder and pulled the door mostly closed behind him. “He said Jackson and I could stay here for the night so that we didn’t have to drive back home.” He explained.

“Oh!” Clarke was surprised, but she wasn’t sure why. Of course Bellamy likely assumed that he would be at Clarke’s apartment all night, so when he left, he couldn’t go back home. “Okay.” She paused. “I have to find him.” She rushed out and quickly turned to run back downstairs.

“Clarke!” Miller called after her.

She stopped on the step she had made it to and turned back to look at him.

“You better call him on his shit, Griffin.” He grinned at her.

She smiled a small smile. “Oh, I’m not letting him get too far.”

“Good.” He smiled, turning around and walking back inside.

Clarke smiled at the spot he had abandoned and continued her trek down the stairs.

All right, Bellamy. Where the hell did you go?
It was 4:00 AM by the time she returned back to her apartment, disheartened, and Bellamy-less.

She’d gone everywhere she could possibly think of. Everywhere on campus, every hotel around, every business still open at this hour…

No Bellamy.

It was like he had disappeared into thin air.

She was more than a little upset. He still wasn’t answering his texts or phone calls.

She just wanted to talk to him.

*He was waiting for the other shoe to drop too* , she realized. She had been so caught up in herself and anticipating the fall down that she never even stopped to consider the fact that he probably was to.

If his gift proved anything, it was that Bellamy had loved her for just as long as she had him, and all she wanted to do now was tell him that she loved him too. That she never wanted to be without him again. To reassure him that she wasn’t going to leave and that his feelings were more than returned.

Her heart ached for Bellamy. He had spent years beating himself up for his feelings and then even more time waiting for the right moment to tell her about them. If she had just been honest with him before now, this all could have been avoided.

They could have been together for years now.
She wanted to cry at the injustice of it all, but then she reminded herself that she couldn’t change the past, but she *could* make sure that they had *a future*.

She plopped down on the couch and leaned forward, her hands cradling her head.

Sighing deeply, she sat up and reached into her right coat pocket and pulled out the necklace. She moved the chain through her fingers and ran her fingertips along the word etched into the back of her charm.

*Someday*.

She didn’t want *someday*. She wanted *today*.

But he had fucking disappeared.

She unclasped the necklace and looped it over her head, replacing the clasp. The charm fell just above her collarbone, and she felt her hand go up to toy with it.

Bellamy might have disappeared but she would wear this reminder of him.

That way, when she did find him, he would know immediately how she felt.

The following morning when Bellamy still hadn’t returned home, Clarke went back to his apartment only to find that this time it was well and truly empty. No Miller or Jackson. No Bellamy.

She mostly lounged around her apartment moping for the rest of the day, fielding phone calls from Roan, Raven, and Octavia.
Sometime around six in the evening, she had just settled in to watch that new Netflix romantic comedy when her phone rang yet again.

She reached over to the table beside her couch and picked up her phone so she could see who was calling.

*Mom*

She sighed deeply before pushing the “Answer” button.

“Hey, mom” She said patiently. She hadn’t exactly told her mother anything about she and Bellamy on the affirmative but she knew her mother also wasn’t an idiot. She was a doctor for fuck’s sake.

“Good evening, sweetie. What are you up to?” Her mother inquired.

“Oh, you know, just Netflix and chilling. Solo, no worries.” She chuckled humorlessly at that.

She could feel her mother’s hesitation through the phone.

“Bellamy’s not there?” Abby asked.

Clarke could feel her eyes go wide. She guessed she and her mother were beyond the whole ‘Let’s pretend this isn’t actually a thing that I know about’ phase when it came to Abby.

“No, mom, Bellamy isn’t here.” When Abby didn’t respond for a while, Clarke continued. “He. Um. He’s out for the moment. He’ll probably come over later.” Might as well not lie to her at this point.

“Oh. I see.” Was her mother’s brilliant response. “Clarke, honey, I just felt like I needed to call you and let you know that… I do know about you and Bellamy. I’ve known for… quite a long time.” She paused and Clarke pondered what she meant by that.
How long was a long time?

“And I just want you to know that I think it’s finally the right time. I know that it’s your decision ultimately. And his, of course. But… I think you’re both ready. And I’m happy for you because I know you haven’t been happy in a very long time. And I know a lot of that has to do with Bellamy.”

Clarke looked down at her fingers that were slowly picking apart the wool of the thick chain link stitches in her throw blanket. Her mother was right, of course, but she didn’t have the heart to tell her that the second something went wrong, Bellamy mysteriously left.

“Thanks, mom.” Clarke whispered.

“Just know... You might have to be a little patient in the beginning. Bellamy has spent so long wondering about your feelings that he’s bound to need some extra reassurance.” She could hear Abby chuckle through the phone.

This comment made Clarke pause. How the hell did her mom know so much? She started to ask just that when her mother cut her off.

“And before you ask why I seem to be all-knowing or whatever, I will remind you that I’m your mother and while you might think you have fooled me for the majority of your life, I am well aware of most everything you think I’m not.” She laughed louder this time. “Same for Bellamy. And he was around a lot for the past few years. So yes, I know a lot.”

Clarke could feel her bottom lip tremble and she wiped at her face hastily, trying to clear it up before she could start crying.

“I always assumed that the two of you would grow up and find your way to one another, you know. But then you left and I knew it would only be a matter of time until you came back to him.” Abby continued. “And once you did, the two of you wouldn’t give up on each other again.”

Clarke swallowed heavily at that.
No. She wouldn’t be giving up on Bellamy again. She just hoped he felt the same.

Two days had passed since Bellamy left and there was no communication from him.

Clarke was going slowly insane. They had wasted so much time without each other, that every additional hour felt like the worst sort of torture.

She continued about her regular schedule, visiting the grocery store, going by the pharmacy, all of the things that she needed to do still had to be done.

She called Miller and Octavia everyday. The latter being much less patient than the former.

“That fucking coward. He’s been dancing around this shit for years and he up and runs away because of a voicemail! A VOICEMAIL! It’s not like you even called back. Or asked her to call in the first place. He didn’t wait for an explanation, just assumed you couldn’t possibly love him the way he loves you and bailed!” She was breathing heavily into the earpiece.

“He was just worried, Octavia. I haven’t exactly been forthcoming with my feelings either.” She reasoned, trying to talk her friend back from the ledge.

“Don’t start with that bullshit, Clarke. He’s been in love with you and hating himself for so long, he’s talked himself into this self-deprecating hole. He’s got to get himself out of it, not you.” She heard Octavia’s breathing even out a little. “And he will. It’s just going to take him too long to do it. The next time you see him, do us all a favor and make the first move. Lord knows the asshat is too big of a chicken to actually admit to anything.”

Clarke felt her fingers return to the necklace hanging around her neck, playing with the charm where it fell against her neck.
“I will, Octavia. I just don’t want him to run away again before I get the chance to tell him how I really feel.” She bit down on her bottom lip, lost in her thoughts and worries. “So you really have no idea where he’s gone?”

She heard Octavia sigh through the receiver. “I really don’t. He isn’t answering any of my or Miller’s phone calls either, the ass.”

Clarke felt herself breathe a small sigh of relief. So at least he wasn’t just ignoring her, then.

“He’ll come around. Class starts soon for professors, so he doesn’t really have much of a choice.” She heard Octavia snort.

She knew that theoretically Octavia was right. She was just scared for the time when she knew Bellamy had to be back from wherever the hell he was because what if he still didn’t reach out?

She didn’t want to let herself think about it. It had only been two days. He was probably just holed up in some hotel at the beach taking a break from life.

“Allright, well, I’m going to go. I’ve got to be at our usual coffee shop on campus to meet Raven. We are going to compare schedules and possibly re-enroll in some of the same electives.” She said, standing up and throwing her messenger bag over her body.

“Whatsoever, loser, tell me the second you hear from my pain of a brother.”

Clarke chuckled and hung the phone up.

She looked at her message one more icon just in case to see if she missed a text message from Bellamy.

The sadness that settled into the pit of her stomach when she didn’t see a new message burrowed deeper.

*He’ll come home*, she told herself firmly. *And when he does, I’ll be waiting*.
With that final pep talk to herself, she walked out her front door.

It was definitely a beautiful day for a walk, Clarke thought as she trekked across campus.

Cold was definitely there to stay, but the sun was shining brilliantly in the sky and she definitely didn’t mind walking to the coffee shop instead of driving.

She was trying her hardest not to be too worried about Bellamy (He was a grown ass man, after all), but as she passed by the history building where this whole thing started, she couldn’t help but look down at her feet and exhale deeply.

She wasn’t really paying attention to her surroundings, so she supposed it was her fault when she ran into someone in front of her.

A group of students ahead was huddled close together, whispering, and taking out their camera phones. She curiously stood on her tippy toes trying to see what everyone was looking at when she heard it.

A trumpet.

It started by itself, playing out in a pure even tone a melody that she almost immediately recognized as ‘Can’t Take My Eyes Off Of You.’

She came to the side of the group, looking on with interest as the trumpet player continued the melody, his eyes closed in concentration.

All around her, people were videoing the impromptu performance and smiling.
She had to admit, the guy was good.

As he reached the end of the first chorus, she could hear the melody in her head as if he were actually singing the song.

Everyone around her brought their hands up ready to clap but before they could, they were suddenly surrounded by sound.

Turning to her left, she saw what looked like at least half the marching band marching across the courtyard joining the trumpet on the chorus.

The players started splitting up, surrounding the group of people and moving in a sideways marching formation, the sound swirling around the onlookers and causing everyone to laugh at the absurdity of the situation.

Clarke joined in on the laughter, turning left and right, watching the moving instrumentalists play on without missing a beat.

It was so surreal watching them perform randomly in the middle of the commons, that it didn’t even occur to her to question why it was happening.

Until the last of them parted to reveal the person she had been looking for the last few days.

The marching band had formed a circle around the crowd of onlookers and Bellamy was at the head.

And he was looking at her.

Clarke froze in her spot, the music surrounding them fading away as she took him in. He was walking toward her with his hands in his pockets, a smirk on his face.

When he finally reached her, his eyes turned misty for a second as he reached up and fingered the charm hanging around her neck. He smiled and leaned in to kiss her on the cheek.
“Hello, Princess” He said directly in her ear.

She was grinning stupidly at this point and couldn’t even be bothered to comment on the fact that he looked awful smug for someone who had been ignoring her phone calls for days.

“What is this?!” She yelled over the sound of the music which was reaching the end of the song and gestured with her arms to the circling players.

He smirked again before leaning in.

“I may or may not have watched 10 Things I Hate About You over the past two days.” He said loudly, the music having reached its climax.

The music cut off suddenly and the silence that followed left her ears ringing.

All at once, everyone in the commons started cheering and clapping.

Clarke and Bellamy looked at one another and started laughing.

As the band began to disperse, Clarke fixed Bellamy with a pointed look.

“Ahem.” She started. “I didn’t get any singing. Where is my serenade?” She joked with a small smile.

Bellamy snorted. “Listen, Princess. It’s really a favor to you that I’m not singing and I left the music to the professionals.”

Clarke smiled brightly.

“How exactly did you arrange for this?” She pointed to the retreated marching band figures who were walking in mass to the lunch hall and wiping sweat from their now hat-less foreheads.
Bellamy smiled a real smile then and pointed to one of the players near the front.

“That is one of the drum majors in the marching band. I tutored him last semester and made sure that he had a passing grade that would allow him to stay in his position.”

Clarke remembered Octavia mentioning that he was tutoring someone else last semester. At the time, she had been jealous thinking he was tutoring one of the front row girls.

She laughed out loud.

“Of course you did. So you rang the guy up and said ‘Hey, I need you to play a random, ridiculous love song flash-mob style to this girl as she walks across the common area?’”

At that, he stepped closer and brought his right hand up to push the hair brushing her cheek behind her ear.

“No.” He breathed out. “I said ‘Hey, I’ve really fucked up royally with the woman I love and I need you to help me make it up to her by playing a random, ridiculous love song flash-mob style as she walks across the common area.’”

Clarke’s heart accelerated in her chest as she registered his words and she found herself suddenly having trouble breathing.

Bellamy cupped her cheek then.

“I love you, Clarke. I’m so in love with you. I have been for God knows how long and I have been terrified to mention it because I thought you would never feel the same way.”

She could feel the tears forming at the corner of her eyes but she blinked them away and listened as he continued.

“The other night when Lexa called, I panicked. My insecurities came back and the part of me that
was sure my happiness with you couldn’t last reared its head.” He took a deep breath. “So I went home. And I went to our garden with the fountain. And I took a good look at myself and I realized I was being an idiot.”

She wanted to speak up. To tell him he wasn’t an idiot. That she had been waiting for something bad to happen too, but he pushed forward.

“So I went to your house and talked to Abby.”

Clarke gasped then. He talked to her mom? And her mom hadn’t said anything in any of the times she had talked to her the past few days. That sneaky woman.

“And she told me what I already knew. That I had to fix this. That I’m the one who ran away this time and that I shouldn’t go to you until I was ready and I was sure that I could handle having this conversation.”

The tears were flowing freely now and Bellamy was wiping them away with his thumbs as he held her face in his hands.

“So naturally, I immediately left and started planning how to make it up to you. Because I don’t want to wait anymore. I’m sorry that I left without letting you talk to me. I’m sorry for all these years when I should have just been honest. I’m sorry for that night so long ago when I let my jealousy get the best of me and push you away to fucking Rhode Island. And mostly, I’m sorry that I’m not sorry for loving you the way that I do. For years I pushed those feelings away because I thought I was wrong, but I don’t feel that way anymore. I’m not sorry that I love you, Clarke Griffin, and even if you don’t love me the same way, I-”

Having heard enough and refusing to allow him to even finish that thought, she leaned forward and cut him off with a bruising kiss, her own hands coming up to pull him to her by his T-Shirt.

She pulled back briefly. “I love you too, you idiot.” And she kissed him again.

Vaguely, she registered that there were people cheering and the two of them pulled away from one another to see that the crowd of people from before were actually still there and apparently had been watching the whole exchange.
Bellamy barked out a laugh and she felt herself blush before she turned to him once more.

“You know. This is some movie shit, Bellamy Blake. You’re so fucking *extra*.”

He smiled and pulled her into him by her waist.

“Only for you, Princess.”

She smiled and pulled him in for yet another kiss.

Might as well give the camera phones a show.

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe this story is coming to an end.

I'm literally at a loss for what to think at the moment.

Thank you so much to everyone who actually took time out of their lives to read this little story of mine.

Back when I was considering posting my material to AO3, I never could've imagine it would get the response it has or that people would actually look forward to the updates every week.

I hope I'll see some of you on my next story as well. The first chapter of my new story will go live Sunday, November 18th.

As for the EPILOGUE of The Biggest Moment...

It's coming at you on WEDNESDAY this week!

That's right! You won't have to wait until Sunday! Just Wednesday!

So. See you then? :)


Chapter Notes

*Tear* This is it.

The epilogue. I hope it is satisfying.

Some of you may kill me for leaving it where I did, but... it felt right.

Enjoy!

See you on the flip side ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Epilogue**

*The Someday (Part Two) and The End*

*Four and a Half Years Later*

“Clarke Griffin” Her name was called, and honestly, it was both thrilling and terrifying.

She was finished. After all this time, she was finished. No more classes. No more waking up at 8 AM to go to Advanced Anatomy… She was done.

Sure, residency had been an even earlier wake up time. And now she was going to be working 7AM to 7PM shifts at the Memorial Hospital. But the schooling part of this whole shindig was done and she was a fucking doctor .

“Hell, yeah, bitches!” She heard someone call out amongst the silent audience and she rolled her eyes.

Leave it to Octavia to throw out all decorum of the Hooding Ceremony and scream profanities.
But then she heard Raven join her cheers and she knew Bellamy was doing a terrible job of containing the two of them.

She smiled at the thought.

She walked up onto the stage and smiled brightly at Doctor Grant who was holding her hood. During the actual placement, she faced the audience and she couldn’t help it when her eyes scanned the small crowd of people for the eyes she most wanted to see.

When she found them, her heart fluttered even faster.

There he was. Smiling that dumb, proud smile of his and holding up his camera.

Yes, an actual fucking camera. Not a camera phone. About three years ago, he had walked into their shared apartment with that monstrous thing and proclaimed that he was tired of the poor quality of camera phone photos and that we were going to start taking our important pictures like grown-ups. With a camera. A Nikon camera, to be more specific.

Once Bellamy finished his PhD and went through this same ceremony, she had been using her camera phone through her watery eyes to take his picture and she had been crying so much, she almost gave her phone permanent water damage. So she guessed she should stop complaining, but she wouldn’t actually give him the satisfaction.

In the present, he held up the camera to get a shot of them placing the hood around her neck and she smiled brightly through her stupid teary eyes.

This had been a thing recently. She cried over fucking everything.

Graduation? Cried.

She and Bellamy choosing a dog from the shelter? Cried.

Chili’s took her favorite dish off their menu? Cried.
Her mom said it was just her hormones as she was getting older so she reminded her mom that she was a doctor and she was aware of what was happening.

And then she felt guilty, so she bought her mom a cupcake and cried some more.

She turned and walked off stage, taking the steps slowly in her unreasonably high heels. She was used to wear scrubs and tennis shoes, so her feet were currently protesting the unfamiliar devices.

As she walked back to her seat, she could feel her phone buzz in her dress pocket so she pulled it out as soon as she sat back down.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *You looked beautiful up there, Princess.*

Even after all this time, she still could feel herself flush at his praise.

Her phone buzzed again.

**Bellamy Fucking Blake** *But not as beautiful as you’re going to look in my bed later ;)*

She rolled her eyes even as her body responded to his words. They had been dating for over four years now and she still couldn’t control the way he was able to make her ready to jump him with a single cheesy line.

She blamed it on his amazing dick.

The ceremony moved more quickly once she had finished the nerve-wrecking portion and before she knew it, it was time to walk out.

Once more on her way out, she caught Bellamy’s eye and he winked in her direction. She giggled and looked down at her feet to make sure she didn’t trip on the tarp they had put down to cover the expensive floors.
Outside, she found a tree to stand by as she waited for her family and friends to find her. It didn’t take very long and she was soon surrounded by the people she loved most.

“I gotta admit, Griff, I got a little teary-eyed seeing you up there looking all academic and shit.” Roan said, dabbing at his eyes as he leaned against a tree.

Clarke laughed. “Yeah, well. Not all of us are cut out for the world of business, you shark.”

Roan smiled and she knew that it was the exact smile he used to close deals at his advertising agency. He was the most successful rookie his firm had taken on in years and it was all because of that smile.

“Personally, I thought that the shoes were the perfect addition to your graduation garb.” Raven said smugly, eyeing the heels that she had forced Clarke into.

“Yeah, and they definitely didn't almost lead to me losing mobility in an ankle or anything.” Clarke rolled her eyes.

Here eyes looked up then and saw Bellamy approaching the group from behind. She smiled widely and moved through the people surrounding her to hug him, only to find herself lifted off the ground in his big arms.

She would never get tired of how she felt in Bellamy’s arms.

He sat her back down on her feet carefully and tucked her hair behind her ear.

“You did good, Princess. Didn’t have to catch you at all.” He said lowly and she smirked.

“Well, if I had known you were available, I would’ve made more of an effort to look distressed.” She smiled.

“Get a room, you two.” Octavia groaned, giving them an amused glare. “Seriously. Save it for your
apartment. No one else wants to see it.”

Clarke turned to her then. “As if you and Lincoln are any better.” She gave her a pointed stare to which Octavia simply shrugged.

Octavia and Lincoln had been engaged for about a year and had set a date for this summer. Clarke was the maid of honor and she was more than a little excited to see her best friend finally marry the man of her dreams.

She looked over at Raven who was on the phone, likely with Shaw. Shaw was currently in an internship in Los Angeles with a robotics company, but he and Raven were still together. He was only going to be gone a year and Raven told him if he thought that she was going to let him go for a year and not still be committed to her, he was sadly mistaken.

Her mother came up to her then, hugging her and kissing her on the cheek.

“I’m so proud of you sweetie, but I have to go and finish prepping for the party tonight. I will see you there, okay?” She said and Clarke nodded before bidding her a goodbye. Her party was going to be back in Virginia, so really, they all needed to leave reasonably soon.

“You know,” She heard Bellamy start from beside her, pulling her in close and kissing her temple. “The last time we went to a graduation party for you, it didn’t end so well.”

She smiled slightly and looked up into his face. “Well, if we had gone with a party instead of a road trip after I finished my undergrad, we would have gotten this out of the way.”

He smirked. “I don’t regret that road trip at all. Do you?”

She blushed. No, she didn’t regret the road trip. It was their first trip together as a couple and they had been celebrating with their friends: Both graduation and Clarke’s acceptance into UNC’s Med program. And at the end of the trip, Bellamy asked Clarke if she would move in with him.

“No, I guess not.” She nuzzled her cheek into his chest.
Looking around at all of her friends, she couldn’t help but smile. Monty and Harper were deep in conversation with Raven who was excitedly chatting with them about something Shaw had told her. Miller and Jackson were talking to Bellamy as she rested on his shoulder.

She was just so happy. And she had been for four and a half years.

Bellamy looked at himself in the mirror as he splashed water in his face.

*Come on, Blake*. He chastised himself. *Man up*.

It was time. He knew it was time. Hell, he would’ve done this *years* ago, but Clarke didn’t want any distractions while she was working toward her degree.

Now that she was finished, it was time.

And he was nervous.

He wasn’t even sure why he was nervous. He didn’t think she would say *no*. And he had wanted this for so long, he had actually made the purchase two years ago.

But none of that mattered to Bellamy as he looked in the mirror. He had holed himself into the bathroom at Clarke’s graduation party.

Like he had told her earlier, the last time Clarke had a graduation party, the two of them had been separated for three years.

Now, if this went well, not only would they never be apart ever again, but they would have *new* graduation party memories to replace the old ones.
And he really wanted that to happen.

Abby had originally wanted him to do at the party in front of everyone, but Bellamy wanted it to be more private. Just the two of them. In a place they would remember.

He shook himself out of his haze of thought and forced himself to turn and open the door.

It was now or never.

When he entered the giant ballroom again (Abby had gone all out for her only daughter’s PhD ceremony), he looked around with uncertainty.

“She just left.” Abby said excitedly as she came up to him, bouncing on the heels she was wearing. Marcus chased after her as she practically ran to Bellamy.

“Abby, sweetie, let the man breathe.” He kissed her on the cheek. “Good luck, son. Not that I think you will need it.” Marcus chuckled.

Bellamy laughed nervously. “Thanks.” He rubbed the back of his neck, as was his habit.

Abby looked at him with a sympathetic gaze. “Bellamy, honey, she’s going to say ‘yes.’ You know that.”

Bellamy sighed and stuff his hands in his pocket, his right hand closing around the box.

“I know. Well, I think I know. But you know, Clarke. She’s fucking unpredictable as shit.” He couldn’t help the shakiness in his voice.

Abby smiled sweetly. “Bellamy. My daughter has been in love with you for as long as I can remember. And if you didn’t propose to her tonight, the night of her graduation, when she’s finally free to pursue her personal best interests without additional stress? She would never forgive you.” She laughed lightly. “So go, already!”
Bellamy smiled. She was right, of course. Clarke would never forgive him. And they all knew how good she was at holding a grudge.

“Okay, okay.” He breathed out quickly. “I’m going.”

He turned away from the two of them, as Abby practically started to vibrate from excitement and started to navigate through the halls of the building.

The second time in his life he walked toward Clarke Griffin, a small box in his pocket and feelings on his mind.

When he finally reached the door that led the outside, he took one last breath before pushing it open and entering the maze.

He could hear the music that was being piped through the outdoor speakers as he navigated his way through the familiar labyrinth to the center where he knew his Princess would be waiting.

As he rounded the final corner, he heard the sounds of the fountain as the water splashed at the bottom. He peeked around to see Clarke sitting on her usual bench, pencil in hand, sketching on her pad, the Kelly Green color emanating from the fountain casting a glow over her form.

She was so at peace here, in this spot where they had made so many memories.

And now they would make one more.

He finally came fully around the corner and made himself known.

When she stopped her drawing and looked up at him with a face beaming with love and happiness, every nerve he had melted away into nothingness.

This was where he was supposed to be.
Here with her, together.

It was where he should have been since the beginning, before this all started. Before the miscommunications and misunderstandings. And even though he couldn’t go back and change any of it, he *could* make sure it was where they would always be from here on out.

From this moment, they would never be what they once were.

They would be *more*.

All the moments that came before this one were important, no matter how good or bad, or how big or small. Because without *those* moments, they never would have made it to this one.

The biggest one of all.

He smiled.

“Hello, Princess.”

Chapter End Notes

And that's all she wrote.

It was so much fun writing these two characters and I'm SO glad they finally got their shit together and got their happy ending.

I hope you will join me for the next great adventure, as it has been a blast to write so far as well. It's SO different from this story, it's crazy. Think Season 1 Bellarke with... international intrigue.

The title of my new fic is "A Greater Pursuit" and the first snippet will post on Sunday before Thanksgiving.

I think you'll be in for both a surprise and a treat.

See you then?
-Mally
I'M BAAAAAAAAACK, BITCHES!

Well, I mean, those of you who are reading (And almost finished with!) A Greater Pursuit have seen me around, but to those of you who miss Professor Bellamy and Octavia's best childhood friend Clarke, aka THE BIGGEST MOMENT, I present to you...

Epilogue Part 2!

Now, I highly recommend re-reading the epilogue to TBM if you don't remember it off the top of your head as this picks up a few weeks directly after the end of the Epilogue.

SO.

Without further ado, ENJOY THESE CUTE, SAPPY LOVEBIRDS, PEOPLE.

See you on the flip side ;)

Theoretically, she knew she was pacing because she was nervous. As a doctor, she may not have studied psychology, but even she had basic understanding of what humans were prone to do when they were anxious.

And to say she was anxious was a fucking understatement.

Why? That was yet to be determined.

For all intents and purposes, she knew that Bellamy would be thrilled. Over the moon, even.

Did that stop her from pacing?

Absolutely not.
It had been four weeks since she graduated. Four weeks since that night in the maze when Bellamy had found her sitting in *their* spot, gotten down on one knee, and asked her to marry him.

Which was ridiculous, of course, why the hell would she say no? Asking definitely wasn’t necessary. But it was still adorable.

They had been through so much up until this point in their lives and they had made it out the other side stronger than ever.

There was nothing she believed in more than the power of Clarke and Bellamy. Bellamy and Clarke.

They were unstoppable.

And yet, she paced.

She took pride in her degree, in finishing medical school, and becoming a full-fledged doctor. She had worked very hard to make it to this point.

But even she hadn’t stopped to consider the signs -

The crying.

Shit, the crying.

She had been crying so much. And eating. All the eating.

Why she hadn’t seen it coming was as big a mystery to her as the reason why she was pacing.

They had talked about it before, naturally. You don’t go your entire life being in love with someone and then enter into a relationship that spans the course of *years* and *not* talk about it.
And they had agreed that they both wanted it. A family, she meant. They wanted a family.

But they had also agreed it could wait until she was more settled into her career.

So maybe *that* was why she was nervous. What if it was too soon? What if he was upset?

What if he didn’t want a family just yet?

*Yeah, well, that would just be too fucking bad, at this point.*

Even still, the reassuring voice in her brain that believed in the power of *them* told her she was being fucking obnoxious and that Bellamy worshipped the ground she walked on.

And that he was *always* making comments about her carrying his babies.

Well, this was his opportunity to relish in it.

Because she was.

At first, she didn’t even understand how it had happened.

Fuck, she knew *how* it happened, but she didn’t know *how*.

And then she remembered her Z-pack a few months ago and how Bellamy had pulled out instead of using a condom that one time and she supposed that was enough to make it happen.

*At least he’ll be pleased that his sperm is especially potent.*

She sighed deeply, wondering when she should break it to him.
Over dinner? Before dinner? After dinner?

She had gone to his favorite restaurant and ordered take out in anticipation of buttering him up. Although, she knew that would immediately tip him off to something, but she decided it was worth the risk.

As she bit down on the nail of her right thumb, the door knob began to rattle and she jerked upright in surprise, eyeing it from across the room like the Joker was about to burst in at any moment and shoot the place up.

Instead, it opened slowly, and her soon-to-be-husband backed carefully into the house, his messenger bag slung across his shoulder and a small white bag in his mouth as he fumbled with the keys, trying to get them out of the lock.

She cleared her throat and he looked up immediately, his eyes finding hers beneath his dark curls and his occupied mouth turned into an upright grin.

He spoke a greeting through his teeth and she chuckled.

“I didn’t understand a word you just said.”

He rolled his eyes, dropping the keys onto the table beside the door and removing the bag from his mouth.

“I said ‘Hey, Princess.’” He shut the door and paused as he took a sniff of the air. “Is that what I think it is?”

She fidgeted nervously, her hand gesturing to the bags of food on the table.

“Well, if you think it’s Pasta Pomodoro from Vinnie’s then yes, it is what you think it is.”

He had just finished removing his messenger bag and placing it and the smaller bag by the table
when he turned and eyed her suspiciously.

“What’d you do?”

She huffed and crossed her arms across her chest.

“I didn’t do anything, asshat, why do I have to do something wrong to get my fiance his favorite meal?”

His eyebrow rose at her statement and his grin returned.

“Well, one, the last time you had Vinnie’s waiting for me when I got home, it was because you had accidentally spilled wine on my entire stack of student final papers.” He paused, his eyes dragging up and down her body, lingering on the cleavage her crossed arms revealed. “But, in this case, I will likely be willing to forgive you..” He trailed off as he moved closer, his fingers drifting up and tracing the crease between her breasts lightly. “Since, you know, I’m your ‘fiance’ and all.”

He grinned and she could help but smirk in return, reaching up on her tiptoes to place a lingering kiss on his cheek.

“You’re literally the only person I know who gets hot over the word ‘fiance.’” She said, dropping back down and eyeing him in exasperation.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her in close, his chest brushing against hers.

“Are you kidding me? I’ve been waiting to call you that since you were far too young to be thinking the same.”

She hummed, leaning up to kiss his lips this time, his slowly taking control of the motion and devouring her softly.

She pulled away and smiled shyly.
“Yeah well, I would’ve said ‘yes’ then too.”

His smile turned sweet and he pulled her in even closer, burying his nose in her collarbone, trailing lightly back and forth over her skin.

“I’m sure you would have, Princess.” He pulled away abruptly then, holding her back away from him and startling her at the sudden change. “Now. Let’s get to whatever it is you need to tell me so I can enjoy my surprise.”

The way he was happily eyeing her made her wonder if he was referring to the food or to her.

She sighed, trailing her hand up to his neck, wrapping her hand around him so that she could tug on his hair slightly.

“I didn’t destroy your papers. I promise.” His stare was intense as he waited for her to finish and she couldn’t help but bite down on her bottom lip. “I just-”

She pulled away slowly and walked over to the end table next to the couch, reaching down inside her purse.

“It’ll be easier if I just show you, really.”

She finally found what she was digging for and pulled it out, holding it close to her chest and turning to face him once more.

His eyes were even more intense than before and a part of her wondered what he was expecting.

“Here.” She held out the piece of paper and he took it gently from her grip, turning it around so that he could see it.

She could instantly see the moment he realized what he was holding, his eyebrows furrowing and then smoothing out, raising slightly. What she hadn’t expected was the grin that suddenly took over his features.
“Clarke.” He said her name and it made shivers roll through her at its roughness. “Princess.”

He looked up at her then.

“Are we-” He paused and swallowed and she swore she could see tears at the corners of his eyes. “Are we pregnant?”

She burst out into nervous laughter.

“Well. Technically, I’m pregnant, as it isn’t as if you will be the one having to deal with-”

Suddenly, she was cut off by the feeling of his lips covering hers, his hands wrapping around her head and pulling her in close.

“You beautiful, insane woman.” He breathed, pulling back so her could lean his forehead against hers. “If you think that I’m leaving your side for a single second until my kid is born, you’re sadly mistaken. Every pain you feel, I will feel too. Every kick, every craving…”

She cut him off this time, kissing him slowly and sweetly, tears mingling with her eyelashes.

When she pulled away, she ran her fingers through the curls that had fallen in front of his eyes.

“You will have to go to work, you know, you can’t just follow me around everywhere I go.”

His eyes grew dark and she found herself suddenly wrapped around him, her legs around his waist as he walked her backwards toward their bedroom.

“Watch me.”

She giggled for a moment but then he pressed her down into their mattress and began to trail kisses down her face to her neck, licking into the hollow of her throat, and her giggles became moans.
“Oh God. Right now? Really?”

Bellamy’s hands fist at the bottom of her shirt, bringing it up and above her head, pulling it roughly from her body and flinging it to the other side of the room.

“I’m not waiting.” He growled, his lips returning to her chest.

“Bell- Bellamy.” She said, her breath panting as he made his way down her body, pulling down the cup of one side of her bra so that he could nuzzle against her breast, teasing her nipple with his teeth. “What about the food?”

His hand pulled down the other side of her bra, freeing both of her breasts. He palmed them almost reverently pushing them up and together, burying his face in the crease they created.

“We have a microwave.” His hand was already undoing the tie on her yoga pants and pushing them down her legs, panties in tow. He pulled away slightly so he could take them completely off of her before he returned to the cradle between her legs. “And if you think that you being my fiance gets me worked up…”

His hand came up to rest on top of her abdomen, stroking lightly at her non-existent bump.

He didn’t finish his thought as he unbuckled his own belt and ripped it through the loops of his dress pants, throwing it toward where he had discarded her shirt.

She stretched her hand down, helping him unzip his pants and push them down his legs, reaching inside and pulling his already hard cock from his briefs, stroking him up and down slowly.

He groaned, leaning his face into her neck, pressing wet kisses there until he bat her hand away and pressed it into the mattress next to her face.

“Not now, Princess, I need to feel you clinging to my dick.”
She moaned and leaned against the pillows behind her, her back arching, pushing her breasts up into his chest.

Wrapping her legs around him, she pulled him in closer, his cock pressing between her folds.

As he entered, his right hand moved to play with her nipple and his left gripped her thigh tightly, fingers creating indentions in her skin.

She whimpered at the feeling of him stretching her, his dick rubbing deliciously against all the places inside of her that she could never reach herself.

They had been together for years now and still, she couldn’t get enough of him and his ridiculous talent for sex. It was almost unfair for everyone else that there was only one of him in existence.

But she wasn’t about to let him go, by any means.

When he was fully inside of her, her channel squeezing him tightly, he swore before he pulled out, pushing back in more forcefully than before.

“Always ready for me, aren’t you?” He growled, his hips thrusting more powerfully, picking up his pace. “Just waiting for my dick.”

“Y-yes.” She moaned. “Only for you.”

He continued for a little while longer before he pulled out and she groaned at the feeling of loss. His fingers moved to her entrance and she could feel her opening spasm, clenching down around him.

Opening her eyes, she looked up to see him smirking down at her, watching her body with fascination.

His eyes met hers and she almost moaned at the look he sent her way.
“Don’t mind me, Princess. Just admiring my work.” He looked back down at her pussy and her legs fell from his waist, falling open to give him a better view. “Still as delicious as that first day I took you on my desk.”

She did groan at that, her head falling back at the memory.

“You remember that, huh?” He took hold of her hips and flipped her onto her stomach, grabbing her waist and pulling her ass up to where his dick was waiting once more. “Remember how you let me fuck you from behind, split you open that first time?” He chuckled. “Wasn’t sure you could take it, but you did, didn’t you?”

She nodded, her face pressed into the sheets, and she gasped when she felt him push inside her again. Even still, she could feel her walls cling to him as he retreated.

His pace picked up and she gripped the sheets above her head in an effort to stay still as his thrusts pushed her further up the bed.

“Always such a good girl.” His voice was low and soft, his fingers tracing a pattern up her spine, causing her to shiver at the light touch.

“Oh my god. Faster. Please... Bellamy.”

His hand slipped around to find her clit, his fingers rubbing back and forth through the juices that coated her opening.

Her whimpering increased before a high pitched whining took its place as she approached her peak.

She could feel Bellamy chuckle against her back.

“That’s it, Princess.” The sounds of their sex reverberated off the walls around them and she twitched slightly away from the hand on her clit, sensitive to her upcoming release, but Bellamy’s grip on her hip tightened, keeping her in place. “Uh uh, you’re not going anywhere, sweetheart. Not till you come on my cock.”
She screamed as the dam finally broke, her back arching as Bellamy’s hand left her hip and gripped her hair and pulled, exposing her neck.

“Shhh, shh” He murmured, his hand moving from her clit to her ass, squeezing the flesh there in the palm of his hand. “I got you.”

He thrust a few more times, his pace less bruising and more shallow, until finally she could hear him grunt as he released inside of her. He stilled when he finished, refusing to pull himself from the warmth of her cunt.

She felt herself being maneuvered until she was lying on the bed, Bellamy behind her. His hand wrapped around her waist and rested on her stomach, rubbing small circles against her skin.

“Mmmm” He leaned in pressing wet kisses against her neck. “I could stay here forever, you know. You in my arms.”

Finally, he pulled out of her, and she gasped, his come following him and leaking onto her thighs.

“Turn over, Princess.”

She turned over slightly to give him better access as he spread her ass cheeks, looking down at her entrance, his finger probing, making sure that she wasn’t too sore. When she felt his finger dip inside, she shivered and pushed back against him without even thinking about it.

“So sensitive. Ready for me again already?” He chuckled, moving back up to wrap his arms around her. “Maybe in a minute, Princess. I’m not as young as I once was.” He sighed and squeezed her tighter, his hand resting on her stomach again. “We haven’t been that rough in a while, just wanted to check and make sure I wasn’t too hard on my sweet girl.”

She smiled slightly, her hand laying on top of his, tracing patterns on his skin.

“I’m just fine, but thank you for your concern.”

She turned slightly to meet his gaze over her shoulder.
“Are you really okay? Us having a baby? That’s huge, Bellamy.”

He turned her around in his arms, his fingers trailing down her body, between her breasts to where they stopped at her stomach once again.

“I’ve been dreaming of this moment since I turned 22. My life with you, what we could be together. Our children, our family… “ He trailed off, his hand moving to her cheek as he leaned down to kiss her soundly.

He pulled away to look into her eyes once more.

“If you think I’m anything less than enamoured by the thought of you carrying my child, I haven’t been doing a good enough job of showing you how much I love you.”

She sighed and leaned against his chest.

“No, Bellamy, you have. I was just... nervous, I guess.” She mumbled into his chest.

“Well, no need to be. If anything, you should be relieved to know that when your sexual appetite picks up in a few weeks, I am more than willing to be your personal orgasm producer.”

She laughed out loud and slapped his chest, pushing away from him to look down at his cheeky grin.

“You sound very sure of that, Mr. Blake.”

His grin only widened as he reached up and pushed her hair behind her ear.

“Oh, I’m very sure, Future Mrs. Blake.”

“Oh!” She sat up straight suddenly, looking around for her phone.
“What? What is it?” He sat up, worried about her sudden reaction.

“My mother! We need to go ahead and tell her so we can adjust wedding dress plans.”

He rolled his eyes and collapsed back onto his pillow once more.

“Really? That’s what crossed your mind?”

She pushed at his shoulder, typing a message to her mother to meet with them for dinner the next night.

“Well, considering our wedding is in six months, we need to have a plan in place for what to do about a very pregnant Clarke in a wedding dress.” She paused. “Or we could move the wedding until after I give birth?”

At that, he sat up and pushed her backwards into the pillows, looming over her and taking her phone from her hand, placing it on the nightstand.

“Absolutely not. I’ve waited years to make you my wife, and I refuse to delay it even a little bit longer because of a stupid, fucking dress.”

She smiled up at him and placed her hand on his naked chest.

“You know, we’ll have to tell our friends soon too. They’ll all want to help out leading up to the birth.”

Bellamy rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, well. As long as Roan knows we’re not naming the baby after him.”

Clarke laughed at that, pulling Bellamy down close to her, his chest rubbing against hers.
“He’s going to be very disappointed.” She said slyly, her smirk disappearing with a gasp as she felt Bellamy’s dick, ready again, between her thighs.

“He’s going to have to learn to live with disappointment eventually. First, losing you to me. Now, not being able to name my kid.” He smiled a toothy grin.

“He didn’t lose me to you, I was never his in the first place.” She leaned up, kissing him sweetly before pulling away. “I was always yours.” She whispered.

His smile grew brighter at that, pushing her further into the pillow behind her.

“Damn straight, Princess.”

She giggled, melting into him once more.

Chapter End Notes

Listen, I was all about the cuteness with my writing today, kay? First AGP, now this.

May the cute, sweet, sappiness be my first clue to you as to where my brain is at going into my next short story!

I hope you enjoyed this nice little entry into the lives of Professor Bellamy and Student Clarke. May their continued eternal happiness hit you all right in the feels on this lovely, sunny day here in North Carolina.

See you next week for the epilogue of AGP!

-Mally

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